

Irvine had telegraphed to him to warn me that the rebels were good shots, and that I should not start without at least 1,500 men. I told him that I could not afford to wait for that number, as it might be weeks before I could get them, and that I should advance as soon as possible with what troops I could muster, and trust to getting reinforcements later on, and I telegraphed to that effect to the minister at Ottawa, at the same time writing to him to explain my proposed plan of operation, which was as follows:—

To move the principal column under my own command direct to Clarke's Crossing, a telegraph station and ferry on the South Saskatchewan about forty miles by trail from Batoche. A second column under Lt.-Colonel Otter, a capable officer belonging to the Permanent Militia, who was coming up with the reinforcements, to meet me there from Swift Current, a Canadian Pacific Railway station some 150 miles to the westward of Troy and a few miles from the south branch of the Saskatchewan, which I was recommended to use eventually as a line of communication, making Swift Current my main base. I was given to understand by an old scout that I might fall in with the enemy at or near Clarke's Crossing, and it seemed somewhat probable, but, if not, the two columns would then move, one on each side of the river, and attack Batoche, which I understood had houses and Indian camps on both sides of the river, with a large ferry-boat to connect them. After the capture, one column, if not savvy, might march to Prince Albert, the other pushing on to Battleford, whither I proposed sending at once a reinforcement of mounted police under Lieut.-Col. W. Herchmer from Regina, the mounted police having been put under my command. A third column I proposed forming at Calgary, giving the command of Major-General Strange, late R.A., who had placed his services at the disposal of the Government. This column, after over-awing the Indians in that district, would move on to Edmonton, and proceed down the North Saskatchewan to Fort Pitt, where I hoped to meet them after having disposed of Poundmaker and his band. We should then together follow up and dispose of Big Bear, which would pretty well break the neck of the rebellion.

I also would shortly have two small bodies of mounted scouts patrolling east and west of the Cypress Hills between the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the American frontier, not only to watch any Fenian or Indian advance from the United States that might chance to take place, but also, if possible, to bar the most probable line of retreat to the States of the defeated rebels.

I soon came to the conclusion that I could not, at least at first, spare troops to keep my communications open, but that did not trouble me much, as, from what I could gather, I made up my mind that the rebels would not wander far afield, but would remain in or close to Batoche. Moreover, while my reinforcements were coming up, my communications would be kept open, and lastly, it was evidently necessary that I should make a forward movement without delay, with as great a show of force as I could muster.

The next day, the 28th, I set to work

to make arrangements for the immediate advance of the troops I had with me. I appointed Capt. Bodson chief transport officer, with Mr. Seretan as his assistant, and Capt. Swinford of the 90th, chief commissariat officer, and with their able assistance was able to extemporize a good working system of transport and commissariat. Afterwards our transport and stores, &c., were nearly all supplied through the Hudson Bay Company; Mr. Wrigley, their chief commissioner, being most indefatigable and successful in his endeavors to make things go smoothly.

(To be Continued.)

## THE SLAPPING SAL.

A Story of the Seas Long Ago.

It was in the days when France's power was already broken upon the seas, and when more of her three-deckers lay rotting in the Medway than were to be found in Brest Harbor. But her frigates and corvettes still scoured the ocean, closely followed ever by those of her rival. At the uttermost ends of the earth these dainty vessels with sweet names of girls or of flowers, mangled or shattered each other for the honor of the four yards of hunting that flapped from the gaffs.

It had blown hard in the night, but the wind had dropped with the dawning, and now the rising sun tinted the fringe of the storm wreck as it dwindled into the west, and glinted on the endless crests of the long green waves. To north and south and west lay a skyline which was unbroken save by the spout of foam when two of the great Atlantic seas dashed each other into spray. To the east was a rocky island jutting out into craggy points, with a few scattered clumps of palm trees and a pennant of mist streaming out from the bare conical hill which capped it. A heavy surf beat upon the shore, and at a safe distance from it the British thirty-two gun frigate Leda, Capt. A. P. Johnson, raised her black, glistening side upon the crest of a wave, or swooped down into an emerald valley, dipping away to the north under easy sail. On her snow-white quarter deck stood a stiff little brown-faced man, who swept the horizon with his glass.

