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THE SOUVENIR NUMBER OF
THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

A HISTORY OF
RIEL'S SECOND REBELLION
AND HOW IT WAS QUELLED.

By T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A.



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RIEL'S SECOND REBELLION, AND HOW IT WAS QUELLED.

BY T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 4TH JULY, 1885.

INTRODUCTION.

Of all the various phases of a war, an outbreak, or a rebellion, perhaps that which is least interesting to the general public is the history of the causes which lead to it. The call to arms is stirring, the roll of the drum is inspiring, the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon highly exciting to the public mind; but the political or social phenomena which underlie the outward "pomp and circumstance," the grounds of complaint of the offending or defending party, the acts of oppression or aggression which goad the weak to rebellion, and the various details which culminate in a resort to the sword, only the grave, impartial, and philosophical historian can rightly discuss. Neither need this be a source of surprise. These underlying phenomena are often so intricate and complicated, so distorted by party jealousy or interested opinion, so coloured by various shades of meanings attached to motives by antagonistic onlookers, so hidden by vague rumour and rash assertion, that truly to discover where in very deed lies the cause of bloodshed is too often altogether impossible.

To this the recent rising in the north-west territories of Canada is no exception. All possible elements of difficulty seem to surround the question of its origin. It extended over vast areas separated from the great centres of population by tedious and almost trackless distances. Those who took part in it were of different nationalities, and possessed different traits of character. The alleged grounds of dissatisfaction were difficult to define and less easy to adjust. Contraries of opinion were intensified by party rancour and distrust. Careful sifting of evidence it was difficult to obtain, and a dispassionate judgment was well-nigh impossible. There were many and contradictory solutions of the problem, and each solution was maintained with unyielding firmness and often with vehement obfuscation. The question was many-sided, on each side were powerful adherents, the various adherents were inflexible and inconvertible.

Amid such conflicting influences it is useless at present to judge. There may possibly come a time, after the subsidence of the storm, when we shall be able to regard events in their true light, undarkened by party clouds, and not hidden by mists of self-interest.

The outbreak, however, has not been without its lessons. Nature is compensative: few things, however calamitous, but produce some beneficial results; and those that accrue from war, if gained by loss and hardship, are, perhaps on that account, more efficacious, and, therefore, deserving of greater consideration.

Amongst such lessons is one to which we cannot shut our eyes. Indeed, were we to look beneath the surface, we might perhaps discover in it one of the true sources of all our troubles. I refer to the difficulties attending the occupation of a single country by a variety of diverse nationalities. "Race hatred," in some form or another, has been and is the bane of many a nation. The American Republic possesses it: the Indians in the western parts, the negroes in the south, to say nothing of the Irish, German and Italian elements scattered throughout the States, and not to mention J. M. Chinaman himself, have already caused no little trouble to that nation. Russia possesses it: the mention of such names as Poles and Slavs will suffice to show that she has yet important ethnical problems to solve. Even Great Britain is not free from it, as the Irish question will prove. And in Canada few will hesitate to grant that its intricacy

and importance call for a speedy contemplation of its difficulties.

The phrase "race-hatred" is nevertheless a misleading one. I question much if there is such a thing as race-hatred springing simply and purely from difference of nationality. If we regard India, a country where ethnical antipathies are supposed to be wide-spreadly rampant, we shall, I think, find that this antagonism is the outcome of other influences than those which accompany the contiguous existence of races of different origins. When a European passes through the streets of that perhaps most typical of Indian cities, Hyderabad, the capital of a large and independent state, he certainly meets with no signs of favour or esteem. But what is the word oftenest muttered by the disesteemed native? It is "feringhi, infel." This, I conceive, will give us a clue to one influence other than ethnical which creates in time an inbred antagonism—its religion. Religion, too, will explain much of that seemingly undying abhorrence with which the various oriental castes regard each other. Another, and perhaps more potent one, is superior power, both physical and moral. Another, civilization—education. Another, natural or acquired modes of life, habits, tastes, traits, and the like.

In Canada all these seem to exist together and to act and re-act upon one another till they lose themselves in almost undiscernible ramifications. There is the Roman catholic, the protestant, the French Canadian, the Canadian, the Scotch, the Irish, the English, the French half-breed or métis, the Scotch and English half-breeds, the various tribes of Indians; there are also bands of Scandinavians, there are different shades of each of these, and there are all manner of combinations of them.

This is no unimportant problem for this Dominion of ours, and upon this subject much might be said. But perhaps the widest, and at the same time soundest, generalization that we can draw from this mixture of nationalities is, that these differences of religion, power, civilization, education, and modes of life, induce a certain amount of friction which it is impossible to allay and often difficult to prevent from resulting in "friction," as, in engineering, it is technically termed. Whatever may be the views we shall each individually accept in explanation of our north-west troubles, we cannot but concede that the obstacles which exist to the proper government of a mixed nation are, if not insurmountable, yet often provocative of the most serious consequences.

The Dominion is still young, and there are numerous problems with which it has yet to grapple. The question of free trade and protection has not been permanently answered; imperial federation, amercement, independence, each is beginning to clamour for a share of attention. Whether we shall retain or abolish our upper House must, doubtless at no very future date, be decided upon. And to these we may add the franchise, prohibition, and co-education, all which as yet unanswered, or only partly answered, questions are beginning to move their heads. And to these we are more than mistaken, few questions are of more vital importance—vital to the well-being and continued prosperity of the broad and liberal view in which I have used that phrase. We are surrounded by so numerous and such involved forces acting and re-acting upon each other, that a "stable equilibrium" of the whole community it is difficult to obtain. And, if we regard the theory of the government of a state as a dynamical rather than a

statical one—to borrow the language of the exact sciences, the problem becomes indefinitely enlarged.

I must not, however, in any way be supposed to limit the view we should take of the half-breed rising to an ethnical one. It is necessary only to grant that it is one, and not an unimportant, factor of the question. But upon it we must be careful not to lay too great a stress. Indeed, it is difficult to bring ourselves to apply the word "nation" to the half-breeds, much less to the tribes of Indians inhabiting our north-west lands. The former can hardly be said to possess distinctive national characteristics of their own; the latter are little removed from savages, and, numerically considered, bear but a small proportion to the population as a whole. Added to this, the alleged grounds of complaint—however variously they may be interpreted—can hardly be termed national in the strict sense of the term.

Of these grounds of complaint let us take notice. It will be sufficient at this time and place to review very briefly the more important and more general theories that are held in regard to this subject.

And of these more general theories it will be best, perhaps, to glance at the outlines of those which are most at variance. For, in truth, the subject may be examined from so many points of view, that its investigation may safely be left to those who will devote themselves entirely to its elucidation.

If you ask a staunch Conservative what he traces the present rebellion, he will in all likelihood answer, "I can tell you in a word,—the Grits." If we ask a Liberal, he will in like manner reply, "The matter lies in a nut-shell,—the Tories." However, without indulging in party prejudices, let us enquire what are the two chief conflicting expositions.

First, then, there are those who hold that there is in reality no ground of complaint; no ground at all; none whatsoever. Those who hold this view—and amongst them are many who know whereof they speak, and are considered by many as authorities on all matters connected with the treatment of Indians and half-breeds—those who hold this view contend that the sole and only source of the up-rising is to be found in the dislike, the refusal of these half-breeds to submit to the very simple regulations which attach to the possession of land. They look upon these half-breeds as low, very low down in the social scale. They assert that they are nomadic in their habits; that they cannot be made to settle down peacefully to the cultivation of their lands; that, indeed, land for this purpose is not by any means what they chiefly desire, and that what they really seek is scrip, with which to obtain money; and that this is true of fully ninety-nine per cent. of those who have made the desire for land the peg upon which to hang complaint. Those who hold this view trace the events which culminated in open rebellion somewhat in this manner:—The great majority of the half-breeds now dwelling in the Saskatchewan region, they say, have not long been resident in that district. But a few years ago, at the time of the transference to Canada of the Hudson Bay Company's territories, and they would have been found occupying—or pretending to occupy (a point to be remembered) lands in Manitoba, lands duly handed over to them by the Government. That their restless and nomadic habits made it irksome for them—to use no more definite language—to confine this uneventful life, if indeed they had at any time attempted it. That they had by that time converted their lands or scrip into money, carried off such

goods and chattels as they possessed, journeyed westwards, seized upon such large and irregular patches of land as best suited their fancy, and that the whole cause of the present disastrous rebellion is nothing more or less than the exasperation of these worthless semi-savages at the inability to carry out such plans as often as their predatory proclivities could prompt; for they did not comply with the Government regulations as to settlement duties, and seemed to think that they ought not to be called upon to act as other settlers are compelled to do in making a selection. That is to say, they objected to the division of land into mile sections and quarter sections, each wanting a long narrow strip with a river frontage; and in many cases where a number of half-breeds had settled on a winding river, their respective lots when extended would cross each other, and this give rise to endless dispute when the country came to be regularly surveyed. They could not be made to see the force of any objection, but were willing to retire provided "scrip" were accorded to them, and then go elsewhere and play the same game over again. We must add to this the assertion of those who take this view of the rising, that this lawless spirit was fomented, some go so far as to say, by not a few of the European settlers who had grievances, real or supposed, of a like nature. Others, according, probably, to the particular faith to which they attach themselves, whisper the names of the religious bodies to be found amongst the half-breeds. According to this view, Riel has been but, what in medicine is called, the "exciting cause." Granting that there existed a spirit either of just exasperation or groundless lawlessness, his influence, from whatever source derived and by whatever motives prompted, has been the spark which has set on fire the highly inflammable materials scattered throughout the district of the Saskatchewan.

The other view, diametrically opposed to the foregoing, demands equal consideration. In the former the root of the difficulty is traced to the obstinacy of the half-breeds as regards compliance with the settlement regulations; in the latter it is found in the distrust with which these half-breeds look upon the Government. In the former Riel is looked upon as a mere adventurer; in the latter he is thought to be a bold, intelligent, and philanthropic statesman, thoroughly acquainted with all the complex questions involved in the government of the north-west, and deeply imbued with the idea that the manner in which the half-breeds of the Saskatchewan have been treated by the authorities is unconstitutional in the extreme. In the former the half-breeds are looked upon as a body of men undeserving of the title of nation, devoid of any particular national characteristics, limited as to intelligence, and easily led by interested adventurers; in the latter they are regarded as an integral and important part of the community, bearing traces in their physique and intellect of high descent, possessing lofty qualities, and tracing their customs and laws to ancient and noble sources. In the former, religion plays no unimportant part in inciting the malcontents to open hostilities; in the latter it is said to have acted in the exact opposite direction.

The bases, it will thus be seen, of these two views differ widely and in every particular, and, as might be expected, the theories built upon them are equally dissimilar.

This second explanation of the origin of the rebellion can have only been described in outline. It is beset with numerous complicated questions, possesses wheels



TYPICAL SKETCHES.

(1) Constables of the North-West Mounted Police guarding a trail to Prince Albert. (2) "Lo! the poor Indian" and his family. (3) Superintendent Cotton and Inspector Perry dispensing Justice to Blood Indians at Fort McLeod.



THE FIGHT AT DUCK LAKE. (See page 5)

within wheels of a delicate political nature, involves problems of a social, ethical, and religious character, and is altogether encompassed with numerous and variously implicated influences.

The upholders of this second theory base their explanation of the origin of the rising, as I have remarked, upon the distrust with which the French half-breed is accustomed to regard a government by aliens. They point to the circumstances attending the revolt of 1849-1870 (in which, they assert, many of the influences were identical with those now in progress) as explanatory of the revolt of 1885.

Believing that there have been undeniable examples of unconstitutional measures, they find in the present demands of the half-breeds and their leaders grave and serious ground of complaint. They lay great stress upon the French origin of these half-breeds and their consequent peculiar modes of thought, and they by an equal amount of stress upon their notions in regard to their right to land, and the manner in which they shall pass such lands. They thus introduce historical, we may even go so far as to say, international, elements for the support of their aims on in regard to the justice of the claims put forward by the now recalcitrant metis. Further, stepping down from this high ground, those adopting this view point to the provisions of the Manitoba Land Act of the 12th May, 1870, and especially to the amendment to that Act, passed in 1875. By this amendment it was enacted that:—

“Whereas, it is expedient, towards the establishment of the final title to the lands in the Province, to appropriate a portion of such ungranted lands, to the extent of one million four hundred thousand acres thereof, for the benefit of the half-breed residents, it is hereby enacted that, under regulations to be from time to time, made by the Governor-General in Council, the Lieutenant-Governor shall select such lots or tracts in such parts of the Province as he may deem expedient, to the extent aforesaid, and divide the same among the children of the half-breed heads of families residing in the Province at the time of the said transfer to Canada, and the same shall be granted to said children respectively, in such mode and on such conditions as to settlement and otherwise, as the Governor-General in Council may from time to time determine.”

They point also to the provisions of the Half-breed Lands Act of 1874. The preamble of this Act reads thus:—

“Whereas, by the provisions of the Act 33 Vic. Cap. 3 of the Statutes of Canada, known as the Manitoba Act, one million four hundred thousand acres of land in the Province of Manitoba were appropriated by the Parliament of Canada for the children of half-breed heads of families, to be granted in such mode, and on such conditions, as the Governor-General in Council should, from time to time, determine; and whereas, the Governor-General in Council, by Order in Council, dated the 26th day of April 1871, establish and published the mode and conditions of the divisions of the said grant, and said Order in Council has since been specially confirmed by section one hundred and eighty of the Dominion Lands Act; and whereas, in consequence of the surveys in this Province not permitting the distribution of the said lands, in manner as established by the Order in Council mentioned, a distribution has not yet been effected, and in the mean time very many persons entitled to participate in the said grant, in evident ignorance of the value of their individual shares, have agreed severally to sell their right to the same to speculators, receiving therefor only a trifling consideration; and whereas, it is expedient to discourage the traffic now going on in such rights, by protecting the interests of the persons entitled to share as aforesaid, until the patent issue, or allotment be made of their respective portions; therefore, etc.

Stepping down, I say, from the high stand of history and tradition, they point to these acts, and assert that to such reasons, the justice of which the assent to these acts had proved, have been carried out for the relief and protection of the settlers of the Saskatchewan; that these settlers have done all in their power to obtain these measures in a just, loyal, and orderly manner, and that, since no relief was afforded them, they have quite properly reverted to the sword as the only instrument by which to call attention to their wrongs. From this point of view Riel is no adventurer. He is the man who has been thrust into the causes of the oppression, and has had the courage to rebel against it; who has already been exiled for such courage, and has once again risked his life on behalf of his fellow-sufferers.

Between these two widely-separated points of view from which to regard the recent outbreak in the north-west, may be

placed, as it were, numberless others, separated from either extreme by very different and sometimes inappreciable distances, according to the various degrees of importance attached to the different elements of the question.

Besides this, also, we must not forget that many are inclined to look upon the whole affair as far less important than probably the majority of persons are wont to imagine. They see in the recent rising merely a much-to-be-expected phase of the settlement of the country. They see in it merely the onsting of savagery by civilization; the emigration of nomads by settlers. They deem that already too much stress has been laid upon the seriousness of the whole outbreak; that the numerous tensions in regard to the occupation and tenure of lands by half-breeds and Indians have already occupied too much the serious attention of legislators; that in process of time the vast and uninhabited districts of the north-west must become thoroughly settled, and that the uprising of 1885 is but the natural outgrowth of the wandering and blood-thirsty savage to the steadfast and peace-loving tiller of the soil. They consider the rising merely as a temporary ebullition brought about by a few fiery spirits. They consider that it will of itself speedily cool down, and that it is undeserving of any extraordinary attention.

These, I conceive, are the only points connected with the causes of the rising necessary for us at this time to enquire into before commencing the story of the manner in which that rising was quelled.

It is well, nevertheless, for Canada to regard her recent troubles in their most serious aspect, for they undoubtedly have been to her of the most serious nature. The rebellion of 1869, if as serious in the matter of the consequences at stake, can hardly, in point of magnitude, be compared with that of 1885. The Fenian invasion of 1866 was, as compared to it, but as an eddy to a whirlpool. Since the days of William Lyon Mackenzie, or indeed, we may safely say, since the days of Montcalm and Wolfe, no greater military operations have been undertaken upon the soil of Canada. The force called out was a large and powerful one. In its ranks were many of the highest in the land; men of high social standing, and brilliant intellectual attainments. They travelled in the most inclement of weathers, through hardships untold and obstacles untrivalled, over many hundred miles to meet the foe. The insurgents were no despicable enemy, skilled as they were in the warfare peculiar to their country. Canada felt at large that much was at stake, and through the length and breadth of her land came those who were anxious and willing to defend her.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

It will belong ere the Dominion of Canada forgets the eve of the outbreak of the rebellion of 1885. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Dominion was there exhibited such wide-spread excitement linked with such deep-seated enthusiasm. Those who were to don the Queen's uniform and march forth on an errand fraught with danger and difficulty, were compared to the ordinary soldier of the line. They were those whom we all know, whom we were accustomed to meet and associate with in our every-day life, who were related by ties of friendship or blood to those who were known and revered throughout the Province, who had voluntarily and gladly exchanged the pleasures of the comfortable life at home, for the hardships and dangers of the camp and the battlefield, who were about to exchange profitable and lucrative occupations to the irksome, but honourable toils of active service. They came from all ranks: the humble artisan, the mechanic, the tradesman, the clerk, the student, and the professional man—all were to be found, side by side, indistinguishable. It was a labour of love, and by those who remained behind this was not least sight of. They were not professional soldiers, and they by no means turned to the profession with any special advantage. The men were many of them highly educated, all of them intelligent. They felt individually responsible for their country's honour, and their country's safety. True enthusiasm was at spring tide, and it looked as if everything would be swept away before it. From another point of view there is a disadvantage in sending troops of this description on to the battle-field. The essential attribute of a good army is discipline, and disciplinarian democracy tends to eliminate. Much is gained by intelligent ardour; something is lost by want of subordination. It is a question whether the vital efficiency of such an army in active service is increased or decreased by the addition and subtraction whether, that is, the intellectual enthusiasm adds more to that efficiency than the want of strict discipline

takes away. In scientific warfare—such, for example as the Franco-Prussian affair—probably this democratic spirit would be a disadvantage; in the present expedition few will deny that it was an element much in our favour.

The militia and volunteers of Canada form a unique force, and one of which she may be truly proud. Its members certainly receive a money value for their service, but they are nevertheless true volunteers. The pliancy received at the hands of the government is always spared for the good of the corps, and in numberless instances the holders of commissions, aided often by the non-commissioned officers and men, liberally supplement this sum out of their own pockets.

But, out of place here to give an extract from the Statutes showing how the Canadian militia is raised:—

“The militia shall consist of all the male inhabitants of Canada, of the age of sixteen and upwards, and under sixty—not exempted or disqualified by law, and being British subjects by birth or naturalization; but His Majesty may require all the male inhabitants of Canada capable of bearing arms, to serve in case of a local or massé, 46 V., c. 11, s. 4.

“The male population so liable to serve in the militia shall be divided into four classes:—

“(a) The first class shall comprise those of the age of eighteen years and upwards, and under thirty years, who are unmarried or widowers without children.

“(b) The second class shall comprise those of the age of thirty years and upwards, but under forty years, who are unmarried or widowers without children.

“(c) The third class shall comprise those of the age of eighteen years and upwards, but under forty-five years, who are married or widowers with children.

“(d) The fourth class shall comprise those of the age of forty-five years and upwards but under sixty years.

“And the above shall be the order in which the male population shall be called upon to serve.—46 V., c. 11, s. 5.

DIVISION OF MILITIA.

“The militia shall be divided into Active and Reserve Militia—Land Force; and Active and Reserve Militia—Marine Force.

“The Active Militia—Land Force—shall be composed of:—

(a) Corps raised by voluntary enlistment.

(b) Corps raised by ballot.

(c) Corps composed of men raised by voluntary enlistment and men balloted to serve.

“The Active Militia—Marine Force—to be raised similarly, shall be composed of seamen, sailors, and other persons whose occupation is upon any steamer or sailing craft navigating the waters of Canada.

“The Reserve Militia—Land and Marine—shall consist of the whole of the men who are not serving in the Active Militia for the time being.—47, c. 11, s. 6.”

They are, therefore, it will be seen, no “toy soldiers” these, as our friends across the boundary occasionally somewhat contemptuously term them; and this their recent gallant acts in the North-west have abundantly proved. They have stuck at nothing, have grumbled at nothing, and have all done their duty. All that they set out to accomplish. From every part of the Dominion they responded willingly and enthusiastically to the call for their services. Many were engaged in occupations the relinquishment of which meant loss and anxiety, yet none hesitated, indeed, in the face of such cases it was only with difficulty that men could be restrained from too energetically offering their services and joining the battalions which he had good fortune to be ordered to the front. Some were military commands, in some favoured regiments accepted a lower rank in those they were chosen for the war, and others, at the last moment, without orders, fully accounted, joined their much-erred comrades in the start of the campaign. A few, indeed, had the whole expenses of the journey with the troops being actively engaged. True, rumours spread of the inertia, and tidings came of apathy at Halifax; but these only served to throw into greater relief the spirit of genuine military enthusiasm that pervaded all ranks everywhere.

The nucleus of this ardour was first met at Winnipeg. It was from Winnipeg that the first advance was made, it was at this spot that the news of Major Crozier's defeat at Duck Lake first reached us. I will not presently speak of arrival and first created the state of despair and lament; General Middleton had reached the city on the morning of the 27th of March; Winnipeg was the most important base from which to start, and here were the 30th Battalion and Winnipeg Field Battery, who, would in the natural course of events, devolve the responsibility of making the first move and leading the way. Immediately on the arrival of General Middleton inspected the stores, including magazines at Fort Osborne. The general was accompanied by his inspections by Colonel Houghton. A general alarm was rung and the bugles were sounded for the military to turn out. An hour later they were ready to start, but it was not until 7 o'clock in the evening that the 30th rifles, the field battery and the cavalry, under General Middleton, boarded a special, and started westward toward Qu'Appelle.

This may be called all the first step towards the quelling of the outbreak.

If Winnipeg was foremost in point of time, she had rivals in point of enthusiasm. Indeed every town, large and small, vied with every other in its energetic efforts at preparation. In Brandon, the excitement was of a military interest, the next was at spring tide. The first definite news of the calling out of the city troops was received in Toronto late on Friday night. A telegram from Ottawa was received to the effect that 200 men of the Queen's Own Rifles, 250 men of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, and 80 men of the Toronto School of Infantry were to be put into immediate readiness to start for the seat of rebellion. No sooner was it received by the military authorities and became generally known, that the whole city was in a ferment. Colonel Miller was busy at the Armoury, Colonel Grasset was telephoning to all quarters of the town, calling up officers, ordering sergeants hither and thither; Colonel Otter was earnestly engaged studying maps of the North-west; and the streets were thronged with soldiers and civilians, eager to learn what was in reality going to be done. The Queen's Own and the Royal Grenadiers were ordered to parade, full strength, at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, and both battalions were busy far into Saturday night preparing for it. The result was excellent; 523 officers and privates of the Queen's Own reported themselves, and more than 300 of the Grenadiers. The officers and medical examiners afterwards went through the ranks and the chosen 250 of each regiment were reselected. After being dismissed the men were called to parade again at the armoury at 8, and at that time the entire force again turned out. In choosing the men there were a few who objected to go on account of the probable loss of their stipends, and a few were rejected because their physical condition would stand the fatigues of a campaign in the North-west. However, both regiments stood the test well, and were it necessary 800 well-drilled fighting men, instead of 500, could have been procured from the two regiments.

Final orders were issued that the men will parade at the Drill Hall at 10 a.m. on Monday in full marching order to proceed at noon to the seat of war. Now indeed there is excitement. Think for a moment, reader, of what it meant. Six hundred men—fathers, brothers, lovers, and friends, all of them, all of them, all of them to go through terrible hardships, many of them to receive horrible wounds, some of them never, never to return. But which were most to be pitied? Those who went, or those who stayed. We all know that the tears were shed by those who stayed behind. There was a great deal to be done, however, and no time was left for hopeful encouragement or fond regret. Sunday night saw friends seeing friends for the last time, kind words passed from month to month, endearing caresses such, perhaps, as no other occasion could have evoked. Many sad expressions were uttered, but more joyful ones; for were not the brave six hundred on an errand of duty? Mothers and sisters slept not all night. There were so many little things to be looked after for the coming day, the coming day. Monday morning saw scenes of pathetic interest. At early dawn they commenced, preparing the outfits, packing the knapsacks, collecting the various little things that each could think of—note paper, envelopes, stamps, needles and thread, and such like. They were all packed, sandwiches, hot coffee, tobacco—fill the haversacks bulged with good things to over-allow, and yet the mothers and sisters were not satisfied.

