J. Douglas Hazen

York's Favorite Candidate for the Local Assembly.

Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICTON, N. B., June 3, 1885.

Is Youth a Crime?

Mr. Blair's subsidized organ makes a special appeal to the electors of Fredericton to vote against Mr. Hazen, because he is young, and inexperienced in business and politics. Is Mr. Hazen's youth then a crime? The organ admits that Mr. Hazen is an agreeable fellow, and a fluent speaker, and will not say that he has not other good qualities as a man and a citizen. What more can the electors of Fredericton or of York County, ask in any candidate than these qualities, which even Mr. Hazen's bitterest opponent admits, he possesses. The organ goes on to *sneer* at Mr. Hazen's youth, and at the fact of his having just started in business, but the sneer comes from a peculiar quarter. Well Mr. Hazen is not ashamed of his youth, or of the fact that he is new to his profession, but Mr. Hazen may reasonably feel proud of the distinguished position in which his talents have already placed him. Mr. Hazen has been at the bar only three years, but he has already achieved a reputation in the profession that is proof of his ability. Mr. Hazen might point to some of his critics,—"agreeable fellows too, and fluent speakers," who have spent nearly a lifetime in the profession of law, and yet are dismal failures.

The electors of Fredericton and York will take no stock in this charge against Mr. Hazen, that he is young. What has been the history of some of the ablest public men New Brunswick has ever produced. What about Lemuel Allan Wilmot. He was only twenty-three when he entered public life. Mr. Hazen is nearly twenty-five. Hon. P. A. Landry was scarcely of legal age, when Westmorland elected him to the Assembly, and Northumberland sent Hon. Mr. Adams to the Legislature when he was but a boy. We might also name Mr. Gough, and to come nearer home, the Attorney General himself, who was but a mere youth when he presented himself to the electors of York in 1870. Was Mr. Blair's youth a crime, and were the electors called upon to defeat him because he was young?

To this charge of youth, Mr. Hazen might well reply in the words of a celebrated young Irish orator, who when attacked on the same grounds, replied to his assailant, a much older man in those words. "Sir, the atrocious crime of "being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has with such spirit "and decency charged upon me, I shall "neither attempt to palliate nor deny, "but content myself with wishing, that "I may be one of those whose follies "may cease with their youth, and not of "that number who are ignorant in spite "of experience. Whether youth is a "crime, sir, I shall not assume the pro-"vince of determining, but surely age "may become justly contemptible, when "the advantages which it brings have "passed away without improvement, and "vice appears to prevail, when the pas-"sions have subsided."

If the only charge the organ can bring against Mr. Hazen, is that of youth, it is indeed handling a bad case.

The Bridge.

Mr. Blair has instructed his organ to sing the praises of the Fredericton Bridge. That is the same old song these people sang at the last election in York County, and the Bridge, which by the way, would probably not have had an existence, but for the political exigencies of Mr. Blair's partner, is again trotted out to move the electors to the support of Messrs. Gregory & Blair. But it won't do. The people of York, of course, are grateful for the construction of the bridge, but they cannot be made to see that they are particularly indebted to Mr. Blair for that work. The Bridge originated with the late Government, and the Assembly that supported it. We have no less an authority for this, than Hon. A. P. Thompson, who declared in the Legislative Council last session, that "the right of York to the construction of the Fredericton Bridge was admitted by the Legislature in 1882," and Mr. Thompson was correct. The Legislature admitted the right, and on Hon. Mr. Fraser's invitation, voted $50,000 for the Bridge. Mr. Blair took his cue from this act of course, and a pressing political necessity forwarded the erection of the work much more rapidly than even Mr. Blair intended. Mr. Blair asked for tenders for the Bridge in the same issue of his paper that contained his partner's card to the electors of York, and when there were no specifications ready for the work, and the opposition press forced Mr. Blair to continue it.

The Bridge must go forward, and Mr. Hazen's election cannot interfere. Nobody desires it shall, and the organ deceives the people when it asserts that Mr. Wetmore by word or act, has endeavored to hinder the construction of the Bridge. Mr. Blair and his organ make a great mistake, if they suppose the Bridge question is to decide the approaching election. They ought to know that the people are heartily sick of the Gregory-Blair *regime*, and as for political issues, they shall hear enough before the close of the campaign.

