

for any advantage I expected to derive from it. Though the gatlings had been well and pluckily worked they had proved unsuitable for the kind of fighting we were engaged in. At least our experience at Batoche taught us that the physical as well as the moral effect of the galling on our enemy had been very slight. During the day three wounded mounted police came in from Major Steele's party, which was camped about eight miles from us. I rode out to the camp and saw Major Steele. He reported that he had come up with what was apparently the rear guard of Big Bear's party packing up their camp. He attacked them, killing several, but the rest escaped across a ford to an island, and having counted seventy-three camp fires at a camp he had passed, he did not think his party strong enough to follow them, and so had retired. He also reported that his horses were mostly played out, having had little to eat, and he spoke most highly of the conduct of his officers, Captain Oswald and Lt. Coryell, non-commissioned officers and men, especially praising the pluck and endurance of the three wounded men. That evening my aid-de-camp, Capt. Freer, informed me that Major Steele and his men were very anxious to turn back and go with us, to which I consented, sending back the most used-up of his men and horses to Fort Pitt. I knew from General Strange that Major Steele and his men had been most useful to him, and they did excellent service with me, Major Steele proving himself to be a most zealous and excellent officer. Ever since we had left Frenchman's Butte our route had been through woods, the weather being very hot. The mosquitoes and flies were terrible; however we all bore it with Christian fortitude, an occasional big "D" excepted!

Steele's report of the road ahead was tolerably favourable, though he thought we might have some difficulty at the ford he had mentioned, so I determined to start with my teams, taking with us the travois and pack-saddles in case we might want them. We left Travoies camp (as we called it) early next morning, June 6th, picked up Steele's party, and camped at 6 p. m. after a twenty-five mile march, still in the woods, mosquitoes and a large sort of cattle fly called "bulldogs," being fearfully troublesome. We had had considerable difficulty in getting our teams on, but had managed to do so. I sent on in advance the Surveyor's Scouts under Capt. Dennis, with axes, and when they came to a bad part or a stream they bushed or bridged it, so that we were seldom delayed, the party doing their work admirably and skillfully. Believing now that Big Bear and his braves were thoroughly disorganized and might scatter or turn, I sent off orders, before leaving Travoies Camp, to Lt. Col. Otter to leave part of his force at Battleford under command of Major Dawson, 10th Grenadiers—who had not quite recovered from his wound—and to take the rest across the river, move on to Jack-fish Lake, and patrol to the northwest or Squirrel Plain. I also directed Lt. Col. Irvine, at Prince Albert, to cross a mounted party at Carleton, and patrol towards Green Lake, so that with General Strange moving on Beaver River by Frog Lake, and my party moving northwards, it would be difficult for Big Bear to get away. I determined to leave our camp standing here with a small guard, and not take any tents on at all, as it would lighten our teams considerably; and marching at day-break, halted at mid-day near one of the enemy's old camps. We found several broken carts with food, etc., and one of our scouts discovered hid under a large pile of boughs and leaves two carts full of furs, part of which was presented to me. There were more signs, as usual, of the presence of the prisoners in this camp, bits of torn photographs,

lids of work boxes, small pieces of coloured wools tied to branches of bushes, etc. That evening, after doing twenty-five miles we camped on the high ground, overlooking the lake and ford, where Steele had caught the enemy crossing. The lake was a large one, though not shown on our maps, and was known to the half-breeds as Loon Lake, there being numbers of these birds about it. I went down to the ford, passing through the old Indian camp, where more things were left scattered about, with one Indian lying dead, shot through the body. We found the ford quite passable for our teams and gatlings, and next morning we marched early, crossed over safely, and found ourselves on the mainland and not on an island. On our way we passed another lake on our right, and on the ridge of land between the two lakes came across another Indian camping ground with, as usual furs, carts, food, etc., lying about, and three graves which were found to contain three Indians. We found some scraps of paper here with writing on them, saying that the prisoners were all right. Our trail this day was very hilly and tried the draught horses terribly, and it was wonderful to see over what apparently impassable ground we brought our gatlings and teams in safety. The trail conducted us to what we called the "Narrows," being a rapid stream running from one lake to the other, and which the Indians had evidently crossed by means of rafts of wood and rushes. We at once set to work and made a raft to take over the saddles, blankets, etc., and swam the horses over, leaving the teams, gatlings, and twenty-five mounted police on the hither side. We moved on and bivouacked on a wooded ridge, where there were evident signs that the Indians had camped within forty-eight hours. Just below where we halted we found the body of an Indian squaw in a kneeling position. She had a piece of raw hide—"shakanappy," as it is called—round her neck, the ends being fastened to a young tree, and had deliberately strangled herself. We heard afterwards that she had some disease which prevented her walking, and her party having no means of carrying her on, the unfortunate woman committed suicide. Boulton, who had been sent forward, returned with the unpleasant news that the trails of the Indians had entered a muskeg, which was the only way by which we could follow them to the north, not having boats, and that the muskeg would be quite impassable by us. I went forward to judge for myself. A few yards on in the muskeg lay a cart, sunk in over its wheels, and beyond it, on the track taken by the Indians, were strewed bundles, pots, and things dropped by them to lighten their loads. I rode myself into the muskeg, but soon sank to my saddle girths and was extricated with great difficulty. We bivouacked where we were, the night being hot, rainy, and "moskitoe." Next morning two scouts managed, with great difficulty, to cross the muskeg, nearly losing their horses returning. They reported the enemy's trail as going north, and assured me that we could not cross without losing probably half our horses, and perhaps some men. With such probable consequences in view, and fearing the risk of placing such an obstacle between ourselves and our supplies, I determined to return to Fort Pitt, and from there make my way to General Strange on the Beaver River. The next morning we crossed the Narrows again by a sort of light bridge of faggots and ropes, cleverly made under Capt. Peters' directions, the horses being swum over, and after two days' fatiguing marches arrived at Fort Pitt on the 11th of June. On the 13th I started with the mounted men for Beaver River. Marched thirty-five miles to Frog Lake and pitched camp close to that of the Midlanders under Lt. Col. Williams, whom I had ordered there to support Strange. The settlement had

