

Introduction

It is because of the repeated demands of Anita, my son's wife, that I have decided it might be possible for me, by taking my time, to write the story of my uncle Adrien Martineau, even though veracious as it may seem, because all the facts that I will be reporting were told to me, by my uncle Adrien himself, because we all know that what he said was true. Furthermore, most of these facts were confirmed by my father and another member of the family. I can say in all sincerity, that I am today the only living person that received the full confidence of my uncle Adrien. I never ceased to question him because of my sincere desire to know and hear of his past adventures. He would willingly participate in long conversations that we often held together. I don't pretend to make this story a literary chef d'oeuvre, but it is only to provide to my readers a few moments that would interest and distract them, and if so, I would feel completely compensated for my efforts.

So without any further hesitation I start my narrative.

Romain Martineau.

Chapter 1

First visit to his place of birth.

It was during the summer of 1943 that I had the privilege, accompanied by my wife, my brother William, his son Edouard and his daughter Rosilda, to visit the site where my uncle was born. Edouard was driving the automobile; the roads were in perfect condition. We drove through the cities of Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and then we returned to Quebec to cross the river on a ferry and took the road that lead to St. Francois de Montmagny, the closest village to our destination. There we had dinner with some cousins, children of Mathias Martineau, and since we needed a guide a female cousin offered to come with us. There remained about twelve miles to our destination but the closer we got the more difficult the roads became. Sometimes it was small creeks without bridges, and also big boulders that we had to drive over as best we could up to a point where, at about a mile from our destination we had to abandon our automobile and do the rest of the trip on foot. After a while our guide tells us "It is here" My father had previously described to me in minute details the surroundings that I immediately recognized the rock formation that backed my grandfathers' house some 110 years ago.

There remained only a few bricks and two or three pieces of semi calcified wood. Fire had consumed everything a few years before. From the location of the house we had a good view of the valley with the Riviere des Prairies serpentine through it, so named because of the prairies that it crosses. These prairies that my father had also talked to me about, had described them to me as immense, in fact when he was young, they might have been seen as immense. What I saw there, before my eyes, was barely forty acres.

For many years, before the arrival of my grandfather, the beavers had built a huge dam of about 40 feet in height, and gradually, the soil had accumulated behind this dam to a point where it was completely filled. This soil had been carried by the current of the small river from surrounding areas. When my grandfather bought in one parcel the whole township of Armagh, consisting of approximately of 100 lots of 100 acres, his first task was to demolish the beaver dam. Once the water had disappeared there remained a prairie of very fertile soil. But as fertile as it was, it was not sufficient for the subsistence of my grandfather's family, but since the area had wildlife and the river full of nice speckled trout, it was easy to provide the food requirements of the family.

Wildlife consisted of the humble rabbit, deer, elk, caribou and moose. I give these details so that my readers can visualize the lifestyle of some 110 years ago, and the lifestyle that existed during the childhood of the one who is the subject of my story. The young Adrien's father was Romain Martineau, his mother, Marguerite Pelletier. He was born in 1836, the fifth son of a family of 21, of which only 12 lived to become family fathers and mothers. There were 6 boys and six girls. The boys were, by age order, Romain, Georges, Baptiste, Guillaume, Adrien, Gabelus, the girls, Sophie, Vitaline, Philomene, Elisabeth, Mary, Claudia.

During the first years of Adrien's life, nothing in particular happened, no serious illness afflicted him. But at the age of seven years, something happened that could have become tragic and because of that would not have given me the opportunity to write his story. As I have previously mentioned, there were plenty of nice trout in the Riviere des Prairies. The young Adrien that his mother had put under the care of my father Guillaume as usual, they had gone fishing.

After some very successful fishing, they had filled a pail that my father carried; Adrien also had a branch full, meaning that he had hung some fish on a branch to take home. He had about a dozen fish on this branch and was very proud of it. As they were getting ready to go home a big storm came up. They had to cross the river to go back home on a board that spanned the river. It was usually a great pastime for the children to cross on this board in good weather but this time the board was slippery. My father was the first one to cross and while talking and not looking back had not noticed Adrien had slipped off the board into the river. Once he got across the board he noticed Adrien was nowhere in sight. He could see immediately what had happened so he ran towards a bend in the river where he hoped the water would bring Adrien towards the shore.. It is what happened. He went in waist deep and holding on to a willow branch, he waited. Suddenly he saw the head of the child bobbing up and down and when the child was close enough my father grabbed his hair and dragged him to shore, taking the precaution to place his head lower than his body. Eventually, the water was expelled from his lungs and within a few minutes he was well enough to go home. As you can imagine, he was disappointed in having lost his fish but other than that there was no bad side effects. This incident did not prevent him from following my father for more fishing, hunting and everywhere. Some forty years later he would tell my father, "If you would have left me to drown you would have saved yourself a lot misery and grief." Obviously he was laughing when he made these remarks.

It is in 1847 (Adrien was 11 years old) that something happened that decided his future. Adrien was a big and robust fellow for his age. He was then working with his father, driving the horses hitched to a 2 wheeled cart. They were hauling roots that they unloaded in the coulee. Suddenly, by accident or awkwardness, one of the cart wheels got stuck between a rock and a root and got broken. The father, exasperated, told him rudely "You have broken the cart wheel, now you go and earn one." Without reply, as usual, the young Adrien went home. Upon seeing him arrive at the house his mother asked him what had happened. He recounted everything to his mother and said. "Mother I absolutely have to leave." The mother started crying and without saying a word she got him a shirt and a pair of cloth trousers that she tied into a large checked handkerchief, and said. "Go, but do not forget your mother." His destiny had been cast. He accepted it bravely as he always did. Imagine a young child of eleven leave his home and into the unknown He temporarily must have been horrified, but fortunately he did not know his future and left glad to see his dreams of adventure be realized.

Chapter 2

Adrien leaves for Chicago.

We find him the next day at the St. Francois hotel, owned by his cousin Joseph Martineau that had given him hospitality for the night. He had slept like an eleven year old normally does. He had no plans in mind and awaited the hazards of the future and what they would bring him. It did not take him long to find out. The next day, there was at the hotel a young man who had spent the night there. His name was Napoleon Lamarche, he had come to hire some men for a trip he wanted to make to Chicago. He had been there two years previously and wanted to return once again. He had some money that he had made in the fur trading business. He wanted to leave as soon as he found enough men to handle the two canoes that he already owned. Adrien seized the opportunity gladly because he remembered that his uncle Jerome had moved to Chicago. He therefore offered his services to Lamarche who accepted him immediately as kitchen helper. A few days later, having hired all the men he needed, they left from Upper Quebec where they had loaded all their baggage, divided evenly between the two boats, with six men each plus Adrien. Even though I cannot give you very many details about this voyage, there are some that are indispensable to understand the importance of this voyage that would last at least three months. Firstly, Lamarche had obtained promise of absolute obedience, fidelity and promptitude to execute his orders from all of his crew. It was indispensable for the success of this venture. His crew was expert at oar handling and of robust stature. It is understandable that it was impossible to bring sufficient food for the three months. They had to depend on their ingenuity to provide their subsistence. They had shot guns that you loaded through the mouth of the canon, lots of ammunition, fishing lines and nets. The men were all busy rowing. It was Adriens' responsibility to take care of the fishing lines and nets that dragged behind the canoes. He loved his work and very capable with all the experience he had acquired in his childhood. There was always plenty of fish of a size he had never seen before. Because Lamarche knew well the St. Laurent River, he always knew the best places to set up camp. When he gave the signal, the boats would head to shore, tied safely to some trees and preparations made for the overnight camping. The men would immediately start a big fire while the cook and Adrien got the fish ready. While waiting, Lamarche with some of his men would hunt for game, partridge, rabbit and sometimes even some deer, and then the feast would begin. Every day was seemingly a repeat of the previous day except for their enemy, the mosquitoes, with them there was never a time of rest. The men all smoked and the smoke from their tobacco would provide temporary relief. They also kept small fires going that they would cover with green foliage that made heavy and bitter smoke. Men took turns to keep the fire going all night. In this way the others could sleep, so badly needed after 10 or 12 hours of rowing during daytime. It was a great joy for everyone when they arrived in Montreal, except for Lamarche. None of his men had seen Montreal. Lamarche had figured that it would take about one week to re-supply their canoes and then transport their baggage and canoes to the top of the Lachine rapids. After eight days they were back on their way. Nothing remarkable happened until Niagara Falls. Everyone marveled at the site, especially young Adrien. There it took two weeks to transport their baggage and canoes. The voyageurs called this a "portage". All the baggage was hauled on their backs, by parcels that sometimes weighed over two hundred pounds, and all twelve men were needed to transport one canoe. They would turn the canoe over and get underneath, using their

heads and shoulders for this portage of many miles, which gives us an idea as to the endurance of these men to accomplish such an arduous job. This was done to the beat of ancient voyageur songs. Adrien would take baggage proportionate to his size. Two weeks later our travelers would be at the head of the Niagara Falls to restart their trip, which this time was to be very picturesque because they soon arrived at Thousand Islands. Fortunately, Lamarche knew his way among all these canals and islands, because it was easy to get lost. For many days they would maneuver here and there and finally conquer this part of the trip, possibly the most difficult. They crossed Lake Erie in its full length to finally arrive at the Ste. Claire River that ties Lake Erie to Lake Huron. They stopped for one week at a place they now call Sarnia. They profited with this stay by exchanging some of their belongings with the Indians that would come to meet the fur traders. After being well rested, they proceeded anew, this time to enter Lake Huron. Two or three times while crossing this lake they encountered terrible storms that sometimes they thought they would have them perish. Each time they encountered such storms they had to seek shelter and this extended their travel by 10 days. Sault Ste. Marie was the next stage of their venture. It was at that time a small fort where the Indians would exchange their furs for goods brought in from Montreal. There, Lamarche got rid of most of his merchandise that he traded for all kinds of furs. He was really satisfied with the lucrative part of this trip. When the time came to continue their trip they entered the approach to Lake Michigan. Lamarche, an experienced traveler, decided to follow the south west shore of the lake because he knew that the storms came mostly from the North West and in this manner would almost always be protected from these winds. He knew Lake Michigan to be the most dangerous because of the high winds and shallow waters where hundreds of boats, large and small, had capsized. By travelling close to shore he could always reach safety. In this manner he never had any problems. At the entrance of the other great lakes, the shores were low and sandy giving them easy access to shore.

Two weeks later they finally arrived in Chicago. The trip had taken 120 days, all the men were in perfect health and in good humor. Within a couple days, Lamarche had disposed of all his furs. After expenses paid he was left with about \$5000.00 dollars. He was hoping to leave the next spring to return to Montreal. Young Adrien had decided to stay with his uncle Jerome but wanted to send some news home with Lamarche.

Lamarche never returned to Montreal, he drowned in Lake Michigan while fishing. His body was found in a pile of debris that had been washed ashore by the waves. He was really missed by all his men, particularly young Adrien. It was one of his men that took command of his equipment in the spring that followed. Young Adrien, not knowing how to read nor write could not send a message to his mother that he had never forgotten.

He had always hoped to send some of his news by some "voyageurs" returning to Quebec.

Chapter 3

The Uncle Jerome

Here is a long digression so that my readers can understand perfectly the events that followed. I have to go back many years, even before the birth of my uncle Adrien. My grandfather had three brothers; Jerome, Joseph and Louis. Grandfather was the oldest; he was a tall man measuring 6 ft. 3 inches in his stocking feet. He was bony framed and was rather thin weighing barely 190 pounds. His hands were long fingered and knobby, his arms and legs were well muscled. He possessed a Herculean strength. I will report here only one incident that will amply prove that statement. One day he had decided that the next day he would go to the flour mill to have some wheat ground into flour. What disappointment the next day to find that his horse was sick; his head lowered, was trembling and had not eaten his oats.. But that did not change my grandfathers' plans of going to the mill. He filled four sacs of wheat containing 2 bushels each making each bag weigh 120 pounds. He tied them to a large belt that was worn by most men. Tied these bags to large rings on the belt with rawhide and left with this big load for the flour mill, about 1 mile away, travelling along the river. After the wheat was ground into flour he returned home without being tired. You can understand the strength and endurance required to perform such a feat; carry 480 pounds for a total of 2 miles. His strength and stature and that of his brothers came from their Irish mother, by the name of Elaine McTavish. She was six feet tall and as strong as two men. Jerome was shorter by three inches than my grandfather but stockier and much heavier, well muscled, not too fat; weighed 260 pounds and was considered a handsome man. Joseph, had a hotel in the village of St. Francois; fat, tall and strong as well, but we know very little of him, and the same with Louis, the youngest of my grandfather's brothers, except that they were mild mannered and minded their own business. Joseph's hotel was often the site of brawls and fist fights, but he himself never participated. There was a man by the name of Alexis Fournier, of about the same strength and stature of Jerome, who was friends , but on occasion would challenge each other as to who could lift the heaviest, but always without results. Alexis Fournier, accustomed to the heavy work of unloading barges, would take a barrel full of lard weighing at least 300 pounds and climb the 243 steps of the staircase leading to the top of the bank. For each barrel he would be paid 25 cents; he would do this all day long, making as much money as the ordinary man with his horse and cart.. I am saying this so that you realize how strong this Alexis Fournier really was. He would often challenge Jerome to a friendly round of boxing. Both knew the art of boxing and were worthy adversaries. Jerome wanted had a bad habit of drinking a little too much, and would sometimes get drunk. This was the moment that Alexis Fournier was waiting for. One day when Jerome had drank a little but was not drunk, he was not in shape to fight, Alexis approached him and said to Jerome " You should be good for a round today," Jerome knew he was not in condition to be fighting but rather than pass for a coward, he accepted. This is what Alexis wanted. The first blow that Alexis landed to Jerome's head had him fall to the ground. Normally this would have ended the fight, but after Jerome was on the ground, Alexis jumped on him and pounded him with punches to the face and knees to the chest, breaking two of his ribs. Jerome agreed that he could take no more punishment so spectators stopped the fight. Jerome's friends took him to the hospital in Quebec for treatment. After two months he was well enough to return home but was still weak and regaining his health gradually. It took another three months before he had completely recovered. During this time Alexis would ask Jerome if he was ready to take his revenge. No, replied Jerome, I'm in no hurry. I will let you know when it is time. This battle had cost him \$800.00 and five months of lost wages. He would have preferred that Alexis left him

alone but he continued challenging him. It was inevitable that that they would have another fight and this is what happened. The date was set and the news spread like wildfire, everybody wanted to be there. This was to be some fight, something like today between Dempsey and Maddock, because it was really a battle of giants. My grandfather was at work when he heard of the news. Leaving his work, he went to see Jerome and told him, "You want to fight, that's your business, but you remember what happened the last time. If you take one single glass of beer it is me that you will have to contend with. At all costs it must not happen a second time". Jerome agreed that he would not drink, but the next morning he went early to Jerome's hotel where he told Jerome to give him a bottle of water, his brother understood immediately the scheme. Alexis was watching him from afar and was pleased with what he saw. The day went by and the onlookers started to gather. Jerome's friends were sorry to see him drink in that way, to them this was the proof that he would again be beat up. At about 5 o'clock that afternoon, Alexis went to see Jerome and asked him if he was ready. "Yes" replied Jerome, but before let's get to the bar and have a glass of beer. This is exactly what Alexis wanted, "This is the glass that will finish him off" he thought. When they got to the other end of the bar the glasses had already been filled. They each took their glass, clinked them, but suddenly, instead of drinking his glass Jerome dropped it and threw a punch at Alexis, a punch hard enough to kill a bull or like being kicked by a horse. It goes without saying that Alexis was semi conscious, but before he could recover, Jerome jumped on him and it was now his turn, he punched him in the face, so Alexis turned his face towards the floor. Jerome grabbed him by his long hair and turned him over, hitting him on the eyes, the mouth and chin. At each blow the blood would spurt out a couple feet. He then sank his knees into his chest. The spectators were horrified by hearing the ribs crack. They wanted Jerome to end the fight, but my grandfather who was there in the first row was pushing back those that wanted to separate the fighters and told them.

