The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR. WHOLE NUMBER 1969. | GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1885. | McGILLICUDDY BROS, PUBLISHERS. $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE HURON SIGNAL

Is published every Friday Morning, by McGILLICUDDY BROS., at their Office, North St

GODERICH, ONTARIO

And is despatched to all parts of the surrounding country by the earliest mails and trains.

By general admission it has a larger circulation than any other newspaper in this part of the country, and is one of the raciest, newsiest and most reliable journals in Ontario possessing, as it does, the fore-going essentials and being in addition to the above, a first-class family and fireside paper—it is therefore a most *desirable advertising medium*.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 3RD, 1885.

OTTAWA MISRULE.

The responsibility for the blood-shed and rapine in the Northwest territories must be placed at the door of the Dominion Cabinet.

Nothing but rascality or incompetency could bring about so deplorable a result as now exists. At Ottawa just now there is an admixture of both.

The colossal figure of Macpherson, who adorns the Interior department by his gigantic pile of flesh and bone, is too expensive an ornament to be continued in place. The man who gave a written pledge to "Big Push" Wilkinson to appoint himself or any other scoundrel to the registrarship of the capital of the disaffected territories, if not a weak incompetent, must be a rascal unfit for a Cabinet position.

The blood of the loyal Canadians who have fallen, and will fall in this rebellion, must be avenged by sending the Macdonalds, the Dewdneys, the Macphersons and the Wilkinsons from power and place.

The sooner the Interior department gets into the hands of such a man as David Mills, the better for the Dominion at large.

The incapables at Ottawa, and their rascally officials in the Northwest, must be dismissed from power if the North-west is to be redeemed indeed.

THE French have been defeated by the Chinese, and the Ferry ministry has fallen. France has made overtures for peace, which China has accepted.

COL. OTTER, commander of the Toronto contingent, is an old Goderich boy. His companions of thirty years ago here will watch his career with interest.

THE aggregate result of the Scott Act campaign thus far is as follows:—

Contests won by the Temperance party	59
Contests won by the Anti-Temperance party	12
Total number of contests	71

THE meanest fellow in the world is the would-be wit who sends bogus notices of weddings, births, etc., to the local newspapers. In the first place such an act is a forgery, and can be punished in the courts, and in the second place much pain and annoyance is caused to those who are libelled. The writers of those bogus marriage or birth notices deserve exposure and severe punishment. As a rule they are crack-brained idlers, who, for want of occupation, do this silly work.

ONE of the best temperance lectures we have read was delivered by Col. Otter, commander of the Toronto troops bound for the scene of the North-west rebellion. Addressing them as they were about to take leave of the Queen City the Colonel said:—"In conclusion, I would solemnly warn you against taking intoxicating liquors. Whisky is not needed in this expedition, and I hope if any of you have any in your canteens you will throw it out and touch not a drop of it. The true soldier needs no whisky, so that the Queen's Own and Grenadiers have no use for it."

Lenten Observance.

"Are you going to the ball tonight, Clarissa?"

"What? Go to a ball in Lent? Of course not, Charles."

"May I call on you, then?"

"No, Charles, come up tomorrow night. I am going to the skating rink tonight."

ON THE WING.

Stray Thoughts on Stray Subjects at a Village Hotel.

The long winter appears to be drawing to a close, and the slush outside brings the loafers into the hostelry. At the time of writing there is a motley gathering in the sitting-room, and the bar has a large representation. A couple of heavy thinkers are intently engaged in playing "chequers," and the anxious expressions of countenance go far to show that for the time being the unsettled condition of the Eastern question is lost sight of, and the sanguinary conflicts in the Northwest between the mounted police and the half breeds are unthought of. A couple of merchants are discussing the unsatisfactory state of trade, and endeavoring to fix the cause thereof. That cool, calculating individual on the tilted chair is the banker, and he listens to everything that is going on around him, but does not express himself too freely. When asked a question he replies in monosyllables, but he is looked upon by the community at large as a man who holds a firm opinion of his own. As he sat beside me while a couple of irrepressibles were eloquently discussing about little or nothing, I was reminded of the story of the man who went to the Irish bird dealer's to get a singing canary. There were no canaries to be had, and the would-be purchaser was turning away, when the son of Ould Erin, stopped him and endeavored to sell him a large plump owl instead. The customer told the vendor he wanted a singing bird, and asked if the owl could sing, to which the dealer replied, "Bedad as for that, I'll tell yez the trooth, and that is that he can't sing; but he's a hearty, well-fed chap, an' does a divil av a lot av thinkin."

