

Truth's Contributors.

THE PROVINCE OF P. E. ISLAND.

BY HON. D. BROUSSEAU, PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

The Legislature of Prince Edward Island was prorogued on the 10th instant. The most important subject which engaged its attention was that of communication with the mainland during the winter season. Prince Edward Island, which is one of the most fertile Provinces of the Dominion, is separated from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by the Straits of Northumberland. At the narrowest place, viz., between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine, the distance is 8½ miles. The harbors of the Island are closed from four to five months in every year, and the Straits are more or less filled during that time with floating ice. One of the conditions on which the Island entered the Union was, that the Federal Government should "establish and maintain efficient steam service for the conveyance of mails and passengers between the Island and the Dominion, winter and summer, thus placing the Island in continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway system of the Dominion."

The Islanders complain that faith has not been kept with them in this matter, and that the Dominion Government have regarded their applications with indifference. Evidently these complaints are not without foundation. A party of twenty-two men attempting to cross the Straits in January last, in small boats—the only means of communication provided for the service—were detained on the passage for two days and one night, suffering most severely from exposure, from which many of them will never wholly recover. The Legislature of the Island, wearied with patient waiting and ineffectual complaints, resolved during the session just closed, to appeal to the Queen, with the hope of securing a redress of their grievance, and an address to Her Majesty on the subject was on the 27th of March agreed to unanimously by both Houses. In this document the case of the Island is set forth with much vigor. It embraces a claim for compensation for the loss sustained by reason of past delay and a demand for the fulfilment of the terms of union. The reasonable and loyal spirit which animates the people of the sea-girt Province may be inferred from the fact that on the last day of the session the Provincial Legislature passed a resolution recognizing the paramount obligation of the Federal Government to suppress lawlessness and rebellion in the North-West, and declaring the unwillingness of the Island to importune the Federal Government while they are engaged in matters of such weighty moment to the Empire; and, therefore, postponing, until some suitable time within the present legislative recess, the carrying out of the constitutional means by which they seek to obtain a redress of their grievance.

The want of a national feeling in Canada, which should cause us to place the unity and general welfare of the country above all other considerations, is often felt and commented on. This last action of Prince Edward Island shows that, in the Island Province at least, this feeling of loyalty to the Dominion is not wholly absent. We are sure that this graceful action will be duly appreciated wherever it is known, and that the case of the Island will not suffer in consequence of it. Surely the question of communication between Prince Edward Island and the mainland is one which the General Government can settle with that Province without necessitating an appeal to

the British Government. While providing at vast expense the means of communication between all the other Provinces, and building a railway to the Pacific, the Dominion cannot afford to continue a breach of faith with the loyal people of Prince Edward Island.

THE FENIAN RAID IN 1866.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, ESQ.

The scene witnessed in Toronto on Monday, the 30th March, must have brought to the minds of many similar scenes that occurred not only here but in other parts of the country in the fore part of June, 1866. The excitement was more intense probably then than now. The trouble was closer at hand. There was no doubt felt as to the result, yet no one could forecast the end. Happily for Canada so far there have been but a very few times in her history when her sons have been called upon to take up arms either in her defence or to crush out a rebellion, and we hope that the time may be very far off in the future when she shall be called upon again to do so. But when the call has been made, it has been responded to in a way that has thrilled every patriotic heart. People there have been in the past, and it may be there are some still in existence, who have said we were not patriotic; a vile and malicious slander. Who that remembers the past, or witnessed the departure of our gallant young fellows a few days ago, or have read the reports that have come to us from all parts of the Dominion of the readiness, nay the anxiety of thousands to assist in stamping out this rebellion, will have the temerity to say that Canadians are not patriotic.

The recent event in this city brought to mind a similar one that occurred on Sunday, the 3rd of June, 1866, nearly nineteen years ago, in the town of Picton, where I then lived. I made some notes at the time, and thinking that they might possess some interest just now, I give them pretty much as then written.

About three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the shrill notes of the bugler's horn. Presently the fire bell began to ring, then the church bells joined in. What was up? I sprang out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and made for the street. The sun had not risen, but the day was breaking in the east. Already men were rushing along the street, women and children were swarming out of every door, excited and alarmed. With others I made for the telegraph office, where a large number had already assembled. There we learned that our battalion, the 16th, had been ordered to the front at once. Couriers were dashing away in different directions with orders to bring the men in. The news from the scene of action, though not discouraging, was alarming. There had been one encounter, and a number of our men killed. Report after report flashed along the wires, and as they came were read to the excited and rapidly increasing crowd. Now it was, "The Fenians are being strongly reinforced at Fort Erie." Then, "A large body of Fenians are ready to cross at Sarnia." Again, "A large number of Fenians are concentrating at St. Albans," and so on. People in the vicinity of the town soon found their way in and, as the morning came on more and more followed. Between nine and ten, red coats from the country could be seen making their way to the rendezvous, and at twelve every man was in his place. At this time the town was crowded from end to end. Wives and children, brothers and sisters, with sad and

