

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 a level and open prairie that extends back several 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 straw stack. After firing a volley from the two bluffs, the scouts got under cover, when the troops turned around to Capt. Wise, his A.I.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 thearrison 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 B-swell, the left half. "C" Company Toronto Infantry School being on the extreme right, had two or three hot skirmishes in possession of a knoll of five hundred yards in the ravine. Being ordered to retire from it, it was taken by the rebels, but the infantry drove them out. While this was going on the right, in "A" Battery, the 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 force were gradually worked up and kept closing on the ravine. In the meantime the artillery were being moved forward 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 stack was set on fire. The rebels were then leave them seeking cover in the ravine. Shortly before ten o'clock, three companies of the Royal Grenadiers crossed the river and took up position on the left bank of the river, the half-breed overlooking the ravine. By this time the firing from the rebels was but feeble, seeming to indicate that their ammunition was running out. The fire of the Grenadiers was very effective. About this time a house in the ravine was nearly demolished by shot from No. 4 "A" Battery. The rebels had nearly all dispersed, some fifteen being all left in sight. The rest retired covered and thence northward toward Hatcher's Crossing. As far as could be seen the enemy left no dead on the field, though twenty-five of them were shot and about a dozen captured. The rebels seem to be composed of a mixture of the equal number of half-breeds and Indians, in all not more than two hundred. All were commanded by Houton.

This, in brief, is the story of the first so-called battle in which our troops were engaged in their task of quelling the uprising. If it was not an engagement of great magnitude, yet it is of importance upon our minds, and more especially in the losses they sustained, it was not a trivial affair. True, it was a most quiet affair afterwards a better we had in reality shown the rebels they were defeated. No charge was made, the rebels remained unexplored, a retrograde movement was made before camping for the night after the battle was over; and this retrograde movement was greeted with exultant yells from the few rebels who yet remained on the scene 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 this was no insignificant matter.

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

"To the Hon. A. P. Corman: "From Point Carleton, 25 miles north of Clarke's Crossing, N.W.T., April 25. I have had an affair with the rebels at this spot, on the east bank of the river. My advanced scouts were 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 and 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 to lose more men in trying to take them, I have surrounded the bluff and shall await until they have expended their ammunition, to take them. Lord Meland joined me, as soon as he could, from the east side of the river, with the 10th Royals and the Winnipeg half-battery, but the affair was over before the most part of the left column had crossed, as it is a work of difficulty to cross. I have ordered the rest to follow, and shall march to-morrow with the united force on Hatcher's. The troops behaved very much 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 do not think it was pretty severe, though from their advantage in position and mode of fighting, it might be less than ours. I shall proceed to-morrow, after burying the dead and sending the wounded back to Clarke's Crossing, by way of the main line I lose the telegraph line, but I shall keep up constant communication by Clark's Crossing if possible. I regret very much the wounding of my two A.I.C.s, Captain Wise's horse was shot previously to his being wounded."

(Signed) FRANK 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. of the whole. But the question is, to be wondered at. The rebels were safely ensconced in the rifle-pits, of which there were several rows. Often nothing could be seen of them, and when they were seen they were in 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 aim with coolness and accuracy while they themselves remained unharmed. 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 Hatcher, killed; Private Ferguson, killed; Private Matthews, left arm broken; Capt. Fekher, shot in the arm and hand; C. Kemp, shot in the groin; B Company.—Private Wheeler, killed; Private Swan, slight wound; Private Jarvis, two slight wounds; Private Lavel, wound in the shoulder; Private Johnson, slight wound; C Company.—Lieut. Swinford, killed; Capt. Letheridge, wounded in breast; Private Code, wound in leg; Private Chambers, slight wound in neck; Private Caniff, wound in arm; D Company.—Private Ennis, killed; Corp. Bowden, slightly wounded; F Company.—Capt. Clarke, killed; Private Hebel, arm fractured; Private A. Blackwood, slightly wounded in thigh.