THE NORTHWEST REBELLION

is the chief topic of discussion, and I find many men in this section who could easily settle the affair if they were given the job. There's an old chap setting yender with a newspaper in his hand, who believes himself to be a regular Sir Oracle, and would like to convert those around him to the same belief. He has spent a long life at farm work, and has now retired to realize rest in his declining years. He is a solid old Conservative, and delights in letting all within earshot know that the party which he represents is the backbone of loyalty in this Canada of ours. It isn't likely that he will join the Huron legion for the Northwest, but he'll be sure to accompany the "bowld sojer boys" to the station, and advise them with regard to the disposal of Riel in the event of his capture by them. The old man will remain on the home guard. One of the local shoemakers is

SPINNING A YARN

at the expense of the Teutons. The other day a stranger drove up to his shoe shop and enquired if a certain shoemaker was working there. He was short and stout in appearance, and withal presented a Dutchy shape. When he had gone two of the Crispins got up a bet upon his nationality, and to settle the matter the traveller was called in. One had bet that he was a Dutchman; the other had wagered that he wasn't. The stranger settled the matter by quietly observing: Wee!, I'm no Dutch, ye ken, for I was born ayont the Tweed; but I am willin' tae admit that I present a Dutchy appearance, for I ha'e driven far the day ower pitch-holes, an' am, my friend, *a wee bit out of shape*, ye ken." I give you this story, not for its intrinsic worth, but for the sake of the loud burst of laughter that followed it. I think I have heard funnier stories, but I never heard heartier laughter. In this way the hours wear around, and before you are aware of the fact, the time approaches when it is necessary to seek nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. There are many places where a greater degree of style can be had, but for all around general satisfaction, I know of know of no place where one can get more satisfaction to the square inch than at

THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

In it you don't run across the dude or the dandy; some of the habitues may not be esthetes or of high culture; but you are certain to come across fellows of shrewd native wit, and men of keen discernment, and good business tact. There is another reason why I like the country hotel, and that is because you get better victuals and less bills of fare than you do in the more pretentious city resort. The porridge is porridge, and not "burgoo;" the milk is from the cow, and chalk and water are not the component parts; and the other essentials to good living hold their own equally well.

And now, as curfew has tolled, and it is time all law-abiding folk were folding their hands to rest, I will close this screed, and lay in wait for another week to take up some other phase of life in this section of the moral vineyard. I may astray in my estimate of living of towns and cities, but next to home have always felt and ever will express a deep, earnest, eager, anxious, yearning desire to be the possessor of that enjoyment which the seclusion of the village grants. More anon.

D. McG.

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

In the House of Commons on Monday night, the following incident took place:—

Hon. Mr. Blake arose and said:—I desire, for the first time since I have been in parliament, to refer to a newspaper article, namely, one which appeared in the Hamilton *Spectator* of the 27th inst., headed "The real criminals." Sir, if this paper had referred to myself alone I should have followed my invariable custom of not bringing a newspaper article before the attention of parliament, but it refers to the whole Reform party of the province of Ontario; it refers to a party of as loyal and devoted Canadians as any set of men that are to be found in this wide Canada. I say that that article is a gross and an atrocious and a malignant insult. I say that no viler calumny was ever perpetrated than this monstrous slander; false, to the knowledge of those who uttered it. As for myself, individually, the blood of my cousin already stains the snows of the Northwest; a nephew of mine and six men out of my office are on the train today with the volunteers, and my son, and my brother's son have offered their services to the country. (Cheers.) Sir, I cannot control myself when I think that a newspaper claiming to be decent and the organ of the honorable gentlemen opposite should dare to say such things as I have just now read.