Advices from Ottawa, intimate the certainty of the Short Line Railway running through Harvey and Fredericton.

The very excellent portrait of Mr. Hazen, which we publish to-day, is from a photo by Mr. Burkhardt. It is singularly life-like, and reflects great credit on photographer and engraver.

The *Telegraph* reminds its reader that this is the centennial year of our representative institutions, and asks if it would not be well to signalise the occasion by sending the ablest, and most gifted and best available man as a representative to Fredericton. Well, yes, York County intends celebrating it in that way. It will send Mr. Hazen to the Legislature, who exactly fills the *Telegraph's* bill as "the ablest, most gifted and best available representative man."

There is a discrepancy somewhere. A few weeks ago in April, we think it was, Mr. Lugrin in reply to a report published in the *Sun*, that he had retired from the editorial management of the subsidized organ, charged the author of the report, with having sent out a "false and malicious lie." Mr. Lugrin had not retired from the organ he said, nor did he intend doing so, but the organ itself announced on Thursday, that Mr. Lugrin has not been connected with the machine since the 28th of February. Now if Mr. Lugrin retired in February, he could not have been editor of the organ in April. Whom are we to believe, the organ itself, or its editor. We have excellent authority for asserting that Mr. Lugrin still writes the editorials for the organ, although he holds a Government office and should keep entirely aloof from politics. Mr. Lugrin need not deny his connection with the organ. His singular propensity for monumental lying sticks out of every line the organ publishes editorially.

Mr. Temple's Speech on the Franchise Bill.

[From Hansard]

I would prefer to see the qualification at $100; I do not want to see any man disfranchised, but there is one thing to be taken into consideration, and that is the taxable value. Every man in the country can put his property down in order to have it assessed low and taxed low, but when you come to the real value, which is the value to be taken in this Bill, I do not believe that the difference in qualification will amount to anything. I think that every man who has a vote now will have a vote then on that qualification. I do not think there will be any trouble about it, and I am not afraid to meet my constituents on that ground. I would rather have seen it at $100, but if the majority is in favor of $150, I do not see that the difference will really have any effect, and am therefore prepared to accept the higher rate. As regards the statement the hon. member for Queen's, N. B., (Mr. King) made the other night, I have not a word to say about it; his statement may be correct, but if so, his county is a great deal poorer than I understood it was, since this qualification will disfranchise 427 of his constituents out of a possible 2,000 votes. That seems to me a very poor representation for the hon. gentleman to make of his county. To make his case stronger, the hon. member for Queen's, P. E. I., (Mr. Davies) and the hon. member for Huron, (Mr. Cameron), also got up, although they knew nothing about the country, not half as much as I do. My view is that where there is so much protesting, the truth is generally lost. As regards the County of York, N. B., the hon. gentleman says there are about 4,500 votes in it; it just happens there is within a trifle of 5,000 votes; and taking the same ratio of disfranchisement as the hon. member for Queen's says this Bill will operate in his county, 1,000 votes would be the disfranchisement in my county. I do not believe that, even admitting the ability of the Attorney-General of New Brunswick. I know him of old; he is a firm Grit, and so I do not place much faith in him. Of course, he takes the assessment roll, which is based on taxable property; but take the Bill as it is, based on real property, and the real value will be just about the same as it is now. As regards the increased vote which the Bill will give, I think it is going to enfranchise at least 1,000 in my county, judging from what I have seen of the measure and the arguments I have heard on both sides. But admitting the other view, that taken by hon. gentleman opposite, that the Bill will disfranchise 1,000 people in my constituency, the people would never stand it. They would not send me back here next time. Every Conservative in the Province would be wiped out, and hon. gentlemen opposite, would have a free course. With reference to the extension of the franchise, I believe the Bill is right, and that has been my view from the first.

The Debec Assult.