"Eighteen months ago when Alexis beat Jerome not one of you raised a hand or tried to stop the fight, well now, let them fight. The fight will not stop until Alexis gives up. If anyone advances it will be me that they will have to contend with". Eventually, feeling weakened by the loss of blood, Alexis, in a low voice, surrendered. Then Jerome got up.

Alexi's friends took him immediately to the local doctor who determined that it was better to take him to the hospital, where he stayed for six months. When he left the hospital he was just a shadow of his former self, he was never able to return to his work.

He was successful in suing Jerome and obtained \$2000.00 in damages, but Jerome's friends made a collection and paid for everything. Be it remorse or guilt, Jerome lost his habitual gaiety. The west was opening up with its vast prairies so he decided to sell his properties and to leave St. Francois for Chicago. He made quite a few thousands of dollars by this disposition. He made some arrangements with some "voyageurs" to take him, his wife and two young sons aged 5 and 7 to Chicago. I will not describe the perils of their voyage because it was the same kind of trip that my uncle Adrien had made 15 years later, and that I have previously described. He arrived in Chicago in mid September. He immediately placed his family in a boarding house and went looking for some land. Ten days later he had found what he wanted, 640 acres of fertile, very level ground, from the house you could see the whole property. The buildings were solid and in good condition. It included 20 head of cattle for a total cost of \$6,500.00. This farm belonged to young, recently widowed women with two small children. Her husband had been killed in an accident and was anxious to sell. Jerome went to get his family and settled there immediately. Three years later his

wife died almost suddenly. He had to place his sons, who were 8 and 10 at that time, in a convent under the care of nuns on the outskirts of Chicago, got himself a job as cook, and at the same time continued farming for the next 12 years. He had acquired a substantial amount of wealth and was considering retirement and passing his land on to his sons, something that was never going to happen as we will see in the following chapter. It is then that arrived the young Adrien.

Chapter 4

The arrival of young Adrien at his Uncle Jerome's place.

After having received from Lamarche what he had earned in wages, he had in his possession the total sum of \$60.00. To him it was a lot of money, he had never made any money before. He put a few dollars in his pant pockets and sewed the balance in his shirt pocket, not wanting other people to detect that he had some money. After having met with his friends from the trip at a location known to all, he decided to look for his uncle Jerome. On the second day, after having spent the night in a huge barn, he arrived at a place where the farmers were selling their products. While walking amongst the people he heard someone speaking in French among all the English speaking people. He did not understand English so he was really glad to hear these people speaking French. He approached these two men, and after excusing himself for interrupting, he asked them if they knew Jerome Martineau. Hazard would be that they knew Jerome and that he lived close to them. They offered Adrien to drive him after they had finished selling their products. Two hours later, the three of them left together for Jerome's farm, situated about ten to twelve miles south west of Chicago, along the St. Louis River. When they arrived, the sun had not yet set, the two men, who were father and son were received as friends. The young Adrien told his uncle who he was, so his uncle immediately asked him for some news about his brothers and his friends of St. Francois. Not wanting to delay their departure for home the two strangers departed. Jerome introduced Adrien to his two sons, and they looked at this cousin with a certain curiosity, coming from so far and being so young.

They soon became good friends. Adrien was to be 12 years old in the spring but seemed to be at least 16 to 17 because he was so big and his chest was like a barrel. When he washed his cousins would observe his muscularity and admired in silence his intelligence. In those days physical strength was of utmost importance. It was sufficient to have him become friends to Jerome's sons, who were proud lads. Josaphat, the oldest of his sons was 22 years of age, was more than six feet tall and built like Hercules. He had often carried on his shoulders weights exceeding 500 pounds. He and his brother Neciphor had been well trained in boxing by their father. Since in those days it was very important to be able to defend yourselves. Neciphore was taller and more agile, he would make somersaults without touching the floor with his hands and touch the ceiling with his heels. Each of them weighed about 250 pounds and was frightening adversaries to anyone, as we will see shortly. After the barn chores were completed, the three of them would go hunting and practice target shooting. It goes without saying that they became very good marksmen and could put their bullets in the same hole at 300 paces. It is in this fashion that they spent the winter of 1847 and

1848. The following summer, Adrien was now 12 years old, he helped with the haying. They taught him how to make haystacks, since this was the easiest job, he was given this job. This consisted of being on the hay stack and receiving and placing the hay, forked onto the stack by his cousins, making sure that the middle of the stack was always well packed. In that way, when the stack was finished to a pointed top the water would not penetrate. The sides were combed with a hand rake. After the stack was complete, ropes were tossed over the stack and were tied to some logs that were about three feet from the ground, permitting the stack to shrink without the logs touching the ground. The three boys loved their work but dreamt of adventure. Who has not had these nostalgic moments. To them it was the adventure that would soon overcome the love of farming, as we will see shortly.

Chapter 5

The departure for St. Paul.

During the winter that he had spent with his uncle Jerome, Adrien had returned to Chicago several times and had met some of his travelling companions. This is how he found out about the death of Lamarche. Also, he had made a decision to leave his uncle's place and go further west, in search of more adventure. He met some voyageurs that had returned to Chicago from the west and were anxious to return. They would recount these fabulous stories of these vast prairies that were literally covered with bison, (buffalo). According to the stories the buffaloes numbered in the millions and provided a wealth of food. These stories were well exaggerated to inflame the minds of youngsters especially those that liked adventure. So one day Adrien and his two cousins talked about this with Jerome. Firstly, Jerome was saddened by the fact that the young ones were not happy to be with him on the farm and that he would lose his two sons for who knows for how long. It was now the end of August 1848 and there were approximately one hundred men preparing to leave for St. Paul, a small campsite for voyageurs. The three boys hired on with these men. Jerome gave a sum of money to each of his sons. Young Adrien still had his money that he had saved from his first trip. But nevertheless Jerome gave him an amount of money equal to what he had given his sons. They left with some voyageurs and the first part of the trip was the Prairie of the Dog, the location closest to the Mississippi River. Once there some 50 of the men got on a steam barge. It was a flat bottomed boat that was driven by large wheels with slats between the wheels. I believe they are now called paddle wheelers. This was new to most of them and the crew was enchanted by their new method of transportation. The rest of the group had to travel in oared boats for part of the voyage, as it was agreed by the captain of the paddle wheeler that he would return and

Take them to St. Paul, and this is what happened. It wasn't always a pleasure to be riding on this paddle wheeler, you often had to stop to pick up dry wood for the boilers. Everybody pitched in and when they had enough wood they would proceed down the Mississippi. The banks of the river were very picturesque. Birds of all kinds were on the river, such as ducks, geese, cranes and many others. Because they could only travel in the daylight they had to come to shore in the evening. Some of the men would go hunting and would always return with wild game. It is during one of

these hunting trips that the three young Martineau killed their first buffalo. They proudly went back to the boat to get help to haul these 1000 pounds of meat. They had fresh meat for many days. It would be useless to tell you of the episodes that occurred on this trip but to tell you that it took them a full month for that trip to St. Paul. St. Paul was not a big city and was situated at the bottom of the St. Anthony waterfalls. It was impossible to go any further by boat. It was here that the adventurous that went further into the territories of the Dakotas would return to exchange their furs. The Dakotas got its name from the native Indians that lived there for numerous years before. These voyageurs would return with numerous skins of buffalo, coyote, and many others. Within a couple days after their arrival in St. Paul they met a man who wanted to hire approximately 100 men to cut some blocks further north. He offered good wages, a good bed and good food. The offer seemed good, so they accepted. All preparations finalized, the three of them left together, because Adrien did not want to leave his cousins. This time he hired on as cook, he loved it and the work was not too physically demanding. Since Adrien was very involved with others, his 2 cousins were not worried about him. Once in the bush, the men built a camp site and by the time that this was finished it was already mid November. The ground was frozen and it was time to start cutting logs. It was a beautiful forest of white pine, the biggest trees being about three feet across at the stump. It was time to bring in the horses to haul the cut logs. This is when the men noticed that the two Martineau brothers were extraordinary men. To load the sleighs, these two men would rarely use the levers but would grab the log at each end and load it on to the sleighs. Never had these other men seen such strength.. When night time came they didn't even look tired. Their food consisted of moose , caribou, elk and buffalo. Even though this kind of game is not normally found in large quantities they never ran out of meat.

The abilities of the Martineau brothers made the other men somewhat jealous and some of them, to the point of being embarrassed. But time and circumstances took care of that. Two new men arrived at the camp, two bullies, as big as the Martineau, and whatever they said became law. They did not hesitate to be vulgar and shout insults to anyone in the camp. Nobody dared reply because they feared being attacked by these two bullies. One evening after supper, one of the bullies approached Naciphor Martineau and told him in a voice that did not permit any reply "Bring my shoes close to the stove so that they will dry." Instead of obeying, Naciphor turned his back on him and pretended he had not heard. The stranger, furious, was preparing to give him a kick to the derriere, fortunately Josephat saw that and shouted to his brother to turn around. He knew what it meant. Turning, quick as lightning, he grabbed the fellow's leg and raised it as high as he could and threw him on his neck and back. After a few seconds of dizziness he bounced back but Naciphor was waiting for him. Before the bully could move Naciphor had landed a punch and knocked him out.. It was Naciphor's favorite knockout punch.

The bully's friend came to attack Naciphor and Napoleon was watching him. His first attempt at getting to his brother was stopped by Napoleon Because of Napoleon's expertise in boxing the bully could not touch him. Watching for an opening he landed one of his best punches. He expected the bully to fall to the floor but he had only stunned him.. The man kept standing and Josaphat hit him again, firstly to the eye and as his head flipped back from the blow he landed an uppercut to the chin. His knees started bending so Josaphat grabbed him by the torso, raised him over his head as high as he could, turned him around a couple times and threw him about twenty feet where he hit the log wall.

The next day the bullies had left the camp but swore to everyone there that they would return and kill the Martineau brothers with a knife or a rifle, but it seems that they never had the courage to do so. Adrien admired his two cousins in a quiet way because he felt the security that a 12 year old needed so badly and never wanted to leave them. He would do his work and minded his own business. He always was looking for more adventure but he was too young and was so anxious to grow up. He wasn't lonesome but would often think of his mother, his brothers and sisters. Over and above being kitchen helper he was the one hunting most of the game. On occasion he would use a horse and a sled and would go looking for buffalo along the lakeshore where the grass was tall, provided lots of feed for the animals, and Adrien could approach without being seen. He would chose a young 2 or 3 year old animal because the meat was more tender, on occasion if there was need for it he would take 2 animals. Would skin them, gut them, cut them into quarters and load them on the sled. The men would eat about 100 lbs. Of meat per week, so you can imagine the importance of being successful in his hunting trips. Most of the men would carry their rifles and bring additional meat for the camp. These men were doing hard work and needed a lot of nourishment to sustain themselves. There was always a big outside fire with a cauldron hanging over it where the meat would be cooking. Winter passed swiftly and soon came the months of spring with the warm weather. The men had to abandon camp because it was impossible to continue in the melting snow. They loaded their sleds with everything they could, especially the hides of all the animals that they had killed. When they sold the hides it would provide them with substantial amounts of money over and above their wages. Each one had his bundle of furs tied with rawhide. The three young men could hardly wait for the river to thaw so that they could float the logs down the river. These logs had all been piled on the shores of the Mississippi river during the winter months. Eventually came the time to throw these logs into the river. Once the logs were in the river it became relatively light work because the flowing water would carry the logs downstream. The men had long poles with steel pins on the end with which they dislodged the logs that became jammed. While some of these men were performing these tasks at the top of the St. Antoine waterfalls, others at the bottom of the falls were gathering the logs and would make booms to hold the logs together. This consisted of tying logs together with chains that circled around very many logs to hold them all together. It was on one of these booms that Adrien and his 2 cousins were driving down the river. The driving was done by a large board, " a rudder", attached to the rear of the boom with metal anchors. But oars were also required for more control or when shallow water or sand bars impeded their progress. The two brothers were handling the rudder or the oars while Adrien was still assistant cook. It has to be explained that in order for the men to receive their wages that they had to bring the logs to St. Louis, where tugboats would bring them to New Orleans. Once in St. Louis the men would receive some pay and then return to St. Paul on a barge for more logs. The three cousins were satisfied with the work but they somewhat found it boring, so they would do some fishing while driving their boom. On this boom there was a small hut in which they ate and slept and could come out of the rain. There was also on this boom the Pilot who knew the waterway really well and would lead these booms through a myriad of sandbars and dead tree trunks embedded in the bottom of the river. On one of these trips, Adrien, while retrieving some of his fishing lines with a huge fish on it, slipped and fell into the water and got entangled in the fishing lines. Neciphor saw what happened, stripped out of his clothes and jumped in to save Adrien. Once they got to St. Louis they learned that the boat that was to take back to St. Paul had been delayed for several days. So to pass the time away, Adrien's two cousins

would visit the waterholes "Bars", and would become slightly intoxicated. You can well imagine the scene with this multitude of drunken men of all races and religions, swearing and cussing and calling themselves all kinds of names that it would sometimes become quite chaotic. The two brothers apparently would not provoke anyone but would not back away from anyone shouting insults at them, especially the name S.O.B. They would warn the accuser to shut up or they would shut it for them. Their reputation as strong men and good fighters had preceded them, but not everybody knew of them, so a few of them got to meet the Martineau brothers at the end of their fists. Most of these men, who had only brutal force as their master artillery, decided to go after the Martineaus. So one day some fifty of these men got together and menacingly approached them. The Martineau boys each grabbed metal bars, and without asking them what they wanted, started slicing into them with these bars, by the time they had subdued some twenty of them, the remainder backed off, leaving the Martineaus as the masters of that territory, for the time being. The situation could have worsened but the barge to return them to St. Paul had arrived and they left St. Louis.