"Mr. Wharton," he cried, with a voice like a rusty hinge.

A thin, knock-kneed officer shambled across the poop to him.

"Yes, sir."

"I've opened the sealed orders, Mr. Wharton."

A glimmer of curiosity shone upon the meagre features of the first lieutenant. The Leda had sailed with her consort, the Dido, from Antigua, the week before, and the admiral's orders had been contained in a sealed envelope.

"We were to open them on reaching the deserted island of Sombriero, lying in north latitude 18 degrees, 36 minutes, west longitude 63 degrees, 28 minutes. Sombriero bore four miles to the east from our port bow when the gale cleared, Mr. Wharton."

The lieutenant bowed stiffly. He and the captain had been bosom friends from childhood. They had gone to school together, joined the navy together and married into each other's families, but as long as their feet were on the poop the iron discipline of the service struck all that was human out of them and left only the superior and the subordinate. Capt. Johnson took a blue paper from his pocket which crackled as he unfolded it:

"The thirty-two gun frigates Leda

and Dido (Capt. A. P. Johnson and James Munroe) are to cruise from the point at which these instructions are read to the mouth of the Caribbean sea in the hope of encountering the French frigate La Gloire (48), which has recently harassed our merchant ships in that quarter. H.M. frigates are also directed to hunt down the piratical craft known sometimes as the 'Slapping Sal' and sometimes as the 'Hairy Hudson,' which has plundered the British ships as per margin, inflicting barbarities upon their crews. She is a small brig carrying ten light guns, with one twenty-four-pound carronade forward. She was last seen on the 23d ultimo to the northeast of the island of Sombriero.

"(Signed), James Montgomery, Rear Admiral.

"H. M. S. Colossus, Antigua."

"We appear to have lost our consort," said Capt. Johnson, folding up his instructions again and sweeping the horizon with his glass. "She drew away after she reefed down. It would be a pity if we met this heavy Frenchman without the Dido, Mr. Wharton—eh?"

The lieutenant twinkled and smiled.

"She has eighteen-pounders on the main and twelves on the poop, sir," said the captain. "She carries four hundred to our two hundred and thirty-one. Capt. de Milon is the smartest man in the French service. Oh, Bobby boy, I'd give my hopes of my flag to rub my side up against her." He turned on his heel, ashamed of his momentary lapse. "Mr. Wharton," said he, looking back sternly over his shoulder, "get those square sails shaken on and bear away a point more to the west."

"A brig on the port bow," said the lieutenant.

The captain sprang up on the bulwarks and held on to the mizzen shrouds, a strange little figure with flying skirts and puckered eyes. The lean lieutenant craned his neck and whispered to Smeaton, the second, while officers and men came popping up from below and clustering along the weather rail, shading their eyes with their hands, for the tropical sun was already clear of the palm trees. The strange brig lay at anchor in the throat of a curving estuary, and it was already obvious that she could not get out without passing under the guns of the frigate. A long rocky point to the north of her held her in.

"Keep her as she goes, Mr. Wharton," said the captain. "Hardly worth while clearing for action, Mr. Smeaton, but the men can stand by the guns in case she tries to pass us. Cast loose the bowchasers and send the small-arm men on to the forecastle."

A British crew went to its quarters in those days with the quiet serenity of men on their daily routine. In a few minutes, without fuss or sound, the sailors were knotted around their guns, the marines were drawn up and leaning on their muskets, and the frigate's bowsprit pointed straight for her little victim.

"Is it the Slapping Sal, sir?"

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Wharton."

"They don't seem to like the look of us, sir. They've cut their cable and are clapping on sail."

It was evident that the brig meant to struggle for her freedom. One little patch of canvas fluttered out above another and her people could be seen working like madmen in the rigging. She made no attempt to pass her antagonist but headed up the estuary. The captain rubbed his hands.

"She's making for shoal water, Mr.