JOHNSTON COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

On Wednesday last, Johnson, the man arrested at Sussex by Deputy Sheriff Hawthorn of Fredericton, for a serious assault on Conductor Atridge, was brought before Wm. Dibblee, Police Magistrate, of Woodstock, and examined. The main points of the evidence against him were, that about 10 o'clock at night on the 10th of April, 1884, as Edward Atridge was returning from the residence of Dr. Gaynor, whither he had been conducting a lady passenger who had come on his train from Houlton that evening, he was met by the accused when on the bridge about 200 yards from the station, and struck on the head with some hard instrument, which, from the evidence given, would appear to have been a steel knuckle. The blow knocked Atridge down, but he called out "murder" as he fell. He was struck again on the head and stunned, and five wounds were inflicted upon his face. Help at once arrived, and although Atridge bled freely he was able to walk to the station, where his wounds were dressed by Dr. Gaynor. Atridge swore that he was laid up within one day of five weeks from the effects of the assault. By cross-questioning it was learned that an ill-feeling had existed for some months previous to the assault, between Atridge and Johnston and that the parties were not on speaking terms.

At the examination, A. B. Connell, appeared for the prosecution, and Messrs. J. R. Murphy and D. J. Jordan for the defence. The prisoner was committed for trial at the next setting of the Carleton County Court.

A partial potato famine and a sharp rise in prices is threatened in England, as it is estimated that one-half of the English potato crop has been ruined by frost.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

A Donkey Race--Continued Opposition Obstruction--Blake's Heavy Artillery draws a lively Speech from Sir John--The Senate and the Scott Act.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, May 29th, 1885.

The present age is distinguished from all its predecessors by a good many features peculiar to itself, as for instance, the telephone, the elevated railroad, and Pear's Pearline Soap, but above all other things, is it not remarkable as the age of record breaking. Beginning not so very many years ago with the practice of turning horses as they galloped or trotted at the top of their speed, the practice soon developed into a passion, and was applied to almost every possible achievement, until now-a-days it would appear as if the one universal test applicable to all efforts is—how does it compare with the record? The record is not necessarily the very shortest time in which the feat in question has been been performed—there are races, for instance, bicycle races, and donkey races, in which the winner is the contestant who comes in last, and therefore takes the longest possible time to do what is required. And now that this

Record Breaking Contagion

has reached even unto the House of Commons, and infected Her Majesty's loyal (?) Opposition, it would seem that in their ambition to make or break the record, they have chosen the donkey race as their model, and have placed before them as their end in view, the delivery of the longest speeches, and the achievement of the longest session in the history of our Parliament. For almost, or quite a month now, the country has been called upon to view the noble, the inspiring spectacle of a body of men, estimable enough, no doubt, many of them, as parents and private citizens, so pitifully possessed by the determination to break the record, that putting aside all considerations of public good or private business, they have, with a grim determination and self-denial, worthy of a more exalted cause, consecrated their energies to keeping Parliament in session a longer time than ever was known before. They have broken the record already. Still they are not satisfied, and so while the breath of spring grows daily hotter, until at mid-day it burns like a furnace blast, while the orchards are bursting forth in snowy clouds of fragrant blossom, while the birds chorus in ever richer melody, and the voice of the calf is heard in the field.

This Glorious Donkey Race,

goes on in the suffocating atmosphere of the Commons chamber, and with a score of contemptuous watchers on the Ministerial benches, half a score of weary scribes in the reporters' basket, and some stray spectators in the galleries, looking on, Mills and Mulock, Casey and Cartwright, Cameron and McMullen, strive determinedly with one another as to who shall be the winning donkey. Any variation upon so utterly monotonous a discussion as the Franchise Bill has proved could not be otherwise than welcome, and the little breese anent the Northwest troubles raised by Mr. Blake the other day, proved a positive relief, especially as it brought out capital speeches from Sir John and Mr. Woodworth.