The captain of the barge was Maxime Lajeunesse, an Acadian by birth, was relatively well off, he owned his own boat. Accompanying him on the boat was his wife and his 20 year old daughter, Adeline. She was tall, slim and of courteous manners. When Maxime met the Martineau brothers he soon realized that possibly these would be the type of men that would make a good husband for his daughter. But as the young girl had been forewarned about dating strangers she was staying back, and if it hadn't been for the youth and aggressiveness of Josaphat nothing would have happened. He had noticed how pretty she was and the whiteness of her skin, the only one he had seen since his departure from Chicago. How could he get to speak to her. Wisely, he decided that he should speak to her father. The father agreed to have his daughter meet him in private. She agreed that they would start a courtship on the condition that they would at all times be under the supervision of her parents. Josaphat was struck by her prudence and wisdom. There was also on the boat a French priest by the name of Fr. Janot, who was going to St. Paul. It is him who married Josaphat Martineau and Adeline Lajeunesse when they arrived in St. Paul. The young couple immediately bought a small home on the outskirts of St. Paul. I will not mention anything about their happiness nor of their plans for the future as that never came to be realized. It is fortunate that they did not know what the future held for them for it would have frightened them. Josaphat took a job with a house builder in St. Paul, he wanted to be close to Adeline. He worked there the whole winter of 1849/1850. During that winter, Adrien & Naciphor decided that they would not return to the camp where they had worked the previous winter, but instead they spent the winter hunting in the western part of Minnesota and in the Dakotas. To tell you everything that happened to them that winter would be another large volume. In the spring of 1850, Adrien was going to be 14 seemed much older than he really was, even though he still didn't have a beard. His strength and his ability allowed him to be as capable as most mature men. Being a quiet and reserved individual and minding his own business kept him out of trouble. He had acquired the esteem of his hunting partners as he was always ready to help anyone in need. Two or three times during that winter, because of his abilities, prevented some of them from freezing to death. All of this made him very popular with the group. He was really satisfied of this winter of adventures. When they returned in the spring they really wanted to go back on the barges but not without Josaphat, who would not be convinced into leaving his wife alone, who was now expecting a child. He would tell them, "You guys go, but I can't leave my wife alone. Adeline was really worried that they might convince him

and rightfully so because they finally convinced him to go with them. He hired a woman to stay with Adeline and promised her that he would make only one trip. His young wife would never see him again. After having returned to St. Louis the brothers started to drink and fight. The jealousy and hatred towards them was gradually mounting. The men in St Louis decided that they would get rid of these two men for once and forever and decided to kill them. The two brothers had a so-called friend by the name of Charles Bailey. He promised to the adversaries that he would someday deliver them to their possession. He would often be drinking with them so he prepared two bottles of brandy mixed with sedatives and gave each of the brothers a bottle, his bottle was of colored water. The two brothers had drank not more than one third of their bottle when they started to feel paralyzed. They tried to talk but the words would not come out. On trying to get up they would fall back in their chairs, Bailey was satisfied that he had succeeded in his task and went outside to advise the adversaries that the time was right. Words cannot describe accurately what happened next. These men entered the building armed with sticks and metal bars and attacked the two brothers who were unable to defend themselves. They would repeatedly hit them over the head and their body. It was a terrible spectacle to see these two wounded men fight back even though they were half dead. It so happened that Bailey came within range of Josaphat and in a moment of lucidity Josaphat was able to kick Bailey in the chest, Bailey dropped to the ground and died right there in terrible agony. Then the others, using the death of Bailey as a pretext to finish off the two brothers, without fear that they would be injured, proceeded to finish off the brothers and after some cruel punishment left them for dead. There was amongst them a man who had not participated in the massacre because violence was repulsive to him. After the others had all left he went seeking for Adrien, knowing he was their cousin, and told him everything that had happened. They returned to where the two brothers were and noticed that Josaphat was already dead. Naciphor was still breathing. They transported Naciphor to the doctor who took care of him as best he could while Adrien and this other man went and buried Josaphat in a deserted area. Adrien marked the site of the grave with a 3 ft. cross and returned to the doctor. Naciphor had regained consciousness The sedatives had by now lost their effectiveness , He asked Adrien, if it was at all possible, that he would like to die at his father's place in Chicago. Adrien made the arrangements with the captain of a barge that was leaving for St. Paul. The doctor offered to accompany them if they were willing to pay him for his services. When they arrived at the Prairie of the Dog, they arranged to have the injured taken to his father, in a wagon. Jerome was heartbroken to hear about the death of his son Josaphat, and the condition of his injured son, Naciphor. His condition was worsening every day after ten days he also died. Adrien notified his uncle of the marriage of Josaphat. Jerome asked Adrien, as a favor to get Adeline and her child. Seeing himself without anymore children he wanted to make his grandson his heir and if it was a girl she would be given the same privileges. Adrien promised that he would do that and left for St. Paul. All this took time and summer was already well advanced when Adrien reached St. Paul. The news of the death of Josaphat was already known in St Paul. He found Adeline desperate and heartbroken, she now had a two month old child and it was a son. Adrien was able to persuade her to go and live with her father in law in Chicago. When she arrived she was received in open arms and told her that he felt death was approaching and that he would leave all possessions to her and her son. He also offered to Adrien to stay with him but adventure was beckoning. His uncle gave him a sum of money and he left for St. Paul.

Chapter 6

Adrien meets Louis Goulet

He felt very lonely when he arrived in St. Paul. The death of his two cousins had matured him greatly and he was not to let loneliness get to him and looked for distraction in these large plains filled with misery and adventure. He immediately went searching for a companion. A couple days later he met a man by the name of Louis Goulet, he was looking for someone to accompany him from St. Paul to Calgary. He had served as a guide to government officials on numerous occasions, spoke English, French and several Indian languages. He was known to be honest and as someone that you could depend on. According to his contract, he had to make two trips a year, one in the summer the other in the winter. What he was looking for was not only a companion that would share in the adventures and the dangers by someone who would share in the profits. He thought he had found in Adrien the man he wanted but was surprised to find out how young he was. Nevertheless he accepted to take him on a partner. Adrien had accumulated quite a sum of money and decided to invest that in this venture that fascinated him. They started buying what they needed for the trip, under the guidance of Goulet, who was experienced. They firstly had to buy heavy clothing to withstand the rigors of the cold weather they would be encountering. These garments were made mostly of moose hide tanned in the Indian tradition that is smoked. It made the skins soft and pliable, even the moccasins were made from this hide. The winters in the western prairies were so cold that there was no danger of the moccasins

getting wet, these were indispensable in keeping their feet warm. Dressed in this fashion our travelers felt secure that they would not freeze to death. They bought a set of seven dog harnesses. Six dogs were harnessed in sets of two, side by side, and one guide dog. These dogs had all been well trained and obeyed perfectly all commands. The commands were all given by the crack of the whip. The sleds were made of light wood and the runners were wide so as not to cut into the soft snow. It sometimes happened that the dogs would be frightened by a pack of wolves and no commands from their master were effective. The sled would upset but the contents were so well tied down that nothing would get lost. The dogs would eventually settle down and the journey was continued. On occasion the dogs would be running so fast that the men had to hold on to the sled for balance and run behind the sled. The men always had their rifles ready in case of attack by the Indians or to shoot a buffalo for their meat, which happened often.

Now I have to explain to you the type of merchandise required on these sleds. Firstly it was dried meat and some pemmican for the men and their dogs. This type of meat had the advantage of not freezing. Some gun powder and bullets, tobacco, enjoyed greatly by the Indians, colored china, hunting knives, rifles, and we mustn't forget a 25 gallon barrel of fire water, (whiskey), There were no laws then against selling whiskey to the Indians, and the travelers would offer this to the Indians for appeasement. Over and above this they needed spare harnesses for their dogs, and also a buffalo hide for each man to use as night blankets. Adrien admired Goulet for his knowledge in the preparation of supplies for such a trip. Everything was ready to the satisfaction of Goulet and snow had started to fall. This was in the first part of November 1850 and Goulet told Adrien, "It is getting colder, we shall therefore be leaving around the tenth." The snow fell heavily for the whole day and as predicted by Goulet, the wind turned to the north and the cold was severe for 6 to 8 days. The water was freezing on the rivers and the coulees, it was time to leave.

Chapter 7

Leaving for Fort Calgary from St. Paul, Minnesota.

I wouldn't want my readers to believe that because of the length and importance of the 6 preceding chapters that my story is coming to an end or that it will fishtail. To the contrary, all the facts that I mentioned are only the preliminaries, like the scaffolding necessary for the erection of an edifice that is my narrative. Also, please, dear readers, be patient, you will be rewarded for your attention. This chapter will be an explanation of the topography of the prairies that our travelers will be crossing, and also the ethnical description of the Indian tribes that they will encounter. It is absolutely necessary that you be made familiar with all the surroundings where this drama took place more than a century ago. This drama is the transition that will occur when this supposedly nice civilization, the white people, started to relegate the native Indians to the reserves. The Indian chiefs tried to warn their tribes of the inherent dangers, and told them that the whites would eventually take their land and their hunting territories and to do everything to discourage these invaders. What battles and massacres occurred before these tribes were subdued to submission is beyond description.

We have left our travelers ready to leave for Fort Calgary on a clear and cold November day. Adrien was extremely happy, he could see his dreams finally being realized that had been haunting him since infancy. He did not dare show his emotion because Goulet was not a man of that nature, he was rather phlegmatic and impassive under all circumstances. Now begins Adrien's education. Goulet would use every opportunity to teach him the English language and the different Indian dialects. Even though Adrien had never attended school for even one minute he surprised Goulet with his ability to learn these different Indian dialects, but English was difficult for him. He could never speak it very well. Even when I knew him he could barely make himself understood, his pronunciation was terrible. What is also odd is that he could never read or write or even write down numbers. Everything was in his memory, he would count in his own way and was mostly always correct.

Let us now continue our story. Our voyageurs were rapidly advancing across the western prairies of Minnesota, all the rivers were frozen and were easily crossed. Whenever they needed meat there was always buffalo available. They would keep the best meat, normally the hump, this was usually very tender and weighed between 30 and 60 pounds, depending on the size of the animal. After they had cut out what they needed they would leave the remainder for the wolves. They would only make ten or twelve miles per day so that their dogs would remain healthy and strong. The dogs were never fed until they reached their destination for that day and the dogs knew that and would hurry to reach that destination. They would unhitch the dogs at night, give them their ration for the night, the dogs would curl up on the snow and go to sleep. The two men would get into their buffalo hides for the night. Every day was the same and would have been monotonous without the meeting of Indian bands that roamed the Dakota prairies. If these bands were friendly they would raise their right hands and present the open palm forward, in this way our two men knew that they were friendly. The Indians would invite them to smoke their peace pipe that our travelers would fill with their own best tobacco. They would all sit down on their legs and then would commence the exchange of merchandise so coveted by the Indians. When the Indians refused to negotiate it is then that Goulet would bring out some fire water from the wooden barrel and would have them taste it. This was irresistible to them, they would dispose of their furs for whatever was offered to them. In exchange for a rifle they would pile the beaver furs up to the height of the rifle that a man would hold upright. It was surprising how Adrien was able to communicate with these tribes. After they had crossed the Red River they came across large herds of buffalo, so large that the prairies seemed to be completely covered. The further north they traveled the more numerous they became. After they had crossed a few rivers that Goulet did not know the name of, they came upon the Pembina River. They had no problems in crossing it. The Pembina, so named by the Indians, because of the numerous berries that grew on the riverbank. They marveled at the beautiful virgin forest of different varieties of trees, oaks, elms, birch but mostly poplars. It was an ideal camping spot, so they decided to stay for three days to rest both themselves and the dogs. On the second day their came an Indian tribe of Chippewa's that spoke Cree, a language that Goulet spoke fluently. There was plenty of dry firewood so altogether they made a big fire and as usual started to exchange merchandise for fur skins. Goulet asked them what the present relationship among the tribes was like and was told that everything was quiet and there was nothing to fear. So with this information our two travelers early the next morning left feeling confident that danger was not apparent. They were no sooner out of camp that they noticed small groups of buffalo, from where they were they

could count at least one hundred groups. They seemed to be grouped in families and their guide, an old bull was on guard. The prairie was covered with buffalo grass, a grass that would maintain its food value for a full year, it would ripen in the fall and maintain its freshness throughout the winter. The beasts only had to dig into the snow with their front feet to eat all they wanted. After having killed a few choice animals for their food supply they were again on their way. They had traveled about 500 mile of their 1250 miles from St. Paul to Fort Calgary. The buffalo herds gradually dwindled as they proceeded but there was always enough for their needs. It was now the middle of December, they had been travelling for a month and hoped to reach their destination by mid January. They met numerous tribes if Indians and all of them gave them the friendly sign and they continued on their way. As all the rivers were frozen they had no problems in crossing the Assiniboine and the small Saskatchewan rivers, to arrive as expected in mid January. It took about a week to deliver the mail, sell their furs and purchase merchandise for exchanging on their return trip, and left shortly thereafter. They wanted to travel as far as they could before the rivers thawed, which normally occurred at the end of March. Their return trip was uneventful, was really pleased with the financial success of their trip and promised to themselves that they would return as soon as possible. The big thaws of March and April had arrived and there was nothing to do but wait for all the snow to disappear before returning. They needed two, two wheeled carts for the summer trip so they built them, giving the opportunity to Adrien to learn how they were built. These carts were built completely out of wood, the wheels didn't even have the steel rims around them. The wheels were the most difficult to build, the spokes had to be well adjusted into the rim and the hub. The hub was made of dry oak. The rest was relatively easy. These carts were pulled by two ponies and could carry heavier loads than the dog sleds. On about the 15th of May the carts were ready Each cart was loaded with merchandise for exchanging with the Indians and other supplies. Each cart was drawn by two ponies, hitched one in front of the other. Adrien was now 15 years old. When they left St. Paul, following the same trail that they had used the previous winter but this time they had to wade across the rivers in the shallowest spots they could find. On occasion these crossings were dangerous because of the quicksand, a characteristic of the rivers in the western plains, but Goulet knew the rivers well. On this trip we will go a little faster because I do not want to repeat the details of the first, trip. We have arrived to the Dakota prairies. They crossed the Red River and like the previous winter, the buffaloes were in abundance. One morning, before getting started on their journey, they noticed something very strange. About half a mile from them was a large herd of buffalo in a big circle. The females were in the middle of the circle with their calves while the bulls were running at full speed around the circle. There was, close by, about 100 wolves trying to get at some of the calves, their hunger had made them braver, and they were trying to penetrate the circle to get at the calves, but the big bulls would trample them with their hooves or cripple them with their sharp horns. There were already many crippled and dying wolves on the ground so the wolves decide to back off, ready to pounce on their own crippled wolves as soon as the opportunity presented itself. The buffaloes moved slowly away and immediately the wolves jumped on their cripples and dead and devoured them. The wolves, having had their fill did not bother our travelers, so they continued their journey. Some of these wolves were unbelievably huge, measuring 7 or 8 ft in length. In desperate situations, the only way to get rid of them was to kill a few buffaloes for them to devour, permitting the men to proceed till they were out of danger. This was a new experience for Adrien to see wild animals eating their own species.