We think, many of us, that war is a thing far more than that it is an evil that only affects the sterner sex. Man, we say, is the protection of the hearth, and home, and country. Oh him devolves all the suffering. All the suffering? No, not all. Perhaps there is more suffering at home than in battle-fields. Perhaps the hardships of the man do not equal the anxieties of the family circle. Perhaps camp-life is pleasanter than home-life. The warrior has hopes and aspirations that keep him up; he has been companions and excited in the same way as his family. No inspiring scenes lift their minds. No gay companions bid them rejoice.

At last everything is ready. Friends unable to accompany the soldiers shake hands with tears in their eyes, and march down alongside to the drill shed. And here is a scene not often witnessed. Filling the hall from end to end are ranks of men. Officers with jingling swords and clinking spurs move hither and thither. Sergeants are busy seeing that every man is fully accoutred. The quartermaster's office is besieged with men getting various articles—this one a fur cap, that one a tunic, another an overcoat. Up on the gallery there is a mass of people—women and children, boys and girls, all looking on so anxiously as they do for as long as they can. They look down eagerly at the long straight lines of men—two to the east the Grenadiers, to the west the Queen's Own; between the companies the ambulance. It is splendid, they all say, and they all have eyes in the gallery pick out here and there those whom they came to see and watch for. At the doors are more people—masses of them, with difficulty kept back by the police. Here, too, are all the men with white and red bands marked with red crosses, and they are now and then large boxes curiously labelled with medical names—omnibus signs.

Now comes a change. The sergeants come to the front of the companies, and all along the lines give the caution, “You get everything ready for the march.” The men are now dispersed in deep, quiet tones. All is ready then. The report is made, and Colonel Otter from the gallery addresses the men:—

“The hour has come,” he says, “for them to leave for the discharge of the duty they are called out to perform. They are only in the initial stage of what will, no doubt, prove an arduous undertaking, but the detachment

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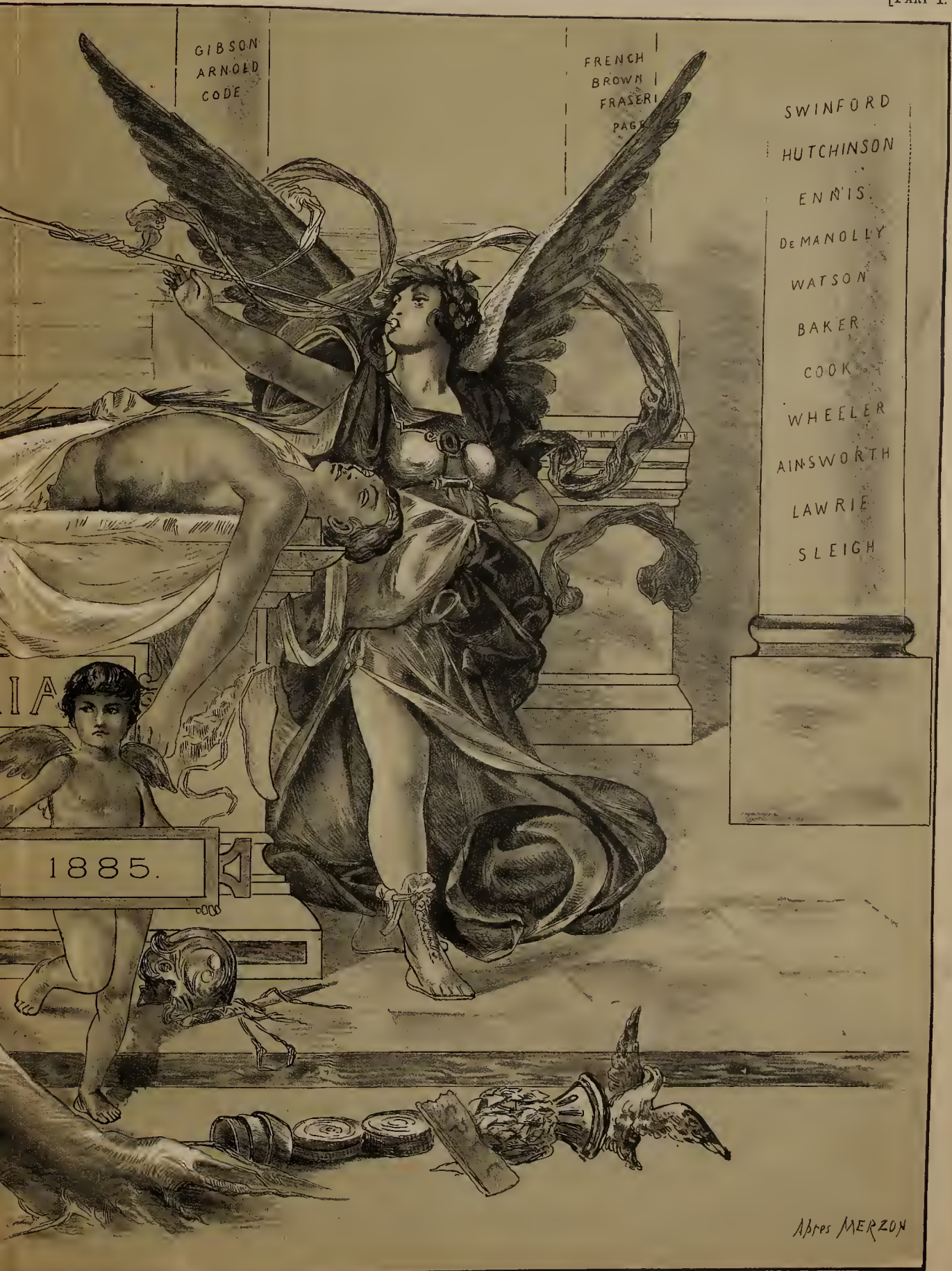
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 BURKE
 OSGOOD
 ROGERS
 DOBBS
 FOULKES
 WIDNER
 PHILLIPS
 MOOR
 FITCH
 HARDISTY

MIDDLETON
 MACKENZIE
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GARRETT
 MORTON
 NAPLIER
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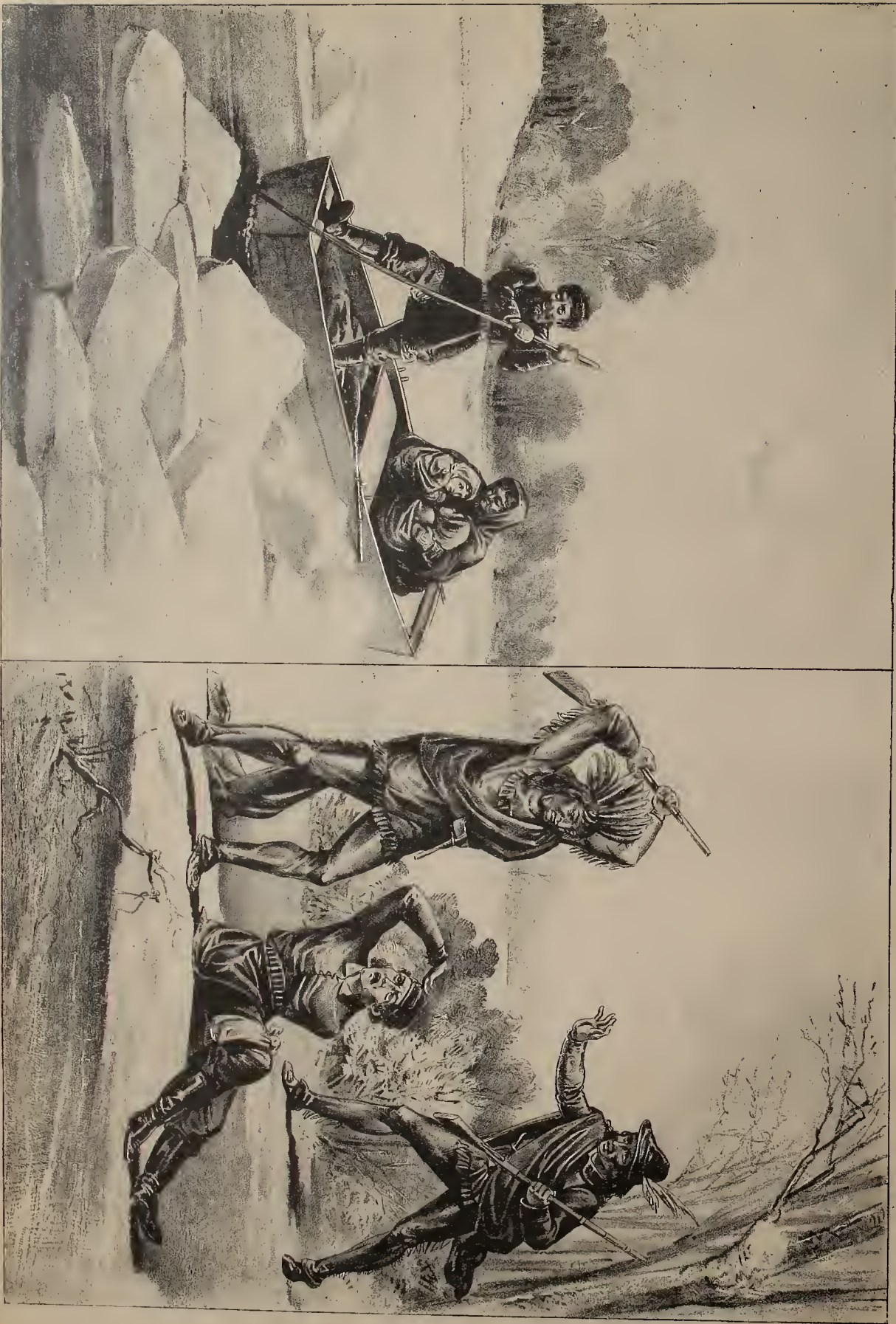
FRENCH
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1885.

Abres MERZON

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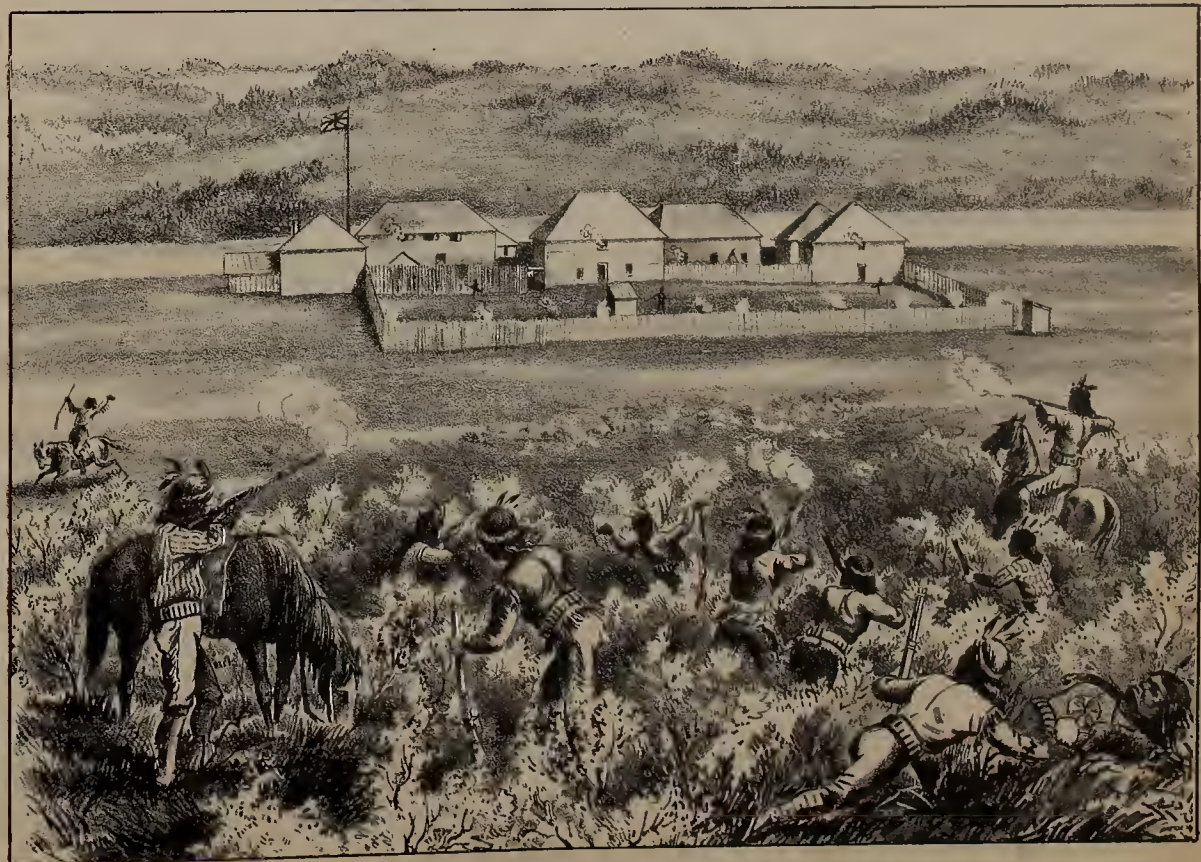


ESCAPE OF THE MCKAY FAMILY THROUGH THE ICE TO PRINCE ALBERT (See page 21)

A WOUNDED PRINCE ALBERT VOLUNTEER'S LIFE SAVED BY A HALF-BREED. (See page 21)



MURDER OF THE PRIESTS AT FROG LAKE. (See page 12.)



HEROIC DEFENCE OF FORT PITT BY INSPECTOR DICKENS. (See page 17.)

advantage of any weakness in Canada's frontier. They would try to cross the Vermont frontier, or the Ontario frontier, or over the boundary line in the North-west.

A despatch from Fargo, Dak., declared that the Fenian organizations throughout the north-western states were making vigorous efforts to aid Kiel.

It was stated, too, that Kiel was not in actual command, but that the rebels were being handled by a strong Fenian sympathizer from the United States and an old campaigner.

A prominent man of the Fenian Brotherhood was reported to have said that they were well organized in Chicago, St. Paul, Duluth, and in several places along the boundary line. We would take Winnipeg, and hold it without trouble, and before five days we may be in it. We'll hit England whenever the opportunity occurs."

Tossa was thought to have openly admitted his having a hand in the rising. But perhaps the most amusing of these rumors was that promulgated by the Morning Post, which asserted "that the rebellion in Canada was fomented by Russian agents, with a view of embarrassing the Dominion authorities, and preventing their troops being sent to help England."

These, however, need not detain us.

THE ROUTE.

Before following our march on their march to meet the foe, it will be well to gain a clear view as possible of the route by which they were to travel.

In the first part of their journey they were to be taken over the Ontario and Quebec Division of the Canada Pacific Railway to Carlton Place; then the main line of the road through Embarras, Callan, and Port Arthur. There are 80 miles of the road on which the track has not yet been laid. The first break is 45 miles, then comes a stretch of track and then three other breaks, aggregating 35 miles, when the rail built from Prince Arthur eastward is met. From the whole route is graded, and the men hoped to be taken over the breaks in sleighs. The C. P. R. authorities made all necessary preparations to transport troops.

The distance from Dog Lake to Nepegon is about 246 miles, made up of a gap of 42 miles on which no track has been laid, a section of 93 miles on which there were three locomotives and forty flat cars; a second gap of 15 miles, followed by a track-laid section of 15 miles, on which there was one locomotive and plenty of flat cars. This is immediately followed by a gap of 20 miles, on which no track was laid. Then comes a stretch of 52 miles with track in fair order, and on which there is ample rolling stock. There is then but the short gap of six and a-half miles east of Nepegon to be crossed.

The advance ordered by General Middleton was to be in two divisions, one advancing from Swift Current and the other from Fort Qu'Appelle, via Touchwood Hills and Humboldt.

The Touchwood Hills route involves much more marching than the other, is graded, and is North and west of Touchwood Hills on the Humboldt Trail is the Great Salt Plain as it is called. In reality, however, it is an alkali swamp or belt about 32 miles wide and destitute of anything in the shape of trees or shelter except a few small, scrubby bushes which are found midway across the plain and called the "Stoneberry bushes." They are well known to freighters as the only shelter to be found on this plain during a storm. On the eastern border of the Great Salt Plain is some what about 15 miles of a hilly country again, and in the western edge of this is the telegraph and meteorological station known as Humboldt. There is next to no settlement here, but it has long been an important camping place for freighters, and is a good road for freight, but it is not a good road for men, and is in the western edge of this is the telegraph and meteorological station known as Humboldt. There is next to no settlement here, but it has long been an important camping place for freighters, and is a good road for freight, but it is not a good road for men, and is in the western edge of this is the telegraph and meteorological station known as Humboldt.

The crossings of the Saskatchewan in this region are three in number. Batoche, or Fisher's Crossing, is the farthest north. The country intervening between it and Humboldt consists of fine rolling prairie, and, except that there are one or two small belts of timber along Humboldt's crossing. The river flows through an almost canyon-like valley with very little bottom land or margin. The river is some 250 yards wide at this point, and, except where the trail winds up to the ferry, the east bank presents an almost sheer descent to the elbow of the water's edge. The east bank is also bare of trees, and the trail down the face of the hill to the ferry is wholly without shelter of any kind. On the west bank, however, every advantage is offered to those who wish to present an advance guard from the east. The bank, though somewhat precipitous, is sufficiently sloping to furnish an admirable field for the operations of skirmishers. It is heavily timbered from its crest to the water's edge, and its timber would afford shelter for a thousand riflemen were such a force needed to defend the ferry.

Clark's Crossing, or what is known as a "Upp" or "Telegraph" ferry, is fully 30 or 40 miles further up the river, and nearly far enough south to be cut by an air line drawn from Humboldt to the elbow of the water's edge. The banks are sloping and bare of trees or shelter of any kind on either side. The river itself is about 300 yards wide.

According to the measurements on the maps, without taking into account the undulations of the trails, the distance from Fort

Qu'Appelle to Battleford via Clark's Crossing would be about 300 miles. The advance by way of Swift Current looks much more encouraging than the one just described. The distance from Swift Current to Battleford is only about 150 miles in an air line across the plains, and by a good trail less than 190 miles. The country is for the most part open prairie.

The following table of distances will also be found useful:—

Table with columns: TRAIL DISTANCES, MILES. Rows include Qu'Appelle to Fort Qu'Appelle (49), Fort Qu'Appelle to Touchwood Hills (46), Touchwood Hills to Humboldt (81), Humboldt to Carlton, via Gabriel's Crossing (82), Humboldt to Carlton, via Batoche's Crossing (83), Prince Albert to Batoche's Crossing (43), Prince Albert to Carlton (116), Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing (281), Qu'Appelle to Battleford (387), Clark's Crossing to Prince Albert (81).

Table with columns: DISTANCES FROM WINNIPEG, MILES. Rows include Fort Ellice (220), Fort Qu'Appelle (357), Swan River barracks, via Fort Ellice (372), Touchwood Hills (437), Humboldt (453), Fort Carlton (526), Battleford, via Gabriel's (628).

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

Table with columns: MILES. Rows include Winnipeg to Prince Albert (600), Winnipeg to Regina, via C. P. R. (356), Qu'Appelle to Regina, via C. P. R. (32), Clark's Crossing to Battleford (346), Touchwood to Edmonton (372), Swift Current to Battleford (190), Swift Current to Fort Carlton (210).

The following line of march for the troops was arranged by Capt. Bedson, who has charge of the transport. A set of teams ran continually between one station and another, thus maintaining an endless chain.

Table with columns: MILES. Rows include No. 1. Qu'Appelle station (20), No. 2. Port Qu'Appelle (24), No. 3. Stoughton (24), No. 4. Touchwood (20), No. 5. Edmore (20), No. 6. Salt Plains (21), No. 7. Wise (21), No. 8. Humboldt (17), No. 9. Midgund (17), No. 10. Hudson (18), No. 11. Middleton (18), No. 12. Batoche's (18), No. 13. Cameron's (26), No. 14. Prince Albert (26).

ON THE MARCH.

Meanwhile, how fare our gallant men? As far as possible let them tell the story themselves.

One of the Toronto contingent writes thus on the day after starting:—

"C. P. R., March 31st, 10.50 a.m.

"40 miles an hour; fine the letters!

"MY DEAR —

"We make very few stoppages, and it keeps on rattle and shake so that eating is about as hard as writing. We stopped about three hours at Carlton Junction and had a meal. We are passing small frozen lakes which would look very pretty in summer time. The scenery is getting hilly and very wild; lots of snow.

"Good appetites and good spirits prevail in the highest degree, and tobacco is doubly enjoyable. Your cigars were fine. We are carrying small frozen lakes which would look very pretty in summer time. The scenery is getting hilly and very wild; lots of snow. Good appetites and good spirits prevail in the highest degree, and tobacco is doubly enjoyable. Your cigars were fine. We are carrying small frozen lakes which would look very pretty in summer time. The scenery is getting hilly and very wild; lots of snow.

"This looks a regular bear, deer, and duck country, and is really very lilly—some sleep, rocky ravines every now and then.

The following opens up endless fields for laughter:—

"SMITH'S FALLS, Ont., 9 p.m., March 30. "All well so far. Every one in good spirits. Having a hot dinner here. Guards of honour have been set out at several stations. Everything but the expedition forgotten until we had well started, when one man was telegraphed for the cancellation of his bank safe, another man has left his gas burning, and another is paying three cents a day for a Free Lake Boat, March 31.

"The Toronto brigade passed here at 10 to night and will be in Sudbury shortly after midnight, where they are to have supper. The day was rather uneventful on board the two trains. We expect to be at Arder, 332 miles west of Carlton Place, by four in the morning, and at Dog Lake, where the first break occurs, before noon on evening."

* Some of the letters from which the extracts below are taken the public have already seen, others I have received permission to publish for the first time. I and the writing proportionately illegible.

"MATTAWA STATION, April 1. "The second train left Sudbury Junction at 12.17 this morning. Capt. Todd's sharpshooters from Ottawa, 81 in number, passed here at 11 o'clock last night."

The following gives a succinct account of much of the journey:—

"We (Q. O. R.) arrived at Dog Lake at 10 p.m. Wednesday, where we had supper. We started again at 12 o'clock, midnight, and on to all night; got to the end of the timber slanty and drove on to the end of the first break in the track, 45 miles. The night was very cold, and we could not sleep in the sleighs, but we made things as lively as we could by singing songs and telling stories. Some of the boys caught cold and in the morning we were reported sick.

