



INDIAN GRAVE (AERIAL).

tiring drive in the rain and sleet, when the ferryman—Louis Riel's lieutenant-governor, Fisher by name—refused to cross us at the South Branch of the Saskatchewan, how thankful we were to turn back to the comfortable house of old Batoche for

with "You done well; keep on," which is the key-note to any amount of chaff that is apt to cool bubbling, misplaced enthusiasm.

And then came news from the north of the awful massacre at Frog Lake: of the dear friends whom we had so lately left besieged at Battleford; how our old friend, Captain Dickens (son of the author), "Little Charlie" as he was familiarly styled by his brother officers, was shut up at Fort Pitt with a handful of men, and cut off in every way from assistance; and how our gallant old Colonel and his brave little band were shut up in Prince Albert—"Gophers in their holes" the newspapers dubbed them, but we knew better, and that they were merely obeying orders like good soldiers. Then there was the terrible fight at Duck Lake, where so many were killed and wounded. Then followed the burning of old Fort Carlton.

How little we thought when, only a short time before, traversing this quiet, peaceful-looking northern district, that it would speedily be the scene of terrible bloodshed. And after our long,

the night—the house that held so prominent a place in the history of this rebellion.* Here, after laying aside our soaking garments, we passed upstairs, and landed in a long, wide hall, with bedrooms opening off which, after having slept on the hard ground so



CROWFOOT.

*I may here remark that it was in this house that Capt. French was shot. Dashing into the building, reckless of life, in quest of Riel's prisoners, he received a bullet in his breast while passing a window. His last words were: "Don't forget, boys, that I led you here!" Close behind him was Colonel Williams, who, in company with others, entered a neighboring building, wrenched open a trap door and released the white captives.