The absence of the leader of the Opposition from the House during a greater part of each sitting since the obstruction tactics got full swing had been much commented upon, and various causes were assigned in explanation. Some said it betokened disapproval of his subordinate's course of action; others that he was taking advantage of the opportunity to rest his wearied energies, while a still shrewder guess was that he was simply plotting fresh mischief. On Thursday afternoon the accuracy of the last surmise was amply proven, for taking advantage of the flimsy pretence of moving for the adjournment of the House, Mr. Blake delivered himself of a two hours-and-a-half long speech, or rather reading—for he adhered as closely to his portly brief as ever Episcopalian parson did to his own manuscript—the gist of which was, that the Government were deserving of unlimited censure, because they did not see fit to bring down all the papers connected with the troubles in the Northwest, for which Mr. Blake and his lieutenants had been pleased to ask. To make a complaint like this furnish material for so much talking was not of course possible, so the speech contained a lot of padding to furnish which parliamentary papers, newspapers, reports, and even private letters were laid under contribution. Sir John, of course, did not let him go unanswered, and although he spoke for less than an hour, it was with such

Vigor, Sarcasm, and Genuine Eloquence,

that he brought down the House again and again, and completely swept away the web of misrepresentation, the leader of the opposition had sought so ingeniously to weave. Taking into consideration the unusual length of the session, and the extraordinary burdens cast upon the Premier during the last six weeks, the strength, *vim*, and vivacity displayed by him in this speech was eminently gratifying in his friends and admirers. There has, of course, been some progress made with the Franchise Bill, as the result of so much sitting from 1.30 P. M. to 1.30 A. M., and each day sees a clause or two of it disposed of, but then at this rate there would be no hope of getting through much before Autumn, so that there will have to be a quickening up ere long. A big fight took place over the clause giving Indians a vote, and although Sir John fulfilled his promise made weeks ago of excluding all Indians in Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia, from the operation of the Bill, the opposition were themselves out with violent speeches, and at length only allowed the vote to be taken from sheer exhaustion and inability to continue the fruitless struggle any longer.

In my last letter, I think it was, I referred to the action of the Senate in tacking on a clause to the Bill amending the Scott Act, which, by exempting light wines, beer, etc., from the operation of that act, practically reduced it to waste paper. This clause was added in committee, and almost immediately after the feat the worthy gray-beards adjourned for a fortnight. The temperance people made good use of the breathing space thus afforded them, and when the Senators came back to work they found themselves

Deluged with Petitions,

praying them to reconsider their decision, and permit the clause to be struck out again. Thus they had the opportunity when the Bill came up for it third reading, but they proved obdurate to all appeals, either personal, or by petition, and confirm their first step by passing the Bill in its emasculated condition. Whether the House of Commons will accept this serious alteration remains to be seen. In all probability it will not, in which case the Bill will fall to the ground, and the Scott Act go unimproved for another year. The chief significance of the affair has is this, that the Senators having thus came out frankly as anti-teetotallers it will not be easy for the teetotal party to get any more aid from them in future.

When Col. Burnaby fell at Abu-Klea, among the number who bravely ran out to render aid was Col. Sir William Cumming of the Scots Guards. The fringe of advancing Arabs had thickened, still Sir William got near enough to see he was too late. An Arab charged full at him, spear in hand. Cumming parried the blow and gave the savage the point of his trusty Highland broadsword full to the hilt. A second Arab came swooping down instantly, but, luckily for Sir William, the rebel missed his footing, stumbled, and got a swing backhander over the nape of the neck that severed the vertebra.

THE REBELLION.

An American's Opinion of the Campaign.

A Brush with Big Bear's Indians.

An Interview with Riel and his Appearance at Regina.

The Latest Particulars.

The Minister of Militia received a telegram last night stating that Gen. Middleton had overtaken Gen. Strange, and would probably form a junction with him to-day, when an advance would be made upon Big Bear.

The wires are down again on the government telegraph line north of Humboldt, and this cuts off telegraphic communication with both Battleford and Fort Pitt.

Capture and Release of Dumont.

A despatch from St. Paul, Minn., on the 29th ult., says, last night Gen. Terry received a despatch from Fort Assiniboine announcing the capture of Gabriel Dumont, and a companion by the name of Michael Dumais. The capture was made on the Milk River trail, some twenty or thirty miles north of the fort. In reply to what should be done with them, instructions was telegraphed from Washington, to release them as they had no authority to arrest or detain them.

The War Expenses.