Sir John Macdonald—I can only say, Mr. Speaker, that I totally disagree with the spirit of that article, and I quite sympathize with the honorable gentleman in the indignation he has just expressed.

A Conservative Opinion of Dewdney.

"But the dross of gold is not Mr. Dewdney's god. He is eminently a philanthropist. His delight is to advance the interests of the savage and promote the welfare of the more wretched white man under his sceptre. For example, when Long Lodge, chief of the Assiniboines, who were camping last summer near Indian Head, complained that the contracter's bacon, costing the Canadian taxpayers nineteen cents per pound, was not suitable to the Indian palate, the Indians feeding always on buffalo meat; when Long Lodge offered to accept half a pound of steer beef costing a York shilling a pound dead-weight, in place of a pound of bacon costing nineteen cents; when Long Lodge said the bacon was "hurting his people because it was not their food"—Mr. Dewdney said "the Indians should eat the bacon or die, and be d——d to them." This was not said in haste but at his honour's leisure. He did not say it because his friend the contractor, who happened to be in a land syndicate with him, had 90,000 pounds of that bacon to dispose of, but because he wished to indoctrinate the savage with the tastes of the average white man. Mr. Dewdney, let Piapot witness, is the Indian's friend. To the white man also he sets a noble example. He teaches the raw settler a new code of morals. He shows him by precept and example that in these degenerated days it is not necessary for a man holding a trust not to abuse it. He illustrates in his own walk and life the modern principle that every man should fight for his own wallet. He is, in this great country, the most signal exemplar of the science of how to get along regardless of the means or methods of locomotion. Mr. Dewdney, therefore, deserves well at our hands and at the hands of the Indians of these territories. It would hardly be present him with a homestead, for he has several, also pre-emptions in abundance. Money would also be out of place, inasmuch as while Sir Leonard has a surplus and Sir John remains in power, he will not want. Could anything be more appropriate than to present him with a petition to leave, to get out, to go elsewhere and teach other Indians and other white men the ethics of grab, greed, and shamelessness he has introduced here!"—[Winnipeg Times.

NOT A TRANCE.—The Clinton *New Era* says:—"Before the burial of John Rayson last week, a report got in circulation that he was not dead, but was in a trance, and to set at rest this report, a couple of medical men made an examination of his body, being perfectly satisfied that he was dead. After the burial of the body, the rumor was repeated, and to thoroughly satisfy the friends of deceased, J. C. Stevenson had the body exhumed by Mr. Webb on Tuesday, Messrs. T. White and G. Cottle accompanying him. It was found in precisely the same position as when buried, mortification having set in, and there not being the slightest room to doubt that he was quite dead when first supposed to be so."

BLOOD!

Riel's Half-Breeds on the Offensive.

A Number of Loyal White Men Shot and Killed.

4000 TROOPS CALLED OUT TO SUBDUE THEM.

A General Indian Uprising Imminent.

A Bad Lookout for Battleford

Rebel Indians Plundering the Settlers.

March 30, 6 p.m.

Winnipeg is greatly excited today over the outlook, as a general uprising of the Indians has been reported.

Despatches from Qu'Appelle report an outbreak among the Indians in File Hills reserve, 40 miles north-west of Qu'Appelle.

General Middleton having ascertained that 300 Indians had joined the rebel movement there and killed Indian agent Nichols, sent forward to that point four companies of the Winnipeg rifles, and one gun and a portion of the field battery.

General Middleton will not move the main force until the arrival of the volunteers from the east, as the present force is not equal to the emergency should the Indians join Riel.