Thursday, when we got on board flat cars and travelled 90 miles, it seemed to us more like 200. The cold was intense, about 10 degrees below zero, and we were going against the wind some of the time. The train went about six miles an hour, and the road was fearfully rough. At 3 a.m., Friday, we halted at a round-house and slanty, where we had breakfast, having had nothing to eat since Thursday morning. Several of the boys were so stiff with the cold that they had to be helped out of the cars. We were taken into the round-house, and warmed at the engine fire before going to breakfast, and then the heat soon put some of us to sleep. It was too much for a lot of the boys after the severe cold. At least half of our company were asleep, and it was hard to get up in the snow, and when we picked him up and carried him into the slanty there was nothing the matter with him, only he was sound asleep. We got a very good breakfast here and all felt better. Then back to the flat cars and on to the end of the second break, where we arrived at 8 a.m. After about two hours getting off the baggage and stores we started on our first tramp to McKellar's Harbour, 22 miles. We halted at Port Monroe at a shanty, where each man was handed a piece of bread and a slice of fat pork—our first hot food since leaving the depot at 11 a.m. We marched the 22 miles in 7 hours with 5 halts. For the first ten miles it was all right, but after that a great many began to play out, and about thirty had to be left for the baggage sleighs before we got to the end of our journey. One man came out with his face badly blistered. A tough looking lot we were next morning. We arrived at McKellar's Harbour at 5 p.m., and again took the flat cars twelve miles to Jackfish Bay, arriving there at seven o'clock Friday night. Not any of us, were ever so tired out before, and it would have been very hard to push us any farther that night; so after a good supper we turned in to sleep in a large freight shed. This was our first night's sleep since leaving Toronto, and we did enjoy it. We had breakfast here next morning (Saturday) at seven o'clock, and drove two miles to McKellar's Harbour, where we took flat cars for fourteen miles to McKay's Harbour. This was a light day's work and we all felt better, as the weather was much warmer. We had supper here and slept in an old boat that was lying in the bay that day, the people of the place again morning (Sunday), we got breakfast here and again took the flat cars, forty-five miles to the end of the track, then marched ten miles to Red Rock, where we got emigrant sleepers through to Winnipeg. We left Red Rock at 10 o'clock, and arrived at Port Arthur at seven o'clock Monday morning. The last march was not nearly so hard as the first, though the road was very rough. We were a happy lot of fellows when we came in sight of Red Rock and saw the train waiting for us. All our baggage was here for collection. There was a great deal of snow, but we were all in good luck. All the marching we did was on the ice across the bays of Lake Superior. We were served with one pound of corned beef and one pound of hard tack per man at Red Rock. It is very hard to get through the country to be particular, and made a good meal and had a good sound sleep till we got to Port Arthur. During all this time we did not see a paper or heard a word of news either from the east or west. We arrived in Winnipeg at 3.30 Tuesday morning, where we got a good breakfast and did the town till four p.m., when we went to the train for Qu'Appelle. Arrived here at seven o'clock this morning and here we are yet. We left the 10th Royals at Dog Lake and have not seen them since, but we hear they are one day behind us and are expected here to-day. After leaving Dog Lake the country was rough, which we passed along the head of Lake Superior is nothing but a great pile of rocks, no timber, no farm land, in fact we did not see one farm house during the whole march from Dog Lake till after we left Port Arthur.

"It was a hard faced march from the first and tried the endurance of the Toronto boys as it has never been tried before. With a few exceptions we are all well and eager to get to the end of our march. We had three regular meals, at Carlton Junction, and we had a good breakfast at an early hour this morning. Our next meal will not be till we reach the end of the track. I think probably about 7 o'clock this evening. Hot tea has just been served out. Some of the men's provisions are exhausted, but many have considerable left yet. Most of the worst part of the journey to-night. There are about five breaks in all, nearly 120 miles (though I can't find out exactly), will will cross in sleighs. Will be under canvas one night at least, but we have about 70 miles on open flat cars. After that, to Port Arthur and Winnipeg, we will be all right. Since writing the above we have had a little diversion by the way of drinking the Colonel's health. It is his birth-day.

"NEBAGOSKIDA, April 1st. "The above place is 255 miles west of Callander. The country all the way along the line is very rough and rocky, some parts fairly well timbered, principally light pine with some birch and tamarack. There does not seem to be very much grain here. There is lots of snow. If you get of the regular track, and if yourself plunged in snow almost to the waist. Then realize how deep it is. None of the country we have passed through since, or even before, Mattawa, appears fit for cultivation. Here and there small portions only appear to be valuable for anything but corn. In many parts it resembles Muskoka. The scenery is fine. We passed Lake Nipissing yesterday afternoon. It is a fine sheet of water, or rather ice at present. (Last night the temperature was below zero.) There are some signs of life there. There are several smaller lakes and good trout fishing, but no game. Plenty of deer near Mattawa. The only signs by the way are at the lumber stanties. The weather yesterday was somewhat mild, but towards evening cold. To-day is a lovely winter day, bright, clear, not very cold, and our camp we left home certainly has not been cold, most of the time very hot, almost unbearably so. We are feeling very well. The men are all satisfied and seem to think there is hard work ahead of us are bracing themselves up for it. They are very quiet and orderly, and very less drinking; in fact there is scarcely a drop of whisky and I filled it with cold tea. I think that this fact ought to be chronicled, that we had three regular meals, at Carlton Junction, and we had a good breakfast at an early hour this morning. Our next meal will not be till we reach the end of the track. I think probably about 7 o'clock this evening. Hot tea has just been served out. Some of the men's provisions are exhausted, but many have considerable left yet. Most of the worst part of the journey to-night. There are about five breaks in all, nearly 120 miles (though I can't find out exactly), will will cross in sleighs. Will be under canvas one night at least, but we have about 70 miles on open flat cars. After that, to Port Arthur and Winnipeg, we will be all right. Since writing the above we have had a little diversion by the way of drinking the Colonel's health. It is his birth-day.

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per man, so were very comfortable. There is no snow here, and the weather is splendid. Our camp is on a bluff on the open prairie, and is very dry. We have had no orders to move yet, but they are likely to be issued later. The 10th Royals arrived here, having made long and went on to Fort Qu'Appelle at once, where they are to remain and we go to the front. There are a few Indians here, but they are a miserable lot. One hundred cowboys arrived here to-day and are going out with us when we move. They are well armed, and I reckon they will be useful to us. Fort Qu'Appelle is twenty miles north of our camp. This is only the station. I will write again in a few days and keep you posted as we move along."

"MCKAY'S HARBOR, April 6th.

"After leaving Bandville yesterday, the run to Port Monroe was finished at half-past three, and the men immediately went into quarters for the night. Two hundred were quartered in the hull of the schooner L. M. Brock, and passed the night in comparative comfort, although that is not saying a great deal. The officers and the rest of the men were more comfortably bestowed, and stayed in the main cabin, but the men at McKay's Harbour, but only sufficient to make them get to take the baggage and the men's rifles and sacs, so the journey had to be made on foot. The road lay over the ice of Lake Superior among the many islands that cluster about the shore. The sun was shining brightly and was doing the most to melt the snow. The men were blowing the snow under their feet, and the air and the soft snow made it difficult walking. The scenery all along the shore is magnificent. The march was completed in grand form at 2.40. We take the cars at once for Jackfish Bay, where we will camp to-night."

JACKFISH BAY, April 6th.

"We reached this point at six last night, and will start in a few minutes on sleighs for Winston's Dock, twenty miles distant, where we will remain till to-morrow and then take the train for a point seven miles this side of Nepegon. We had first-rate quarters here and spent a capital night, and the men are howling their raggedness to get on the road. All is well; the weather is clear and cold. The splendid scenery here and the great tunnel will make Jackfish ever a point of interest. The Q. O. R. reached Port Arthur last night."

"FORT WILLIAM, Ont., April 6th.

"The Queen's Own Rifles contingent left McKay's Harbour yesterday morning, received the terminus of the track at three p.m., Nepegon at five fifteen, and here at seven this morning. The march to Nepegon was ten miles. The men are in good condition."

"NEBAGOSKIDA, April 1st.

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| 2. LT. COL. DENISON, 1ST BATT. GREGG | 9. SUPT. CROZIER, N. W. M. P. |
| 3. LT. COL. VAN STRAUBENZIE, D. A. G. | 10. LT. COL. QUIMEL, 65TH BATT. RIFLE |
| 4. MAJOR JARVIS, WINNIPEG, F. B. | 11. LT. COL. DEACON, 45TH BATT. INFANTRY |
| 5. MAJOR McKEAND, 30TH BATT. RIFLES | 12. LT. COL. MONTIZAMBERT, CANADIAN ARTILLERY |
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| 7. LT. COL. WILLIAMS, M. P. 45TH BATT. INFANTRY | 14. MAJOR-GEN. STRANGE, R. A. |

MAJOR-GENERAL
 ADJUTANT-GENERAL WALKER POWELL, AND VARIOUS COM



MIDDLETON, C.B.,
 COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE NORTH-WEST FIELD FORCE

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| 17 Lt. Col. BOULTON, N. H. HESSELOP (RETIRED) | 21 Colonel WALKER POWELL, ARMY CHIEF |
| 18 Lt. Col. GRASSETT, KING BATT. R. G. | 22 Lt. Col. SCOTT, MP 91st BATT. INFANTRY |
| 19 Major-Gen. MIDDLETON, C.B. | 23 Lt. Col. HOUGHTON, D.A.G. |
| 20 Captain WISE, A.D.C. | 24 Lt. Col. IRVINE, QUARTERMASTER, N.W.M.P. |
| 21 Captain DOUGET, A.D.C. | 25 Lt. Col. LORD MELGUND, RIFLES |
| 22 Lt. Col. TRENWORTH, M.P. 15th BATT. INFANTRY | 26 Captain TODD, R.F.C. |
| 23 Lt. Col. OSWALD, MONTREUIL | |

Battleford via Swift Current with seventy Mounted Police and one canon.

Indeed, affairs in all directions now began to look threatening. The Indians surrounding Battleford and its vicinity were not merely to plunder the outlying and deserted farms. Nearly all the Saskatchewan Indians were ready for pillage and bloodshed. It was feared that Herchmer would have little chance to reach Battleford. The worst fears were also not unattained for Fort Pitt, as only twenty-five police and one canon were left there, and nothing had been heard from them for several days. Communication, too, was cut off with Prince Albert. The mail route between Swift Current and Battleford could not be opened. Big Bear's band and the Fort Pitt Indians joined Kiel. Montana half-breeds were also said to be taking part in the movement. Many settlers at Saskatoon and other places abandoned their homesteads, leaving everything to the Indians, who plundered and destroyed everything in their path. Settlers arriving at Fort Qu'Appelle, from the north, reported that the Indians were camped in all stretches with the burning barns and houses.

A courier reported Prince Albert entirely surrounded, and Col. Irvine and Major Crozier with the police, hemmed in by a vastly superior force. The Touchwood Indians were said to have been greatly excited, and it was feared that they would harass the troops on their progress north. Indeed rumours now spread rapidly. It was estimated that Riel had between fifteen hundred and two thousand men at his command. It is also firmly believed that he was receiving aid from the other side, as some of his bands were seen with the help of half-breeds, Indians or settlers, but strangers, entirely unacquainted with the country. It was also actually rumored that he had received a consignment of dynamite.

All such reports, however, may for the present be treated as mere rumors, until they become serious enough to demand a special expedition, without the aid of exciting rumours.

Our attention now must be directed to Frog Lake, to the north-west of Fort Pitt. It is a beautiful settlement, the lake itself being a small sheet of water, the bottom of which is small lakes which empty into the Saskatchewan at Fort Pitt, some forty miles to the south-east. Frog Lake is 130 miles from Battleford. There is a good deal of small timber, sufficient to justify the erection of a sawmill.

Here was enacted that is now known as the massacre of Frog Lake. One report stated that on April 2nd the Indians at Frog Lake invited Indian Agent T. T. Quinn and others to a conference in their camp, and shot them as soon as they entered, and that those killed were Agent Quinn, Fathers Lafard and La Marchand, Indians Deland, St. Louis, and Gouin, and Mr. John Mileser of Ft. Qu'Appelle, and others making eleven in all. Another, that the Indians entered Gowanlock's house, and without saying a word, deliberately shot him dead. Another Indian raised the rifle and aimed at W. C. Gilchrist, when Mrs. Gowanlock, rushing forward, interposed herself between the rifle and the body. He shook her off and fired, killing her instantly, and shot Gilchrist immediately after. Charles Gouin, another of the victims, was employed by the Indian Department as a carpenter. Quinn, the Indian Agent, was murdered by a Chinaman. The Chinaman, a resident, was cognizant of the intended murder. Willcraft was a plasterer. The body of Payne, the murdered farm instructor, was found on the floor of his house, being deluged with blood. Barney Tremont, the Belgian rancher, was found dead beside his wagon, one hand clamped so much, the other the other side of the wagon. Two bullet holes ran through his head, and an arrow was found in his breast. The Rev. Father Lafard was born in Berthier, where his parents are believed to be now residing. His education was completed at L'Assomption College, whence he came to the North-west to take part in the mission work of the Northwest. He was well known, and has been described as possessing a singularly amiable disposition, and extraordinary facility in learning languages. He was attached to the Battleford mission, which is included in the diocese of Bishop Montanbert, of Prince Albert. His duties were the ordinary duties of a Catholic priest, in addition to which he probably undertook the tuition of the children of his flock, said to have consisted of whites, half-breeds and Indians.

The final and most serious victim was Gowanlock, who was not killed, but carried off as a captive. The prisoners were beaten to death and their bodies then burned. The Indians were very bloodthirsty. They burned all the buildings at Frog Lake, and compelled all the people to attend church, by no means a very pleasant prospect. They shot ten white settlers after the service. The victim, Frank Smart, had, for one so young, been a very successful business man, being only 25 years of age. He opened a shop in Battleford in partnership with Mr. McLean, and was afterwards for two years, manager of Alexander Macdonald's store. Lately he had been manager for Malady & Clinick. He married, a year ago last June, Miss Danovan, of Scotland, and leaves one child, a boy, and a great favour to his fellow countrymen.

He was buried with military honours. The news of this bloodshed produced a feeling of intense anxiety, which was manifested on every hand, many believing that the massacre at Frog Lake might be repeated at any moment at Saddle Lake or Fort Pitt.

This uneasy feeling was not without grounds, and for Fort Pitt we must now turn. Fort Pitt is situated on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan, 98 miles north-west from Battleford, and 261 miles east from Edmonton by the

trail running along the north side of the river. It is situated on a low, rich flat, which lies from 12 to 15 feet above the river level, and which runs back about one-half a mile to where it meets the high, rolling country that stretches away on all sides in the rear of the post.

The Fort consists of several log buildings arranged in a hollow square, and was formerly enclosed by a stockade with bastions on the corners, but as this was removed some years ago, it now lies unprotected in the midst of numerous cultivated fields surrounded by common rail fences.

It has been for many years in charge of Factor William McKay. The Indians at the Fort Pitt agency at the end of December were as follows:—

Big Bear, with a band of 520, located nowhere in particular, but spending most of his time roaming about between Fort Pitt and Battleford.

See-kas-kootch, with a band of 170, located at Onion Lake.

Pay-moo-tay-ah-soo, with a band of 23, located at Onion Lake.

Sweet Grass, with 18, at Onion Lake.

Thunder Companion, with 5, at Onion Lake.

Wee-mi-too-see-sash, with 113, at Frog Lake.

O-ne-pow-hay, with 73, at Frog Lake.

Pee-keah-ke-win, with 31, at Frog Lake.

Kee-hee-win, with 146, at Long Lake.

Chippewagan, with 120, at Cold Lake.

In all, there are in the agency about 1,200 Indians.

The first news of any disaster at this spot was received by a despatch to Clark's Crossing from Battleford, saying that messengers just returned to the latter place from Fort Pitt brought intelligence of its capture. This was on the 21st or 22nd inst. The news was confirmed by the fugitives had been on five days, and should have been at Battleford, from whence despatches, it was thought, ought to have been received. The trip from Pitt to Battleford should have been made in, at most, three days. It is, therefore, evident that the Indians, finding very little provisions at the fort, set out after the boats and attacked them, either capturing the fugitives or forcing them to take shelter in the bush on the opposite bank. However, on April 22nd, five of the Mounted Police from Fort Pitt arrived all safe at Battleford and gave the following information:—

"In the attack by the Indians, one policeman was killed and our wounded. All the rest of the people took refuge in the camp of friendly Indians. Mrs. Gowanlock, previously said to have been killed, was alive and with Mrs. Delaney, prisoners of the Indians. The police, twenty-one in number, had a fight with about three hundred of the Indians. One of the latter, Poplar's bands. One policeman, D. G. Cowan, son of Wm. Cowan, Ottawa, was killed, and one Lansley, of Halifax, wounded. Four Indians were killed. The Indians then ran away.

McLean, of the Hudson Bay Company, with his family, and Big Bear's band, were in the battle. He had a parley with the Indians, who said they only wanted to kill the police. The police had all the arms and ammunition they require. The friendly Indians alluded to are the bands of See-kas-kootch (or See-kas-kootch), Pay-moo-tay-ah-soo (or Payne-tah-ah), Sweet Grass and Thunder Companion. See-kas-kootch is a Cree, and has a following of 170 souls. Pay-moo-tay-ah-soo, as his name indicates, is quite as much a Blackfoot as a Cree, being like Poundmaker, cross-bred. His band numbers only 28. For something, it is thought, about setting up a reserve, but through the persuasion of the late Thos. Quinn, who perished in the Frog Lake massacre, he was induced to go to work on a portion of See-kas-kootch's reserve, and he had since been well satisfied and well-beloved. Sweet Grass, who must not be confounded with the Young Sweet Grass of the Battleford agency), was a Cree and his band numbers only 18. Thunder Companion is also a Cree, and he has a following of only 5. These Indians, numbering in all only 221 souls, were very poor and not any too well able to take care of themselves, to say nothing of protecting settlers from some of the most powerful bands of Crees to be found anywhere in the north. They were all located at Onion Lake, near Fort Pitt. There is a Church of England Mission School at Onion Lake, and the bands of Indians already mentioned have about 300 acres under cultivation. Last season their crops were very disappointing, however, and they did not save much that was edible in their harvest. Big Bear had been prowling about this agency all through winter, and, like the rest of the Crees, struck up on the mountains, he had done little else than make trouble since he came north.

Still this was vague and satisfied no one. Indeed, Sir John Macdonald in the House on the night of the 22nd April was very positive in his remarks on this subject. He began to say, "It is said," that there is too much reason to believe that the rumours of the disaster of Fort Pitt is true, but they are not fully confirmed. They come from Battleford. They are vague in their nature, and, in consideration of what will be well, few considerations of the feelings of those who are interested in the various people who are there, to speak more specifically, because all the reports are rumours as yet. But they have come from various sources, and therefore we must believe they have been ascertained, but to what extent I am not able to form an opinion. The moment I receive further information it will be laid before the House."

On the following day a despatch from the Edmonton Post by a courier at Winnipeg from Battleford, under an account of the Fort Pitt disaster, it stated that Chief Factor McLean, with his

family, staff, and other whites, were prisoners. The following is given as the manner in which Chief Factor McLean came to be in the Indians' camp:—"When Big Bear took up his position before Fort Pitt, Chief Factor McLean went into his camp to persuade him, if possible, to abandon the idea of attacking the fort. McLean, like other H. B. Co. officers, had always been very influential with the Crees, and was evidently under the impression that, at least so far as he was concerned personally, he had nothing to fear. Instead of treating with him, however, Big Bear promptly made him his prisoner. The company he had with him wrote a letter to his friends inside the fort, advising the civilians to come to him in Big Bear's camp as prisoners, rather than be killed in the intended attack on the garrison. The police were also told to lay down their arms and leave, and on condition that they did this, they were promised that they would not be molested. The civilians followed the advice contained in McLean's letter, but Inspector Dickens gallantly determined on fighting to the end against enormous odds, rather than see the personal safety of himself and his men at the cost of surrender or an ignominious retreat. Soon after the settlers had given themselves up as prisoners, Little Poplar and Big Bear, heading about 100 of their followers, made an assault on the garrison. The fight was fast and furious while it lasted, and for a time it looked as though Inspector Dickens and his gallant little band of twenty would be overpowered, but the coolness and pluck of the garrison ultimately triumphed, and the Indians were driven off with a loss of four killed on the spot and several others wounded. On the side of the police, Constable Gowan, was killed and Constable Lombay wounded. The victory of Inspector Dickens and his handful of men gave time for a comparatively safe and thoroughly honourable retreat. The settlers had, of their own accord, abandoned such protection as they were able to afford them, and nothing remained for him but to save his force and keep his surplus ammunition and supplies from falling into the hands of the Crees. Hitting up a York boat, they provisioned it for the journey, and then destroying everything in the shape of arms, tools, and ammunition, which they could not take with them, they started down the river and, after a tedious journey, arrived at Battleford with anxious watching, exposure, and fatigue, but otherwise safe and well.

"I must now return to the advance of our troops.

THE ADVANCE.

A very few words will suffice to give the reader a clear conception of the plan of advance adopted by the Major-General commanding. He was left absolutely free to conduct the campaign as he thought best; and everything was submitted to his wish.

General Middleton thus mapped out the following mode of operations:—

First, he himself with the 90th Battalion, 304 men; "A" Company, Toronto School of Infantry, 40 men; Royal Grenadiers, 250 men; "B" Battalion, 200 men; Winnipeg Field Battery, 62 men; Capt. French's column, 25 men; Col. Boulton's volunteers, 60 men, and were to march from Fort Qu'Appelle north-westwards following the telegraph line past the Leech Touchwood Hills, the Big Horn and the Assiniboine Hills, through Humboldt, to meet the South Saskatchewan at Clark's Crossing. From thence we shall follow him in due course.

Second, Colonel Outer, with the Queen's Own Rifles, Ottawa Foot Guards, "A" Company, Winnipeg, and "B" Battery, were to proceed by rail to Swift Current, and then march as rapidly as possible due north across the South Saskatchewan, to the relief of Battleford.

Third, Major-General Strang, with the right wing of the 65th and Capt. Steele's Scouts, was to march from Calgary towards Edmonton; making forced marches through Lone Pines and Red River.

Fourth, the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Northcote was to be employed (not for the troops) to convey supplies, etc., and to co-operate with General Middleton's column.

Perhaps it will be material to a better understanding of the advance, to go back to the history of the marching of the expedition and taken into consideration the movements of the troops. It will be remembered that the various battalions started at very different dates, and that, while some were well on the way to the Touchwood Hills, others were only on the starting point from their headquarters. This will be brought more forcibly to our minds if we note the points at which the various corps have arrived on any one day. Let us take April the 8th—largely ten days from the first calling out of the troops. On this day, the 90th Battalion, the Leech Hills; the advance guard of the Queen's Own and C Infantry Company, with Col. Outer in command, were on their way to Qu'Appelle from Winnipeg; the rear guard of the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers had just arrived at Owen and the volunteers had just left for Qu'Appelle; the Ottawa sharpshooters also had caught the Grenadiers *en route* and arrived at Winnipeg with them; the York Rangers and the Foresters, under command of Mr. O'Brien, had marched to the mouth of the Lake Superior and were on the way to McKellar's Bay; Col. Williams's Milled Battalion, as having the first gap at Dog Lake, and pushing on with the least possible delay; the Body

Guards passed Mattawa early that morning, at the same time that the 7th Fusiliers, from London, Ont., left Peterborough; and the 7th Fusiliers had passed through Toronto on the preceding evening.

This is sufficient to give us a glimpse into some of the extreme difficulties attending the hurried transportation of troops from so many and widely separated localities, and to give us some idea of the state of the Canada Pacific Railway permitted.

We cannot afford, however, to dwell longer upon this aspect of the campaign, and must proceed to the main part of our subject.

First we will consider General Middleton's advance:

When the General's troops reached Touchwood, the entire force was consolidated for the march across the salt plains. The order of the march was as follows:—Scouts marching out about a mile each side of the road; a half company of advance guard, consisting of the main body of troops, baggage, one gun, rear guard; and during a halt a square was formed surrounded by the wagons, which may be called a zarba.

General Middleton's plans now were to make up all possible speed for Prince Albert via Clark's Crossing and Battleford. (Of the march to Clark's Crossing it is unnecessary to speak in detail. It was accomplished with the utmost despatch, the General hurrying forward with such troops as he had, and the rest doing their best to catch up to him. A regular start was put on for the last 35 miles.) On April 17th, General Middleton, with one gun of "A" Battery under Capt. Drury, forty men of "C" Company, Major Smith and Lieutenant Scott, and twenty scouts under Capt. French, started for this town, where it was to occur a ferry. The infantry men were carried in wagons. The march was made in eight hours, a distance of 36 miles by trail. The weather was very cold with snow during the forenoon. The wind was blowing a gale. The horses had no hay for 24 hours previous to the march, and some fell on the arrival. The men fared but little better, as through some blunder no rations were sent with them. Taking everything into consideration it was a remarkable march. The consider of the troops arrived before noon on the following day, and on the day after this (April 19), the 10th Royal Grenadiers having also entered the camp. Gen. Middleton issued the following to the men:—"The whole force having now joined, the Major-General commanding wishes to address a few words to them previous to advancing. In the first place he wishes to thank them all, from the senior officers down, and all other officials, for the cheerfulness with which they have borne the really hard work and terrible weather, for the splendid marching they have made under numerous difficulties, and for the good conduct. Regarding the enemy they are about to meet, nothing but the formation of the country can enable them to face a force like this; for we are better armed, better provisioned, and shoot as well, if not better, than they can. The only advantage they can possibly have over us is their natural instinct for taking cover, which they do admirably. In this respect we must watch them closely. The men must be civil and obedient to the order of their officers, and the Major-General commanding has no fears of the result. He need hardly add that to cruelty, none of the old idea of a quarter, can be thought of or tolerated, and the greatest care must be taken that no women or children, who may unfortunately chance to be in the vicinity, shall suffer any injury. Officers are strictly forbidden to molest any farms that may be passed, or take anything from them.

