

Where the Red and Assiniboine Meet

by J. D. A. Evans

IT was in Norwood the writer chanced to run across Fournier. An old friend, one whose stories he had often listened to at a little log house on Red River's banks.

"Fine day," said Fournier, to which remark the writer added that this winter's conditions were phenomenal, possibly without precedent in the meteorological records of Manitoba.

Fournier laughed, adding the information that there have been winters

"You know, at least I guess you do, where the Assiniboine enters into the Red River, close against the C.N.R. railway bridge, and about opposite to St. Boniface Hospital. It was here that quite a fight took place. Father said he had been to the store at the Fort during the morning. A large number of Indians had come into Garry; some were from Fort Ellice, others were Lake Winnipeg fellows—come down to the great council meeting, feast and have a good time with Indians on the river, particularly at one place—a large log house close to Assiniboine mouth. My father remembered this; it was torn down before my time, but a lot of—"

"Suppose you can recollect when there were plenty of Indians around

level with, some thieving business or other, father said he heard afterwards. These Indians had gone toward the river; another lot went off in a different direction to gather up other fellows to help in the row. Just before sunset, a number of men were seen coming toward the log house at the river's mouth; they were carrying guns, and—"

"Guns! Why the school books always used to picture Indians fighting with bows and arrows," remarked the listener.

"No, guns," repeated Fournier with emphasis. "Hudson Bay muskets, long, single barrel affairs, kill ducks quite a long distance though; father had one of these guns. The Indians walked up to the house; a lot of loud talking commenced; suddenly off went a gun and down fell an Indian who had been standing in the doorway. I suppose this was a signal for a regular set-to; some Indians ran outside the house and began to shoot, they were well shot at too. At all events the fight, father said, it must have been terrible, continued until the Indians who had come to the house were nearly all killed; those who were not took to their heels and got away good and quick. The sound of the shooting had been heard at the Fort; a number of people came down to find out what the noise was about. There were some Indians dead in the house; outside, father said, over forty were lying in the snow."

"What did they do with the bodies?"

The Canadian Alpine Journal

We are in receipt of a copy of the 1913 edition of the Canadian Alpine Journal, which this year is more interesting and fascinating than ever. The editor has been kind enough to let us have the use of many of the magnificent half tones with which the volume abounds, these are published in this issue of The Western Home Monthly and we feel sure will be much appreciated by our readers. The Journal is divided into four sections devoted to mountaineering, science, miscellaneous, and official, and all the matter is written in such a thoroughly readable and entertaining way that it is difficult to discriminate and pick out any particular article as being exceptionally good. A. L. Munn writes in a general way of the characteristics of mountain ranges. A. O. Wheeler gives a very full description of the dangers of Mt. Elkhorn in Strathcona Park, while H. C. Harper tells how he ascended Mt. McKinley. The Mountains of Chilkoot are graphically described by M. Goddard. The editor of the Journal, Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler contributes to the scientific section dealing with the motion of the Yoho Glacier, while articles by Jas. Macoun touch on the flora and fauna of Strathcona Park. A very graceful tribute is paid to Arthur Henry Benson, F.R.C.S.I., who died recently and who, as our readers are aware was one of the foremost mountaineering experts of the day. The frontispiece is an excellent photograph of the late Lord Strathcona and a picture of exceptional interest is that of Sir Donald A. Smith (as he then was) driving the last spike of the C.P.R. at Craigellachie. Sir Sanford Fleming who



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in similitude to that of the present which is certainly not in accord with the usual severity of this climate.

"Why," said he. "I can remember several. Father used to speak of mild winters. There was one when hardly any ice formed; that's long, long ago, before my time, and how I happen to know about that, is because father said that Indians from all over the West took advantage of the nice weather and came to a great pow-wow at the Fort, and—"

"Tell that, Fournier," interrupted the writer. "Never mind weather conditions or prophecies of when snow may be expected."

"I'll try and tell the story," he answered. "It's a long time ago since I heard it, but I'll try."

Fournier is a native of Manitoba. Upon Red River's banks the days of his boyhood had been spent; ah! but those are in the long ago. To Fournier the three score years and ten of the Psalmist are as a tale that is told.

"Let me think for a moment," said he. "Father died in the 'fifties or thereabouts. Perhaps I've forgotten some of the story he used to tell about the big pow-wow. I'll try anyway."

Fort Garry," the listener interrupted.

"Indeed I can, many of them—a bad lot too when they felt that way. People in these days don't know what has taken place in the old times on the ground Portage Avenue and Main Street are built upon. As I was saying, quite a lot of Indians were in Fort Garry. Father said some of them were staying in St. Vital and St. Norbert. It was a custom for these fellows to meet sometimes at the Fort and talk matters over; they were always going to do wonders after these gatherings. When these assemblies took place, at least father said so, the tom-toms would be beaten for days, lots of dancing and feasts. The Indians would stand around the Fort to wait for others coming off the trail; then they'd meet men they hadn't seen perhaps for a long time. All these fellows weren't friends, don't think that; one lot might be waiting for a chance to kill off some other band, maybe Indians who had stolen horses from them or something else. It didn't take an awful lot to cause a row between them, but they took great care to do no quarrelling around the Fort, for the reason they would have got packed out of there and mighty quick. Well, at all events, I guess some Indians had met with others they wanted to get

"Do with them! Piled as many as they could load into a Red River cart and took them to the river about a quarter of a mile down; came back for more when these had been thrown in," answered Fournier. "There were no funeral processions going along Main Street in those days; many a dead Indian has been dropped into Red River since I can remember, yes, and white men too. But dear me, those were great days, and if I could think of some of the happenings I've seen myself, you'd be interested. I shall meet you again sometime, and I'll try to recollect some."

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Days of Manitoba in the years passed into history. And not without record of bloodshed in the Fort Garry, where Indian and trapper assembled. The teepees' smoke curled over the plains, yell of hunter sound amidst silence of the lone land. Old Fort Garry of the stone gateway; rumbling of Red River cart heard no more, for along the once crooked trail of the Indian, electric street car rushes. What would the aborigine say of the transformation scene, he—the Indian, who in the days now relegated into forgetfulness, traded his pelts at the Company's store?

was also present on that historic occasion, writes an interesting account of the proceedings.

"The Blows on the spike were repeated until it was driven home. The silence, however, continued unbroken, and it must be said that a more solemn ceremony has been witnessed with less solemnity. It seemed as if the act now performed had worked a spell on all present. Each one appeared absorbed in his own reflections. The abstraction of mind, or silent emotion, or whatever it might be, was, however, of short duration. Suddenly a cheer spontaneously burst forth, and it was no ordinary cheer. The subdued enthusiasm, the pent-up feelings of men familiar with hard work, now found vent. Cheer upon cheer followed as if it was difficult to satisfy the spirit which had been aroused. Such a scene is conceivable on the field of hard-fought battle at the moment when victory is assured."

Altogether, the Canadian Alpine Journal is worth many times the \$1.25 which the publishers are asking for a copy. Everyone who takes any interest at all in the great mountain peaks of the Northern Rockies will be glad to read about them and to know how one by one they are being conquered by the members of the Canadian Alpine Club.