When they stopped in the evenings to feed and rest their ponies they would put shackles on their front feet so that they would not go too far. These were always new experiences for Adrien. Stage by stage they finally arrived at the Pembina River. This time they stopped on the south side of the river because the Cree were making some pemmican. The Indian men had killed quite a few buffaloes and the women were skinning and gutting them. The meat was cut into strips and spread on turned over buffalo skins. These strips were left to dry and then beat with special sticks. They would spread saskatoons (a local native berry still growing today), on top of the strips and pound those and the juices into the meat. They would add fat and bone marrow, all this while it was hot. This pemmican was a complete ration, replacing bread, butter and it was said that it was very tasteful. Our travelers bought some for emergency purposes and continued along the river up to the Pembina buttes where they could easily cross the river with their carts. This is where the small city of Walhalla is built. It is still today a popular tourist destination, the trees are lovely and there is no risk of flooding. After having filled their barrels with drinking water for their ponies they continued along the Pembina buttes up to a place where the

Town of Morden situated today. There the buttes were smaller and they were able to climb them. Nothing in particular happened on this leg of the trip but Adrien had noticed some big stones along the route that had been trenched all around them some couple feet deep. Goulet explained to Adrien that buffaloes would go to these huge stones to sharpen their horns by rubbing them against the stone. And bracing their feet against the ground it would eventually dig this trench. The water in the rivers had gone down substantially enabling them to cross them easily, with the exception of the Bow River, before arriving in Calgary. The river had risen at least two feet in the last couple days because of the warm winds in the Rocky Mountains causing the snow to melt. These winds were known as Chinooks. They had to wait for a week. The buffalo grass was plentiful, the horses had plenty to eat and it was an ideal camping location. One morning they were surprised to see a large band of Indians known as Montagnais, so named because they usually lived in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. They were a peaceful group and were anxious to exchange their furs with the white man. After the usual exchanges had been completed two of the Indians showed our travelers two small buckskin bags filled with small golden stones that shone like the sun. Adrien and Goulet recognized immediately that these were gold nuggets. Each bag contained at least one pound of gold each. How could they procure these treasures? They asked the Indians what they wanted in exchange. They said they wanted one rifle for each bag, but Goulet indicated that it was too much, so the Indians returned to their tent feeling confident that Goulet would eventually give in and he eventually did. But the Indians also asked for some powder and bullets so to make their rifles talk. The two travelers knew they would have to accept and even then it was still a good bargain. Goulet asked the Indians where they had obtained these shining stones but they evasively pointed in the south west direction, so Goulet realized that they would not tell him.

The river level had now gone down and they were able to cross the Bow River and a few days later were in Fort Calgary, which was then a Hudson Bay post where they exchanged some of their furs for merchandise and a week later were on their return trip to St. Paul. They made sure to let nobody know that they were in possession of some gold.

It was now August, and the grass of the prairies was starting to dry and Goulet told Adrien that they would be fortunate if they did not encounter some prairie grass fires. His predictions were right but it only happened after they were in the plains of the Dakotas. That afternoon, as usual, Goulet was always on the lookout for these fires, he noticed some black smoke coming from the

north west. There was no doubt that the fire was coming in their direction. In these times of extreme peril there is only one thing to do, fight fire with fire and this is what they did. They lit the dry grass and they now had fire on both sides of them and the high winds soon picked up the flames that they followed from a safe distance. The danger of the fire had now diminished but they now had to contend with a danger of a different nature. Meanwhile the fire behind them was approaching and frightening the wildlife, and in their attempt to escape were coming toward Adrien and Goulet. There was some thousands of animals running for their lives, buffaloes, elk, caribou, antelopes, wolves, wild horses, foxes, lynx, all driven by their instinct, wild in their attempts to evade the fire, they were tripping over each other. It was a frightening spectacle to see all these wild animal running in fear and in pain because some of them had been badly burnt by the fire. When they arrived in the area that Goulet and Adrien had already burnt for a fireguard, most of them exhausted would stop and throw themselves on the ground. The buffaloes had their tongues hanging out and their body was covered with foam. The wolves and the foxes, more agile, continued to run away. When the first fire arrived at the burnt out area it would automatically extinguish itself. Our travelers were lucky to get out of this with their lives. They arrived in St. Paul in the month of October. They didn't have many furs but had their gold that was worth much more and much lighter. They got \$1500.00 for their gold. They sold their ponies and stored the carts because they would not be needed till the following summer. During the following weeks they purchased and trained some new dogs for the coming winter trip. Dear readers, you have now been given an idea as to what were a summer and a winter trip to Fort Calgary.

The preparations for the next winter trip were essentially the same so I shall only tell you the most important. By the beginning of November all the rivers were frozen solid. Sufficient snow had fallen but not so much as to make it difficult for the dogs. But when they got to the plains of Dakota they found that the grass had all burnt and the ground was bare. Instead of the large herds of buffalo that they had seen the previous winter they saw very few herds and they were much smaller in numbers. Even the Indians had left these prairies. Buffaloes being scarce, they had to dig into their supplies for food. Only once were they able to kill an animal, just before they reached the Pembina River. They salvaged as much meat as they could and they finally reached the river. There the river had stopped the fire and saved the trees on the other side. They camped here again and they saw many bands of Indians. When they left they experienced something new. The weather had warmed up a bit but not enough to have the snow melt, small ice balls were starting to form on the dog's feet and soon the dogs started complaining. These balls were gradually growing and pulling their hair which was very painful, and soon the dogs were howling in pain. They would then lie down in their harness and try to chew off these balls of ice, so finally the dogs were unharnessed. They could not proceed any further. They took some dry wood and made a fire and one by one they melted the ice on the dog's feet. They then put special mitts that they had in their supplies on their dog's feet. You can see for yourselves that something that seems inoffensive can become dangerous. Nothing extraordinary happened and arrived in Fort Calgary earlier than usual. They arrived at the beginning of January. This place gained in importance every year. Having arrived early they took two weeks of rest.

This time the mail bags for their return trip were bigger and more numerous leaving less room for merchandise. They met the same band of Indians, the Montagnais that they had met on the previous trip, with whom they had exchanged rifles for gold, and were eager to do more trading.

The Indians had no gold to exchange but it was noticed that their women had bracelets and earrings all made out of gold. Can you imagine some 100 women all wearing this gold, there was a fortune in itself. Our two travelers tried to exchange goods for their jewelry but all in vain. The tribal chief told them that on their next trip they would have gold in large quantities, because there were lots of these shining stones where they found them. So our two travelers were unsuccessful in obtaining gold on this trip. The weather was worsening every day and Goulet told Adrien, "Look at those white rolling clouds, we will have the kind of snow storm and blizzard that we have not encountered before. They immediately unhitched the dogs, threw them some meat and big buffalo bones with meat on them for them to play with. They then turned their sled on its side as a shelter from the wind, each took a provision of pemmican and also a long pole. Why the long pole? You will soon find out. As soon as the snow piled up on them they would use this pole to make a hole in the snow so the heat from their bodies could escape, otherwise the snow inside would have melted and get them wet. Another reason for this pole was to make a hole large enough for them to look outside to determine if the storm was finished. They are not sure how long this storm lasted, but it must have been quite long because the dogs had eaten all their meat. They harnessed the dogs, even though they were hungry, made a few miles, stopped, then were given their food ration that they really needed. That is how these dogs were trained and they knew that at the end of the trip that they would be fed. They had two similar storms before reaching St. Paul. There was so much snow that it made it difficult to travel. During the last days of travel they had to contend with snow that had turned to slush. Their shoes were soaked and wet and had to endure that for the remaining days, until they got home to St. Paul. The dogs were so thirsty that they were licking at the snow to quench their thirst, but it made it worse, and by the time they arrived, dog and men were dead tired.

The carts were ready for the summer trip so they rested and relaxed for one month before preparing for the next trip. A few voyageurs in St. Paul, because of Goulet's expertise and now a proven veteran in that area, wanted to join them on this trip to hunt along the Pembina River. They had heard of the Sioux Indians, a tribe described as being cruel and barbarous, had even been hazardous enough to come to the outskirts of St. Paul and massacred some white people to sow terror among them and had captured white women and children, Goulet accepted them as companion, because there is strength in numbers. They left on the 20 of May. There were seven carts and about twenty men.

They had no sooner left St. Paul that they noticed some small Sioux tribes every day, easily identifiable by the manner in which they rode their pinto ponies, without saddle nor bridle, bent over on the neck of their horses, controlling their horses with their knees and heels. These tribes did not attack unless they outnumbered their enemy, they did not attack the caravan that Goulet had organized, but they were visible every day from St. Paul to the Pembina. From this point Adrien and Goulet continued on their journey by themselves, leaving the other voyageurs camped there for the rest of the summer if nothing serious happened to them. When they reached the Bow River the Montagnais were not there as they had promised last winter, so our two voyageurs kept on to Calgary hoping that the Montagnais would be there on their return. Once in Calgary they bought twelve rifles, two small barrels of gun powder and lots of bullets, then started back to St. Paul. They were anxious to see if the Montagnais would live up to their promises and they were there. After the usual cordial greetings the two men brought up the topic that most interested them, the small sacs of gold. The Montagnais had twelve bags of gold so the exchanges were quickly

made and our travelers left with twelve bags of gold. Adrien notice that Goulet seemed to be worried so Adrien asked him what it was that worried him. Listen he said, if we are attacked by the Sioux, they will be in large numbers, we will not have chance of survival if we defend ourselves but if we surrender there will be a chance of one in a hundred that we would get out of it at least with our lives. It was a macabre situation to face but Adrien knew that it was reality. They continued their travel, worried but cautious. Adrien was now 16 years old and was anxious for new adventures, as we shall see, they had plenty.

Chapter 8

Meeting with the Sioux.

It was only after they arrived in the prairies of the Dakotas that they noticed some Sioux Tribes. Initially the tribes consisted of only few Indians but the more they traveled the bigger the tribes became, and after a week some tribes numbered in the thirties. Not knowing if these tribes were hostile our two men expected the worst. They soon would find out. The tribes were getting closer and closer, they were all around them with no chance of escape. Goulet wondered why they had not set fire to the grass to burn them alive. This was the usual manner in which they disposed of their enemies. He had no doubts that they wanted them captured alive so as to be able to take their belongings. They had to cross a deep coulee so it gave them the opportunity to hide two buffalo skins, two rifles, gun powder and some shells and also their hunting knives, necessities should they survive. There was no use for our two travelers to proceed any further so decided to camp for the night. They gathered some dry buffalo dung and started a fire to cook some of their food. As the flames spread gradually it formed a large burnt out circle into which they brought their carts and supplies. After taking these precautions they acted as if there were no Sioux watching them. They expected to be attacked during the night but nothing happened. The Sioux were racing their horses all around them all night, shouting as was their habit. The two men did not use their rifles as they had resolved not to defend themselves. Next morning they kneeled, made a fervent prayer, as if they were to die.

At the rising sun the Sioux approached and captured them, stripped them of the clothes they had on their backs and tied them together. The two men did not attempt to escape and remained quiet. Some Sioux on horseback were galloping past them and whipping their backs with strips of hide attached to a stick. At each whipping their skin would cut open and bleed profusely. The barbarians were expecting cries of surrender and agony but to no avail. The Sioux did not expect such courage from white people, they were so surprised that they soon left. But by that time, our two men had received so much punishment that that had collapsed into unconsciousness. When they recovered from their unconscious state the sun was already starting to set. The Sioux had taken everything, Ponies, carts and all the baggage. The men still had their hands tied but it wasn't long that they had removed the bindings. Even though very weak, they managed to reach the coulee where they had hidden some supplies, wrapped themselves in the buffalo hides, waking in

and out of consciousness and suffering with terrible pain from the wounds that had been inflicted on them, they were nevertheless able to make it through the night. Next morning they were able to kill a buffalo and drank some of the warm blood to somewhat replenish their blood supply. Took some warm fat and rubbed their wounds with it. This prevented their skin from cracking from the strong rays of the sun. It is impossible to describe the pain and suffering they endured during the rest of the trip.

Every morning they would kill a buffalo, drink the warm blood and would walk as far as they could wrapped in only buffalo skins. For some unexplainable reason, the Sioux had left them their shoes, but Goulet told Adrien that the Sioux most probably wanted them to relate to their white people how treacherous the Sioux could be so as to discourage any other white men to invade what they considered their hunting territory. When they finally arrived in St. Paul they were accompanied by hunters they had met. They made a report to the post office department because all the mail had been taken by the Sioux. What bothered them the most was having their bags of gold stolen. The value of that gold was in the thousands of dollars. They found themselves to be nearly financially ruined, terribly weak from their wounds that would take a long time to heal. The money they had

saved was barely enough to pay for their medical expenses. They were so battered and weak that in the fall of 1852 they were unable to go to Calgary. This time it was a large group of voyageurs that took the mail to Calgary, accompanied by 100 American soldiers as protection and had no serious encounters of any kind. On their return in the spring of 1853 they related that the Sioux had engaged in warfare against all the other tribes that had united themselves. Often the Sioux would attack the Cree, the Chippewa's and the Dakotas. It now had become dangerous for the white man to travel unless accompanied by soldiers. The fur traders also stopped penetrating into the territories occupied by the tribes fighting amongst themselves. But soon things were to change. Let's return to our two men, not having much money, they tried to heal their wounds but instead of healing they only got worse and soon they became so infected that they could not sleep or rest, night or day. Medicine was not something that Goulet knew anything about because he had never been sick for a day in his life. When he had injuries or wounds he would let nature take its course and let them heal with time. This time it was different, the wounds had become infected, were bluish and smelled badly. Their whole back had become one solid blister. There was in St. Paul an Indian woman of the Chippewa tribe named Wichita, in Indian this meant sage woman or woman doctor. She had become famous because of her numerous and marvelous cures. She would make ointments from the fat of skunks, badgers and wild geese and many other ointments that only she knew how to prepare. So our two men decided to see her. Upon seeing the wounds she grimaced, which meant nothing good, but she agreed to treat them on the condition that the men were to stay with her in her hut. It wasn't a very attractive proposition, the men could see that she was covered in lice but they had no choice but to accept because they didn't have enough money to see a doctor or go to the hospital. When they got there, the old squaw washed their wounds in a concoction of tree bark and Seneca root. After the wounds were cleaned she covered them with her various ointments These ointments would at least prevent their clothes from sticking to the wounds. Within a couple days the wounds started to heal and they could at least sleep at night without too much pain. For two months, Wichita was devoted to their treatment, the men were able to return to their own cabin. There now was nothing more urgent for them to get rid of the lice that were devouring them alive. From that day forward the healing process advanced rapidly.

It was in the spring of 1853, as Adrien was walking the streets that he came upon Adeline, the widow of his cousin, Josaphat. Recovering from their mutual surprises she finally told him that uncle Jerome had died a year ago and as she was the only heir with her son Andre , she had sold everything and had realized a return of \$80,000.00 in cash. She had partnered with her brother, Jules Lajeunesse, and invested in a huge hardware store in St. Paul. She invited them to visit them and Adrien was glad to do so. He had established a great friendship with his cousin that had been so afflicted by the sudden death of her husband at a very young age. Adrien visited them often at their hardware which bore the name Martineau & Lajeunesse Harware. During this time the men were gradually regaining their strength and getting some of their courage back. Spring had arrived, Adrien was now 17 years old, and he now had a beard which he never cut. When I got to know him he was 68 years old and still had the same beard that was perfectly white. He would say, "I've slept in the snow so often that my beard took the color of the snow."