A short delay occurred at Clark's Crossing, but before long the whole force was set in motion towards Battleford. The order of march was as follows:—General Middleton advanced down the right bank with the following force: 90th Battalion (Winnipeg)... 304 "A" Battery... 120 "C" Company School of Infantry... 40 Armed teamsters... 61 Major Boulton's Scouts... 60

Total... 593 Colonel Montanbert and Lord Melgund marched down the left or west bank with the following:—

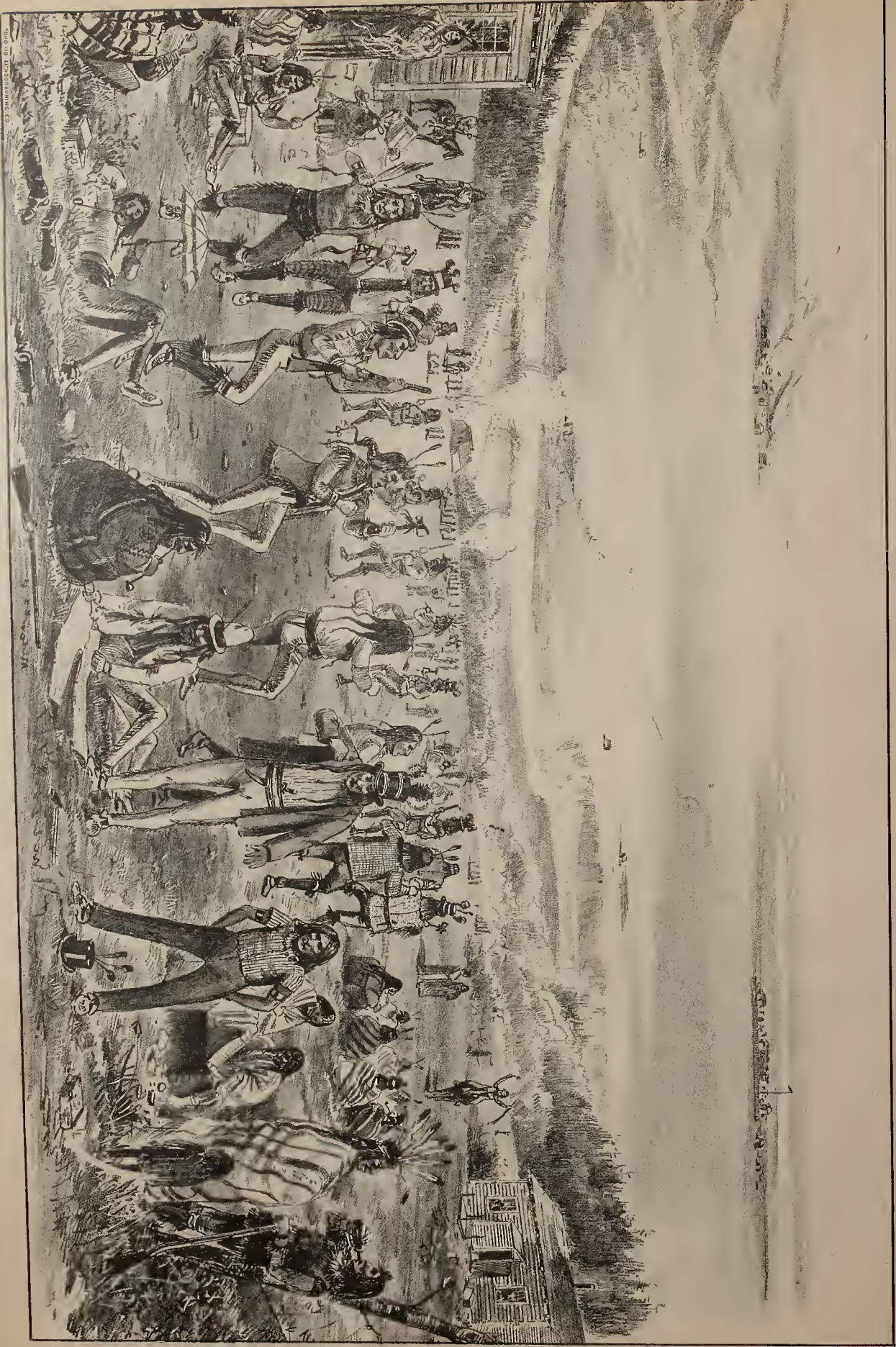
10th Royal Grenadiers... 250 Winnipeg Field Battery... 52 Capt. French's Scouts... 40 Teamsters... 80

Total... 422

Communication was kept up between the divisions. By sending his forces down both sides of the Saskatchewan advantageously, General Middleton made sure that no way should be left open for the rebels to escape him. He divided his forces about evenly, and doubtless considered that either division would be able to overcome Riel's force should they meet them. On both sides of the Saskatchewan and for a few miles inland, there are numerous bluffs and groves of high timber, sufficient not only to obstruct the view, but to constitute a moderately effective cover for a fair sized force.

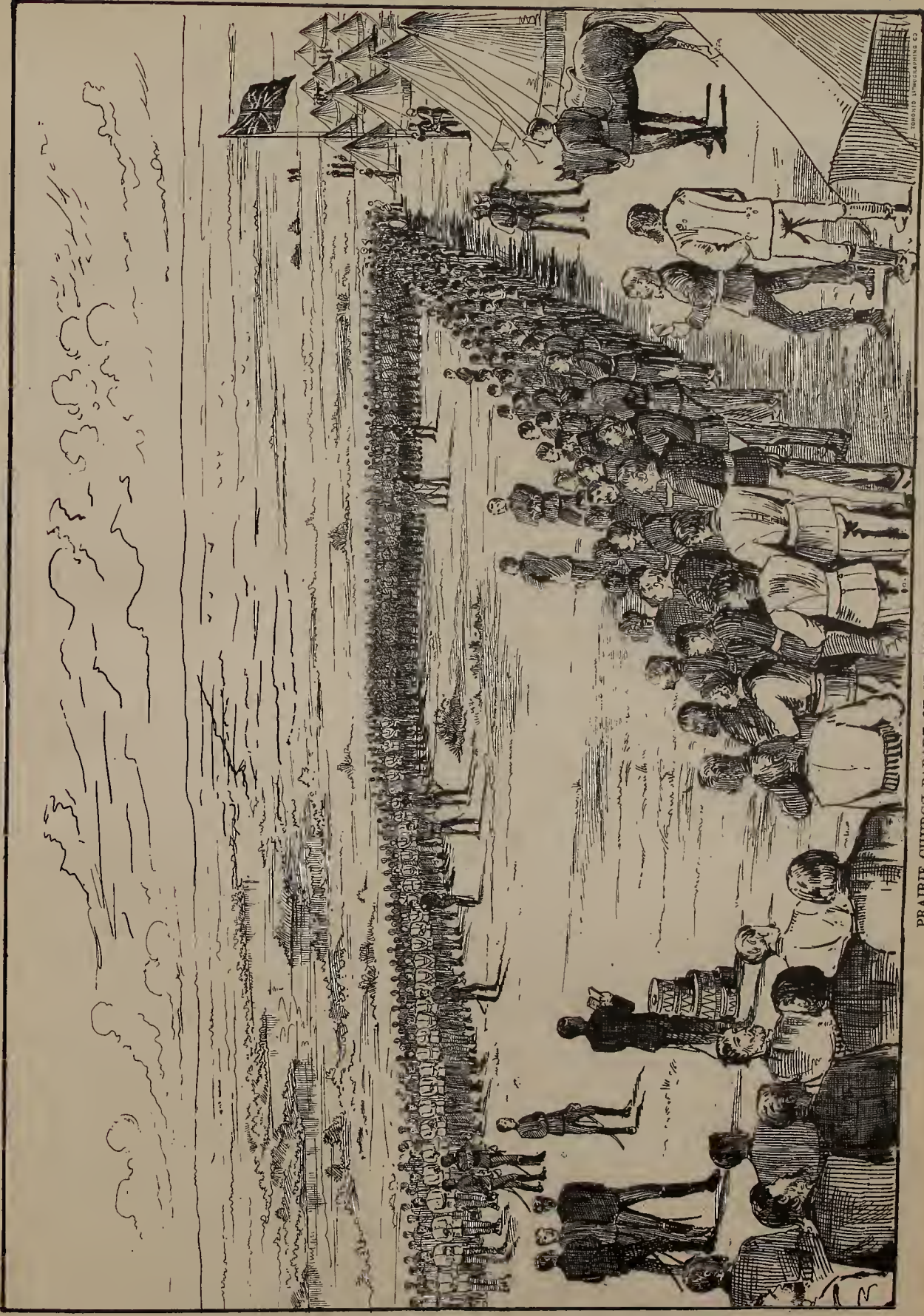
We now come to the BATTLE OF FISH CREEK.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of April 24th, while the General with his staff was riding well on with the march, the 10th Royal Grenadiers were acting as scouts, when about five miles



THE LOOTING OF THE OLD TOWN OF BATTLEFORD. (See page 16.)

WINDING UP PHOTOGRAPHING CO.



PEAIRIE CHURCH PARADE OF GENERAL MIDDLETON'S COMMAND.
(From a Sketch by Lieut. Irving, Royal Grenadiers.)

PHOTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

from McIntosh, where they had camped the night before, and on approaching the small bluffs covered with timber, about twenty or thirty of the enemy's scouts opened fire, killing several of the scouts' horses and wounding several of the men. Between these two bluffs, which are about five hundred yards apart, is level and open prairie that extends back about one hundred yards, across which there runs a deep ravine with timber in the bottom running back apparently for a mile. On the west side, about the centre, stand two log houses and a stack of lumber. After firing a volley from the two bluffs, the scouts got under cover, while the General turned around to Capt. Wise, his A.D.C., and told him to bring up the advance guard of the 90th, under Capt. Clarke. Two guns of "A" Battery then came up at a gallop under command of Capt. Peters, the guns being supported by the garrison division under Capt. Peters and Lieut. Rivers. After firing a couple of shrapnels, the half-breeds retired into the ravine. The remainder of the 90th were then sent up, Major Buchanan commanding the right battalion, and Major Bowdler commanding the left. "C" Company Toronto Infantry School being on the extreme right, had two or three hot skirmishes for possession of a knoll about five hundred yards in the ravine. Being ordered to retire from it, it was taken by the rebels, but the infantry drove them off. While this was going on at the right, in "A" Battery, Garrison Division, who were supporting their guns, and a company of the 90th under Capt. Forrest, made a dash across the opening and gained the top of the ravine. The remainder of the forces were gradually worked up, and kept closing on the rebels. In the meantime the artillery were being moved from point to point, so as to obtain the most advantageous position for shelling the ravine. They drove the rebels out of one of the houses, and the straw roofs set on fire. The rebels were seen to leave them seeking cover in the ravine. Just before ten o'clock, three companies of the Royal Grenadiers crossed the river and took up position on the left centre, at the brow of the hill overlooking the ravine. By this time the rebels had retreated to the middle, seeming to indicate that their ammunition was running out. The fire of the skirmishers who were deployed in the companies in the centre and left centre was very effective. About this time a house in the ravine was nearly demolished by a shell from No. 4 gun of "A" Battery. At 5:30 the rebels had nearly all disappeared, some being all left in sight. The rest retired eastward and thence northward toward Batoche Crossing. As far as could be seen the enemy lay all dead on the field, though twenty-five or thirty were shot and a dozen captured. The rebels seem to be composed of about an equal number of half-breeds and Indians, in all not more than two hundred. All were commanded by Dumont.

Thus far, in brief, is the story of the first so-called battle, which was not engaged in for the purpose of quelling the uprising. It was not an engagement of great magnitude, yet in its influence upon our men, and more especially in the losses they sustained, it was no trivial affair. There was almost a question afterwards whether we had in reality shown the rebels they were defeated. No charge was made, the ravine remained unexplored, a retrograde movement was made before camping for the night after the battle was over; and this retrograde movement, which resulted in a contingent yelling from the few rebels who yet remained, was the cause of conflict. The General himself, also, is said not to have attached much importance to the results of the skirmish, but it showed him what great reliance he could place in the troops under his command, and was no insignificant matter.

General Middleton's official report to the Minister of Militia, should be read:

"To the Hon. A. P. Caron:

"FROM FISH CREEK, 25 miles north of Clarke's Crossing, N.W.T.C., April 25.—I have had an affair with the rebels on the east bank of the river. My advanced guard was fired on from a bluff, but we managed to hold our own till the main body arrived, when I took measures to repel the attack, which was over about 2:30 p.m. We have captured a lot of their ponies, and have three or four, apparently Indians or half-breeds, in the corner of a bluff who have done a great deal of mischief, being evidently their best shots; and as I am unwilling that any more men in trying to take them, I have surrounded them with a rifle until they have expended their ammunition, to take them. Lord McInnis found me, as soon as he could, from the other side of the river with the 10th Royals and the Winnipeg half-battalion, but the day was over before the most part of the left column had crossed, so as to be of any utility to cross. I have ordered the rest of the day, and shall march to-morrow with the militia force on Batoche's. The troops behaved very well in this, their first affair. The killed and wounded are, I deeply regret to say, too numerous."

After giving the loss he continues: "I do not know what the loss of the enemy was, but I did not see it was pretty severe, though from their advance of position and mode of fighting, it might be less than ours. I shall proceed to-morrow after trying to hunt and scolding the wounded back to Clarke's Crossing. By noon on this side I lose the telegraphic line, but I shall keep up constant communication by Clarke's Crossing if possible. I regret very much that we would not have two A.D.C.'s. Captain Wise's horse was shot previously to his being wounded."

(Signed) FRED MIDDLETON,
Major-General commanding the North-West Field Force.

Our loss, as I have remarked, was severe. Taking the number of those actually engaged, and the number of those killed and wounded, we shall find the latter amount to nearly 15 per cent.—a very high proportion. But this is not to be wondered at, as the rebels were safely enabled to get into the rifle pits, which were several rows. Often nothing could be seen of them, and it was only possible to judge of their position by the smoke of their rifle fire. They took excellent advantage, also, of every bit of cover, and with this the ravine amply supplied them. Hence they were able to keep their coolness and accuracy while they themselves remained untouched. And the coolness and accuracy of their aim was remarkable. It needed but for one of our men to raise his head above the level of the cover to bring upon him a shower from all descriptions of weapons, from the Remington to the fowling piece.

It will not be out of place to record here the names of those who fell or were wounded on this the first brush with the enemy. They are as follows:

90th Battalion—A Company.—Private Hutchinson, killed; Private Ferguson, killed; Private Matthews, left arm broken; Capt. Fekker, shot in the arm and hand; C. Kemp, shot in the groin. B Company.—Private Wheeler, killed; Private Swan, slight wound in arm; Private Jarvis, two slight wounds; Private Lavel, wound in the shoulders; Private Johnson, slightly wounded. C Company.—Lieut. Swain, shot in the chest, and rather sufficient for breast; Private Code, wound in leg; Private Chambers, slight wound in neck; Private Connif, wound in arm. D Company.—Private Egan, killed; Corp. Bowden, slightly wounded. F Company.—Capt. Clarke, killed; Private Johnson, shot in the chest; Private A. Blackwood, slightly wounded in thigh.

A Battery—Garrison Division.—Gunner Heary Demannally, killed; Gunner Cook, killed; Gunner Morrison, badly wounded; Gunner Arnsworth, badly wounded; Sergt. McInnis, right arm broken. Gunner Aslin, wounded; Gunner Irvine, arm fractured; Gunner Woodman, wounded in shoulder; Gunner Langrell, wounded in arm; Gunner Onillet, wounded in shoulder; Gunner Harrison, killed; Gunner McGrath, wounded in the shoulder. Mounted Division.—Driver Turner, wounded in chest; Driver Wilson, right arm broken; Driver Harrison, flesh wound in neck.

C Company Infantry School.—Col. Sergt. Cunningham, flesh wound in leg; Private R. Jones, arm fractured; Private H. Jones, shot through the jaw; Private Harris, arm fractured; Private E. McDonald, flesh wound in arm; Private R. H. Dunn, had wound in arm and hand, shot twice; Private Watson, killed.

Major Bolton's Horse.—Capt. Gardner, two slight wounds; Trooper James Longford, two slight wounds; Trooper Perry, arm fractured; Trooper King, two wounds in leg; Trooper D'Arcy Baker, very serious wound in chest; Trooper Bruce, very serious wound in lung; Sergt. Stewart, slight wound in the ear and hand.

Capt. Wise, A.D.C., had two horses shot under him and received a slight wound below the ankle. Capt. Doucet, A.D.C., received a flesh wound in the arm below the elbow.

Let us pass now to Colonel Otter's march to Batoche. It was a noteworthy one, and deserves a somewhat detailed description.

Colonel Otter's division, as will be remembered, was to be the line of railway at Swift Current, and proceed northward to the South Saskatchewan crossing, with all possible speed to the relief of Batoche. Swift Current was left on April 13th, and ten days from that date exactly the people of Batoche welcomed their rescuer.

As far as the Crossing "C" Company formed the advance, thrown out in skirmishing order. They followed the Gatling guns under Major Short, and "B" Battery. A line of teams was allowed by the Post Guards and the Queen's Own brought up the rear. After the Crossing, the march was made in close column, very much as the Mounted Police formed the scouting party. The troops presented a capital appearance, all the officers on foot; the men carrying blankets and rubber coverings, their packs being forwarded by the teams.

The expectations were to cover 40 miles a day, but this was found to be impossible. Three days were lost at the Crossing on account of the high water.

As the route to be traversed between the Crossing and Batoche was a very slightly rolling prairie, C.P.R., and Batoche, is about 200 miles. The march to the Saskatchewan is about 30 miles. The country between the railway and the river is mainly upland prairie, affording a smooth, dry setting. Once across the river there are no bottom lands to cross. But the ascent of the north bank begins at once. Not only a short march of six or seven miles over upland prairie which brings the column to the trail leads up a big gradual ascent made over undulating prairie. This comes very suddenly, but slight descent into a valley, with a smooth level bottom about a mile wide, which covered with a rich loamy soil. On the farther side of the valley, a low ridge of rolling prairie, or what appears to have been a ridge, runs up the plain like a large wall, and up this ridge the trail winds through a rugged, rock-bordered, sun-worn tortuous pass. Above this ridge, the country changes as the march leads still northward over slightly rolling prairie for some twenty miles, after which high rolling hills are entered. Here the soil is dry and gravelly, and alkali lakes are numerous. There are also pools and lakes of sweet water. Though the trail through these hills is

always firm and dry, it is very tortuous, while some of the hills rise well toward the dignity of the mountains. This rough (almost mountainous) country continues for about twenty miles, and then the trail leads out into a smoother, though still undulating tract. After traversing about fifteen miles of this last mentioned class of country, a large coulee is reached, which contains an abundant supply of sweet water of an excellent quality. A little farther on, Eagle Hills Creek, which is about eighty-five miles from the South Saskatchewan, is reached. A low and rather steep hill leads down into the valley of this creek from the south, and a strip of flat-bottom land, a mile in width, intervenes between the foot of the hill and the edge of the creek. The creek itself is swift, deep, and narrow at this point. About five miles farther a river sufficient for fuel is reached, and from this spot until Eagle Hills are reached, the trail lies through clean, open prairie.

Through this varied region the column pressed on with zeal. Batoche was reached on April 23rd. This march has been highly praised. Mr. Edgar addressed the House thus on April 23rd:—"While the whole country has been intensely interested in all the news from the troops under Gen. Middleton, all Canadians have been filled with admiration at the extraordinary and brilliant march which has been made by Col. Otter's column from the Saskatchewan to Batoche. Everyone is interested in knowing how the troops have stood the journey. I believe there is direct telegraphic communication with Batoche. No doubt the Government have informed themselves to the highest of the march. It is difficult to hear from the Minister of Militia what the report is." To this Mr. Caron replied:—"It gives me very great pleasure indeed, in answering the question of the hon. gentleman, to state that he has qualified the march of Col. Otter's column to the highest of his quality. As is considered by those who are authority on such matters, and I don't presume to express my own opinion alone, as a march deserving the highest eulogium that could be given a feat of that kind. We know that Col. Otter is one of the best officers who have in the force in the Canadian militia service, and the opportunity has been given him to show his great value he has not been given wanting. (Cheers.) I am happy to state, from a telegram which I have received from Batoche, that the troops are in the very best possible health and spirits. It is really a wonderful march—in a manner none could have expected from them."

It was well that Colonel Otter and his men had hurried. Sad things had been done at Batoche. The Indians, after killing Payne, had started a riot, and at last they had stopped at Barney Tremont's, about a mile from Batoche; and that they had proceeded to take away his horses and cattle, and on his resisting, had killed him in his own house, and then helped themselves to all they wanted. Mr. Tremont is an unmarried man, and he had been very friendly to the troops, many of whom had worked for him from time to time. It was further learned that, on the same Monday morning before the party left the reserve, some of the Stoney had gone to the Grand or Red Pheasant reserve to tell them that the Indians, as they were called, had come down, and that the brother of the chief had gone with them. Barney Tremont had been killed between 3 and 4 p.m.; Batoche itself had been pillaged. The Indians had taken everything they fancied, and what they could not carry off they had broken up. Even carpets they tore into shreds and threw on the streets. On returning home, the brother of the Cree chief informed Applegarth that it would be best for him to take his wife and herself to the Cree current for safety. He said he would do his best to move them, but he was afraid he would not be able to resist the other party, and so he had accordingly at once commenced to pack up a few things, although it was 3 a.m., and while he was doing so the Indians helped themselves to whatever they wanted. They even searched his pockets for money, and took his revolver from him; and also stripped him of his overcoat. Every horse and store on the south side of the Battle River was ransacked, and all the goods not carried off were destroyed. All persons other than those occupying sections north of the north side are homeless, and many destitute.

The Winnipeg *Nova* gives a graphic description of the escape of Geo. E. Applegarth from the Batoche Indians:—"I am instructor to Red Pheasant band. On the night of Monday, March 30th, he was making up his things for the intention of going to Batoche next day. The Indians of his reserve had professed great friendliness for the whites. Like all Indians, they say that some trouble had arisen they might fight, but they would fight on the side of the whites. Applegarth went to bed about a late night. At 3 o'clock in the morning he heard a tapping at the door. Getting up he went to see what was the matter, when an Indian quickly entered and closed the door behind him. He told Applegarth that he had been rising, and some of the bucks who had been at Batoche were after him. Almost while he spoke the door burst open and eighteen red-birds entered. Applegarth thought his time had come, but luckily this was not the case. They were eighteen in number, six bucks and twelve squaws, and the friendly Indians whispered that their mission was to rescue his wife and his relatives, a little girl about twelve years old, and a little girl, Cunningham, and told them to dress. He himself slipped out behind, and hitched up his

team, while the friendly Indian engaged the attention of the visitors. Like a true woman, the only article of apparel which Mrs. Applegarth took with her as the team drove off, besides the clothes which she wore, was her wedding dress.

About half past three in the morning the party of four set out on their race for life to Swift Current, 200 miles distant. They had got five miles away when the whiffletree broke. Applegarth had to walk two miles back to get a rail to make a new one out of. Then they flew on again, plugging and galloping through snow three feet deep, with the moonlight streaming overhead.

At dawn they saw six Indians in the distance. They had now struck the trail, which they left again to strike into the coulees and elude their pursuers. They drove all day, and towards nightfall caught sight of the Indians again. This time they thought it was all up with them. The Indians were certainly following them, and were possibly waiting till nightfall to kill them. All Applegarth could do was to tell his wife he had a plan, and he took another rail, but kept up their courage was that they had no arms with them. Before leaving the house, Applegarth had been searched by the squaws, and his arms and money taken from him. The only defence the party had against their pursuers was a knife.