News from Battleford is more pacific than it was yesterday. The telegraph line is still down beyond Battleford, and has been attributed to the emissaries of Riel rather than to the Indians.

No news has been received from Col. Irvine since he left Carleton for Prince Albert. A courier may be despatched by him *via* Carrot River settlement.

The citizens of Calgarry are excited over the rumored uprising of the Blackfeet, but the report lacks confirmation. If it be true it would be on account of their having been on the verge of starvation for the past three months.

No danger is apprehended at places like Winnipeg, Brandon or Portage La Prairie, as those places are fully 600 miles from the scene of war.

ONTARIO, ONTARIO!

Monday, March 30.

The Toronto troops, about 600 strong, left for the north-west today at noon. As the train steamed out of the station at 12:15, the scene was a stirring, yet affecting one.

OVER THE FIRST PORTAGE.

A and B batteries left Carlton Place on Saturday and yesterday they had got safely over the first long break in the journey. The portage is about forty miles at Dog lake and is the most serious that has to be traversed. The men with all their equipments got accross in good shape.

BATTLEFORD CAPTURED.

March 30.—Battleford has been captured, and the Indians are in possession of the houses. The inhabitants escaped to the police barracks, where they await an attack from the redskins.

The Indians are from Poundmaker's reserve, and are said to be 500 strong. Poundmaker is helped by Little Pine.

Authentic information of the fight at Duck Lake is to the effect that only one rebel was killed, as the half breeds fought under cover of the bush. The only thing that the police could see was the curling smoke from their long range rifles.

OTTAWA, March 30.—Here, as in almost every other part of Canada, nothing is talked of but the North-West rising. Captain Todd's sharpshooters will be ready to start to-morrow. The Militia Department have their hands full in preparing equipments and despatching troops. The Government are receiving telegrams constantly, but they seem inclined to withhold information from Parliament. Public feeling on the subject is very strong and it is expected that Sir John Macdonald will endeavor to "throw a tub to the whale" by dismissing Lieut. Governor Dewdney, Sir David Macperson, or some other official upon whom

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF THE GOVERNMENT

can be fathered. Mr. Dewdney's incapacity and dishonesty in his dealings with the half breeds and Indians are regarded as among the primary causes of the rebellion. The conduct of the Government in sending up a host of political hacks, and imported dudes to administer the affairs in the North-West instead of entrusting some natives is also severely condemned even by Conservative members of Parliament, many of whom, while considering it unfair to charge the whole party with

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE OUTBREAK,

admit that it is the result of gross mismanagement on the part of the Government and their officials.

THE INDIANS IN ARMS.

OTTAWA, March 31.—In the house of commons shortly before midnight Sir Hector Langevin read the official news of to-night from the Northwest given in two despatches. The first despatch says that all the Indians—Crees and Stoneys—under Chief Red Pheasant are up in arms and that matters look most alarming. The second despatch says that Indian instructors Payne and Appleyard have been murdered by Indians. The house immediately adjourned on hearing the news. All the members appeared too sadly impressed to care about further business. The killing of two settlers at Battleford, in addition to the two farm instructors previously telegraphed, is fully confirmed.

Poundmaker's tribe numbers 156 and Little Pine's 421, or together 577, out of whom probably 250 warriors could be had. The total number of Indians, nearly all Crees, in the district to weich the rebellion may extead is as follows: At Fort Pitt 1190, at Edmonton 2821, at Carleton 1791, at Battleford 2423; a total of 8325—probably one half of whom are warriors. The post office department has made extra postal arrangements for the convenience of the expedition.

There are over 19,000 treaty Indians in the Northwest territories, and about 1190 non treaty Indians.

THE BLACKFEET LOYAL.

OTTAWA, March 31.—Sir John Macdonald communicated to the house this afternoon the intelligence that Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet Indians, has assured the Government that he and his braves would remain loyal, and the Government expected an amicable arrangement would be arrived at witk the Indians at Battleford.