been completely destroyed, and the Midlanders had buried two or three bodies of white people they had found. The next day we made another march of thirty-five miles and camped near the Hudson Bay Post, being torn to pieces by mosquitoes and flies, though we were better equipped to meet these monsters than before, having gauze veils and linen gauntlets, part of the numerous articles kindly made and sent up to the force by the ladies of Toronto, Ottawa, and other parts of Canada, a great part of which, however, unfortunately went astray or stolen. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, with the kindly thoughtfulness of her race, also had graciously sent out Dr. Boyd with an extensive medical and surgical outfit, and a large sum of money for distribution, and I received a most kind letter of congratulation on our success from the Marquis of Lorne. The next day, June 15th, after a short march of ten miles, we arrived at General Strange's camp at the Roman Catholic Mission on the Beaver River. We had a pow-wow with some Chippewyan Indians, who had been (unwillingly) with Big Bear, and had got away from him, bringing with them their missionary, Father Le Goff, a very good, worthy man. After some talk it was arranged that two of the Indians should be sent down the river and try and find out where Big Bear was. Capt. E. Palliser arrived to-day to join General Strange's column, after a hard and adventurous journey down the river from Edmonton. On the 17th June I started with my aide-de-camp, Capt. Freer, and Mr. Hayter Reid for Cold Lake, about fifteen miles off, where Lt. Col. Osborne Smith had been sent with the Winnipeg Light Infantry. We had to swim our horses across the Beaver River, and found two or three nasty muskegs on the other side, and were more or less baited by mosquitoes and "bulldogs" all the way. I found Osborne Smith had sent the Rev. Mr. McKay—one of our best scouts—off in a canoe with two Indians to try and gain information about Big Bear. This lake, which is a large one, is well called Cold Lake, as its water is icy cold, but it seems to agree with the white fish, pike and trout, which abound, and are of immense size and very good to eat. The next day Captain Bedson arrived with supplies and letters for us, and in the evening the two Indians came in with news that the Metis and the rest of the prisoners had been released and were travelling by Loon Lake to Fort Pitt. This was grand news indeed, and I gave orders for my mounted party to move off at daybreak for Fort Pitt, and directed Major General Strange to collect his force and join me there. Capt. Bedson and myself started in a waggon next morning, the 19th June, at 3 a. m., for "the landing" on the North Saskatchewan River, a distance of fifty miles, which we did, over a bad and difficult road, in about twelve hours, capturing a small black bear cub on our way. At "the landing" we found a steamer, and in it reached Fort Pitt at 10 p. m., Capt. Bedson starting at once with teams to meet the released prisoners at Loon Lake. Our camp was pitched on the plateau overlooking the remains of Fort Pitt, which had been placed in a bad position as regards defence. On the 22nd June Captain Bedson arrived with the released prisoners all safe and well.

On the 26th I received the news that Big Bear's band had broken up, so with Batoche captured, Riel and Poundmaker prisoners, Big Bear powerless and a fugitive, and all the prisoners released, I considered my work nearly done, and began to make arrangements for breaking up the force. By the 3rd of July the last of the troops at Fort Pitt had embarked in the steamers, except the Winnipeg Light Infantry, under Lt. Col. Osborne Smith, which were left behind to gather in arms and prisoners, perhaps Big Bear himself. On my way down the river, however, I had the satisfaction of re-