At 4 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, they rested for a couple of hours. The horses were nearly exhausted. But a little before morning they were put together again and driven on. When daylight came there were no Indians in sight. They drove on all Wednesday, and at night they took another rest. Applegarth never closed his eyes on it. Sometime after midnight they went on, and the forenoon of Thursday they came up with Judge Kowless, who had left Batoche the previous Sunday with his wife and child, Mrs. Kowless, and a little girl, and a red man, the two Parkers of Batoche. The party named Parker—eight in all. This brought up the party to twelve persons. When the judge left Batoche there was no trouble, although trouble was apprehended. Applegarth's report carried out, and the judge took another rest. Thirty miles from Batoche they were overtaken by Constable Storer and Mr. Storer had left Batoche on Saturday, and was the bearer of despatches to Col. Herchmer. The Batoche garrison believed Herchmer was within a day's march of Batoche. Storer had a horse intended to go out and meet him and tell him of the events that had transpired. On his way he met Smart, who was coming in with goods, and the two journeyed south together. They arrived at Swift Current on Monday morning, and the majority of the party went on Tuesday.

In many respects the march of the Indians who were bent on killing Applegarth were those whose rations had been stopped by him until they consented to work.

This ended a flight which undoubtedly is one of the most remarkable in the north country now, and which illustrates the misapprehension of the settlers throughout all the affected region.

Here we will, for the present, leave Batoche and Colonel Otter's march to that town, and notice what steps Major-General Strange is taking for the relief of Edmonton.

Col. Strange's force consisted of—
20 Mounted Police.
Four companies Simcoe Battalion.
Five companies Winnipeg Light Infantry.
50 Alberta Mounted Rifles.

The main route to Batoche was through rolling prairie, free from any high hills, with a few rose bushes, or shrubs of any kind, and prairie grass abounding in the uplands, with peat and other lowland grasses in the bottoms.

The chief lowland points are: Sarvisberry Creek, some fifty or fifty-five miles from Calgary. This is a very large one, and the crossing is easily effected. It is a large valley or coulee some seventy-five or one hundred feet lower than the level of the uplands, and the approaches from both north and south are comparatively easy.

Salt Lake, is an alkaline lake of considerable size, not more than five miles from Red Deer River, though some fifteen miles from the spot where the Calgary and Edmonton trail crosses that stream. In travelling from Sarvisberry Creek to Salt Lake, the first half of the journey is through open prairie, free from bush, but with a few trees, Lone Pine marks, about half the distance between these two camps, and also indicates the dividing line between the open prairie and the wooded regions of the north. The country beyond the ridge of timber being the more wooded, bluffs and excavation. At the crossing of the Red Deer River the banks of the stream are well wooded. After crossing the Red Deer, the trail leads through rolling, low-lying hills that are well timbered, the soil being of a heavy, grey well and poplar, with occasional small clumps of spruce. Ten miles from the crossing of the Red Deer, Blind Man's River is crossed, a deep, narrow stream. Beyond Blind Man's River the country gradually reveals a rather side of bluffs of small timber, and a rather side of the trail for some fifteen miles. Fifteen miles further on the Indian village at Bear Hills is reached. This is decidedly a dismal-looking place, the surrounding country is low and wet, the elevation above the surrounding country is very slight, the timber, though small, is thick, and a great deal of forest, bluffs and swamps can be found sufficient to furnish hiding places for thousands of men. At the same season of the year, the travelling between Blind Man's River and the Indian



THE LATE CAPT. FRENCH PREVAILING ON THREE OF WHITE CAPS WARRIORS TO SURRENDER (See page 21)



HOW HER MAJESTY'S MAIIS WERE CONVEYED FROM TOUCHWOOD TO CLARKE'S CROSSING.



CAPTURE OF WHITE CAP AND HIS BAND BY THE GOVENOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD

Office of The Grip Printing and Publishing Company,

TORONTO, JUNE 15TH, 1885.

We have pleasure in presenting to the public the first of two **Souvenir Numbers** of *The Canadian Pictorial and Illustrated War News*. These will form a complete letter-press and illustrated history of the late North-West Rebellion.

Each part consists of 24 pages, composed of twelve pages of illustrations and ten of reading matter, and in addition, a very fine colored supplement. The ten pages of reading matter contain the equivalent of about 140 pages of an ordinary book, while the pages of illustrations are, in themselves, a complete history of the principal events and persons concerned in the rebellion.

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WILL BE ISSUED ON OR ABOUT AUGUST 1ST,

And will contain the continuation and completion of the History of the Rebellion, and the full compliment of fine illustrations. The illustrations will represent the principal events from the Battle of Fish Creek, and will include the Battles of Cut Knife Creek and Batoche.

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THE GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.,

PUBLISHERS.



JOHN PRITCHARD GUARDING THE CAPTIVE LADIES, MRS. GOWANLOCK AND MRS. DELANY. [See page 39.]



THE QUEEN'S OWN AT CUT KNIFE CREEK. [See page 39.]

(1) PTE. (NOW CHAPLAIN) G. E. LLOYD COVERING PTE. E. C. ACHESON'S ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF THE LATE PTE. DOBBS, BATTLEFORD VOLUNTEER RIFLES. (2) PORTRAIT OF THE REV. G. E. LLOYD, CHAPLAIN TO THE 2ND BATTALION, QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANTON.

The Canadian Pictorial & Illustrated War News.

PART II.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH AUGUST, 1885.

RETROSPECT.

At the end of Part I. of this History, it will be remembered we had left Colonel Otter marching towards Battleford, General Strange nearing Edmonton, General Middleton waiting at Fish Creek, and had followed the *Northcote* through the greater part of her journey from Medicine Hat, towards the General's headquarters. We will here pick up the thread of the narrative by following the fortunes of

COL. OTTER'S COLUMN.

The trail distances from Swift Current to Battleford are as follows:—

Swift Current.....	0.0
Marshy Lake.....	10.8
Marsh.....	21.9
Small creek in Saskatchewan valley.....	31.3
Another small creek.....	31.5
Saskatchewan river, south bank.....	32.3
Saskatchewan river, north bank.....	32.5
Top of hill, north side.....	34.3
First water from river.....	39.7
Crossed old trail.....	50.2
Cross valley of Devil's Lake (no water).....	58.3
Large swamp (first water).....	66.8
Small creek.....	109.9
Another small creek.....	110.1
Crossed old trail.....	112.5
Magle Hill creek.....	112.8
Beginning of bluffs.....	139.3
End of bluffs.....	142.8
Valley of alkaline lakes.....	159.1
Remains of woods on Eagle Hills.....	185.4
Battleford.....	200.0

The march was magnificently accomplished. On the evening of the 23rd of April, Colonel Herchmer arrived within three miles of the fort, driving before him the besieging Indians as he approached. On the following morning, early, he rode into Battleford, and was followed on the day after by Colonel Otter, with two guns, the Queen's Own Rifles, B. Battery, one Gatling gun, and part of C Company of the Infantry School. They took with them 199 teams, rations for twenty-five days, and forage for twenty days.

The inhabitants naturally hailed the arrival of the troops with unbounded joy. Battleford through a partially settled country, for that there is no settlement. For the same distance the country is rough and full of bluffs. The reserve itself is situated in one of the most fertile spots in the country and in a very picturesque location. The reserve is five or six miles square and contains many bluffs and rising hills. It is well timbered with large poplars. The trail runs through the northern part and villages are scattered through it. There would be from thirty to sixty houses and fully one hundred houses. Poundmaker had about three hundred fighting men alone, not to mention the forces of Red Pheasant, Strike-in-the-Back, Mosquito, Lucky-man, and Little Pie in the same locality. Their combined strength would easily reach 600 or 700 men. They are armed with every conceivable style of weapon, from the war club and bowie knife to the rifle. The probability is that they occupied every vantage point in the bluffs and fought in Indian style. Nearly all the looted stock and plunder from Battleford was stored on Poundmaker's reserve.

Colonel Otter's force consisted of the following, of whom he left about 400 to garrison Battleford.

Mounted Police, 80, commanded by Colonel Herchmer; 35th Battalion, Colonel Tyrwhitt, 2 companies 80; Ottawa Sharpshooters, 40; one half of Winnipeg Field Battery, 50; Queen's Own, Toronto, 260; one half of Toronto Infantry School, 40; "B" Battery, Kingston, 130; Local Company, 40. Total force, 710 men.

Hearing that Poundmaker was holding high carnival with the plunder from settlers and storekeepers at and around a forked trail west

of Battleford, the Colonel proceeded to surprise the camp and punish the Indians, in the full expectation of cutting up and dispersing the whole band. The troops were in high spirits, in the full belief that they were to have a walk over, as it was not believed that Poundmaker had upwards of 130 warriors, badly armed. The flying column, with less than two days' rations, proceeded about nineteen miles before touching the enemy. The firing of the redskins issued first as if from detached and distributed knots from behind scrub and knolls at considerable distances. These tactics rather disconcerted the troops during the first hour of the fight, but the Indians finally concentrated and took the defensive.

The behaviour of the volunteers after the engagement became general, was cool and intrepid, and this although they felt the overwhelming disadvantage of being exposed to a concealed enemy. About four hours after the engagement opened, a flag was suddenly raised in rear of a point near the centre of the rebel position. At first it was supposed to be a flag of truce, but the later impression is that it was a faint to create the impression that the prisoners were there endangering Poundmaker had with him about a hundred of his own warriors strengthened by strong forces from "Sweet Grass," "Thunder Child's" and "Mooseman's" reserves, although some of these have been professing loyalty to the Dominion. It is said that fully expected the Battleford relief column to attack Poundmaker, being promised large tracts in Saskatchewan in case of victory.

Unknown to Colonel Otter the Indians had prepared for them a sort of ambushade. Unfortunately, also, owing to the early hour at which the troops arrived on what was to be the scene of conflict, the scouts which preceded the main body were unable to detect this manoeuvre of the enemy's. Indeed, the first intimation which the flying force received of the presence of the enemy was the appearance of the scouts galloping back towards the column. The first volley was delivered by the police, who, on reaching the summit of the hill, in skirmishing order, lay prone and fired at the foe. They were supported by B Battery and the Gatling gun, which reached the summit about the same time, as also did the Garrison division. The Indians meanwhile appeared in large numbers, and, undaunted by our heavy fire, separated the instant till scarce a hundred feet from the combatants. This was the first occasion upon which Colonel Otter's division had been brought face to face with the enemy and the recklessness of the latter was more than surprising. As the rebels still continued to advance, Major Short, in command of B Battery and C Company of the Mounted Police, and C Company, and Queen's Own promptly responded, and, with a cheer advanced at the front to their opponents. The effect was instantaneous. The conflict for a few moments was actually hand to hand, but in an incredibly short time the Indians finding the onslaught irresistible, turned their backs and made for the *coulee*, hotly pursued by a small body of our men; the remainder returned to the top of the ridge to protect our position; the Indian retreat being covered by such of them as lay under cover. This in reality was the crisis of the fight, but throughout the day the troops were occupied in keeping up a harassing fire upon the enemy. Both sides took advantage as far as possible of the cover which the locality afforded. And of this there was abundance, our position was little more than 400 yards in extent, and abundantly surrounded with scrub. In attacking line, if it may be so described, was of great length. Throughout the day they indulged in a variety of manoeuvres, moving from place to place as opportunity afforded to the extent, their movements, from the eminence on which he had taken up his position.

During the first hour the battle raged hottest in front. Dummies were constantly exposed by the Indians to draw our fire, after which they would pour in a volley, and utter wild shouts of derision, at the same time charging in force on our advanced lines. Lieutenant Pelletier, of Quebec, while repulsing one of these charges from the top of the left flank, fell. During the fight the ambulance corps were everywhere, members constantly attracting and wounded, the Scout Ross, with C Company, portion of the Battleford men and the Queen's Own, succeeded in alarming the *coulee* on the right after four hours' hard work. The left flank, except at the top, was then occupied by the remaining wings of the Battleford volunteers, the Queen's Own

and the Guard's sharpshooters. During the fight, the Indian boys who were too young to handle a gun, used arrows.

At length the guns, which had done admirable service, were found to be somewhat disabled. They had fired an enormous number of rounds, and with this important part of the force useless, it was considered that a further renewal of fighting at close quarters would be rash. At a quarter to one, therefore, the order to withdraw was given. The dead and wounded were secured, and the troops crossed the creek and set their faces towards Battleford, being protected in the rear by skirmishers in alternate lines, slowly retreating and keeping the enemy at a distance by constant firing. The enemy harassed the retreat as much as lay in their power, but by means of the Gatling gun and the seven-pounder they were driven off, the column meanwhile retiring in an orderly manner towards Battleford without further incident. The news of this battle created everywhere intense excitement. The interruption of telegraphic communication with Battleford, and the difficulty experienced in receiving despatches giving details of the fight, only added to the uneasy feeling which on all sides was excited. The Indians, it was known, fought with the utmost coolness and intrepidity and it was feared that the list of killed and wounded which was first received would, ere long, be indefinitely augmented. Fortunately, however, the loss on our side, though not trivial, was far from being as great as might have been expected and as was feared. Appended is a full list of killed and wounded:—

KILLED.—North-West Mounted Police—Corporal Laurie, Corporal Sleight, Bugler Burke, *Guard's Sharpshooters*—Private Osgood, Private Rogers. **C Company, Infantry School, Toronto**—Private Dobbs, Bugler Faulkner. **Levent's Mounted Police**—Sergeant McLeod, *B Battery, Kingston*—Lieut. Pelletier, Sergeant Gaffney, Corporal Morton, Gunner Reynolds. **C Company, Infantry**—Sergeant Major Jackson, *Guard's Sharpshooters*—Colonel Sergeant Winter, Private McQuillen. **Battleford Volunteers**—Mr. Gilbert, *Queen's Own Rifles*—Sergeant Cooper, Private Nary, Private Watts, Private G. E. Lloyd.

Arthur Dobbs, of the Battleford Rifles, who was killed, was about forty-four years of age. He came from Prince Albert last year, and had been employed as a cook in the Industrial School.

He originally came from England. He was Corporal Sleight, mounted policeman, was one of the men who escaped from Fort Pitt. He was about twenty-seven years of age. Bugler Burke was formerly a member of the British army and served in India. He married a half-breed and has a family. He had been living at Battleford five or six years. He was about forty-five years of age, and a fine soldier-looking man.

Private Geo. E. Lloyd, of the Queen's Own, was a divinely student at Wycliffe College. He came from Brighton, Eng., about three years ago, being a native of that place. He was a school teacher there and a lieutenant in the 10th Middlesex volunteers. He got appointed attached to the Queen's Own, and was himself chaplain while the corps was on service. He has married since his return.

Private Charles Valey, of the Queen's Own, also wounded, was an ex-member of the corps, and went as a substitute for a friend. When absent, he went on duty, and when he returned, he acted as surveyor's assistant in the North-West.

The above is a mere epitome of the skirmish at Cut Knife Creek. Appended is a detailed description by a correspondent of a Toronto daily.

"It was past three o'clock on Friday afternoon when the long column of teams, fully in number, with the Mounted Police and Scouts under Col. Herchmer and Capt. Neale in the van, moved out of the camp on the south side of the *Little River* in the direction of Poundmaker's. Following the police came the artillery with Major Short, Captains Parley and Rutherford, and Lieutenants Pelletier and Prower. After them came in succession "C" Company Infantry, Cassel, under Lieut. Wadmore and the expedition; Ottawa Foot Guards, under Lieut. Gray; No. 1 Company, Queen's Own, under Capt. Brown, Capt. Hughes, and Lieut. Cook; ammunition teams, forage and provision teams, and the Battleford Rifles, under Capt. Nash and Lieut. Marigold and Baker, bringing up the rear.

"As the column moved out the men who had been left behind gave a parting cheer, and in

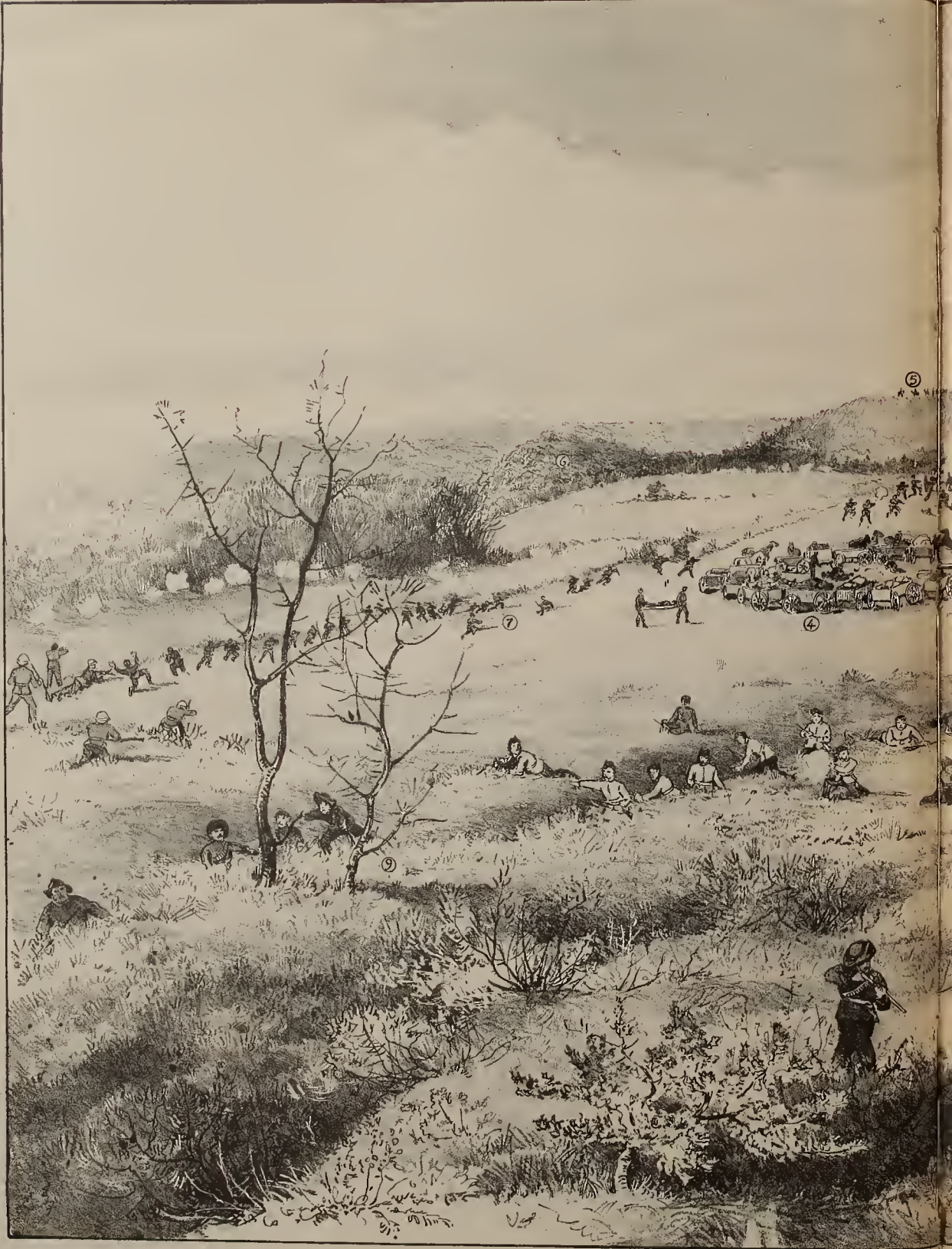
few minutes the intervening woods slant out the sight of the camp ground. Rain was drizzling, but the sky soon cleared. The trail ran covered an uneven country, with high hills covered densely with poplar and underbrush on the left and the river on the right in a north-westerly direction. It was just such a tract as the Indian delights most to fight in. Coulees or ravines were crossed in endless succession, and the poplar and underbrush that grew thickly up to the trail in many places was impenetrable for any considerable distance with the eye, and in it might lurk a thousand redskins within fifty yards of us without being seen, despite all the care and sharpness of the scouts, who scoured the country, wherever it was possible, for half a mile on either side. The distance to Poundmaker's was thirty-five miles, and by seven o'clock we had made half the journey, and halted to await the rising of the moon. The teams were corralled in an open piece of ground surrounded with underbrush at a distance of probably 300 yards on all sides. Fires were lit, and the men got twenty-four hours' rations of canned corn, beef, hard-sack and tea. About the fires they walked away all the time till eleven o'clock, chatting about the chances of surprising the Indians in the morning. They were all unquestionably eager for a brush with them, a fact which was plainly evidenced by the impatience with which they set upon the foe in the morning when the engagement began.

"The clouds had cleared almost entirely from the sky when the moon began to peep over the horizon. But it had grown chilly and the fires were kept blazing brightly for the warmth they gave. At half-past seven the teams were all harnessed and shortly afterwards struck out in a long column, winding at a quick walk over the trail to Poundmaker's. The men made themselves as comfortable as possible in the wagons, but the rugged nature of the trail made any attempt at sleep futile. The scouts still kept well to their work, for the moon, still beginning to wane in a clear sky, rendered it almost as bright as day. A large number of the men, in order to keep themselves warm, walked along the wagons during the night. The trail was running through a more open country, at intervals there being some long stretches of flat, grass-covered land with only here and there a clump of red willow. The glow in the east was observable long before the sun, and at length it rose redly, and just as it tipped the horizon we came upon the hollow where the Indians had been encamped, according to the reports of our scouts, three days previously. The place gave every indication of having been very recently vacated, and it was thought by many that, learning of our approach, they had "skinned out" (to use a familiar expression here) that portion of the country. There was strong disappointment expressed, for the boys were spoiling for a fight.

"The column advanced through this hollow, and the trail then led them through a deep gully, several hundred yards wide, densely wooded with poplar and willow underbrush, through which the Cut Knife Creek wound its tortuous course. The Creek is probably eight or ten yards wide, two and a half feet deep, with a swift current. Into this gully the column passed with hesitation. We knew we were in the heart of the enemy's stronghold, and might expect to come in view of them at any moment. That was just what we wanted. There was not long to wait. Immediately that we got into the gully we could see in the left, on the slope of one of the high-rolling hills that led up from the gully, two or three dozen head of cattle calmly grazing. The Indians were known to have driven away some hundreds of them from the settlers, and it was even thought that in the haste of their flight they had left those we saw behind. The column as it went through the winding path in the gully was somewhat straggling.