WINNIPEG, Man., March 31.—Telegrams from the wst tonight would indicate the uprising of the Stony Indians at South Battleford. The fate of the women and children who started for Battleford on Sunday from Swift Current station is anxiously awaited. The Indians seem to be pilliging the homesteads of the settlers who have sought refuge in the barracks at Battleford.

A half breed named Lariviere, living near Morris, received a letter from Riel three weeks ago, in which he urged the Metis in Red River to join him or cross the boundary, as they were going to sweep the entire country.

The wires are still down between Battleford and Edmonton, and no information can be had as to the action in the half breed settlements upon the upon the Upper Saskatchewan.

Riel is evidently acting on the defensive, pending the success of his emissaries among the Indians.

The portion of the old town of Battleford abandoned has been burned by the Indians and half breeds.

The report that the File Hill Indians had risen and killed Instructor Nicholls is contradicted.

Riel is virtually king of the whole country north of the South Saskatchewan. His followers have swept up all the supplies and have unearthed the government caches, that is secret stores. Poundmaker's rebellion is serious. His reserve lies thirty miles west of Battleford. He always has been lazy and troublesome. All the Indians of the north, however, have had a hard time of it lately. The small game and whitefish are becoming scarcer every year. Should the tribes in the Battleford district join Poundmaker, he will have six or seven hundred adult adherents.

Captain French is in command of the eighteen scouts who precede the expedition. There are only two half-breeds among them, the remainder being white. All the teamsters, of whom there are 240, will be under the command of Capt. Bedson and will be armed with Peabody rifles. The teaming alone will cost $3500 daily.

A HALF-BREED'S ACCOUNT OF CROZIER'S DEFEAT.

Fort Qu'Appelle, N. W. T., March 30.—Eleazar Montgrand, a friendly half-breed, who had worked on the old trail to Prince Albert for many years as a teamster, came in during the night from Clarke's Crossing. He confirms the previous report that the Indians north of the South Saskatchewan are uneasy. Beardy, One Arrow, Okemasia and other leading men smoked with Riel's agents before the fight on Beardy's reserve at Duck Lake. Montgrand gives this as an authentic account of that engagement:

Major Crozier intended to secure the supplies in Stobart, Eden & Co.'s store at Duck Lake, together with a quantity of Government stores that were lying there, destined for Mr. Chaffee, who has charge of the Indian farm near Duck Lake. The rebels, 320 strong, under F. Dumont, brother of Dumont the ferryman at Dumont's crossing, had however, raided these stores before Crozier's arrival. Crozier came upon Dumont's force on Beardy's reserve, and called to them to surrender. His men, getting the word of command, pointed their rifles at the rebels, who were standing on the edge of a small coulee behind a fringe of scrub popular.

Dumont shouted: "Is it to be a fight?"

Crozier answered: "I must shoot if you do not lay down your arms."

Without further parley the rebels dropped into the coulee and levelled their rifles along the top. A white man was among them.

Crozier, who was 300 yards away, held up his hand, and the police and volunteers extended their ranks. Both parties fired almost together. The first volley from the half-breeds appeared to be directed at Crozier's left, where the Prince Albert volunteers were stationed, and eight of them fell. The police replied with great vigor, but the men then shouted to Crozier that they could not see the rebels. After the second volley from the half-breeds Crozier's force began to withdraw, carrying with them the dead and wounded. It was snowing. The police are said to have had two cannons, but Montgrand's informant, who saw the fight, says he did not see them nor hear any cannon report. When the police began to retreat, Dumont's men clambered to the top of the ravine, and fired once or twice again, but they did not attempt to follow Crozier, who struck out for Carleton. Beardy is said to have made a bargain with Dumont that Crozier should not be killed, the chief being a friend of his. Montgrand's informant says not more than twenty half breeds fired. The rest suspected that Irvine was near, and held the other side of the ravine. When they saw no signs of another force most of them ran back to their comrades, but by this time the the police were falling back. One half breed was wounded in the shoulder from a ricochet; none killed. Beardy, with a number of braves, was a mile away, looking for the approach of Irvine or of some other body of police, Dumont, as already said, being of opinion that Crozier was making play in his front to give time for another detachment to strike the rebel rear.