Chapter 9

Leaving for Fort Calgary on horseback

In the spring of 1853 Goulet told Adrien that in the coming summer that they would not use the carts because it slowed them down too much. And the fur trade too uncertain. Let us each take two ponies, two for carrying the mail and baggage and the two others for riding. One of the ponies carried the mail, the other a small tent, two buffalo skins in which they put some water for them and the ponies because the distance between water sources was too great to be sufficient to meet their needs. They also had two raincoats made of tarred canvas and obviously their rifles and ammunition. The powder they kept in hollowed out buffalo horns to keep it dry. These ponies could trot all day with a man on their back or equivalent weight. On this trip each time they encountered Indians they would tell them that they had nothing to exchange. As a result they reached Calgary 15 days sooner than usual. Unloaded their mail immediately and reloaded the mail for St. Paul. They were anxious to find out if they would meet the Montagnais. They had no merchandise to exchange but wanted to make arrangements with them to meet and exchange merchandise for gold on their return trip. They had 15 extra days to search for the Montagnais and they soon found them. The next day they met three of them hunting along the Bow River and they were invited to stay with them in their Indian campsite overnight The next day they came upon a small village of wigwams, a structure made of wooden poles tied at the top and spread out at the bottom covered with buffalo skins. The Chief came to meet them and told them that his son was sick and if they could heal him he would give them four small bags of gold. That was all they had. Upon seeing the young man they realized immediately that he had been tortured by the Sioux as he had the same wounds that they had experienced themselves. He had also been a prisoner of the Sioux, whipped torture and released. The young man was delirious and on occasion would scream from the pain of his infected wounds. Goulet and Adrien showed the chief the scars on their backs and told him how Wichita had cleaned the wounds and eventually healed them. The squaws immediately started mixing similar concoctions, washed his back and applied the grease, the

results were the same, one week later the young man was able to get up. The young man's name was Wi-tas-ka-qui-se-im, meaning, "The one with no name". The Chief had never wanted to give him his name because he was the child from another man born before he married the mother.

The Chief kept his promise and gave them the four small sacs of gold. Our two travelers encountered no problems as the American army was patrolling the area and were keeping the Sioux at a safe distance. They arrived in St. Paul in the first part of October so there was no rush to prepare for the winter trip. Adrien profited of the delay to visit Adeline, he loved to talk with her. He had to, for maybe the twentieth time, explain to her the circumstances under which her husband Josaphat had been killed. She would listen attentively to what Adrien was saying but would not cry. She wanted to raise her young son away from the fights and carnage of which she had been an innocent victim. Her son up until now had been a very good boy, had lovely curly blonde hair like his mother, clear blue eyes and showed signs of a keen intelligence. Even though he was only three years old he had a muscular frame, but seemed to have the gentle character of his mother. During the following three years nothing remarkable occurred in their travels and it became somewhat of a routine. The peace had been established with the Sioux, thanks to the vigilance of the American soldiers who were always present. But the two men refused to be lured by this calm and they felt that eventually this calm would be followed by the usual storm. One day while they were returning from Calgary with their two carts loaded with mail, furs and provisions and as usual had about two gallons of alcohol (fire water) in a small wooden barrel. It is fortunate that they didn't have more as you will soon find out. They had seen a few horse riders galloping away in the distance but were unable to identify them. The next day a huge band of Sioux came into view, our two men had only enough time to hide their rifles and blankets before the Indians were upon them. In an instant, in less time than it takes to write this, they had been bowled over and had their wrists tied together solidly. The Sioux then searched the carts and having seen the fire water they immediately started drinking. Fortunately the barrel was not full because the consequences for our two men could have been much more serious, but it was already bad enough. They took the clothes they were wearing, except their underwear, regardless of their cruelty they still had a sense of decency. Then they threw the men on their backs and tied their wrists and ankles to pegs that they drove into the ground. They then started an infernal dance around the two prisoners and circulating around them would whip them with willow branches. The men were squirming in pain and tried not to scream but occasionally would let out a lamentable "heu". This torture lasted about two hours. Men in lesser physical condition would have died on the spot. The Sioux eventually left taking with them everything, ponies and carts and left the two men more dead than alive, tied to these posts to be the prey of wolves and birds. Adrien was not as robust as Goulet and had fortunately collapsed for during that time he did not suffer from his wounds like Goulet did. Goulet eventually was able, with great pain, to extract the picket from the ground on his right hand and detached it from the post. Then detached his left hand and in excruciating pain was able to free himself from his bindings. He then was able to get their hunting knives, the buffalo skins and the rifles. All this time Adrien was still unconscious. He released Adrien from his bindings and rolled him in the buffalo skins. He did the same but because of the pain could not sleep. He envied Adrien's state of torpor and unawareness of his surroundings, he was at least not suffering in pain, and he seemed to be sleeping. When Goulet painfully got up the next morning he noticed Adrien was still unconscious, he feared that he would die of his injuries. One hour later Adrien opened his eyes and remembering what had happened, he closed them again believing that it might have been

a nightmare. The agony of his pain brought him back to reality. Goulet would ask him if he was hungry. At his negative answer, Goulet knew that his pain was too extreme to feel any hunger, but he nevertheless wanted to have some food ready for him. From his buffalo skin he cut some pieces and fitted them around his feet and tied them with the straps that the Sioux had used to tie their hands and ankles to the stakes. He advised Adrien he was going in search of some food. His rifle loaded with heavy artillery to kill buffalo could not be used on ducks or geese because it would have blown them to bits. There was no buffalo in sight, but he was able to find duck eggs, wrapped them in his buffalo skin. He brought the eggs to Adrien and placed them by his side and went back looking for more food. He wanted some grease to put on their wounds. The only animal he saw was a badger. The rifle bullet took off its head completely, fortunately these animals are fat in the fall and had enough grease to apply to all their wounds. Their lighters having been stolen they could not start a fire to cook their badger so they ate it raw, and the same with the eggs. It was sufficient to quench their hunger but not their thirst. After this copious meal they wrapped themselves in their buffalo hide and had some sleep. They were wakened by the noise of horse hooves. It was a platoon of soldiers on horse back, they had heard the rifle shot when Goulet killed the badger. The soldiers gave them some greatly needed water and treated their wounds. Placed each one of them on horses, behind the driver, and headed for St. Paul. They would only travel for a few hours at a time because the two travelers were so weak. Once in St. Paul, Adrien asked the soldiers to take them to Adeline, they were received with open arms and she promised that she would take good care of them. Their wounds, using the concoctions that Wichita had shown them how to prepare, they started getting better. Adrien was now 20 years old. Years later he showed me the scars on his back and his chest, and would say that it would not stop him from reaching at least 70 years of age.

Goulet, more incommunicative than ever, was thinking of abandoning this dangerous lifestyle. They had arrived in St. Paul in the fall of 1856 and stayed there for two full years, slowly regaining their strength. We ask ourselves today as to why they exposed themselves to such danger and for so many years. God only knows. It is thanks to those adventurers, strong and courageous, that we have the peace and tranquility that we enjoy today. Let us thank them with all our heart. The men had learned from experience that it was not wise to carry liquor with them and promised themselves that they would never do it again. Their last experience had definitely proven that to be true. It was the last time that they would encounter such punishment. Adrien had made no plans for the future. At 20 years of age, it would be normal to have dreams of love and affection, but he kept it all inside. The tribulations and pain that he had suffered and endured had added another twenty years to his real age. In 9 years he had acquired the experience of a 50 year old and knew very well that the years to come would not be much rosier, but he lived from day to day and tomorrow will only be another day he would often say. The winter of 1856-1857 passed by and they did nothing. Adrien had become very attached to Adeline's little boy, Andre. He attended school and the children, speaking mostly English, called him Andrew, and they also got to call Adrien, Andrew, causing some confusion later on.

Adeline would not accept any compensation having taken care of Goulet and Adrien.. She would say, "I can afford it and I owe this to uncle Jerome, so all those with the Martineau name will be welcome under my roof. When, in the summer of 1857, our two men had completely recovered of their injuries, they found some employment in St. Paul and stayed there for 2 years.

Let us now depart from our story of Uncle Adrien and look into the history of the Sioux and their origin. It is from these authentic documents that I have on hand that I will give you these details. According to the historians, some 5000 years ago, some Asians invaded the American continent by passing through the Berhing Straits and descended the Central Plains. They spread throughout North America. The first group formed the Algonquin tribe, the second group, the Eskimos of Siberia, stayed in the northern part. These tribes lived in peace for many thousand years and became quite numerous and eventually divided into numerous other tribes. One of those were the Iroquois, and another the Chippewa's. Much later, at approximately the era where Jesus Christ was born, another wave of Asiatic invaded the Americas. These were Himalayans, they were barbaric and cruel. Stage by stage, they crossed the Berhing Straits in the same way other Asians had done previously, declaring war with the Eskimos and the Algonquians with disastrous results for those that were already here. After a few years the original tribes had been pushed eastward, which is today Ontario, Quebec and New England. The newly arrived tribe stayed in what is today the Dakotas, Montana and Minnesota. Many centuries passed and by the 1700's the Chippewa's, that occupied Wisconsin, obtained firearms from white explorers and made an atrocious war to those that had taken the name Dakotas, which meant "allies or friends". The Chippewa's, who had suffered greatly because of them, did not find the name befitting, so named them Nadawe-is-im, which meant "serpents and enemies", changed later by the explorers, "Nadowes-Sioux" and was later shortened to Sioux. The Chippewa's, armed with guns, had the Sioux retreat back to Missouri. Later on the Sioux captured some wild horses, named ponies or broncos, tamed them and made of them some real fast runners. Mounted on these ponies they became invincible and soon pushed back the Chippewa's and regained what they considered their rightful hunting territory. It was at this time in history that the facts that I mention in this biography of my uncle Adrien occurred. This explains as to why in this biography you find the Sioux mentioned quite often. The cruelty that they exercised was a way in which they would discourage the white people from hunting in their territory. If it would not have been for the American army it would have taken probably another 200 years to conquer the western plains. The army would have the Sioux retreat repeatedly after each battle until in 1876 they had pushed them back to the Greasy Grass River in Wyoming. Today, those remaining of that tribe are confined to a few reserves.

Let me now describe the different uses that Indians had for the buffalo. They had named them Pte, which meant uncle. Their God was Ki-ra-ka-ra-ki-we, the Great Mystery or the Unknown God that had made the first man and everything visible. The buffalo was a providence for them because it provided for all of their needs, they would associate them to God by calling them uncle or brother of God. It supplied them with fresh meat for their daily needs, dried meat and fat for pemmican, and all other kinds of food. The bladders of the big bulls, scraped clean, would be filled with pemmican holding about 5 to 8 pounds each. Certain parts of the intestines were also used for this purpose, hung at the top of the teepee to be smoked. The hide covered with hair was used for winter clothing. For the summer the hair was removed, the hides tanned and used to make leggings, moccasins and also their tents. The thicker hides of the old bulls, stretched over wooden poles, was used to make their canoes, called bull boats, light to transport and in which they could load the whole family. The neck skin, after dried, was used as body protection, so tough that arrows would not penetrate, also was used to make boxes. The runners for their sleds was made from the ribs of the buffalo, the shoulder blades made into hand tools. The feet were boiled and made into glue, used to attach their arrows to the handles, hair was used to make cushions and as

packing for their horse saddles. Bones were also used to make needles, the backbone crushed into threads for the needles. The horns would serve as spoons, thick hides into cauldron to boil their meat in without fear of burning as long as there was liquid in them, and possibly many other uses. You now have an idea as to how valuable this animal was to the Indians and understand why it was revered as almost divine. On occasion, they would have dances in honor of the buffalo that would last for days until they were too tired to continue. It was an honor for an Indian to be gored by a buffalo as they would be hunting forever in the territory of the Great Mystery. Theft amongst them didn't exist as there was no reason for it, everything was owned in common. If they were hungry, there was always some meat boiling in the cauldrons and they just helped themselves. Each animal killed would become the property of everyone. Anyone who would try to put claim on anything would be put to death.

Let us now return to our two men who are preparing for the summer trip of 1858. Adrien was now 22 years of age. Both of them completely healed of their injuries did not enjoy the quiet life. Goulet was ten years older than Adrien, and would say "Two more trips like the last one and I will have had enough. They left on horseback as they had done on one previous occasion, it was much faster. When they arrived in the prairies of North Dakota they were surprised at the increase in the buffalo herds, even though lots had been killed by the Indians, the white hunters and the numerous kills caused by the prairie fires. This year the grass was taller and more abundant than usual and the vines and the wild peas made it so dense that you could hardly travel so backtracked and found another route. It was now the season for the buffalo rut, the mating season. Once in a while they would notice fights between the big bulls and it was prudent not to approach them at that time. When they came to the Pembina River they again came upon the Chippewa's. Our two men were surprised to find among the Chippewa's a French Canadian by the name of Felix Latreille. He had come to Fort Gary, now named Winnipeg, three years earlier, he was building a log house and upon completion he would get his young wife. He had gone up the Red River by canoe up to Fort Pembina at the mouth of the Pembina River. I stayed in that house for nine years with my family from 1905 to 1914. Latreille spoke French and many Indian languages including Chippewa. Our two men stayed there for many days and it is during this time that they witnessed something they had never seen before. One morning the Indians brought them to an area called the slaughter corral. Within that corral were about fifty buffaloes of all kinds. Most curious of all was that these buffaloes were being held confined by willow branches sunk two feet into the ground and leaning forward towards the sun that is to the left. They knew that these animals never turned to the right, in the same direction as the sun, when they were guarding their cows and calves against the wolves. It was really simple, it sufficed to have them start turning until they were able to kill what they needed and then release them.. Our two men purchased some pemmican that they loaded onto their horses. Goulet liked to have a few caches of food along the way in case of emergency. After the campfire was extinguished they would dig into the ashes and bury their pemmican and cover it with dirt and ashes. The meat was safe because wolves or wild animals would never dig where there had been fire. If they ran short of meat on their return trip they would find their cache that had been marked in a way that only they knew. It might on occasion save their life. Their trip, to this point, was completed without incident and as usual they met the Montagnais. And these, as recognition, offered them that they could stay with them for a month. They would take them to the site where shining stones were to be found. As it was already late in the season they agreed to have this offer postponed to the next year and left for Calgary. On the

return trip from Calgary, in the fall of 1858, the cold weather had set in much earlier and everything was frozen when they crossed the prairies of North Dakota and when they arrived at the buttes of the Pembina everything seemed desolate. A prairie fire had consumed everything, burnt carcasses of buffalo and wildlife were everywhere. Because of the cold, the meat of these animals had been well preserved. Numerous wolves and even some bears were feeding off these carcasses. They were so well fed that they hardly raised their heads when the voyageurs passed by. Our two men were anxious to meet the Montagnais at their usual location but none of them were there. They must have fled in time to avoid the fire, because no human bones were found in the burnt out areas. So they continued their trip, feeding their horses in the coulees, where dampness had prevented the fire from burning everything. It was like this to the Red Lake which is at the head of the Red River. They met no Sioux. Everything was so quiet in this desolated, burnt out area where buffalo could not live. They arrived in St. Paul at the end of October so there was no time to waste to get ready for the fall trip with their dogs. After a short visit with Adeline they prepared for the winter trip. In mid November they were leaving again with their sleds loaded with merchandise to exchange with the Indians. This time they had to go much further to the west, up to the Souris River, as the tribes had moved where there was live buffalo. There they exchanged their merchandise for beautiful furs with the Arikanas tribe, all from the Siouan's tribe, family of the Sioux. They all wore three eagle feathers in their hair, one on top of each ear and the other protruding forward over their forehead. Because of this, were very easily distinguishable from the other tribes. The winter of 1858-1859 was very harsh and they often had to sleep in the snow. The exchanges were very lucrative, and everywhere they stopped the Indians would ask for "fire water", and were told that they did not have any as it was much too dangerous for themselves and also the Indians. This is the promise that they had made to themselves because of the devastating experience and massacre they had suffered on a previous exchange. The rest of the trip was uneventful.

