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REMINISCENCES OF FORT MACLEOD IN 1885.

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"HALT! Who goes there?"
"Friend!"

"Pass, friend; all's well," came in shrill, ringing sounds directly under my window, at intervals, all through the long night—or nights, I should say, for that was an awful time of suspense, that spring of 1885, when the Indians in the North-West were up in arms and ready to swoop down upon the Whites at any moment; and we, at Fort Macleod, were two hundred miles from the nearest railway station, and there was no telegraph.

It is true there were couriers stationed at intervals of twelve miles all along the route, but in spite thereof the rebels somehow succeeded in getting news sooner than we, and it was well known they were only waiting the turn of events to make an attack. If things had gone differently that day at Batoche, it would have been a sorry time for us, for the Redskins were better armed than ourselves, and their red cousins on the other side of the boundary line were ready to join them at a moment's notice.

Bastions were added to the stockade, the big guns, that were always bright and shining, had an extra rubbing up, and every possible measure for defence taken, for Major Cotton and my husband were determined not to be caught napping or taken by surprise. Provisions were secured and stored in the Fort, twenty horses kept saddled night and day—not that anyone intended to attempt escape, for there were no cowards—but for emergencies and the use of couriers. There were a number of children to be considered, too, and after a deal of discussion it was decided to send them with their mothers to a place of safety.

Will we ever forget the day when the big, red, four-horse mail coach and two large waggon-loads of women and children left for Calgary to take

the train east? It was a sad-looking little band, with an escort of well-armed Mounted Policemen on either side—women trying to smile and be brave, yet with eyes red from weeping at the thought of leaving their husbands—not knowing but it was



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