After the fight Beardy and his braves came up and had a big smoke with the Indians. Riel was not in the action, but at or near Gabriel's Ferry, thirteen miles from Duck Lake. Chaffee, the Indian instructor, was allowed to go on towards Prince Albert. The news of Dumont's victory was carried far and wide by runners, and many recruits, Indian as well as half breeds, forthwith joined the rebels.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

TRAIL DISTANCES.

	Miles.
Qu'Appelle to Fort Qu'Appelle	19
Fort Qu'Appelle to Touchwood hills	46
Touchwood hills to Humbolt	81
Humbolt to Carleton, via Gabriel's Crossing	82
Humbolt to Carleton via Batoche's Crossing	83
Prince Albert to Batoche's Crossing	43
Prince Albert to Carleton	49
Qu'Appelle to Clarke's Crossing	196
Qu'Appelle to Battleford	281
Clarke's Crossing to Prince Albert	81

DISTANCE FROM WINNIPEG.

Fort Ellice	220
Fort Qu'Appelle	337
Swan River barracks via Fort Ellice	337
Touchwood hills	372
Humbolt	453
Fort Carleton	536
Battleford via Gabriel's	628

The telegraph line runs from Qu'Appelle through Touchwood and Humbolt to Clarke's crossing, and thence on to Battleford and Edmonton. From Clarke's Crossing a branch runs to Prince Albert.

THE FORCE FOR THE FRONT.

A Battery (Kingston)	100
B Battery (Quebec)	100
Queen's Own Rifles (Toronto)	250
Royal Grenadiers (Toronto)	250
C School of Infantry (Toronto)	85
90th Battalion (Winnipeg)	300
Field Battery (Winnipeg)	60
Col. Williams' Batt. (No. 3 district)	380
Capt. Tood's (G.G.F.G.) sharpshooters	50
Mounted Police and local volunteers, estimated	450
Total	2025

Besides the foregoing, Cols. Stewart and Strange have been authorized to organize a company each of Northwest mounted rangers of from 160 to 200 men.

Lieut. Col. Scott, M.P., will raise six companies of infantry at Winnipeg, numbering about 250.

Lieut. Col. Osborne Smith, of Winnipeg, a battalion of eight companies, about 340 strong.

Lieut. Col. Scott, Regina, one company, 40.

Col. Wood, of Birtle, Man., one company of 40, and one company each will be raised at Calgary and Battleford.

The 65th battalion of Montreal, 362 strong, have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness.

The foregoing gives a force of upwards of 3,000 men at the scene, on the way or ready to go.

RIEL'S POSITION.

As regards supplies, it is believed the rebels have an abundant store. Large quantities fell into their hands at Batoche's crossing, Duke Lake, Chaffee's farm, the Elbow and Clarke's crossing; in fact they have made a clean sweep. Reports concerning their ammunition supply are conflicting. The teamsters say that ever since last July arms have been going into them from the American side. In October 40 were sent to Dumont at his crossing. He told the witness that these rifles had been sent on ahead by a party of gentlemen who were going moose-hunting in the far north. Cartridges have been shipped in all winter packed in barrels and labeled "pork," "tin," "red ochre," etc. The Wood Crees up north, as distinguished from the Southern Crees, or Crees of the Plain, are all well armed with shotguns and Winchesters, so that Riel will not have to draw on his armory for them. All accounts agree in saying that Riel can hold out for months, or until he is overpowered by sheer weight of numbers, and that then he can elude his pursuers by entering the interminable forest. His position in this respect will be

(*Continued on 8th page.*)