The spring trip of 1859 was again made on horseback as they had figured they would have to detour the North Dakota prairies because of the stench of decomposing of some one thousand buffaloes. They followed the route they had taken the previous winter and because all they had was the mail and personal luggage so they traveled good distances every day. Passing by the Souris River and the Cypress Mountains they arrived in Calgary three weeks earlier than usual.

They were anxious to meet with the Montagnais to find the source of the gold. They received them with open arms. It took six days to get to the bottom of a mountain with a little river. It is here, they said. It was unbelievable the amount of small gold pieces that were present among the rocks on the shore of the river. They filled many small bags made of buffalo hide and returned to the Montagnais campsite. They promised themselves that they would return to the source of the gold on all future trips. Their money had just about been all spent so they were anxious to return and exchange their gold for currency. The return trip was not eventful. They met many Arkansas tribes but they were all peaceful and continued on their way. This is how they returned to St. Paul in the fall of 1859. We will pass in silence the trips of 1859 and 1860 as nothing in the extraordinary happened. The American army seemed to control the invasions by the Sioux, so our two men felt safer than ever. In the spring of 1860, they decided to use their carts. They had lots of money so they loaded their carts with merchandise for exchanging with the Indians. But bad luck was waiting for them. They had made about 400 miles when a band of Arkansas attacked them. They only had time to toss a loaded rifle into the tall grass of the coulee

before the Indians came on them. They took everything, including their clothes and shoes. All they had left were their underwear made of deer hide. The Indians left as fast as they had arrived, but this time, fortunately, they were not tortured. It wasn't much better because here they were, 400 miles from civilization, with nothing but their underwear, death was imminent. They knelt and prayed more fervently than they ever had before and promised to God that if they were saved they would receive the sacraments as soon as possible. After this prayer they gathered some grass and made a big pile. They had no means to start a fire, no food, so they huddled in the pile of hay to rest. They hardly slept, they were tired and cold. The sun came up and with it came hope. But what could they hope for with only one shell in their rifle? They could only wait for Providence. It happened in the morning, against all odds. Goulet noticed a black dot in the distance and pointed it to Adrien, but he saw nothing, but eventually he too could see something. Gradually the dot grew bigger and bigger. The men at first thought it was a man on horse back but later they were able to distinguish it as a buffalo. They fetched their rifle from the coulee and waited. They wondered if this might be the answer to their prayers, if it was that the animal would be pass close to them. It was very unusual to see a lone buffalo running across the prairie. The question was which one would shoot, they only had one shell. Adrien said "You shoot, I am shaking too much". The animal was getting closer and when it came within twenty steps Goulet let the shot go. The bullet hit the buffalo just behind the front shoulder and into the heart. The animal tumbled forward and as soon as it was on the ground that the two men were upon the animal drinking the blood flowing from the bullet wound. Comforted by their nourishment the two men cuddled close to the animal, on the sunny side, and went to sleep. When they awakened it was dark. They could not tell if they had slept 24 hours or 50 but they were hungry. They took some coagulated blood that had flowed onto the ground and had another feast. As they had to wait for daylight to gut the animal they moved the pile of grass that they had accumulated the previous day and piled it against the dead animal and went back to bed. They hardly slept but at least they were warm. When daylight came they wondered how they were going to skin this animal and cut it up for meat. For you or I it would have been impossible, but not for them. They went searching for some buffalo bones, quite plentiful on the prairies in those days. Having found what they needed they took some leg bones and by banging them together broke them into pieces that, once sharpened against the rocks, could be used as knives. They cut themselves some boots from the hide of the legs and by turning it inside out they had what they needed. Took the remainder of the hide and made some kind of rudimentary shirt and covered their bodies They then cut out the best pieces of meat into thin slices and spread them out on the rest of the skin to dry in the sun. Within three days the meat had sufficiently dried so as not to spoil. A week had passed since the attack by the Arkansas. One thing that intrigued Adrien was why that providential animal had shown up by itself. He decided to check the eyes of this buffalo and upon opening the eyelids he discovered that the eyes were white, indicating that the animal had been blinded somehow.

It must have been some sight to see these two men wrapped in raw buffalo hide, meat on their back, also wrapped in raw buffalo hide, with no head covering except their long hair for protection against the rays of the sun. Without waiting any longer they decided to leave heading in a north westerly direction, knowing that sooner or later they would arrive at the Souris River. They had sufficient food but no water. They could not drink the water in the sloughs, the Indians named this water Wi-chi-kin, smelly and dangerous to drink. When the sun was shining the thirst was tormenting them, so they decided to travel at night. This is how they were able to make it to the

Souris River. They waited there for a couple days to get their strength back and decided to follow the river so as to have some water, and hoping to come up on a friendly Indian tribe with which to stay for a while. Day after day they would travel without seeing anyone and it was like this for three weeks. Finally they came upon a group of fifty hunters from Winnipeg. They were well armed, had carts and ponies and were headed towards Missouri for a buffalo hunt. Our two men were well received and were provided with some decent clothing. They decided to stay with the group until such time as they had an opportunity to go to St. Paul. There were to be many incidents before this trip was to be complete.

As part of this group were two men that in the near future would become renowned for their abilities. One was John L. Sullivan and the other was Sam Cody. Sullivan had only recently arrived from England and in his brogue accent, would tell everyone interested in listening, that he had taken up boxing according to the methods of the Marquis of Queensbury and was prepared to teach it to anyone that was interested. After a couple days with no one taking up his offer Goulet told him that he was prepared to learn a few of these methods. It didn't take very long before Sullivan realized that Goulet was as knowledgeable as he was in the art of boxing and maybe more. Goulet would try and hit him but Sullivan was able to avoid the blows but suddenly one of Goulet punches landed right on Sullivan's chin and he went down. Later, after Sullivan had captured the world boxing title he would jokingly say, "It's a good thing that Louis Goulet is not here because he would be the champion."

Sam Cody had much different capabilities, it was with a rifle that he excelled. This troupe was equipped with modern rifles, detonators (caps) on the shells instead of briquettes. Sam was reputed to be the best shot, would never miss his animal, hitting it in the heart every time. Soon the troupe arrived in the east of North Dakota, the buffaloes were numerous. The hunters decided that they would hold a contest as to who would kill the most buffaloes. They chose four men who they thought were the best. One of them was Cody. The next day all four of them were ready. At six o'clock that morning the slaughter was started. On their horses, galloping alongside the buffaloes, at the same speed, they would shoot, always to the left so as not to accidentally shoot each other and this kept on until six o'clock that night. Cody had killed 247, the others 150 each downwards. Cody was proclaimed the winner. His companions thereafter named him "Buffalo Bill," Not many of us have not heard of him. Or else maybe as he would give a demonstration of his skills with the Barnum & Bailey Circus. It was much later that he had won the contest, about 1880, and nobody could measure up to him. When they had skinned all these animals and made pemmican the carts were loaded to capacity. The hunters decided to go back to Winnipeg. For Goulet this was the opportunity he had been waiting for and he went with them. Adrien preferred to go to St. Paul. It had been ten years that he had been in the companionship of Goulet, everything he knew he had learned from him. It was incredible that having been together for so long and encountered so many hardships together that they would eventually go their separate ways. But it happened. Adrien joined another gang of hunters going to St. Paul. He arrived in the fall of 1860 and his priority was to see Adeline, who was very surprised to see him. Because everybody thought they were dead. She offered him to stay with her as long as he liked and he gratefully accepted because he really he didn't know what else he could do. It was the first time that he was alone since he had left his father. Now he had to decide whether he would continue delivering the mail or do something else. One thing bothered him, it was the promise that he had made to God and because Father Janet was in St. Paul, it was easily done. The priest advised him that during that summer, a small church had

been built near the Pembina River at the foot of the Pembina buttes, it had been dedicated to St. Joseph and the missionaries would say mass there when they could. This church had been built by Felix Latreille, it was built out of oak logs. It still exists today at Walhalla and is very well preserved for its ninety years.

Adeline's young son, Andre, was now more than ten years old, was a nice looking boy and showed the stature and strength of his father, but showed the mildness and the disposition of his mother, full of talent. He was the first in his class and Adeline was really proud of him and would dream of him taking over her business, his future was insured. Her entire life was devoted to her son. For Adrien who now was alone, he had to make plans for his own future. For some time now, the homestead law had been enacted, the settlers were arriving in large numbers, the fur trade was not as lucrative, he would often think of taking a homestead. He knew exactly where he would like to go when the opportunity presented itself. It was south of the Pembina River, in this plain where the soil was rich and everything grew in abundance. Along the river there was plenty of trees and especially nice straight oak that could be used for house and building construction. Wild prunes were in abundance along the river and natural roses formed a panorama of great beauty. Of all the places he had seen in his travels this was the nicest of them all. Obviously these projects were only in the embryonic stages and many years would pass before were to be realized, but he enjoyed thinking about it. But for now, he had to provide himself with a living because he had lost everything in his last adventure where the Indians had taken everything they owned. The officers of the post office advanced him some money to replenish his supplies and buy a dog team. But this time he was travelling light, as he said, to go faster. His plans were to meet with the Montagnais and bring back some gold. He really missed his companion on this trip, alone and always alone. Eventually he got used to it. When he returned in the spring he was pleased, he had returned with gold worth many thousands of dollars. For eleven years now he had been making these trips and always his trips had been fruitless.

In the spring of 1861, he was now 25 years old, he was wearing a long black beard, and left on horseback and another horse with the mail and his baggage. He soon started to feel pain in his muscles and all his joints, his hips, knees and shoulders that he became cramped and could hardly move. There were only two things that could be done. One consisted of killing a buffalo, gutting him and crawl inside the cavity, it was an Indian remedy that would withdraw the pain from the joints. But for Adrien this was not possible because he could hardly move. The other was possible, so that is what he did.

He heated some rocks until they were red hot, put up his tent and filled a basin of buffalo skin with water, rolled the stones into his tent. Poured water on the hot rocks creating steam which gradually got denser and finally he lost consciousness. He might have been in this state for 2 or 3 days. When he got hungry he would stretch over and get some pemmican that he had placed close by. When he started recovering enough to get up, he dressed and went outside. His ponies were still there, in their shackles, eating grass around the tent. Fortunately it was summer because he would have surely perished. All these hardships made him hate the solitude more and more as time passed by. He promised to himself that he would never return alone. When he returned to St. Paul in the fall of 1861 he searched for a companion for the coming winter trip. He found one by the name of Louis Leclerc. To make things short I will just tell you that he that he made winter and summer trips for three years with this companion. Never did he tell him of the location of the gold that the Montagnais had shown him and Goulet. In the spring of 1865 something happened that

would affect the rest of his life. They had by then abandoned the mail delivery, and he and Leclerc joined a group of adventurers to search for gold in Montana, in a place called Virginia City, today is close to Butte. Voyageurs had reported fabulous stories of large quantities of gold being found in this area. They reported that ten men had loaded a large raft full of gold and while going down the Missouri River, the raft had hit the rapids and disintegrated and all the gold, stored in small buffalo skin bags, had fallen into the river. Only two of the ten men had survived the ordeal and returned to tell the story. These stories had undoubtedly been exaggerated to stimulate the imagination of these men. So Adrien and his companion Leclerc and some other men decided to go along in the hope of making a fortune. When the troupe arrived at the foot of the mountain, be it either by inexperience or awkwardness they set up camp in a valley between two mountain ridges. During the day the men would scatter everywhere in search of gold. Quite a few men had returned with reasonably sized gold nuggets. Nothing could predict the disaster that was to happen that night. Everybody was awakened by the fiercest thunder storm that they had ever seen, so bad that they thought it would be the end of the world. Bolts of lightning were coming fast and furious, rain started to come down so fast it was like a curtain of water. In a few moments the water came cascading down the mountains and filled the valley with twenty feet of water. Those that could, scrambled up the mountain side but the others drowned, including Leclerc. Adrien had climbed between two big rocks and was holding on the best he could, worried that at any time he could be struck by lightning. This is when he promised to himself, that if he was to come out alive, he would forever abandon this lifestyle and return to civilization and stay there. The tents, the carts, the horses, their belongings including rifles and ammunition were all gone. It is without arms and on foot that those that were saved started the return trip. It's impossible to accurately describe the suffering that they endured for the rest of the trip that took one month. Only half of the men made it back, the others had dropped from fatigue and died. But Adrien endurance triumphed once more, he was one of the survivors. Hungry, half naked, his feet bleeding from the cuts and bruises caused by the prairie cactus, he was only half the man that he had been, when the Chippewa's tribe fortunately came upon him and took care of him. So my dear readers, this ends the third part of my uncle Adrien's biography.

Chapter 9.....4th Part.

Adrien settles on a farm.

It is in the spring of 1866 that we rejoin Adrien, cutting and squaring logs in the company of Felix Latreille, who was an expert at this trade, as I've already told you. Adrien had chosen a site for his house near the Pembina River so as to meet the household water requirements, and also for the cattle and horses that he was dreaming of raising.

Because of the homestead law, numerous settlers were establishing themselves in the area. The plains of North Dakota were becoming covered with small buildings erected in haste, to meet the requirements of the homestead law. The future looked promising. But the buffalo herds were so

numerous that any attempt to grow whatsoever was soon trampled by the hordes of buffalo. All the settlers wondered if this was to continue and apparently it could, if it hadn't been for their almost complete extermination that we will explain later. All the settlers were using these animals for all their needs, like the Indians. The settlers would organize in groups to avoid attacks by the Sioux while hunting. The buffalo provided them and their families with food and provisions for the winter. These settlers had brought with them some cattle and instead of using ponies on the carts they would use oxen, wherefrom came the name "Red River Ox Cart". These oxen were very tough and could travel some 30 or 40 miles per day.

Now let us return to Adrien. The construction of the house and barns, under the direction of Latreille, was progressing very rapidly and they got along very well. By fall the house and the barns were ready. All the planks were cut by hand with a ripping saw. The floors and the doors were also made out of this white wood, all planed by hand. The roof was covered with split oak shingles. Many settlers had come to help with their oxen to haul the logs and also help in the erection of the buildings, all glad to do so because they were well paid. Because of the general poverty in the area, Adrien was considered to be the wealthiest. Nobody to this date, is really sure as to how he accumulated his wealth. His secret died with him in 1910. Felix Latreille and his family had been there for several years, and his house was built very close to the river, and was only half a mile from Adrien's buildings. They had built a road between the two places and all the trees and stumps had been removed which permitted the carts to travel easily. Another road had been opened to the south up to the prairies of about one half mile in length enabling them to haul the hay into big stacks close to the barns. The hay was all cut by hand, there was no machinery of any kind. All the settlers would offer their help to Adrien because they were sure that they would be well paid either in money or in exchange for merchandise. In the fall he bought 100 head of cattle as he had sufficient hay. Latreille's sons offered to take care of the cattle, giving them hay and taking them to the river for water. In the winter they had to chop holes in the ice for water. Adrien was now 30 years of age and it seemed to him that he had done this all of his life. He immediately felt that this was his future. Before very long, the new settlers would come to him to purchase a pair of oxen, ponies or horses. If they had no money he would sell on credit. From time to time Adrien would hire them to cut some timber for him in the winter or make hay in the summer, and both profited by it. During the 35 years that Adrien was negotiating transactions he never kept any records, he could not read or write, he did it all by memory and he had a phenomenal one. When someone would ask

"How much do I owe you?" he would think for a minute and gave them the right amount. Amongst these new settlers were some that had received an education and were keeping track of their own transactions and were greatly surprised to notice that whenever or wherever they met Adrien he would give them the right answer. It seemed hardly possible that someone could keep such information all in his head, because there was a time when he would make \$100,000.00 in transactions per year, sales and or exchanges. Every one that dealt with him were satisfied with their deal.