A Battery.—Garrison Division.—Gunner Henry Dennan, killed; Gunner Cook, killed; Gunner Garrison, badly wounded; Gunner Arnesworth, badly wounded; Sergeant Major Mahoney, right arm broken; Gunner Aslin, wounded; Gunner Irvine, wounded in thigh; Gunner Whelan, wounded in arm; Gunner (Gunner) Langrell, wounded in arm; Gunner Oullett, wounded in shoulder; Private Harrison, killed; Gunner McGrath, wounded, not in the shoulder; Mounted Bighorn, Driver Turner, wounded in cheek; Driver Wilson, right arm broken; Driver Harrison, shot, wound in neck.

Company Infantry School.—Col. Sleg, Cummings, 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 Perrins, arm broken; Trooper King, two wounds in leg; Trooper "Avery," very serious wound in chest; Trooper Bruce, very serious wound in lung; Sergeant 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. Dunnet, A.D.C., received a flesh wound in the arm below the elbow.

Let us pass now to Colonel Otter's march to Hatcher's Crossing. It was a noteworthy one, and deserves a somewhat detailed description. Colonel Otter's division, as will be remembered, was to leave the line of railway at Swift Current, and proceed northward by the South Saskatchewan as crossing, with all possible speed to the relief of Battledore. Swift Current was left on April 13th, and ten days from that date nearly the whole of Battledore welcomed their rescuers.

As far as the Crossing "C" Company formed the advance, thrown out in skirmishing order. They were followed by the Garrison Division, the Short, and "B" Battery. A line of teams followed by the Foot Guards and the Queen's Own, brought up the rear. After the Crossing, the march was made in close column, the Mounted Police forming 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 excursions 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.

The whole distance to be traversed between Swift Current station, on the main line of the C.P.R., and Battledore is about 200 miles. The march to the Saskatchewan was about 30 miles. The country between the railway and the river is mainly upland prairie, some of it very smooth, dry footing. Once across the river there are no bottom lands to cross, but the ascent of the north bank begins at once. Next comes a sharp march of some six or seven miles upland prairie which brings the column to a small sweet-water lake. After leaving the lake, the trail leads up a long gradual ascent made of undulating ground. Then comes a more sudden, but slight descent into a valley, with a smooth, level bottom about a mile wide, and covered with a rich loamy soil. On the farther side appears to have been the north bank, there is a lofty ridge which stands up out of the plain like a huge wall, and up this ridge the trail winds through a rugged, rock-bordered, and somewhat tortuous pass. Above this ridge the ascent continues 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 small lakes are numerous, but 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, when 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, and the trail leads into a beautiful supply of 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 long 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 twelve miles further on timber sufficient for fuel is reached, and from this point Eagle Hills are reached, the trail lies through clean, open prairie.

Through this varied region the column pressed on with zeal. Battledore was reached on April 23rd. This march has been publicly praised. Mr. Edgar addressed the House this on April 26th: "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 the troops from the Saskatchewan to Battledore. Everyone is interested in knowing how the troops have made this journey, and how they have kept up telegraphic communication with Battledore. No doubt the Government have informed themselves as to the health of the column. I would now open debate, as a member of the House, on the report of it." To this Mr. Corman replied: "It gives me very great pleasure in answering the question of the hon. gentleman, to state that the health of the column is excellent, and that the column as it ought to be qualified. It is considered by those who are authority on such matters, and I don't presume to express any doubt on the matter, and now that the highest encomium that could be given to a feat of that kind. We know that Col. Otter is one of the very best men we have in the force in the West. He is a man of great energy, and an opportunity has been given him to show his great value he has not been found wanting. (Cheers.) I am happy to say, from a telegram which I have received from Battledore, that the troops are in the very best possible health and spirits. They have stood that wonderful march for it has been a march in a manner none could have expected from them."

It was well that Colonel Otter and his men had hurried. Bad things had been done at Battledore since the arrival of the troops. The rebels had started for Battledore, and on their way had stopped at Barney Tremont's, about half way to Battledore; 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 was an unmarried man, and he had been very friendly terms with the rebels, 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 Col. Stoney's had gone to the Crees or Red Pheasant reserve to tell them to go down to Battledore, as the day for action had come, and that the brother of the chief had been killed there. Barney Tremont had been killed between 3 and 4 p.m.; Battledore itself had been pillaged. The Indians had taken everything they could lay their hands on, which they could not use they broke in pieces. Even carpets they tore into shreds and threw upon the streets. On returning home, the brother of the chief said they would fight on the day of the battle, but he had to take his wife and her sister to Swift Current for safety. He said he would do all he could to preserve them, but was afraid he could not save them. He said he would fight on the day of the battle, but was afraid he could not save them. He said he would fight on the day of the battle, but was afraid he could not save them.