Parliament has voted one million dollars to meet the expenses in connection with the rebellion. This is in addition to the $700,000 already voted. The Minister of Militia explained that the whole of the last vote had been expended, and it was absolutely necessary that the government should have this amount paid to their credit. He drew attention to the fact that the maintenance of six thousand men and seven hundred horses reached a half million dollars per month, and as the indications were that the trouble in the Northwest was nearing the end, he hoped that as far as the military expenses were concerned the grant asked for would wind up the campaign.

Riel's Political Career.

Louis Riel was elected by acclamation to represent Provencher in the House of Commons in October, 1873. The Mackenzie Government was sworn in on November 7th of the same year. Before Riel could take his seat Parliament was dissolved, but he was re-elected for the same constituency at the general election in January, 1874. In the following month of March, Riel came to Ottawa, hung about the city for several days, and on one of the three days, March 28th, 29th, or 30th, entered the Clerk's room of the House of Commons, took the oath and signed the roll. He was accompanied at the time by two of Mr. Mackenzie's supporters, one of whom was Dr. Fiset, M. P. for Rimouski, who was afterwards one of the Liberal whips. On April 16th of the same year, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell moved, seconded by Dr. Schultz, that Riel be expelled form the House. The motion was carried by a vote of 124 to 68, Messrs. Dorion, Fournier, Huntington Laflamme, and Laurier, who were then or afterwards members of Mr. Mackenzie's cabinet, voting against it. On September 3rd, 1874, Riel was again elected for Provencher. On October 15th a warrent was issued against him by the Court of Queen's Bench of Manitoba. On February 10th, 1875, Mr. Mackenzie moved in the House that a full amnesty be granted to Riel and Lepine, conditional on five years banishment from Her Majesty's Dominions. The resolution was carried on February 12th, the whole Liberal party supported it, two of them, however, contending that the amnesty should be unconditional. On March 31st, 1875, Hon. A. D. G. Bannatyne was elected by acclamation to fill the vacancy caused by Riel's expulsion and banishment.

A Lesson in Militia Operations.

The following editorial from the *St. Louis Republican*, of the 21st May, only confirms what has been repeatedly stated respecting the admirable management which has characterised Mr. Caron's conduct of our military affairs during the recent troubles in the North West. Coming from an independent source the article has all the more value:—

Insignificant as the Riel rebellion has seemed in some respects, it is not without its valuable lesson. Viewed in a military light, it at once discloses the fact that in fifty days the Canadian Minister of Militia called into the field 4,000 organized volunteer troops with 400 horses, furnished them with transportation to the seat of war, 2,000 miles distant, pushed forward three columns widely separated to points hundred of miles from the railroad, kept the troops supplied, and covered an immense frontier, so that from the time the troops began to arrive the rebels were able to strike only scattered families. The only disaster possessing any especial military significance that has befallen the troops, was the capture of a train of about thirty wagons by Poundmaker's Indians. So far as the actual fighting was concerned there was not much of it, and the history of our own Indian wars against the Modocs and Chief Joseph, for instance, indicates how hard it is to drive Indians out of their fastnesses without suffering heavy loss of men. But the most important thing in connection with the whole affair is that the campaign has been made under the direction of a Minister of Militia and practically without the aid of any regular army organization. When it is remembered that the movement was begun promptly in an inclement season; when the great distances traversed and the short time wasted, both in equipment and marching, are considered; when due weight is given to the fact that since 1870 there has not been a call to arms in Canada, or any border trouble that could foreshadow a necessity for keeping troops in readiness; keeping all these things in mind, one can hardly escape the conviction that this little campaign affords one of the most perfect illustrations of the great changes that have taken place in the modes and means of warfare. When it is compared with Wolseley's campaign into the same region, some idea may also be gained of what the Canadian Pacific Railway has done for the Dominion. If half we read about the blunders of the British War Office is true, the Canadian Minister of Militia is deserving of more credit for this expedition than any English war minister that has fitted out an army in the past forty years. The fact that the troops in the field were commanded by a regular officer does not in the least detract from the merit of of the Dominion Volunteer system.

Poundmaker's Surrender.