During the summer of 1867 all the settlers for a radius of 100 miles had organized a huge buffalo hunt. Felix Latreille took part as did his three sons, Moise, Alexandre and Napoleon, also his oldest daughter Josephine, who was then 15 years of age, heavy set and as strong as any man. I mention her because she was soon to marry Adrien. Amongst others that took part in this hunt was Jos. Rolette from Pembina, Pierre Bottineau, the two Deas brothers, John and Michel, the

missionary, Father Janet, who on occasion celebrated mass at the mission in St. Joseph de Walhalla and also Buffalo Bill, who we mustn't forget, because of his shooting abilities was the equivalent of two men. It was in that year that he started to supply the meat to the brigade of men who were starting to build the Great Northern Pacific Railway, from St. Paul to Fargo. A task that would take many years because of the Sioux who were doing their utmost to stop the construction of the railway. But by using the help of the army, James Hill, the contractor of a railway empire, eventually triumphed. In total, including women and their children, the group must have numbered about 800 people. They did not fear attacks by the Indians because of their large numbers, but it nevertheless did happen. After four days of hunting the "Spotter or Guide" advised them that the Sioux were coming towards them in large numbers. Immediately the oxen were unharnessed and the carts placed in a circle to protect the women and children. It was only by 4 o'clock in the afternoon that they approached them and with their usual cries Hoop! Hoop!, were circling around the encampment, as usual, shooting arrows that would fall inside of the circle of carts. Someone could have got killed but then Father Janet climbed on one of the carts and holding his crucifix high above his head, made the sign of the cross. Upon seeing this, the Sioux closest to the carts turned back and fled and the whole tribe followed. By sundown they had all disappeared. The hunters feared that they would return during the night but Father Janet told them that they had nothing to fear, that they would not return. As a matter of fact, during the hunt that lasted three weeks they didn't even see one. On their return home, the hunters would say amongst themselves, we certainly must have seen a miracle. And even today, on speaking to some of those that were there and witnessed that event, tell the same story.

Adrien and Josephine Latreille got married in the winter of 1867, she was 15 and he was 31. They had known each other for a couple years now, love was evident, there was no reason to extend the courtship, in spite of the huge difference in age, they got along well together. It was strange that Josephine never called him Adrien but Martineau, most probably because of the age difference. Every Sunday, Adrien and Josephine, the Felix Latreille family would attend mass at St. Joseph, now known as Walhalla, in an ox cart the first years and eventually with horses. The village of St. Joseph had initially been established in 1848 by Father George Antoine Belcourt. It is under his direction that Latreille had built the little log church that I already mentioned in a previous chapter. Father Belcourt also had a flour mill built as by now some settlers were growing enough wheat to make their own flour. This grain was sown and cut by hand and the grain was separated from the straw with flails. This was the only method to harvest their grain. Sometimes the buffaloes trampled their crops into the ground. But soon the buffalo were to all disappear and it is only then that the culture of wheat became of great importance. It was in about 1870 that the railroad companies and the American government decided to destroy the large numbers of buffalo. The herds were a nuisance to the railway company as they would stop the progress of the trains for days and sometimes even for weeks by stopping and remaining on the tracks. The government, looked at their destruction as the only means to reduce the number of Sioux and place them in reserves. They hired a man by the name of Smith to accomplish the destruction of the buffalo. Smith brought a whole trainload of bran and salt and mixed this with "cutare" (a highly poisonous substance). He requisitioned a large number of carts and placed this substance in small piles where the buffaloes were the most numerous. They started dying almost immediately. Feeling their intestines on fire they would run to the river to drink to reduce the burning but as soon as they drank they would die. It was a terrible sight to see these animals being tortured by atrocious

stomach pain. They would bellow and roll on the ground in agony. By the end of the season they had all died and the rivers were carrying carcasses downstream with the current. For two years, the air was so contaminated by the stench of decomposing animals that it was impossible to travel through the prairies. It is estimated that some 20 to 30 million buffaloes died in this hecatomb (Grand slaughter) ordered by the white man.

Sitting Bull, Chief of the Sioux tribe, had isolated themselves on an island in the middle of Lake Minniwaken, sacred water, today named Devil's Lake. From there he defied the government troops, but on hearing that the buffalo were dying in the millions he sent an emissary to meet with General Terry, indicating that they were prepared to enter into a peace treaty. As a result of this peace treaty the Sioux were placed on reserves and the government agreed to feed and clothe them. By preventing them from fending for themselves by hunting it was the least the government could do. In the years 1875-1876 there had been so much abuse in the distribution of these supplies that the Sioux revolted and this is what brought about the Custer Massacre that resulted in the death of 400 - 500 men.

Now the railways could be built up to St. Vincent, close to the Canadian border, east of the Red River, later another branch to the west of Pembina and eventually up to Niche, about 1 mile from the border. In 1872, from Fargo to the west up to the Rocky Mountains. Two years later the Northern Pacific crossed the mountains up to the Pacific Ocean. This could not have been accomplished with all the buffalo and the Sioux roaming in the prairies.

Today the culture of wheat is of primary importance in the economy of North Dakota. In a few years we saw loads of wheat coming from 50 miles away, arrive at St. Vincent by traversing on a crossing for several years then to Pembina and later to Neche. It took only a few more years to have all the homesteads purchased.

The soil was so fertile that even after 80 years, without fertilization, the crops are still abundant. This valley of the Red River got named the "Bread Basket of the World". After these explanations it is now time to return to my story. Adrien was gradually acquiring more land from those settlers desiring to leave and who, often, would owe Adrien as much as what their land was worth. He eventually owned about 1800 acres of land. It is nice to own lots of land but you had to make it productive. In the summer he would keep a large number of employees breaking the land with oxen and horses. He would sow some hundreds of acres into wheat. The wheat grew as tall as a man and yielded heavily. The price was not very high but you could sell all you had. This grain was cut with a hand sickle and reaping hook. There soon came a machine called a "Reaper", a kind of machine that would cut the grain and put it in a loose sheaf. Obviously these sheaves had to be tied by hand with strands of straw. A few years later came a machine that would cut and tie, making the work a lot easier. These sheaves were stacked and then the wheat was separated from the straw by striking the straw with a flail. The straw was removed by a fan, kind of a light table that would be agitated in a way that would lift the straw and the wind would take away the straw and the chafe and left behind clean wheat. This was very time consuming. But soon came a cylindrical machine that would do a satisfactory job, it was operated by 8 horses. This machine was called "Horse Power". Adrien was the first one to have one of these machines and on his return, when to get this machine from Pembina, he threshed most of the wheat that was along his route for a distance of about 22 miles. One year Adrien had a crop of between 10,000 and 12,000 bushels of wheat, but the wheat had frozen and could not be used to make flour. So he went to see Jud Lamoure, flour mill owner, if he could have 100 sacs of flour on credit and without hesitation,

Lamoure agreed. The following year, the crops matured without frost, was threshed in good condition and he reimbursed the flour mill owner. Another year, he had stacked all his crop and it started to rain it continued unceasingly till late fall. He could not thresh any of the 80 stacks and because of the heavy snowfall that winter the stacks were soaked in water for 3 or 4 feet deep. It was only in the next summer that he was able to thresh the top part of his stacks, the rest was nearly all lost. But he had some pigs, cattle and horses so he let them loose to eat in these stacks until everything was spoiled. That summer the price of wheat went up to \$2.25 per bushel, can you imagine the loss incurred. Adrien did not solely depend on his crop for survival, and as I've said, he had lots of cattle, we could count them by the hundreds. So he would sell them in exchange for labor or even some land. He had bought a purebred percheron stallion and many mares and he was raising harness horses. He had paid \$2000.00 for his stallion.

Since the disappearance of the buffalo it had become a problem for the Chippewa's and other tribes to feed themselves, especially during the winter. They were camped by the hundreds on the north side of the river, close to Adrien's place, and all winter long they would feed themselves from the entrails of the animals that Adrien and his men had killed for meat. The government was supplying them with clothing and some food but not sufficiently. These people had been accustomed to eating their fill with buffalo meat. They would go from settler to settler, asking as a favor, if they could give them the entrails of the animals that they slaughtered. Later the government would give Adrien some compensation for every Indian that he fed. So they were camping close to Adrien and eventually moved to reserves in Pembina, Belcourt and elsewhere. We can still see the clearings where they stayed just north of Felix Latreille's house. From 1876 to 1880, a missionary by the name of Father Goffon, would come every month to say mass at a log home only 1/4 mile from where the Leroy church is presently located. This house belonged to Desmarais. In the summer everyone would meet at the farm owned by Ted Horgan, where a large cross had been planted outside where they would pray. Felix Latreille would serve as altar boy. When Father Goffon came he would spend the night in the upstairs of this house. One winter Father Goffon was caught in a snowstorm, froze both of his legs that had to be amputated. He never could return to Pembina.

It was in 1873 that the chapel of St. Jos de Walhalla was moved to Leroy and a new priest by the name of Father Louis Bonin, served that parish from 1876 to 1889. One of the first things that Father Bonin did was to take a homestead in the name of the parish, firstly to ensure a place to build a new church and secondly to have a source of income for the priest. He created some lots on the east side of the property and would sell them. My father bought four lots from him in 1880. Two of these lots were transferred to me in 1906, they are now the property of Dan Houle, a grandson of Felix Latreille. In 1880, my father, Guillaume Martineau came to North Dakota of which we were speaking of very favorably in eastern Canada. He had not seen his brother Adrien for 33 years. It was a great joy for the brothers to meet after so many years. Adrien asked about his mother, his father and all his family. This was the first news he got of them since his departure in 1847. To enable my father to visit this part of the country Adrien hired a guide by the name of David Beauchamp and they left to the west in a huge wagon pulled by two good horses. They would only travel short distances every day and at night would put up their tent. They would kill ducks and geese and every day would have some duck eggs. They led a good life, this trip lasted for three months. One day while on their trip they came upon a place owned by Phil Grant, a Scotsman who must have come there with lots of money judging by the superb buildings that he

had erected, everything in perfect condition. They were invited to spend the night and they gladly accepted. It was the first time that they had slept in a house since their departure. When entering the house my father noticed by the porch what seemed to be a pile of rags but at the moment did not pay much attention. After supper he went outside and as he lifted the rags he noticed that there was a female Indian under this pile of rags. She lifted her head and smiled, my father was awe struck to see a human being in such condition. He had never seen anything like that. When he related this to his brother Adrien he started to laugh and said that if he wanted to adopt an old Indian women all he had to do was walk down the creek over there and he would find dozens of them. The subject stayed there. During the night a terrible storm came up. My father was sleeping lightly. When he heard the noise of the storm he woke up Adrien and told him, "That old Indian women will be drenched, I have to go see her." But Adrien replied "Don't worry go back to bed, you will see tomorrow". But my father got up and went outside. He noticed a covered wagon in the yard so he pushed it over the old lady for shelter and returned to bed. But he did not sleep all night. When he got up he was anxious to see what had happened to the Indian woman. She had fallen forward and had died. My father related this to me on numerous occasions and there were tears in his eyes, but the local people got immune to this type of lifestyle and showed no emotions. My father was nevertheless enchanted by his trip. They went up to Devil's Lake. They noticed a lot of settlers along the route. Before returning to Eastern Canada my father had Adrien promise that he would return to see his family, his old mother who lived in St. Marcel de Richelieu with her two daughters, Sophie and Vitaline who had by now, all been widowed. Adrien promised that he would but it didn't happen until 1882. It was a great joy for his mother who had not seen him for 35 years. He explained to them the difficulties he had in communicating with them from these isolated places and his mother understood. She told him that she had prayed for him every day that he had been gone, praying that he would return or receive news as to whether he was still alive. His father had died in 1881, and felt sorry that he died before he was able to see him.

Adrien came to visit us at Ste. Edwidge, I was only 6 years old, but I remember him well with his big black beard. My brother and I would asked him to tell us stories about the Indians. He told us then, that one time while they were hunting buffalo with a group of hunters a hunter by the name of Dubois fell off his horse. Immediately a buffalo bull charged him. He only had time to grab the animal by the horns and lean into it while it was galloping across the prairie. The buffalo suddenly stepped into a badger hole and tripped and when Dubois felt his feet touch the ground it was his chance to twist the bull's neck, fortunately, because of his herculean strength, this is what happened. The animal rolled to the ground and was dead. Dubois layed down right next to him to let the other animal pass by otherwise another animal would surely have gored him. We just listened wide eyed and open mouthed.

Another story was the one about the massacre by the Sioux in 1867, the year of his wedding, when they massacred 5 adult people in a home two miles from the St. Jos. De Walhalla parish. It happened on a Sunday, these people were all in Antoine Gingras's house, when the Sioux arrived and were shooting through the windows, killing all those they could see, except for a 3 month old baby that was in a rear bedroom. After mass, Felix Latreille with his family, travelling on his way home from church, noticed the broken windows on the home and upon checking found the bodies of the victims and the young baby still alive, so Mrs. Latreille picked up the baby and took it home where he stayed for ten years. One of the baby's uncles had heard of the baby's survival and came

to get him and brought him to St. Paul. The child was sent to school and received a good education.

In 1882, when my uncle Adrien was telling these stories it could not have occurred to him that one day I would be writing these stories and that I would be holding in my hands a picture taken on June 22, 1888 of the occasion where they were transferring the remains of the baby's mother in the cemetery of Walhalla. Felix Latreille was the one who buried her, 21 years after the massacre. We see on the picture Felix Latreille, his wife, his 17 year old daughter, Rosalie with 3 or 4 more of his children. My uncle Adrien and his wife Josephine are also on this picture with others that we cannot identify. This picture is now in the possession of Adeline Latreille, who is presently 93 years old. It is to me that has been relegated the responsibility to put in writing these events. Stories that were told to me when I was only 6 years old. Today, in 1951, the visitors who are familiar with these events, can see in the cemetery of Walhalla, the tombstones of the 1867 massacre. At the center of these tomb stones , on the principal one is the inscription: Martyrs of Walhalla.