The Winnipeg Sun gives a graphic description of the escape of Geo. E. Applegarth from the hands of the rebels. Applegarth was Farm Instructor to Red Pheasant's band. On the night of Monday, March 30th, he was making up his returns with the band, and was sitting at his desk. The Indians of his reserve had professed great friendliness for the whites. Like all Indians, they said that a great trouble would be their night, but they would fight on the day of the battle. Applegarth went to bed about midnight. At 3 o'clock in the morning he heard a "tapping at the door. Getting up he went to the door, and was the matter, when an Indian quickly strode in and closed the door behind him. He told Applegarth that the reserve was rising, and some of the bucks who had been to Battledore were after him. Almost at once he spoke the door burst open and eighteen red-skin rushed in. Applegarth thought his time had come. He was going to fight, but he was not. They were eighteen in number, six bucks and twelve squaws, and the friendly Indians whispered that their mission was to take the whites to the reservation. They surrounded his wife and sister-in-law, a little girl about twelve years old, and Indian teacher Cunningham, and told them to dress. He himself slipped out behind, and hid 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, is the dress she wore, 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 whistle-blow broke. Applegarth had to walk two miles back to get a rail to make a new one out of. Then they drove on again, plunging 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 midnight 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 would ask them to make short work of the business. His wife and the little girl cried a little, but kept up their courage well. They had no arms with them. Their only weapon, however, 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 an axe.

At two 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 again on their feet, driven on. When daylight came there were no Indians in sight. They drove on all Wednesday, and at nightfall camped at another place. Applegarth never closed his eyes all night. Sometime after midnight they went on, and the forenoon of Thursday they came up with Judge Bonham, who had left the reserve the previous Sunday with his wife and child, Mrs. Rae, wife of the Indian agent, a hired man, the two Parkers of Battledore, and a man named Foster—eight in all. They had been the party to twelve persons. When the judge left Battledore there was no trouble, although some were apprehended. Applegarth's report hurried up their movements. They were thirty miles from Swift Current they were overtaken by Constable Storer and Mr. Smart. Storer had left Battledore on Saturday, and was the bearer of dispatches to the troops. The Battledore garrison believed Hatcher was within a day's march of Battledore. Storer had picked up volunteers 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 the reserve on Monday morning, and the majority of the party went east on Tuesday.

In may be of interest to know that the Indians who were bent on killing the whites were those whose relatives had been stopped by him until they consented to work. This ended a fight which undoubtedly is only a sample of many recurring in the north country now, and which illustrates the unhappy plight of the settlers throughout all the devastated region.

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

Col. Strange formed consisted of 20 Mounted Police. Four companies Winnipeg Light Infantry, four companies Winnipeg Light Infantry, 60 Alberta Mounted Rifles.

The march from Calgary was through rolling prairie, free from timber, well watered, with rose bushes, or shrubs of any kind, and prairie grass abounding in the uplands, with few and other lowland grasses in the bottoms.

The chief noticeable points are: Sarsberry Creek, a fine stream, about half a mile wide, now becomes more or less rocky, and the ridges of timber being the rule rather than the exception. At the crossing of the "D" Deer River the banks of the stream are well wooded. After crossing the river the trail leads through rolling, low-lying hills that are well timbered, the prevailing woods being grey willow and poplar, with occasional small elms of spruce. To a mile from the crossing of the Red River, Blind Man's River is crossed, a deep, narrow stream. Beyond Blind Man's River the country is slightly more open, though large bluffs of small timber prevail on an estimated trail for some fifteen miles. Fifteen miles further on the Indian village at Bear Hills is reached. This is decidedly a dismal-looking spot. The surrounding country is low and wet, Bear Hills representing only a very slight elevation above the surrounding swamp. Here the timber, though small, is thick, and strips of forest, bluffs and swamps can be found sufficient to furnish hiding places for thousands of men. At this season of the year, the travelling between Blind Man's River and the Indian