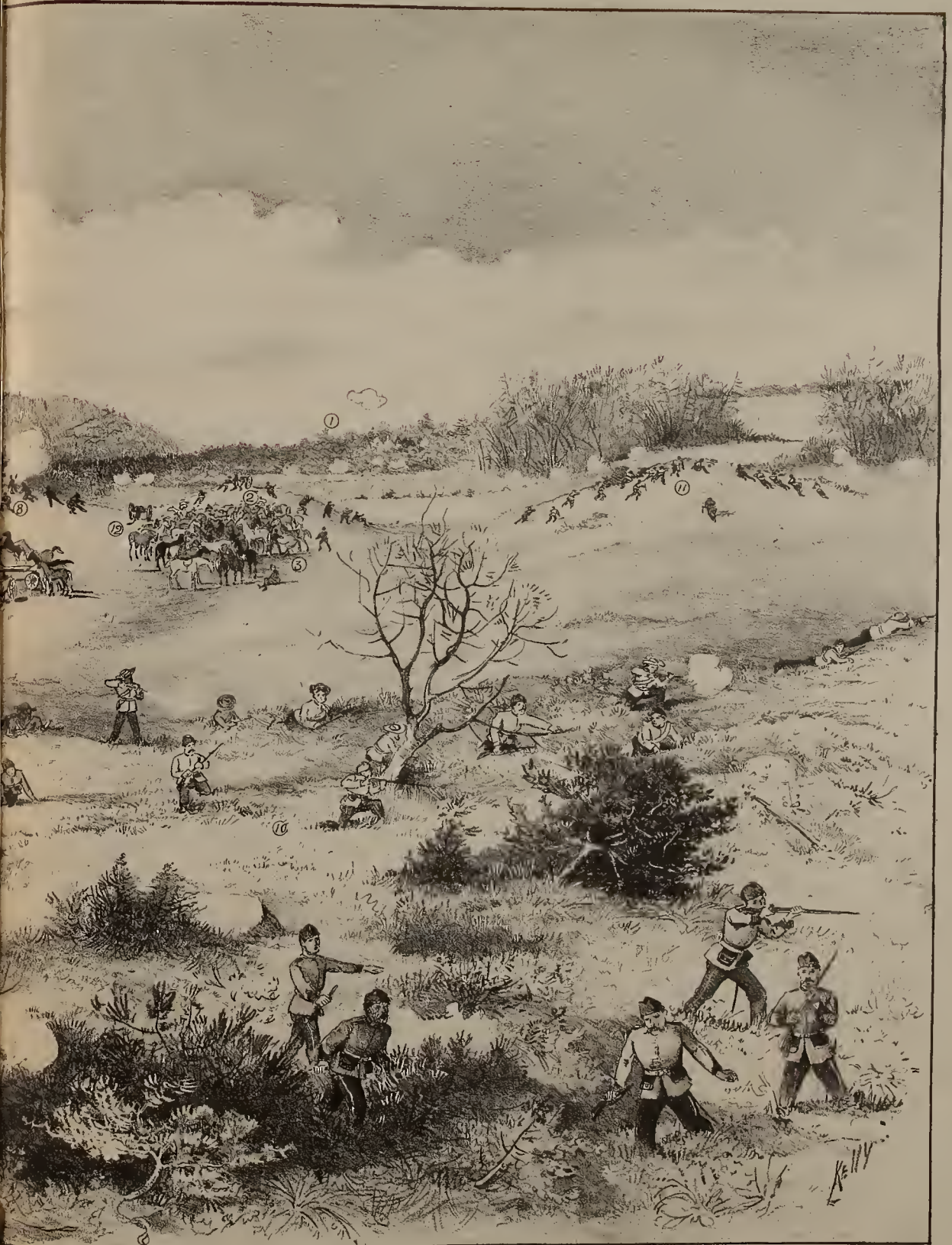
"The scouts went along considerably in advance up a long, but not precipitous incline, which carried the trail to the head of the Cut Knife Hill, on the opposite side. While passing through the gully, a glimpse could be got on the summit of a high hill, removed a considerable distance to the left. There was now no doubt about the presence of the Indians, and the word went along the column, "There they are."

"One or two mounted Indians also now could be seen on the top of a hill to the left. The creek which had crossed is called by the Indians Cut Knife Creek, and the hill upon which we made our stand, Cut Knife Hill, in commemoration of the defeat by the Crees of



THE BATTLE OF CUT K

(From a sketch by Lieut. R. Lyndhurst Wadmore.)



TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

KNIFE CREEK. [See page 25 and 39.]

re, "C" Company, Infantry School Corps.)

post was this. The whole camp trusted these night watchers, and well did they perform their duty.

It is difficult for us, dwelling quietly within our own safe protecting four walls, to picture to ourselves that little band of men clustered together on that lonely prairie, a thousand miles from home; above them the open, unprotected sky, round them a vast and desolate earth, and beyond that a host of treacherous savages. Truly depressing surroundings. And worst of all, these savages could not be got at. All day they lay in their pits, or sneaked from shelter to shelter, firing upon our bravo men; and yet, beyond returning their fire, nothing could be done.

All this the General saw, and determined to put an end to. More than once his officers had begged leave to be allowed to lead their men into a hand-to-hand combat with the enemy, and now he acceded to their request. Inaction shall cease. A charge shall be made.

On the Monday, therefore, a reconnaissance in force was made towards the right of our line, and here it was determined, on the following day to make a feigned attack, in order that the enemy's attention might be diverted from the main body of our troops. Everything then was ready. The ground was known, the enemy's position, the lay of the rifle-pits, their strong and weak points, the key to the position—all had been thought of, and nothing remained but to take Batoche at the point of the bayonet.

Tuesday came—breakfast was later to-day. Something was about to happen. The men snarled, and anxiously they awaited orders. About nine o'clock the General left the camp, taking with him the Intelligence Corps, under Captain Dennis, a gun from "A" Battery, and the Gatling. He proceeded along the open plain to the extreme right of our line, and facing the left wing of the enemy. His intentions were to engage the enemy hotly, diverting their attention, and prepare the way for Col. Van Straubenzie to attack in force straight before him. The troops were drawn up. In front the Grenadiers, the next the 90th Rifles in reserve. All were on the *qui vive*. Unfortunately, however, the wind blew from the left, and scarce anything could be heard of the General's projected intent. Hence, nothing was done, and shortly before dinner time back came the General. Matters were explained, and after consultation it was determined that, at all events, something decisive should be done that afternoon. So the men were not to be disappointed after all. With glees for once they partook of their regular hard tack, corned beef, and coffee, and then going to the camp, "what work before them? The fun of the whole campaign was at hand. They were to have it out with the rebels.

Within an hour of the return of the General came a welcome order. The troops were to advance silently as far as practicable, without making a sound, to the shelter. On the left defending the rising bank of the Saskatchewan were the two half companies of the Midland Battalion under Col. Williams. Touching their right came Capt. Harstone, with his Company of the 10th. Next to these, in two files, the rest of the Grenadiers. Beyond that, Boulton's Scouts, French's Scouts, and Dennis's Scouts. A long line and a terrible one. This the enemy discovered before they were over.

Everything was ready. Then came the order: "Fix bayonets! Charge! Hurrah!" They charged, and hurrahed. What a cheer! What a charge! Down they rumbled, helter-skelter, pell-mell, straight before them, plunging into rifle-pits, firing, bayoneting as they went, without a stop, and they cheered and cheered, and did not miss a particle of the fun, and the Midlander's wheeled along by the river bank, and the scouts came pouring over by the left, and still there in the centre was that long line of red coated Grenadiers, firing, cheering, bayoneting, and capturing the rebels. Then, nothing stopping them, past the church, past the school-house, past the graveyard, down and up, on to Batoche. Ah! what a charge! Panting, hurrahing, stopping here a moment to get rid of that concentrated fire, rushing on again, bumping, bumping, bumping, rushing into pits by the dozen, smacking over Indians; past the bluffs, past the rising ground, past the open field, on, on to Batoche. Ah! what a charge! It is not over yet though. What a noise, too. There was the deep roar of the gun, and the rattling of the Gatling, and the cheering sound, a beautiful sound. Keep it up, Howard. All over was the din of the rifle; and the cheers from one end of the line to the other, and the yells from the rebels, from one end of the line to the other. A hard work. Not a word. Far from it. Not done without loss too. These rebels fought well. They stuck to their pits to the last. They kept up heavy firing, and sometimes the firing was from three sides at once: from the front, from the pits left behind, from across the river. The wonder is our men were not demoralized. As it was lost too many. Captain Fitch, one of the best and bravest of the Grenadier officers, was shot through the heart, and he fell, consequently his name was not heard. Captain Brown, of Boulton's Scouts, was shot dead. Private Barton was twice hit before he gave in. Yes, the loss was heavy, and the rebels obstinate.

"The enemy still contested the ground," writes a grand old describer, "firing as they went, and many a poor fellow to be seen here. The red cross men were now to be seen here,

there, and everywhere. Amid all the din, the noise, and cheering, a poor fellow could be heard open and again calling for a stretcher. The open space, the ploughed field, and then Batoche, and now the work was done, and it was to be the hottest of the fight. Down came the 90th, sneezing up against the Grenadiers, and soon all became mixed. The Surveyor's Corps, too, from the right, came swinging round toward the front, for there was but one mixing. It mattered not for there was but one command, "Double!" On, down across the open they went. A storm of bullets crossed the open, but they came too late. Nothing could stop the force of the rush. The Grenadiers suffered here terribly, but the rush went on all the same. The rebels, from the houses to the front, poured a raking fire into the advancing line, and first one and then another kept dropping ere the ploughed field was reached. In front of the houses were long trenches running parallel to our line of attack. From these, also, the firing came hot and furious, and with the bitterness of disappointed men knowing that they were being beaten. The ploughed field was reached at last, and on past it the rush continued. The first house to come over was the little one on the bank. Helter skelter went the line from the back portion of the house. The end had come. Our men knew it and felt it, and flushed with victory they pushed ahead and jumped upon the rebels in the very trenches before the houses. They had passed the log stable in front of the prison house, on past it, and now they were at the rebel camp. The men escaped notice, and so it was Lieut. Garden, of the Surveyor's Corps, got his nasty arm wound. Over the heads of the rebels, who lay in the trenches, on into the prison house, and with a deafening cheer the men pulled the prisoners from their stanchions, and the rebels, who were in the meanwhile Batoche's house had been taken, poor French receiving his death wound at the upper window of a house he had just entered. There was nothing now left of the line. Every man dashed along, and plunged ahead in a sort of "go-for-it" style, except that the house at the front beat. Men from the extreme right got mixed up with men from the extreme left, and men took orders from the officers nearest them regardless of what regiment he belonged to. On past the line of houses dashed portions of the regiment determined to be in at the brush. On to Riel's council house, where Captain Young secured important papers. The Grenadiers in the meanwhile, led on by Grasset, and the Midland on the slope and water's edge, charged and cleared the pits in front of the halfbreed and Indian camp.

Listen to our writer's—"The rebels attacked in their pits with great tenacity and several of them were run through with the bayonet while taking aim. One Indian, whose face presented a horrible picture from the hideous war paint, discharged his rifle without success against a captain, and although the captain was not close upon him, he opened the breach lock to insert another cartridge, when he received his *quitus* at the hands of a stalwart Grenadier, who ran his bayonet through the Indian with such force that the savage was lifted from his feet and carried over the edge of his pit at the feet of the captain. But a few shots were fired by our men during the dash down the slope, but every one told, and rebels were seen tumbling over like nipekins among the brushwood. In the bluffs, a short distance across the open, a large number of the rebels gathered and for some minutes held in check the troops. While lying close and cautiously returning the rebel roar, the noise of galloping horses was heard, and the Gatling, under Lieutenant Rivers, rushed down the trail over the bluffs, firing at the rebels. It was soon unlimbered, and Captain Howard was soon peppering the bluffs in front. No. 2 gun, 'G' Battery, under Lieutenant Ogilvie, and the two guns of the Winnipeg Field Battery, under Major Jarvis and Captain Coates, had also been brought up by Lieutenant-Colonel Montizambert, commandant of the Artillery Brigade, and soon announced their presence by firing time-fuse shrapnel into the bluffs. This soon reduced the falling fire to which our troops had been exposed, and the arrival of their gallant red-coated comrades of the 90th Rifles, the line was ready for the final dash for death or glory. They were as steady as rocks. The rebels were scattered in all directions, but puffs of smoke from the bush and the rain of bullets overhead, and the rebels, who were not retreated, and were bound on contesting every bluff.

"As the bluff on which it was playing was occupied by our men, the Gatling was ordered to the plateau in the rear, whence it poured its hail of shelling the bluffs and did good powder work in confusing the fugitives as they ran from bluff to bluff.

"As the red coats advanced up to the 90th a series of cheers on the extreme right showed that Boulton's Horse had come up, and that their brave troopers dismounted, and leaving their horses in charge of the numbers four, extended in skirmishing order, over-lapping the line of the rifle pits on the upper trail, along which the reconnaissance had just proceeded. Really, however, they formed the front of the rebel position, as they had expected us to proceed by the upper trail which they commanded. They were dug at the verge of a continuous brush extending parallel to the river and abutting on from it. The trail ran about a couple of hundred

yards from the pits in a wide opening, offering no cover, and had our advance on Batoche proceeded by this trail, a much harder task must have been experienced, as the rifle-pits are almost continuous line a mile long completely covering Batoche from the east. Major Boulton's men advanced on these extensive entrenchments by their left flank, and found that the rebels had but very little advantage from their mouth's labour, as the pits were covered only from the front. There was a large number of rebels in the pits, and on the impetuous rush of Boulton's men they skedaddled with the same celerity as their comrades in the plain, firing as they retired.

To reach Batoche a large ploughed field without any shelter had to be crossed from the last bluff, and it was here that most of our casualties occurred. Hundreds of rebel marksmen held the houses and poured in a deadly hail on the advancing troops until dislodged by the artillery, who planted several shrapnel with percussion fuses into the roofs. This soon captured the houses, and the rebels scattered in all directions. The men advanced with a rush, and so impetuous was it that the men of the different corps got mixed up, and the men who first entered the houses represented all of the corps engaged. Riel's prisoners were the first thought of, and they were the first to be delighted, when in the cellar of the first house, we heard the welcome voices of the prisoners announcing their presence. All prisoners were found in the different cellars, and a hearty cheer went along the line as the troops were unannounced. The troops now felt that they were at last victorious, and advanced with even more impetuosity than before. Nothing could withstand them. The rebel camp on the bank of the river was found deserted by all but wretched women and children, and the whole line advanced a mile past the village before coming to a halt, further than necessary to fire a few shots as the rebels contested their advance. The Gatling and one nine-pounder of the Winnipeg Corps were the first to be unlimbered, and the rebelling the rebel retired before the victorious infantry and dismounted cavalry were withdrawn to the village to bivouac for the night.

"The pluck of the troops throughout was unequalled. Nothing could stop them when their enthusiasm was aroused, and none shirked their duty. The General appeared all over the field, encouraging the men where the bullets flew the fastest, and giving reasonable advice to some of the junior officers. When the General, at the close of the fight, briefly reviewed the force, and describing himself as the proudest man in the world, praised the men for their gallantry and steadiness, the cheers which were given in response were rather a recognition of the General's unwavering pluck than of the men's gallantry. The day was won. Batoche was ours. The stronghold of the rebels had fallen. The prisoners were released. Let us not here mar the delight we feel in so glorious a victory by any saddening accounts of the details that so follow. That all who were taken went to their death. Many may ask, why was the deciding charge delayed so long? Why, in fact, was not this form of attack adopted at the very outset? Could the General in command not have known that a dash by disciplined troops was feasible? That all who were taken went to their death. Many may ask, why was the deciding charge delayed so long? Why, in fact, was not this form of attack adopted at the very outset? Could the General in command not have known that a dash by disciplined troops was feasible? That all who were taken went to their death. Many may ask, why was the deciding charge delayed so long? Why, in fact, was not this form of attack adopted at the very outset? Could the General in command not have known that a dash by disciplined troops was feasible? That all who were taken went to their death. Many may ask, why was the deciding charge delayed so long? Why, in fact, was not this form of attack adopted at the very outset? Could the General in command not have known that a dash by disciplined troops was feasible? 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THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT BATOCHÉ, MAY 8TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



CAPTURE OF LOUIS RIEL BY THE SCOUTS ARMSTRONG AND HOWIE, MAY 15TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



BIG BEAR SURRENDERING TO THE MOUNTED POLICE ON AN ISLAND IN THE SASKATCHEWAN. [See page 39.]



CHURCH PARADE AT FORT PITT, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 2ND, 1885. [See page 39.]

(From a sketch by Corporal E. C. Currie, No. 4 Company, 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers.)

the men an excellent example, and Canon MacKay risked his life to a considerable extent. I thank you for your kindness in sending ambulance, tents and rations.

"Major Commanding Cavalry,
"Alberta Field Force."

On the day previous to this fight, Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock, captives since the Frog Lake massacre, succeeded in making their escape. The half-breeds who had been so zealous protecting these ladies from the Indians during the last few months of their captivity, had formed a little caravan of their own, and when the camp moved they moved along with it in a body. On the Monday morning in question, the Indian camp moved slightly in advance of the half-breed party in charge of the prisoners. This was the first time such a lack of watchfulness had been exhibited by the Indians, and taking advantage of their position, the half-breeds dropped further behind, and finally turned off the trail and drove their ox and pony teams as rapidly as possible in the direction of Turtle Lake. They intended making the long circuit by the mouth of the river to Fort Pitt, where they knew they would be safe. A party of a dozen of our scouts, however, got on their trail. Thinking they were a band of Indians escaping from the general camp, they dashed suddenly into their midst, and without further ado ordered them to put down their arms. It only needed a minute to show the real state of affairs. Both parties were surprised, the scouts on account of their unlooked for discovery, the half-breeds, that friends should dash in upon them with such fury. Among the scouts was Kay, Indian son of the late massacres were held and sent to Regina. While the priests were engaged in burying the rebels last night, the troops performed the same duties over their lost comrades in arms. Among them, Capt. Brown, of Boulton's Scouts, was laid in a soldier's grave in sight of the massacre. The bodies of the dead were buried and kind words of encouragement to the wounded were placed on board the steamer and sent to comfortable quarters in the hospital at Saskatoon. The rebel wounded were sent to the same place. The village presented a pitiful sight. About two hundred tents and tents, among the ruins of what were but a short time before comfortable and happy homes. Four days had destroyed the results of years of patient labour and toil. Some of them saw with added grief their husbands carried off to a foolish, yet blind confidence in their leaders. Riel, the arch rebel, was still at large, but the scouts were fast closing on his footsteps. Meanwhile the troops were preparing for a further advance through the seat of the rebellion.

On the morning of the 14th May they left Batoche and arrived at Guardway's Crossing, eighteen miles down the river, in the afternoon. During the day rumours had spread of the capture of Riel, and when, about half-past three in the afternoon, the report was made, the enthusiasm of the scouts came upon him and three companions about three miles north of Batoche. He surrendered without a struggle, and accompanied his captors to the general camp. His appearance was laggard and careworn in the extreme. Fear lest some of the troops should shoot him had evidently taken possession of his mind. After an interview with Gen. Middleton, he was placed in charge of Capt. Young and sent to Regina, where he arrived on 23rd May. The barracks were turned into a prison, where he was kept, and the real fighting leader, was still at large and obstinate. A courier from Batoche to Prince Albert met him and advised him to surrender, but he declared his intention of defending his freedom to the last. In the meantime the dangers he should have met with in the woods, eventually escaped across the lines. Although the half-breeds were thus effectually defeated, no definite estimate up to this time could be made of the magnitude of the Indian rising which the rebellion had set on foot. The forces of the militia and set on foot, however, were still at large and unaware of the victory of Batoche. Crossing the Batoche trail, he had fallen upon a train of supplies, ox teams, and carts, all of the supplies in triumph. Big Bear, also, was still formidable, not only in the number of his following, but also in the natural advantages of his chosen battle-ground. Lakes, muskegs, brushwood, and all conspiring to make his pursuit a work at once dangerous and difficult in the extreme. Some measure of humane treatment one might reasonably expect for small detachments falling into the hands of the half-breeds; none whatever could be expected from the hands of the most ferocious in the country in contriving tortures when roused. With the experience of the "Dotted

States to judge from, the end might yet appear far off. Indeed, at the beginning of the rebellion the fear of a general Indian war was most dreaded. How far these fears were realized we shall presently see.

On Friday morning, May 15th, Gen. Middleton's command crossed the river at Guardway's Crossing and took the trail for Prince Albert, where they arrived without further incident on the 19th. The next day Chiefs Beary and McManis held a pow-wow with the General, and were profuse in their professions of loyalty. It will be recalled that the chiefs were present at the Duck Lake fight. Indeed, it was on their reserve that the fight took place. The General cross-questioned them severely, gave them a sharp reprimand, declared he would have them despised, refused their request for provisions, and left in disgust.

These pow-wows became numerous after Batoche, and the General was said to acquit himself with credit at all of them. The following extract from a private letter graphically describes the scene on the arrival of Indian chiefs to pay homage to the commander of Her Majesty's forces:—

"It is a most laughable sight to see the processions of peaceable (?) Indians coming into camp wherever we are (2) in the winter, just like *physion* processions. Long trains of five or six, each line long before they are seen, preceded by mounted grooms, highly ornamented, ochre paint, long hair strung with beads, feather head-dresses (but a pot hat catches their fancy), bead-worked moccasins, knife-sheaths, a few bags, etc., etc.—no two alike—small parties dragging their lodge poles and wigwag squares, and paiposes on their backs, in the carts, and finished goods, make a most interesting sight. The chief men make for the General's tent, carrying their white banners, then squat down and bring out the pipes which they fill with red wax, kinick (red-willow bark), and light with flint, steel, and punk, regardless of the surrounding red-coats. They are more interesting than the 'breeds' by a long way."

After settling matters at Prince Albert, General Middleton started on the 23rd for Saskatchewan on the morning of the 23rd May, with him half of "A" Battery, Boulton's Horse, and the Midland Battalion. The remainder of the force was to follow as soon as transport facilities would permit. On May 24th the 90th Battalion, the 9th and the Grenadiers, ("C" Company, Infantry, the remainder of "B" Battery and Surveyors' Corps, all under Col. Staunbeezee were obliged to go by trail. On the afternoon of the General's departure, a nephew of Poundmaker came into camp at night with a letter from that Chief containing treaty overtures. Messages were immediately despatched to overtake the General. Next evening the messengers returned with the General's command that Poundmaker should meet him in Battleford on the following day and make an unconditional surrender. The reply was an answer to the effect that he would meet him from his reserves and punish him. Late in the evening of Sunday, May 24th, General Middleton arrived at Battleford. On Tuesday Poundmaker, in accordance with the General's command, promptly put in an appearance accompanied by three other chiefs, and a small party of warriors, who were to be the first of a small pow-wow was immediately organized. The result was the detention in custody of Poundmaker, Lean Man, Breaking-the-Ice and Yellow Mud Blanket. The others were sent back to their reserves for the time being. On the 26th of May the force of the Indians near Battleford, General Middleton was in a position to attend more particularly to Big Bear's case. His plan of the campaign promised to effect one of two things—the defeat and surrender of Big Bear or his retirement into a country where he could hold out until the end of the season. It was probable that the Chief had no news of Riel's disaster so that precautions had to be taken to guard against the possibility of his getting a journey to the eastward with a view to forming a junction with his followers. The first question was how he would cross the Beaver River to the north which ran parallel to the Saskatchewan. He would either fight or dodge. Four columns were set in motion to meet the emergency. On the extreme east Col. Irvine was to advance northward from Carleton place, the Beaver Lake and surrounding country; from Battleford Col. Otter was to patrol around Jakesh and Turtle lakes; the General himself intended to take up his trail from Fort Pitt and keep him continually moving or force on an encounter; lastly, General Strange was to take the apex of the triangle between Beaver River and the Saskatchewan. He could not possibly get westward without encountering General Strange, and if he moved eastward in any force he would have to run the gauntlet of Col. Otter and fight with small chances of eluding both. General Strange was already in a position to cover his ground on short notice. A steamer had been sent on the river to carry him supplies from Battleford. On Saturday night, May 27th, the force of the Indians near Battleford with Big Bear which has been already described. Now was the time to act. Within two hours General Middleton had selected his force and arranged for an advance on the morning of the 28th. The force was divided by way of Fort Pitt. He selected his own division—the forces of Batoche—with the addition of Hercher's Mounted Police and half of "B" Battery. On Sunday morning a start was made on the steamers *North-West*, *Alberta* and *Margus* which were barricaded with cord and ready for action. The *North-West* was in the lead, and later on sixteen men in charge of a scow from Strange's force. In the afternoon the force reached the landing at which they were to disembark, a few miles below the mouth of the Beaver River, and the day had been held by Big Bear, were brought in by

some Mounted Police. General Strange had moved forward to renew the attack on the Indians only to find them gone.

General Middleton decided to pursue them with all possible speed and to this end sent out the force composed of mounted men only, the infantry being ordered up to Fort Pitt. While these arrangements were being made a force of Mounted Police arrived with further despatches from General Strange, also the cheering intelligence, that although the McLeans, Delaneys, Gowanlocks and other prisoners held with Big Bear, they had been treated well by the Indian Chief. A letter had been found by Strange on the 26th of Thursday's engagement, written by Mr. McLean, stating that they were all well and no cruelties had been perpetrated or indignities offered them on the way in the Mounted Police heard cries of help proceeding from a popular bluff which they were passing. They shouted to the parties to come out of the bush. They did so, and were discovered to be Mr. and Mrs. Quinney, the Frog Lake missionaries, along with Mr. Dufresne, and Wm. Cameron. All three had been held as prisoners by Big Bear. They escaped on the day of the fight.

