

the Battleford, which
of the town south of
ans under the Cree
on of the 6th April,
t Qu'Appelle, a dis-
and as we had four
uly miserable. The
rotting, our legs got
position, with cold
ion was not exactly
e lodged in a school
abused "hard-tack,"
st morning Captain
ticles as we wanted.
e cent piece was the

Getting our traps
again, passing the
ty steep ascent, we
lley, and at a depot
Our battery horses
nted men, were put
Stopping about mid-
sles from Qu'Appelle
sued, pitching tents,
we were told off to
sleep, but in most
at 8 o'clock on the
on's company about
s encamped: 90th
f French's Scouts—
ille. We now num-
hing our camp we

reveille sounded, we
after breakfast, all
new guard, prepared
had been carried in
ng up the advanced
came the escort of
ler of the 90th, and
g ahead, and on each
aken by surprise by
mer and then after
ouch Wood Hills in
this 21 miles tramp,
t feet, and no means
ng, after the usual

routine, we again got under way, halted at mid-day for dinner and had a "pow wow" with some of the File Hill Indians. The General gave them good advice, and what they appeared to want more than anything was some bacon, flour and tobacco. When I was a boy I used to read and admire Fenimore Cooper's Indians, they were my ideal Indian. Now I think the real Indian a fraud and a humbug, who looks as if he was totally unacquainted with the properties of soap, and seems to glory in his clothes being made out of holes. The dusky maiden has greatly fallen in my estimation, the maiden is dusky, but it is chiefly owing to the accumulation of dirt. Seriously speaking, the poor people are to be pitied, but on the other hand I doubt if they are worth the sympathy that so many well meaning people extend to them. There was one good thing the old chief said, which tickled us, he said that "he thought it would be cheaper for the Queen (White Mother) to feed the Indians than to send soldiers to fight them. (Pardon this digression, and now for the road.) To-night we encamped on the Salt or Alkali Plains, and this camping ground has been well named by the Royal Grenadiers "Camp Desolation." On the morning of the 11th, we struck off across the plains which are about forty miles wide, and as far as the eye could reach ahead, right and left of us was an undulating prairie with large patches of snow lying in the hollows, where it formed when melted "Sleiss," the whole looking to our eye like a tempest tossed sea. These "Sleiss" forming into rivers, run across the trail at various places, and as we could not walk round about we had simply to wade them, we crossed between twenty and thirty of them on our first day's march, and often we were fording them when the water was over our knees. "One more river to cross" was not the thing, it was twenty rivers to cross. To add to our discomfort the water was unfit for use and the only means of allaying our thirst was by eating snow, and that is not a success at all times. Remember that we were at this time lugging along seventy rounds of small arm ammunition and that confounded nuisance, a sword-bayonet at our side in addition to our rifles, and other trifles. Here for the first time we had a whisper of Riel's whereabouts with the comforting addition that he meant to give us a warm reception. On the morning of the 12th "orders" were read out to us, the General thanking us for the way we had marched so far, and trusted that as Prince Albert was reported to be infested with the hostiles, that he had only to appeal to us as British Soldiers to spare no efforts in pushing on for their relief. This, of course, gave us fresh courage for the road, and the ground being much better than yesterday we got along first-rate. Striking the edge of the bush about 2 p. m., after going on a few miles further we halted for the night, and left behind us forever, I hope, the Salt Plains. Many of us had sore feet, myself included, the beef boots which had been good upon the snow proving a failure here; they became saturated with water, and it