anxious faces, passed through the throng to get a chance to bid loved ones good-bye. Telegrams continued to come, and the later ones were more assuring. It was remarkable to notice how quickly the anxious crowd of people that passed around the office were hushed into a silence so intense that you could hear them breathe whenever the reporter came out to read a message; and though, as I have said, later reports were more cheering, yet the fact remained, our men must go, that they were now awaiting the order to march. A meeting was held in the street, in front of Chapman's building. There were several speakers, and a number of volunteers, whose names I took down, my desk being the head of a flour barrel. About one p.m. the band struck up and the men moved off to the boat. An immense crowd had collected on the dock and along the bank. A few encouraging speeches were made, cheer after cheer was given. The boat moved off amid shouts and waving of handkerchiefs, the band playing "The girl I left behind me." It was a scene not soon to be forgotten, and a call met with a promptness and dispatch difficult to surpass. A few short hours ago many of the men were scattered about the county, not one of whom, it is safe to say, dreamed of being called out, and before two p.m. they were off. One old man, well-known, but dead some years ago, shouldered his rifle and came a distance of ten miles, but was not allowed to go on account of his age. He was so mortified over it that he sat down on the dock and wept like a child. Just before the boat steamed away, and while sad and hasty adieus were being said, a fair young wife stood at some distance holding her child and pointing to its father, a fine young fellow who stood by the rail on the upper deck watching them; the child saw him, reached out its hands and called "papa." In a moment it was caught out of the mother's arms and passed along over the heads of the people and handed to the father, who caught it. There was a quick embrace, a shower of kisses, then back it came to the anxious mother. For some time the people stood and watched the receding steamer, and then turned away. Many of us now found our way to the gymnasium, where a meeting had been called at three o'clock to make arrangements for our own protection. At it an arrangement was made for a home guard, which was at once enrolled and officers appointed. A committee was appointed to look after the families of the volunteers and render any assistance that might be required. A deputation was also appointed to go at once to Kingston and, if necessary, to proceed to Ottawa for arms and ammunition. The home guard met again in the evening, when patrols were sent out and guards placed at different points in town. These precautions appeared necessary from reports received that two or three propellers were in readiness to leave Oswego with a body of men to make a raid at some point on Bay Quinte. During the early part of the afternoon news came that the Fenians had surrendered. Later that the most of them had escaped to the American side, and that but fifty had been captured, and were under a strong guard at Port Colborne; and later still, the authorities did not know there was a Fenian on Canadian soil. This was good news, and we hope the reception the scoundrels met with will end any further attempts to disturb us.

The sun had gone down behind the western woods. The streets were empty, and after the noise and confusion of the day it, for the first time, seemed like a Sunday. I had not been at church, indeed I do not know whether there were any services held

in any of them or not. I was terribly weary and can safely say that I never put in such a Sabbath day, and have no desire to pass another like it again.

THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLES.

NO. II.

BY REV. ECKERTON R. YOUNG.

In a previous article in TRUTH I made reference to the great herds of buffalo in the North-West years ago, and the grand success of the Indian hunts in those days. In consequence of the great abundance of the good buffalo meat, hunger was then unknown to the thrifty Indians.

So great was the quantity of meat secured, that it was often a drug on the market, and the Indians who dwelt in the forests, where the buffalo roamed not, could get all they wanted at cheap rates, in exchange for the rich furs, which they trapped. Everybody who lived there in those days had abundance. I remember once when I had come down from Norway House to the Red River Settlement in a canoe or boat, having a conversation with Rev. Geo. McDougall on the subject. When I regretted the cost of my necessary supplies for my northern mission he laughed and said, "Why, last fall when my sons and I wished to get in our winter's provisions, two of us went out on our horses, and in an afternoon's run we killed fourteen fat buffalo cows. That afternoon's sport furnished us with all the meat we required for that whole winter."

All this has changed. The buffalo have gone, and in a measure, the white man's coming is the cause of it. In their old days the Indians regarded the buffalo as the special gift of the Keche-Muneto, the Great Spirit. They had their regulations in reference to killing them. Wanton slaughter was discouraged. They had laws in reference to them, which corresponded closely to our present game laws. The introduction of fire-arms, and the visits of white hunters, who would shoot and kill at all times, in spite of Indian customs to the contrary, and the increasing demands for buffalo robes, have brought about their extinction. When good for their robes they were almost worthless for food, being thin and tough. When this flesh was in prime condition their robes were worthless, hence the double slaughter.

We are now, I am well aware, in a trying position. These Indians are the "Wards of the nation." They are on our hands, and we must do the best we can for them. A thorough revision of our method of dealing with them is in order. Something must be done, and that quickly. What is five, or even ten, dollars a-head per annum, with a little twine and ammunition, and a few rations, as a substitute for what they have had. Those in the prairie regions chafe and feel imprisoned on their reservations. There is hardly any game, and there are none of the excitements of the chase. To make farmers out of these old "buffalo hunters" is an impossibility.

Then these little reservations, around which the waves of white emigration are surging, are very great mistakes. The lesson of a century, both in this Dominion and in the United States, is that the Indian cannot stand close contact with our Anglo-Saxon civilization. The Indian tribes in the Indian territory of the U. S. are doing well; all others are degenerating. We have in this great Dominion a vast area of country, where an Indian Province, large enough for all our Indians, can be formed. It will suit them vastly better than do their present reservations. Its lakes and rivers abound in fish; there is a good deal of game; there are vast hunting fields, where