After a forced rest of two months, I continue my narrative. In the spring of 1884, my father undertook another trip to North Dakota. His plans were to move here with his family. He came through Chicago and St. Paul in the month of May. Once here he immediately started looking for a farm. One week later he had found one, about nine miles west of Neche. The property was owned by a Mr. Quesnel, consisted of 160 acres of land, 60 acres broken, ready to seed, 4 horses, 2 fattened pigs, 500 bushels of wheat in a granary, all the farm equipment for a total of \$2500.00 The deal was quickly finalized, my father was proprietor of this farm. My father knew of a friend that had arrived from his parish in Eastern Canada who lived in Cavalier, by the name of Ludger Berard, that had with him his wife and three boys. My father went to see them and asked them if they were interested in staying on the farm he had just bought, put the crop in and to break as much land as they could during the summer. They were really pleased with the offer and started putting the crop in immediately. Satisfied with the arrangement, for the time being anyhow, he returned to uncle Adrien's and he bought 160 acres from him. This farm is today owned by Orville Foxen. After my father had completed all the transaction that he wanted to do he returned back home. My uncle Adrien told him that he wished to accompany him to St. Paul where he wanted my father to meet Adeline, the wife of their cousin, Josaphat. When they arrived they found things had changed substantially, the store had been moved and greatly increased in size. The house had been rebuilt and made much larger, it now had 15 rooms, because Andre, Adeline's son was now

married and had a family of 6 sons and 4 daughters. He still was a handsome blond man, youthful looking, tender and quiet. These qualities he inherited from his mother. He wasn't belligerent like his father. Adeline was now 55 years of age and still very pretty. Age did not seem to affect her and she never remarried. They were all very happy to again see uncle Adrien after so many years. They were also very pleased to meet my father. Guillaume, of which Adrien had spoken to them about. My father, who admired physical ability, admired Andre's muscular build, and one day while they were visiting the hardware store my father asked him if he had the strength of his father and his grandfather. Without saying anything he picked up a metal bar about 6 feet in length, 2 inches wide and 4 inches thick, with his right hand he lifted it in the air and slammed it against the muscles of his left arm and bent the rod completely to a point where both ends nearly met. Taking this bent bar, he presented it to my father and uncle and asked them if they would like to straighten it. Both men tried in vain to do it, so Andre, seemingly without too much effort, straightened it and smilingly continued to show them around the store. The next day my father left for Chicago and my uncle returned home to Neche. He enjoyed relating how physically strong his cousin Andre was. He hadn't seen him since he got married.

It would be appropriate for me to now give you some details about Andre's family, Adeline's son. Of his six sons, the two oldest ones took over the hardware store when Andre retired in 1900, the year his mother, Adeline, died. He preferred to discontinue the management of the store that he had done for so many years with his mother. The third one, Mathias, went to live in Manitoba, he was a writer. The fourth one, Fortunat, established in Rolla, North Dakota, he was a doctor and had ten children as follows. Dr. A.A. Martineau, Rolla; Col. L.L. Martineau, Portland, Maine; F. H. Martineau, Cando, N.D.; Dr. J.L. Martineau and Dr. M.M. Martineau, St. Paul; S.J. Martineau, Dayton, Ohio; Ernest Martineau, Long Beach, California; three daughters, Mrs. W. Bowers, Wellon City; Mrs. Georges Herman, St. Paul and Adelaide Martineau, St. John, N.D.; the two others established in Wisconsin. They were all very well educated people. Their father, being rich, had placed them in outstanding universities. Today there are descendants of Andre Martineau in all parts of the United States and Canada. In 1900 his descendants numbered in the 150, as they all traditionally had large families. Andre died in 1935 at the age of 85. He was buried beside his mother in the catholic cemetery of St. Paul, Minnesota. At his funeral, his children were still all alive and were all at his pompous funeral, his Irish wife, Irene McNally, had predeceased him by 5 years, she was catholic and so were all their children.

In 1885, my father brought us all to North Dakota. Even though the memories are still deeply engraved into my memory, it is not my intention to relate them completely to you, but later, God willing, I will be writing my own memories. I will nevertheless give you the most important events of our trip. It was our first trip on a train, crossed the Great Lakes on an all steel boat, arrived in Winnipeg and then to the farm that he had bought between Neche and Pembina. When we arrived on the 15th of May, the crop seeding was complete and the wheat was just starting to show. My father left us at Mr. Berard's place and went to my uncle's place in St. Joe. When he arrived he was greatly disappointed to hear that Father Bonin had left and there was no indication that he would be replaced. His plans were to place us in a school with the nuns, but they were also gone. This greatly discouraged him and decided we would all return to Ste. Edwidge, where he was from. He sold his farm in St. Joe to uncle Adrien and sold the farm near Neche to the occupant, Mr. Berard. He had three sons; Ludger, Joseph and Emery, and they loved the country.

He sold it for the same price as what he had paid for it. On the 15th of August we were on our way back East. It was 20 years, in 1905, later that I returned to North Dakota. As you see I have skimmed over the events that occurred in that period of time. We might return, who knows.

After such lengthy digressions on different subjects, but events that are important to my story, I return to the principal topic, my uncle, and from hereon I will refer to him only as my uncle. From 1885 to 1895 there only occurred two incidents worth reporting. His life up to this point had been rather tumultuous and adventurous, but now it was more quiet with the family life he was now enjoying. The children were growing and becoming more helpful to their father, giving him more leisure time.

I previously told you that he raised percheron horses. One day he had led two mares in foal to the foot of Turtle mountain, so that they were alone and not be bothered by the other horses. So he decided to check on them so he left on horseback. He searched for a couple days and could not find them. It is only on the second day that he found one dead, with one devoured hindquarter. He immediately realized that she had been attacked by a bear, so he started looking for the other one. She was also dead and the grizzly bear was still there eating on her hind leg like he had done to the other. My uncle had his rifle with him but did not dare shoot the bear because if he only crippled it the bear could become vicious and attack him and his horse. These bears are so strong that they can kill a horse or a bull with one swat of their paw. My uncle returned home and recounted the event to his family and friends.

On another occasion, on his return of a horseback ride in the prairies he was chasing a brown bear towards his home with his tongue hanging out like a dog and out of breath. This seems impossible but once you realize what happens it becomes more realistic. When my uncle came upon the bear it was in the open prairie with no place to hide and had tired himself out running in every direction until he couldn't run anymore. My uncle started whipping it while guiding it homeward at the same time, it was so tired that it had no more resistance. When it into the barnyard the hired men shot and killed it. The death of his two purebred mares was the start of some more bad luck. First it was an epidemic of "Glanders", a deadly throat infection and within two weeks he had lost 19 horses, including his prized stallion that he had paid \$2000.00. Then it was a herd of cattle that he had placed on share with another farmer. These people themselves were honest but lacked vigilance because cattle rustlers were able to steal some of the cattle and take them for sale in Montana. My uncle hired a lawyer from Pembina by the name of Conmy, who managed to drag the case so as to obtain better fees. My uncle realized this had become a bottomless pit where he could have sank most of his money so decided to abandon the case resulting in a loss of many thousands of dollars.

In 1895, a new priest was appointed to St. Joe's parish, a very handsome man, named Father Brindamour. He lacked financial knowledge, had grandiose ideas that did not match the financial capabilities of his parishioners. After many parochial meetings it was decided a new church would be built, the same one in use today. The contract was awarded to a Mr. Finlay and he immediately ordered all the lumber required and started on the foundation. The farmers were hauling the required gravel and everything was progressing satisfactorily until the lumber arrived at the Walhalla railway station. The company supplying the lumber had sent a man with the lumber with orders not to let the lumber be unloaded unless it was paid for in full. My uncle offered to pay for the lumber but in order to do so he had to mortgage one of his sections of land as security at an

annual interest rate of 12%. It was now possible to continue and complete construction. When everything was complete my uncle submitted his account to the church trustees, Mr. Sebastien Urlaub and Normand Gingras, and they in good faith signed a promissory note but the bishop, Stanley, had not been consulted and he advised them that the promissory note should have been protected by a mortgage on the property. My uncle would not place a mortgage on the property hoping that eventually he would be paid. He was never paid and when he died he in 1913 signed a notarized quit claim deed canceling the church debt. The principal and interest on this note amounted to \$28,000.00

My uncle Adrien's wife died in 1897 while giving birth to her 19th child. They had known for several years that the birth of another child would probably cause her to die. It is with a certain agony that he would foresee the birth of this child as the eventual death of his wife. She died while singing a hymn to the Virgin Mary. My uncle accepted her death with admirable stoicism, he seemed to have become immune to all hardship. He never expressed personal feelings and would not let these afflictions affect him.

His four youngest daughters, Marie, Philomene, Rose and Clothilde were placed in a convent in St. Norbert and St. Jean Baptiste in Manitoba, his youngest sons he enrolled in the Government school, the best that was available in those days. My uncle was kept busy trying to liquidate the personal debts that Father Brindamour had accumulated, his financiers were threatening to have him locked up. My uncle obtained a power of attorney from the priest and told him to disappear, things would be easier if he wasn't there. Father Brindamour went to Texas, and my uncle was able to have the creditors accept ten cents on the dollar for the priest's debts. My uncle thereby became the owner of numerous and useless high price items such as gold framed mirrors, an organ, imported rugs and so on, items that my uncle did not need and that his children still own today as curiosities.

The following year, 1898, Father Larouchelle arrived in Canada and was placed in charge of St. Joe's parish, where he remained till 1915. He then returned to Sorel, near Montreal. My uncle wanted to remarry, easier said than done. He would often visit a widowed lady named Giroux, near Pembina. He would also sometimes go to Winnipeg on business. He had a new home built in the northern part of St. Joe. In 1899 the construction of his home was completed and everyone wondered who was to be the lucky woman to live there. One day my uncle returned from Winnipeg with a new wife, Marguerit Parisien Laporte, a widow in her fifties. They immediately moved into the new house at St. Joe. My uncle sold a lot of his farms; he had already sold some to three brothers, Tom, James and John Gibsons, also to Pat & Ted Hogan, George and James Horsley, Jos and James Halleran. In 1901 he came to Quebec for a honeymoon trip with his new wife. I was married and had one child. My uncle seemed to be happy with his new wife. Auntie, as I have always called her, was a very likable person and was loved by everyone and remained that way for as long as I ever knew her. When I arrived in 1905 with my family, we stayed with them in St. Joe in their new house, until such time as I bought a farm. It was at the end of March in 1905, we will not forget it for as long as we live.

I bought 240 acres of land from my uncle, of which one part was the homestead of my aunt Josephine, uncle Adrien's first wife. The place where my uncle had built his house and barns some 40 years earlier. Me and my family lived in the house that Felix Latreille had built 50 years ago. It was our home for the next nine years. It is during those years that I had the intimate relationship

with my uncle when he would talk to me of his adventures, intermixed with sobs and tears. He would often shake his head and say, " I hope God has forgiven me". At other times he would say half out loud "My children, my dear children". His second wife was really good to him, kept him clean and well dressed. The thirteen years they spent together seemed overall to be happy years. His daughters would come from Manitoba to spend their holidays with them, and one by one they married men from Manitoba. They each received a dowry of \$2000.00. My uncle was interested in my farm operation and would often come on foot the 4 1/2 miles from St. Joe, to visit what he called "My old place" which gradually all became arable land. He once showed me the stump of an old fallen oak tree and told me. "Romain this is the tree where Josephine and I would sit and elaborate about our future plans, some of which never were realized. But they were very tender moments and very dear to us both. Soon, as you continue breaking this land, the old oak tree will disappear and with it the souvenirs of my younger days". This was the last time he saw the old oak tree. He returned home weeping and never to return. One day we received the news that uncle had a heart attack. My wife and my family all went to see him. He recognized us all and said " Adieu, pray for me". We never saw him alive again. His tombstone reads:

Andrew Martineau, born 1836, died 1913. This is how the end of my uncle Adrien's tumultuous life ended. It was during his dying days that Father Larochelle persuaded my uncle to write off the debt that was owed to him by St. Joe's parish. He had never been repaid anything during his lifetime so why collect after his death was the reason given by the priest. In return, the parish promised to leave to his family, a pew in the church without remuneration for as long as there was Martineaus using it. Also an annual mass for the repose of his soul for as long as St. Joe's parish existed, as a benefactor of the church. My uncle accepted, and the church debt was cancelled. One remarkable fact is that every priest that has served in that parish since Fr. Gaffon were French Canadian, and it wasn't until 1950 that the first Irish priest was appointed, he was Father McCallion.

Auntie received \$5000.00 at his death. She stayed with his two daughters in Winnipeg for some time but did not enjoy it and returned to St. Joe the following year. She remarried for the third time to Mr. Felix Larochelle, the brother to the parish priest and both lived in the rectory until Father Larochelle's departure in 1915 to Sorel, his place of birth. So my aunt and her husband went to stay with one of her husband's nephew, Louis Latraverse, a bachelor, he later married my daughter, Blanche, and who had a farm close to St. Joe. A few years later, Felix Larochelle died and my aunt went to stay with his daughter, Marie Louise, in California. She died in 1938 at the age of 86. She had always been a great lady and had always been very lovable.

Listed below are the names of the priests that served at St. Joe.

Fathers.....Goffon.....Janet.....Belcourt.....Bonin.....St.Pierre....Brunelle....Brindamour
Larochelle.....Dufrene.....Morin.....Deshaies.....Longpre.....Burque.....Hurtubise
Richard.....McCallion.....Hebert.

The children of Felix Latreille , the father of my aunt Josephine.

Moise.....Alexandre.....Napoleon.....Josephine.....Marcella.....Vitaline.....Philomene
Rose.....Celina.....Marie.....Romulus Joe.....Michel.....Rosalie.

The children of my uncle Adrien and his wife Josephine Latreille that survived and married....Romain.....Patrice.....Marie.....Rose.....Adrien.....Celina.....Philomene Clothilde.....Rose Emma.....Guillaume.....Celestin.

You have now read the biography of my uncle Adrien that I had promised you. I have attempted to stay within the borders of reality even though sometimes because of infinite details, I might have forgotten something. Those of my contemporaries who will be reading this will undoubtedly say, he didn't mention this or that or something else that I know happened. Please be indulgent and understand that in a story such as this one, where some of the people mentioned are still living or can be easily identified I used as much discretion as possible. I have attempted, and believe succeeded, in giving you a story without carnal passion that obviously existed in those days as well as today. The days in which there was no God or hell and where brutal force was of primary importance. Possibly at a later date I will write my own biography, which in some ways is an extension of my uncle's life. But just think about it, I am 75 years of age, and it is the first time that I have written anything except letters to my children. Many years have passed since my children were telling me that I should write the biography of my Uncle Adrien but I never felt the courage to do so until now. I had to often stop writing during those months to co-ordinate and place everything in proper perspective. As I said at the beginning, if I can provide to my readers a few moments of pleasure I will feel amply recompensed for my efforts. Please note that that these pages contain very valuable records that could serve well future generations. Too many families are unaware of their family history. It is very simple if records are kept of events as they occur in a lifetime. How many beautiful stories could be related to our children and to their children. So for now, I feel I have done my share, and maybe, instill in my descendants the willingness to do the same and follow in my footsteps. I dedicate this manuscript to my children, with the hope that someday they might be interested in reading it with interest not only for what it contains but as an effort of my advancing age.

End of my story.

Romain Martineau

Notes by translator.....Bernard Montpetit.

I am the husband of Fernande Martineau, who is a granddaughter of Josaphat Martineau. Josaphat is cousin to Romain Martineau , the writer of this biography.

Therefore, Josaphat as cousin to Romain Martineau, is also the nephew of Adrien Martineau. The subject of this biography.

As an avid and addicted genealogist, I wanted this historical and valuable episode of my wife's cousin to be made accessible to those that cannot read French. In the translation of any information, some expressions in one language cannot be appropriately translated with the same connotations as the original. So to those of you who have read the original French version, please accept my apologies for not having retained the exact translation of some Francophone expressions. My wife had the privilege of meeting with the writer of this historical manuscript. She tells me that her cousin, Romain was a very humble individual, and even though parts of this biography seem to be an exaggeration, and on occasions hardly believable, he was not the type to succumb to such weaknesses.

I dedicate the translation of this biography, to my only grandchild, Serge Vincent, so that he can pass this on to future generations.

" If someone does not know where he comes from, he does not know where he is going".