The country through which the mounted force was to march was very rough and the Indian maps gave little information regarding it, as the greater part was untraced. The following account by Assistant-Surgeon Haultain, of the Mounted Infantry, will be interesting:—I might tell you something about the daily routine of the Mounted Infantry when going after Big Bear. The orders could vary as follows: Revolve at 4 a.m. start at 5:30. After getting up and giving the horses oats we would have breakfast of tea, hard-tack and corned beef (or bacon fried when the wagons were with us), strap up our water-proof and our guns, and then start on our way. The pack and turned head in front. After the command "saddle up" from the captains to their different corps (viz.: Mounted Police, Survey Corps, Boulton's Troops, French's Scouts, and Steele's Scouts) would come "attention" to the front, then "dismount," and "mount," and then we were off for seven hours without halt if the trail was good, mostly walking, with a cauter now and then. When the balst was had there would be a "brush gang" ahead with axes to clear the road and lay the brush on both sides of the leading, which came every where to cross. Sometimes the trail would be through open pine woods, but mostly through small poplar, sometimes so hilly that we would have to dismount to go up and down, and every here and there would be holes with brush on the leading, which was of any kind were seen on the way to Loon Lake. The ground bore evidences of the time when beaver were plentiful in the shape of regular banks six or eight feet high damming up creeks.

About twelve o'clock the advance party would begin to look out for signs of smoke near grass and water for the horses. Then at the welcome order "dismount," saddles and bridles would be off in an instant and the horses either let loose in some swampy place where the feed was good, or tied here and there in the brush, to graze and eat. After feeding, they would crowd in a long line to leeward of the fires and stand quietly in the smoke to escape the flies (black flies, mosquitoes, sand flies and hull-dogs). Then would come our own dinner (some at breakfast and some at midday) in the shape of hard-tack. After an hour and a half we would be off again till a little before sunset. Some of our camping places were most park-like—large, spreading firs with dry silver moss for the ground and generally a large slow-moving stream. After dinner we would have a *vide dinner* in which we would heap up large fires for the night and lay spruce boughs all round. The saddles and oats made fine pillows, and with a blanket and water-proof over us were ready for dew or rain—also for the night. The horses and the fire were brought in and tethered close round for the night after having their oats. And then the officer for the day would mount the picket. Some days there would be nothing to vary the monotony except looking over the Indian camping grounds, which were eight or ten miles apart usually. Other days an Indian scout or two would be seen, or their tracks, and we would advance slowly and cautiously momentarily expecting an ambush, but it afterwards turned out to be nothing more than some of their camps had rifle-pits dug, showing that they expected us to overtake them, but this we never did—though we travelled two or three times their day's march—because of one or two long halts the General made, when stayed in camp for a day or two after all. These are two long poles, lashed about three feet apart at one end, which trails on the ground with the baggage on it, while the other ends are strapped on rods or sticks, and they are their lodge poles and tent coverings in this way. The ponies are worth mentioning. They are as a rule most sociable to one another. There are the "Cayuse" ponies from Montana and the Western States, and the Indian ponies. They are not shod. When thirsty they take their fill at one draught and start off again. If loose round the camp they come in naturally for their oats. They often make off in the night, and if they are thought flies. They are very tough, as they frequently come down on their heads or fall and get stuck amongst the dead roots in the swamps, but rarely get injured. Along the trail we were met by Big Bear's men, and the day had been held by Big Bear, were brought in by

would start off out of the line in a race for the eggs which would be sure to be there. The men are not supposed to fall out of the troop, but nothing is said against half a dozen or so getting behind the shelter of some bush for a "pipe parade," so as to make one valuable match go the round of pipes, or falling out to water a third horse. At a Saskatchewan camp had the privilege of riding where I liked, but in woody country it was dangerous to leave the trail any distance for fear of being mistaken for a sneaking Indian. When in camp for any length of time quiet, with horse shoes, was a favorite game. At a Saskatchewan camp I got some *acid citric* and *pat. beer*. It used to be greatly appreciated during our halts. Sometimes I would have our tent full of surveyors (old chaps, some), each armed with a tin cup and spoon, tramping a quarter of a mile to a spring to have a drink "with a bead on it."

In this advance the Chief was continually on the trail of the hostile general, but unable to force on an encounter. In their hurry the Indians scattered everything, except provisions, along the trail. On June 9th the mounted force arrived at a point about 10 miles east of Fort Pitt, where they found an immense muskeg, which the General considered impassable by the body of his force. Scouts came in with accounts of Big Bear, who had crossed the muskeg, and was proceeding north-west, presumably to a large cache of provisions which he had stored at Beaver River.

The evident plan in the emergency was to thoroughly ensure the strength of General Strange's position in that direction, for once the force arrived at a point about 10 miles east of Fort Pitt, where they found an immense muskeg, which the General considered impassable by the body of his force. Scouts came in with accounts of Big Bear, who had crossed the muskeg, and was proceeding north-west, presumably to a large cache of provisions which he had stored at Beaver River.

The General returned at once to Fort Pitt, arriving on 13th June. General Strange had advanced towards the Chippewagan Mission on Beaver River, via Frog Lake, and arrived there on the 10th. The force was practically impossible, owing to the nature of the country. On their way out, the cache of provisions mentioned here was found, and carried off.

Col. Williams, in command of the Infantry with General Middleton, was disposed to go west to Fort Pitt, remained there about a week, and then moved up to Frog Lake, to form a junction with General Strange. General Strange, as we have seen, had advanced from that point to Beaver River. Fort Pitt immediately, and reached Beaver River about 10th June. These scouts brought in a Wood Cree Indian, with the welcome news that the Wood Cree had parted company with Big Bear, taking the west course, and that they were sure they were there on their way to Fort Pitt to surrender them. Big Bear had gone eastward.

"FORT PITT, June 22.

"This morning at five o'clock Mr. Bedson returned with the 24 people who had been held by Big Bear as prisoners and after whom the whole of General Middleton's force of upwards of 2,000 have been hunting in detachments for the past three weeks. Their arrival, as I telegraphed you yesterday, was greeted with this morning and the event, therefore, was not of the sensational nature it otherwise would have been. Much desire, however, was shown to look upon and converse with those who had undergone so rough an experience, and whose names in the past had been so constantly on our lips. They were all taken aboard the steamer *Alouqua*, and after an excellent breakfast, most of them sought slumber, for they had ridden in through the whole night and were greatly fatigued. When they arrived they were all decently dressed, mainly in the clothes Mr. Bedson had taken out for them.

"The names of the 24 are the following:—
"W. J. McLean, Hudson Bay Factor at Fort Pitt, wife and family of 9 children (4 girls and 5 boys)."

"Mr. Brown, Indian Instructor at Loon Lake, with three children.
"Mr. Fitzpatrick, Indian instructor at Loon Lake.

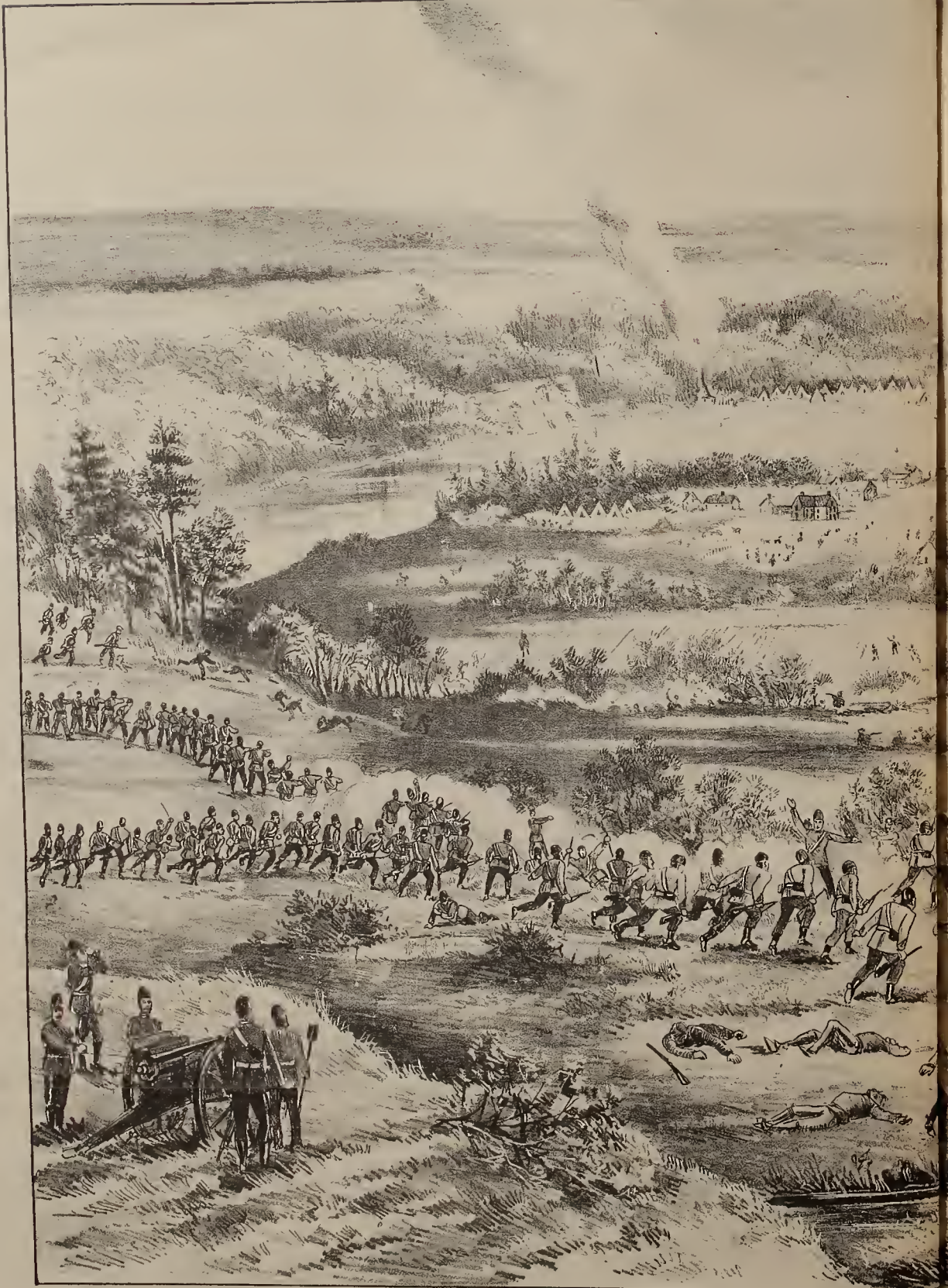
"J. K. and Stanley F. Simpson, Hudson Bay Clerks at Fort Pitt.
"Mr. Ferris, a French Canadian and a friendly half-breed, his wife and four of a family.

"After breakfast Mr. McLean expressed a wish to have a conversation with the *Globe* correspondent.

"You have had quite a lengthy stay with the Indians, and I think you have had a very good one."

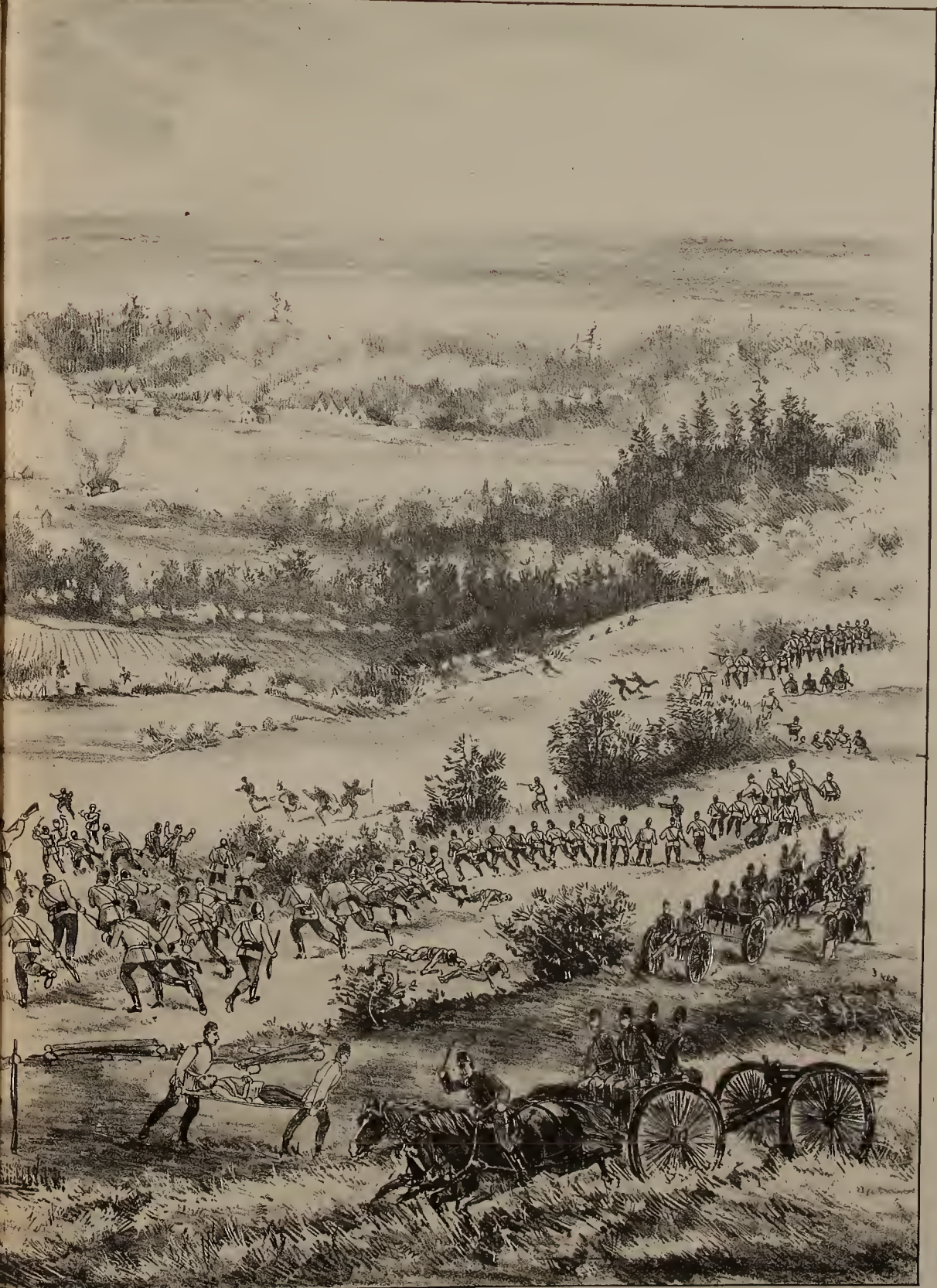
"Yes, much longer than there was any need of, if our soldiers had known two or three things, which, however, it was impossible in the nature of affairs that they could know. When they were taken to the Indians, twelve miles from here, I felt certain that our deliverance had come. Before the fight was over the Indians were thoroughly scared, and I really believe if the General had fired two or three more shots from the cannon they would have turned and fled, leaving us and everything else behind them. They were so frightened as it was that if twenty-five men had been sent round to the flank, they would have scattered like flies, and a complete rout would have resulted. The General's idea of the Indians' strength, or he would never have left them when he did. On the morning following the fight I was left quite at liberty, and could easily have escaped, had I not been so taken care of by the others who got away at that time. But of course I could not get my family away. The Indians knew that there was no fear of me going away without the family.

"Did Big Bear quit the position in which he had found me?
"Yes, as soon as he could get away. We were taken directly to Loon Lake. It was on our way there that the Indians were surprised



THE CAPTURE

(From a topographical map by Messrs. Burrows and Denny, Surveyors' Intelligence, General Middleton's expedition; and person



TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

ATOCHE. [See page 30.]

Sketches by Mr. F. W. Curzon, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with
illustration by members of corps which participated.)

by the gallant attack of Major Steele's men. That was the plucking of the element of the rising. I have no doubt. It was a complete surprise, and most of the Indians got another bad scare of it."

"Some of them, however, fired on Canon McKay when he went out with a flag of truce, did they not?"

"Yes, that was Little Poplar and one or two others, the worst in the crowd. But the Indians sent me out with a white flag towards the close of the fight. Steele's men fired on me, however, and I lay down on the ground with my bullets winged over me so close that I thought I wouldn't get back alive. I came to the conclusion at the time that Steele's men were retiring and had left a few to keep up a brisk fire while the rest got away on the trail. I have since learned that I was correct in my opinion."

"What was the Indians' idea in sending out the flag?"

"They wanted a parley and would, I think, without doubt have released us then if Steele had paid attention to the flag and allowed them to do so."

"How many Indians were there killed in the engagement?"

"Four were killed and two wounded. Among the killed were Cut Arm, the Wood Cree Chief of the Indian reserve at the Wood Cree, who were not over to camp the friends of the dead ones began to clamor for us. They wanted to shoot all the prisoners for revenge. But they became pacified after a while and we escaped."

"I understand there was some dissension between the Wood and Plain Cree?"

"Yes, and I was trying all along to make the most of that. Their encampments were separate. At first it was the Plain Cree who held us. They stole everything they could lay their hands on, our horses about the middle of the week. I got the Wood Cree to take possession of us. I incited their anger by telling them the Plain Cree were treating them like children. The Wood Cree greatly outnumbered the others. Big Bear's fighting men did not number more than 100. The Wood Cree, all having Winchester rifles and a considerable quantity of fixed ammunition. The Wood Cree had mostly muzzle-loading shotguns, from which they fired the ordinary trade bullets. I believe there were not more than sixty rifles in the whole outfit. Well, as I was saying, I worked upon the feelings of the Wood Cree as much as possible. I told them the Government would hold them equally responsible with Big Bear's band for the bad acts they had been committing. I told them that the Wood Cree took possession of us. They gave us a horse to pack our blankets and other stuff on, and when the horse gave out they furnished us with an old ox. Of course all of us had to walk, and a terrible walk it was. I told the Wood Cree they were often up to our arms in mud and water."

"What did the Plain Cree think of your being taken into the other camp?"

"It was a bad idea they were going to have a fight, and if there had been any would have been pretty sure to have been killed. They were very jealous about me, because they thought if they got into a tight place they could get out of it by surrendering me and my family. But on the 7th June, a day or two after the fight with Steele, they had to disengage the parties separated. Big Bear went eastward toward Duck Lake. He did not know of Riel's defeat and likely thought he would be safe if he could join Riel."

"Did Big Bear know of the fight at Cut Knife, and Poundmaker's subsequent retreat?"

"Yes; he knew all about that. Couriers started to him from Cut Knife while the fight was going on. Poundmaker wanted him to bring the whole encampment down there. I was the person had to disengage the Wood Cree from going, and had been trying to prevent them in the direction of Poundmaker's all along. They were very much inclined to go at first, but I told them that the soldiers would be here to get them down at last, and I think succeeded in stopping them."

"After leaving Big Bear at Loon Lake, where did the Wood Cree take you?"

"Right north across Beaver River. We crossed the river about forty miles east of the Chamawawan Reserves. The Indians had effected in boats made of domestic hides shaped with willow boughs. The Indians are very expert in making these crafts, and they were able to ferry the whole party over in less than two hours. I felt all along that the soldiers were near by, and I tried to leave some indication on the trail that we were still alive, and with the party going north. The Indians would not let us keep a poach, and even if they had, anything written would have been dangerous to us. There were some half-bred in the camp who could read English, and one of them I left was picked up by them, and I was afraid they would kill us on account of it. I did succeed in leaving one at Franchman's Bay, which I have learned was picked up by the soldiers."

"What were the Indians' reasons for letting you go at last?"

"The fact is they had been so imprudent when they had plenty, and in their haste to get away from the soldiers had left so much of their stolen provisions behind that they were soon nearly out of food, and not caring to waste any of what was left, gave us about four quarts of flour, a couple of jaded horses and sent us away from the soldiers. There was some half-bred five days up to yesterday we had to subsist on that small portion of flour and whatever game we could get. We had to travel back over that terrible road to Loon Lake, and after a day's toil, when we found we had only a poor little

rabbit on which the whole party was to feast, it was hard enough, I assure you."

"Mr. Beson, the chief of the transport service, who went out after the prisoners, is a brother-in-law of McLean, and the day when I later at seeing him could understand why it is that he has not spoken to Mr. Beson, and throwing his arms around his neck tenderly broke down and wept like a child."

"Continuing my conversation with Mr. McLean, I enquired with some diffidence, 'What sort of treatment did the Indians extend to you, wife and family?'"

"Of course we underwent a great deal of hardship, the nature of our wanderings made that unavoidable, but otherwise we were treated with the greatest respect. Nothing in the nature of an insult was ever offered any of us. The only reason the Indians kept us was to protect themselves in case they were cornered. I was never as much as asked to do any work, except on one occasion, when they wanted me to assist in digging a grave for the chief, Cut Arm, who was killed by Steele's soldiers. I dug the grave, and they never interfered with me otherwise."

"When I was leaving the Indians," continued Mr. McLean, "I went to their head man and said, 'perhaps there is something you would like to send in to the measure proposed to be returned to you.' I meant the calumet or pipe of peace. They understood me, and after consulting for some time, they brought out the pipe with some tobacco, and wrapping it up in a piece of clean white paper, sewed through the ends of their circumcised string, and handed it to me to give to the General. I took it and brought it in with me this morning."

Now that the prisoners were rescued the campaign lost interest and a general looting for home took possession of the men. The General returned at once to Fort Pitt, arriving there on the 13th of July. He determined to give up the campaign after Big Bear, place garrisons at the main points and leave starvation to work the rest. By the defection of the Wood Cree he was no longer formidable, and the Mounted Police might be trusted to hunt him down at leisure. His own men appeared to be in an easterly direction, so that hopes were entertained that Colonel Otter might be fortunate enough to have a parting brush with him. Col. Otter had left Battleford on 6th June and after continued marching through heavy country had reached the mouth of the Red River the next day he took part of his force and marched to Turtle Lake about five miles off. Returning, he visited Stony Lake and then started for Pelican Lake 90 miles off; but, on arriving at Birch Lake, this column also found it impossible to hold a position and further orders arrived. Meanwhile, the scouts were kept busy scouring the country in all directions for Big Bear.

Some of them were lucky enough to capture four of his tribe, but they always returned without a scalp. The capture of further prisoners, however, conducted the scouts to the place where Big Bear camped when they left him, but on reaching the place it was found that Big Bear had moved away and from the tracks near by it was presumed to the south.

Colonel Otter, unmistakable traces of the Indians had been seen. Indeed, all through this expedition it was surprising how vigilant the chief scouts must have been. On 21st June one such trace that the column was to return. The men were resumed and Col. Otter reached Battleford about 10th July. He had been out about 23 days and travelled about 180 miles. The men were ordered to prepare for home at once. Col. Otter took this opportunity to address his men. His speech is a good summary of the history of the campaign. He had seen the whole campaign, both as to the duties assigned to it and as to the spirit in which they were performed.

He said that he might not have the opportunity again of addressing the men, and had said to the general in command. He was aware of the feeling of dissatisfaction prevailing amongst the men that the brigade had not played a more important part in the campaign. They had unfortunately not been able to share in the victories that had fallen to the general in command. At the outset it was intended that this brigade should be attached to that of the Major-General, but at Qu'Appelle new orders were received, and our duty was to relieve Battleford. You have done your duty in that regard," he said. "Battleford your duties were onerous; the fatigue was great; you were numerous and trying upon your energies, and I am pleased to say that not a single complaint has come to my ears showing any grumbling on the part of the soldiers or any unwillingness to perform the duties assigned to you. Our marches have been wearisome, but they have been so well performed as to gain the admiration of every one. Although it has been our misfortune not to have shared in the glories of the campaign, yet you have done your duty in the duties which were assigned to you, and you willfully and well performed is beyond question which is all that can be expected of a soldier."

General Strange's column arrived at Fort Pitt on June 27th. The troops were reviewed by the General and a message for Otter and the rest of Otter's command, except "A" Battery and a galling, which remained with him as a garrison, joined the home-bound troops.

CAPTURE OF BIG BEAR.

While thoughts were thus bent on home, new joy was added to the occasion by the news of the capture of Big Bear by Col. Irvine's command. He was taken to Prince Albert, where Gen-

eral Middleton had an interview with him on his arrival with the troops. A *Globe* correspondent thus describes the capture and subsequent interview:

"The capture of Big Bear and the Council-Bluffs and the personal fortunes of the dying monarch was a very tame affair. Sergeant Smart and eleven mounted policemen, who were on duty at the Carlton ferry, were informed by Mr. Garson, who had been in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's store at Carlton, of the destruction, and for several weeks has been camped on the north side of the river, that Big Bear had come to his (Garson's) camp, and was then on an island near the ferry. Sergeant Smart and his men easily effected a passage thither, and the chief with eleven of his men was at once disarmed and made prisoners. They did not offer the slightest resistance, and were badly frightened. Big Bear, who is a sixty-year-old coward, was especially funky, and hurriedly disavowed his participation in the Frog Lake massacre, saying that he was only a collector against his wishes by young men who he could not control. Without much delay Smart took his prisoners to Prince Albert, where Superintendent Gagnon, of the Mounted Police, had been left in charge by Col. Irvine. Gagnon, Big Bear said, was making for the United States, and was desirous of getting there that he might make peace without being pursued by troops. The correspondents found the old man prisoner in the log prison near the Hudson Bay store, his son (eight years old) and one of his councillors, Ka-ken-na-poo, being his only companions. There are thirteen other councillors prisoners elsewhere, this ill-fated number being the aggregate of Gagnon's Smart's, Crozier's and Jerome's captures. The Bear is a black Indian, with an enormous head, his face being as long as a rifle barrel and his eyes as clear as diamonds. He is dressed in a dirty blanket, dirty leggings, clean iron shackles, and polished steel handcuffs. His glances were fawative, his mien humble to servility, and the picture he presented as far as possible removed from that of his fellow-chiefs. Founding, when in similar circumstances, with William McKay, of Battleford, as interpreter, General Middleton had an interview with the prisoner. Middleton appears to much advantage in talks of this sort. He doesn't shake hands with the criminal, nor encourage him to deliver a meaningless speech. He asked him his name, and then why he had staid on the war path so long. To this the Big Bear replied that he did not know the whites wanted to make peace. Asked why he kept the McLeans and other prisoners so long, Big Bear replied that they were his property, but he had saved their lives by their own will, and he had saved their lives. Big Bear will be sent to Regina for trial, and the capital of the North-West Territory promises to become a very Dublin in its judicial importance—criminal jurisprudence entirely. Col. Irvine's command, which had returned to the Grand Forks Lake when we got to Prince Albert, and reported a mean trip through the swamps and captures of but few reds.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

It was decided that the troops should retrace their steps by Batche, Grand Crossing and Swift Current, but descend the river to Lake Winnipeg, thence down the lake to Selkirk, and on to Winnipeg by rail. The following succinct account by the *Globe* correspondent will be interesting:

"GRAND RAPIDS, July 12. "Since last evening, this, the termination of the river voyage, has been recalled, the *North-West*. Capt. Stevens, leading the boats, and making port nearly twenty-four hours in advance of the *Baroness*, her immediate successor. This is a country of natural phenomena, each one a trifle meaner than its predecessor. The first of these, which we had a half-ton of dead-end excitement in the run days' gale, which held the steam against a bank or on one of the other of the numerous sand bars. Hence more delays, but even frequently suspended motion was better than the absolute inaction of preceding days, and the officers and men were cheerful, de pie, the crewing necessitated after the Queen's Own and other troops boarded the fleet at Battleford."

"The journey from Prince Albert to Grand Rapids was exceedingly pleasant, especially to the *North-West*. The general had made the *Marquis* the flag boat, which ran day and night, and covered 600 miles or more in two days. Soon after leaving Prince Albert the series of rapids, Keurman, Cole's Falls, and extending several miles, were entered, and the *North-West* was covered by the *Marquis* in an accomplished in less than an hour and of picturesque in the high banks, thickly wooded and crooked as Big Bear's trail, to make the time memorable. Then the forks of the river were entered, with its enormous wedge of bluff 400 feet high. The *North-West* found the *Alberta* with the wounded man from Saskatoon, in charge of Dr. Bell and his extensive staff of male and female attendants and nurses. The patients were comfortably provided for in a covered bay, and from this portion of the trip could have suffered little, if any damage. That they were removed from their comfortable quarters at Saskatoon is another of the queer things, and the only reason alleged in its removal was that the poor boys wanted to come home with their parents." According to the doctors, several of the twenty-seven were not well enough to come, but because they were willing to take their chances they were allowed to do so, instead of holding them where they were, and it is not known after which the journey to Swift Current and the railway would have been safe and speedy.

To finish as to the wounded—they delayed the expedition indirectly, in that the *Alberta* was unable to cross Cross Lake, and the *Marquis* had to wait for her and transfer the hurt to her own cabin. At Grand Rapids they were put on flat cars, upon which spring mattresses had been laid, and thus transferred to the lake boat, where a special cabin was provided for their comfort. Below the forks of the river is a high stage at present—narrows for a time, but widens before it reaches what is known as "the cut off" about 200 miles below Fort a la Corne, the latter a lonely looking Hudson Bay post, abandoned early this year, its goods being removed to Carleton Place. This "cut off" is a peculiar and unpleasant freak of the river, which persistently cut into its banks until it ran into the Sturgeon River, a tributary of Cumberland Lake. Thence a large portion of the waters of the Saskatchewan now flow, hindering their way out of the lake and back to the former home again, via Big Stone River sixty miles further down. The cut-off is really the old channel, and the Government could spend money to advantage in building a wing dam across the channel leading into the lake and diverting the water into the Sturgeon. This is now, the stream is so much diverted that only during very high water is navigation easy. Cumberland House, one of the more important stations of the Hudson Bay Company, is on Cumberland Lake, and at the debouching of the Big Stone River, a steady stream of logs, and the channel, as stated, by which the Saskatchewan is reached. Below the mouth of Big Stone the Saskatchewan is a mighty stream, not especially broad, but deep and powerful. The banks as far as Le Pass (another station of the Hudson Bay Co.) are wooded, though nowhere is the timber so good as that which is now, being white and black poplar (balm of Gilead), spruce, jackpine, and tamarac, with here and there a cedar. Below Le Pass the stream is almost a canal, and on each side are long stretches of lake and swamps, filled with sedgy grass and water lilies, and surrounded by a fine line of countless millions of waterfowl. In the woods above and around the last fifty miles of our voyage moose are plenty, and if you have never tasted moose veal or moose soup, you have a new occasion in store for your palate."

"It was early Friday morning when the

North-West reached Cheuamawan, the rocky and isolated home of the Swamp Cree, a tribe of the nation, few in numbers, devoted to fishing and hunting, and living in what, to any but an Indian, would seem to be abject poverty. They are jolly, contented fellows, however, and furnish pretty deck hands, and roustabouts for the steamers of no little efficiency, while in winter their patience and hardihood as drivers of dog-trains is proverbial. At Chamawawan the Saskatchewan merges its identity for the time in the *North-West*, two short stretches of miles long by forty-five miles, if its width is included Cross Lake on the east. Our passage was unobstructed, though severe storms often compelled the lightly-built river boats to seek anchorage, and early in the afternoon we entered the narrows, scarcely fifty yards wide—where the Saskatchewan ascends a mile towards its final home in the bosom of Lake Winnipeg. Then came the Demichiee, a rapid not more than one hundred feet long, but as strong as any of its grander cousins below. Following this the Red Rock rapids, longer but not more difficult, and the *North-West* Grand Rapids. The station of the steamboat company is at the upper or western end of a narrow-gauge railway three and a third miles long, and the chord of an arc formed by the five miles of rapids, which gives the place a name. The *North-West* is a fine specimen of a craft three tons, and readily transported all the freight brought to the eastern terminus of the road by the lake boats. To run the grand rapids in a York (double-end) boat or large canoe is well worth the while, and the Indian swift or tow barge (or paddler) is a picturesque sight. The *North-West* is a two-masted vessel, and the *North-West* is made in twenty-two to twenty-five minutes, and the fall of forty-eight feet from end to end being largely used in the upper end, it can readily be imagined that there the waves are high, the current arrow-like, and the rush of the boat like that of a railroad train."

"The fishing in the eddies along the rocky banks is of the sort to suit those whom quantity best pleases. The pickerel and pike will bite at anything from a piece of red flannel to a silver fish, and the *North-West* is a fine specimen big enough to test one's strength in handling. But they are tiny compared with the huge sturgeon who are either caught in nets, speared, or hooked in a somewhat novel way. The Indian who knows the haunts of the alingards and the *North-West* is a fine specimen of a fish which are fastened, loosely several huge hooks, the shanks of which are tied to the pole with sinew or strong marine. The red man feels for the fish with his pole—the water is too swift or too barge to allow him to see them—and knowing the haunts of the fish, he touched a fish he gives a strong pull backward, which sinks the sharp hook through the tough skin and deep into the flesh. The fish struggles and the hooks loosen from the pole, but the fish is so fast that it is only a question of strength to get the lethery fish out of the water, with maybe a hearty wrestle on the bank to keep them out. Grand Rapids is distant but about two days by boat from Winnipeg, and the north-west in the summer, since the mosquitoes are on the ground, and the air is delightful. It is almost too cool at night, and two pairs of blankets are not at all in-home as covering. That it is an isolated spot for nine months of the year can be better understood when you are there. The *North-West* there did not know of the Riel rebellion and the steamer *Northcote* came down, June 7th.

"WINNIEP, July 16th.

"We found the Princess, a small side-wheeler and the Colville, a twin-screw tug, on a par with the largest in the Chicago River, waiting for the troops and eager for the arrival of the boats, as they had been at the landing for nearly two weeks. The boats had three large barges each, each 70 by 40 and 9 feet in depth of hold, and upon these the troops were quartered in more or less of comfort, the fifteen hundred men finding lodgment on the barges, while the officers and wounded took quarters on the steamers. By 11 a.m. on Monday we were off—waiting for the arrival of the boats—and the steamers and barges crowded with troops and decorated with spruce, cedar and juniper, presented a lively and novel sight as they made for Lake Winnipeg and home. First came the Princess, then a barge, then the Colville and then the other two barges—all strung on huge hawsers, with sixty fathoms of line between each craft. Lake Winnipeg—despite its 300 miles of length and ninety of width—is shallow, ten fathoms being its greatest depth, and this unusual, so that it doesn't take much of a breeze, to kick up a decent sea. Monday night we had a gale from the north-west, and boats and barges plaved pitch and toss to a great rate. A good many were sea-sick and a berth in the hold of one of the barges—dark as Erebus and badly ventilated—was not desirable, but on Tuesday came up smiling and the sea died into wrinkled lines, and the troops and hully into a placidity like unto that on a vivant's phiz when the cheese comes on. The Princess taking one barge, parted company off Swampy Island and left the Colville and her tow to go to follow Gen. Middleton, who was in the Princess, and the other two barges went into Selkirk at least an hour and a half before the rest of the force. Both boats arrived at Selkirk Wednesday morning, after a quiet night through the lower lake and a tedious passage through the deepest of the many narrow channels by which the Red River of the North finds outlet.

On arriving at Winnipeg the troops were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Business was at a stand-still, and the whole city gave itself over to rejoicing. Viewing the manifestations of joy expressed in waving flags, variegated bunting and noble arches, but more especially in the blundering cheers from the throats of thousands of their fellow-countrymen, many weary hearts felt that if glory was a humbleth gratification of a free and generous people—the sense of stern duty performed under almost overwhelming difficulties, was an ample reward for all they had undergone. Let those who bring to the foreground the disintegrating influence of the Dominion, not lose sight of the strong national feeling which came suddenly into view when our national unity was for a moment endangered. The former are largely imaginary and indefinite, the latter is actual and deep seated.

THE TRIAL OF RIEL.

We left Riel a prisoner in the Mounted Police barracks at Regina. On 20th July he was arraigned before Col. Richardson, stipendiary magistrate of the Saskatchewan district, to answer the charge of treason. The counsel for the crown were Christopher Robinson, Q.C., of Toronto, B. B. MacFarlane, Q.C., of Toronto, S. M. G. C., of Regina, M. C. Casgrain, and C. W. Burbridge, Deputy Minister of Justice. For the defence were F. X. Lejeune, Q.C., of Quebec, Chas Fitzpatrick, of Quebec, and Mr. J. N. Greenhields, of Montreal. At eleven o'clock containing counsel for the crown, Mr. Henry Lejeune took their seats on the bench. The Judge announced that Mr. Lejeune would be associated with him in the trial. The jury roll was then called, and the clerk declared the court open. The prisoner was then brought in, and every eye was riveted on him. He was composed in manner, and entering the prisoner's box took his seat, but rose again at once and answered in the affirmative to the Judge's query whether he had been served with due notice of his trial, etc. The clerk then read the long indictment charging prisoner with treason. The prisoner kept his eye on the clerk as he read, and was constantly changing his rest on the rail of the box from one elbow to the other, but this was the only evidence that he felt conscious of the case for the crown. In the room, a long, waving brown hair fell down upon the collar of his dark grey coat, and his full, dark brown beard tapered to a point on his breast. The clerk closed with his usual query to the prisoner, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty," he replied. Mr. Fitzpatrick entered his plea as to the jurisdiction of the Court. Mr. Christopher Robinson asked for an adjournment to prepare a reply to the plea.

The plea of the defence was simply that the stipendiary magistrate was incompetent to try a case involving the death penalty, but that it could be transferred to a competent Court in Upper Canada or British Columbia.

Messrs. Greenhields and Fitzpatrick addressed the court in support of the application for the adjournment, and the court, after the prosecution agreed to assist the defence in procuring witnesses in Canada, but could not agree to the protection of the court being offered to Dumont, Dumas, or other parties participating in the rebellion, they were brought from a foreign country to testify on behalf of Riel.

The court re-opened on 28th July, after a week's adjournment. Six jurors were chosen and Mr. Ostr opened the case for the crown.

He explained that the indictment had been made double for simple present reasons to avoid technical objections. The trial by a jury of six instead of twelve was prescribed by law in the Territory, and there could be no manner of doubt as to the right of the Government to make that law. The absence of the Grand Jury was explained on the ground that such juries were essentially county organizations, and were impossible in large districts with small and scattered populations. The Crown thought it impossible also to issue a special commission for the trial of this prisoner. Special courts for special charges were always to be avoided. He traced the career of the prisoner since his arrival in the Saskatchewan Valley last year, and drew attention to the testimony which would be produced to enable the jury to reach a correct verdict. The testimony, he claimed, was abundantly sufficient to bring home to the prisoner his guilt in the charges against him. He read the document in Riel's handwriting to Crozier, in which Riel threatened a war of extermination against the whites, and traced the prisoner's conduct afterward to show that he had tried to carry out that threat. It was no constructive treason that was sought to be proved, but treason involving the shedding of brave men's blood. The accused had been led on, not by desire to aid his friends in a lawful agitation for redress of a grievance, but by his inordinate vanity and desire for power and wealth.

The examination of witnesses then commenced, in the course of which Riel asked Justice Richardson to be allowed to question Charles Nolin, who was under cross-examination. He objected to his lawyer's efforts to show that he was insane. He was not insane, he said, and desired that the plea be thrown aside.

After considerable argument had taken place between the prisoner and his counsel, the Justice refused to allow him to question witnesses as long as he had counsel to speak for him. Among the witnesses called was General Middleton. His evidence was simply a recanance of the campaign. He recited the particulars as to the capture and final surrender of Riel, and that according to instructions from Ottawa, he had handed him over to the civil authorities at Regina. The General, on being cross-examined by Greenhields, said they had had several conversations on religion. Riel said he was all wrong. Riel talked and acted like a religious enthusiast who was strong on some religious point. A paper assuring Riel of protection was sent out by a scout after Astley told him that Riel would surrender.

THE RETURN.

A few words on the welcome the men received on their return home.

The public expression of sentiment on their departure was unprecedented and unrivaled; the enthusiasm exhibited on their arrival entirely surpassed anything known in the history of itself with joy. Nothing was so common as to see men, as they were carelessly termed. Everything that could possibly be done to show the rejoicings of these at home was done—banquets, flowers, flags, processions, obsequies. Never did the streets of Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, of every town and city, large and small, resound with such cheerings. Winnipeg was hilariously delighted, so was Toronto, so indeed was the smallest village that had a hand in the affair. Each detachment, as it arrived, was received at the station by the civic authorities, with bands, addresses, flags, wreaths. They were followed through the streets by thousands. And the cheering! Whole populations must have been hoarse for days after such cheering.

Well, the troops deserved it. It was all over now, and it was through them that it was safely over. There only remained now the question of what to do with Riel and the rest of the prisoners. The tedious trial of the leader of the rebellion, the plea of insanity, the verdict, the recommendation to mercy, the tenderly the appeal, with all this we shall not concern ourselves. Suffice it that the rebellion was quelled, and we had "our boys" safe home again.

I cannot close this short account of the North-West rising without expressing my thanks, my very sincere thanks, to the many friends who, at no little trouble to themselves, so kindly and beautifully helped me with their advice, information, and assistance. Amongst many others, I may mention the names of Mr. G. S. Muecke, Lieut.-Col. W. D. Jarvis, Lieut.-Col. G. P. Denison, Capt. C. Greville Harston, and Mr. F. C. Wade. To the pen of my fellow-graduate, Mr. James McDougall, also, no small portion of Part II. owes its existence.

INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION.

CAMP LIFE AT FORT PITT.

HERE we have the last illustrations by Mr. Canon, our special artist with Gen. Middleton's forces that we shall have an opportunity to present. The first represents the lively response which the troop-horses of the Mounted Police make whenever the trumpet sounds the alarm for a race. The second is a race as it should be, where the object of the competitors is to win, every one giving his level best to be first to reach the goal.

CHURCH PARADE AT FORT PITT, JUNE 2ND, 1885.



Key to illustration on page 33.

1. The General.
2. The Assist. D. A. G. and Brigade Major.
3. Chief Transport Officer.
4. Brigadier Lt.-Col. Staunton.
5. Staff Mess.
6. Staff.
7. Officers.
8. Lt. Col. Crassett.
9. The Chaplain.
10. R. G. Orderly Room.
11. R. G. Officers' Mess.
12. R. G. Reading Room.
13. No. 1 Company, Royal Grenadiers.
14. " " " " " "
15. " " " " " "
16. " " " " " "
17. Guard.
18. "A" Battery, Canadian Artillery.
19. "B" Battery, Canadian Artillery.
20. 90th Battalion Rifles.
21. Field Post Office.
22. Field Hospital.
23. Ammunition.
24. Troops drawn up for divine service.
25. Indian Encampment.
26. Steamer Marquis.
27. North-West.
28. Building in Fort Pitt, evacuated by the Mounted Police on Mr. McLean's surrender to the Indians, occupied as a Government storehouse.

It may be of interest to mention that the camp of the scouts was on the left of that of the Royal Grenadiers, and that the Midland were cantoned to the right of the tents of the 20th as shown in the picture.

THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT BATOCHE, MAY 28th, 1885.

This illustration represents the exciting experiences of the crew and troops on board the steamer sent down the river by Gen. Middleton for the two-fold purpose of creating a diversion from the main operations of the attack, and of establishing a new means of communication with Col. Irvine's command at Prince Albert. The military command of this expedition rested with Major Henry Smith, of "C" Company, Infantry School Corps, who had with him the half company of that body which were through the campaign with the troops that accompanied Gen. Middleton throughout. The vessel having been well fortified by Capt. Haig, R. E., it was in a fairly defensible condition; and the only really serious risk encountered was when the endeavour was made to capture it by means of the obstruction that the wire ferry cable afforded. With the exception of a damaged smoke-stack, however, the steamer went through her trip comparatively unharmed, notwithstanding the hail of bullets through which she passed, sent by rebels concealed among the bushes on both sides of the river.

BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE CREEK.

MR. WADMORE has placed us under deep obligations in sending so comprehensive a sketch of a battleground of historic interest. The relative situations of the various troops will, however, be better understood by regard being paid to the following references:—

1. Indian encampment partially hidden by woods, with shell bursting over.
2. Major Short, R.C.A., working Gatling gun, men of "B" Battery, and some police.
3. Corral of N. W. M. P. and staff horses.
4. Lager, with wounded in centre.
5. Indians evidently directing movements of the enemy from high hill, about 2,000 yards distant.
6. Woods both sides of Cut Knife Creek, which runs through.
7. Queen's Own Rifles and Ottawa Sharpshooters.
8. Seven-pounder gun, with men of "B" Battery.
9. Some of the Battleford Rifles.
10. Edge of deep ravine, led by Mounted Police and "C" Company, Infantry School Corps.
11. Some of the Mounted Police, "B" Battery and "C" Company and a few men of the Ottawa Sharpshooters.
12. Seven-pounder gun disabled through breaking of trail.

THE QUEEN'S OWN AT CUT KNIFE CREEK.

THE act of gallantry, in which Messrs. E. C. Acheson and G. E. Lloyd, of the Queen's Own, participated, is one of the features of the campaign that is entitled to special mention. Towards the close of the engagement at Cut Knife Creek, which lasted about seven hours, the Battleford volunteers were ordered to re-

tire from their position in a gully where they had been maintaining a fire against some of the enemy concealed in bush, which well concealed them. All but two men, Private Dobbs and a teamster named Winters, heard the order and retired round the ridge from which Acheson and Lloyd covered the movement. Lloyd happened to notice the two men still left, and called to Acheson to stay and help them out of their position. Lloyd knelt down and watched for the appearance of the concealed enemy, firing whenever he could get a chance, while Acheson stooped over the edge of the ridge to assist the two men up the steepest part of the activity, which was about three feet, almost perpendicular, at the summit. Taking Winters by the hand, Acheson pulled him up with a jerk on to the ridge, when a ball through the head killed the former, who rolled over into the bush in rear. Acheson then made for the edge again, and shouted for poor Dobbs to climb up quick, as it was clear the position was becoming untenable. Dobbs, who was an ex-soldier of the army, advanced in years and somewhat infirmly, being sorely fatigued with his unwonted exertions, said, "Wait a bit, till I get my wind." Acheson urged him to come along, as every moment was precious. When Dobbs reached the ridge he grasped his hand firmly and pulled with all his strength. Just as he was over the edge, a ball from the enemy gave Dobbs a fatal wound, and the two men fell together and rolled over. Our picture shows the moment when Acheson was raising Dobbs' lifeless form to carry it to the bush in rear, protecting it with his own person, whereupon a half-breed, with an expression of fiendish malignity on his countenance, suddenly rose at the edge of the ridge, but a few yards off, and drew a bead upon Acheson's back. Happily, Lloyd's rifle was loaded, and he was then waiting a chance to fire, and the enemy in the opposite bush. He brought his rifle to bear upon the man whose aim endangered his comrade's life, and on his pulling the trigger had the satisfaction of seeing this very angry assailant drop up his arms and disappear—to be seen no more. Lloyd turned in response to Acheson's request to him to pick up his rifle; but suddenly the head and shoulders of an Indian appeared over the edge of the ridge, by whom Lloyd himself was shot through the back, the ball passing by the shoulder and just missing the lungs. Sergt. McKell and others of the detachment of the Queen's Own now advanced to the rescue of Lloyd and to carry off the body of poor Dobbs, who was found to have received two shots, either of which must have proved fatal. Private Lloyd recovered from his wound, was appointed chaplain to his battalion while still in the field, and has since been ordained. He was recently married to a young lady from England. Both Acheson and Lloyd are held in high esteem by their comrades in the Queen's Own. They are both gentlemen of education and refinement, being brother students of Divinity at Wycliffe College, Toronto. We do not know whether the incident we have endeavoured to relate and illustrate has been brought by Colonel Otter to the notice of General Middleton, but the circumstances seem to warrant a recommendation for that much coveted decoration—the Victoria Cross.

(1)



(2)



CAMP LIFE AT FORT PITT. [See page 39.]

(From sketches by Mr. F. W. Curzon, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with General Middleton's Expedition.)

(1) MOUNTED POLICE HORSES RESPONDING TO THE "FEED AND WATER" CALL. (2) HORSE RACING—"GO AS YOU PLEASE."

SOUVENIR NUMBER OF

Table listing names and military units of soldiers, organized in columns. Includes units like '5TH BATTALION', '10TH BATTALION', and '11TH BATTALION'. Lists names such as Pte. H. Shabaker, Pte. G. Hall, Pte. C. H. Volin, etc.