A special to the Toronto *Mail* from Battleford, May 26, says: Following is Poundmaker's message to Gen. Middleton, received at Carleton:

SIR,—I am camped with my people in the east end of Eagle Hills, where I am reached by the news of the surrender of Riel. No letter came with the news; so I cannot tell how far it may be true. I send some of my men to you to learn the truth and terms of peace, and hope you will deal kindly with them. I and my people wish you to send answer in writing, so that we may be under no misunderstanding, from which so much trouble arises. We have twenty-one prisoners, who we have tried to treat well in every respect. With greeting.

(Signed) POUNDMAKER.
(His x mark.)

REPLY TO POUNDMAKER.

Steamer Northcote, May 23rd.

Poundmaker—I have utterly defeated the half breeds of Riel and most of his council. I have made no terms with them, neither will I make terms with you. I have men enough to whip you and your people, or at least drive you away to starve, and will do so unless you bring in the teams you took, yourself and your councillors, to meet with your arms, at Battleford on Tuesday, the 26th. I am glad to hear you treated the prisoners well and have released them.

(Signed) FRED. MIDDLETON.

At eight o'clock this morning a wagon train numbering sixty-seven vehicles arrived with the half-breeds, who corralled themselves just west of the barracks and then laid down their arms. The party numbered about 150 all told. Their arms consisted of four rifles and seventeen shot guns. On searching their wagons some few rifles were found. At 11 o'clock an Indian rider in full war paint dashed in, saying Poundmaker would arrive within an hour to surrender with all his councillors. Promptly on time Poundmaker arrived with the captured wagon train, some stock and the wagon loaded with repeater shot guns and a few flint locks; about 210 in all.

Gen. Middleton then held a big pow wow, which lasted three hours. Poundmaker blamed Riel for inciting the Indians to rise and said he came in to let the general kill him so as to save his people. Several chiefs followed, all blaming Riel for misleading them. A scene occured during the pow wow when Gen. Middleton asked who killed Barney Tremont and Payne. One young brave rose from the circle, kneeled at Gen. Middleton's feet, saying the great chief could cut him in pieces as he killed Payne. He further said he did not want all punished for his offence. Then another acknowledged that he had shot Tremont. At the conclusion of the pow wow Gen. Middleton ordered chiefs Poundmaker, Break Through The Ice, Yellow Mud Blanket and the two murderers to confinement. The remainder were sent to the reserve.

Riel's Appearance at Regina.

Riel was walking to and fro on a small grass plot east of the guard house. He was coatless, but had a vest over a common grey flannel shirt. His pants were of a brown color and much worn. His head was covered by a grey slouch hat, with angles, not sides, rolled up. He is a man of about five feet ten or eleven inches, and has a kindly and impressive face. No photograph that has yet been published gives a correct idea of his appearance. He wears at the present a moustache and side and chin whiskers. His face is dark, but his moustache and whiskers are light. He does not look like a halfbreed. His legs were fastened together by means of a chain, and his hands are manacled with an immense weight pendent from the connecting chain. He is confined in a cell in the guard-house. This is an ordinary looking building on the southern side of the square. There are over 100 police in the barracks. An addition is being built which will afford 24 more cells for the accommodation of other prisoners who are being brought down. Riel enjoys good health.

A Brush with Big Bear.

A Winnipeg despatch of the 31st May says the excitement over the rebellion which had been dying out, is again revived by news of a skirmish between Gen. Strange's forces and Indians under Big Bear. One man named Marcotte of the 65th Batt., Montreal, was killed and two others of the same regiment were wounded. The Indians loss is not known. The fight took place twelve miles from Fort Pitt, on Thursday and Friday. The troops engaged under Gen. Strange consisted of a detachment of N. W. Mounted Police under Major Steele, the 65th Batt. of Montreal under Major Hughes, and five companies of the 92nd Battalion Winnipeg Light Infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith—in all some 300 men. Big Bear, in anticipation of an attack, selected a fine ambuscade and determined to give the royal troops battle. He had 500 fighting braves with him, most of whom had American experience in Indian wars. The country around Fort Pitt is very rugged, abounding in ravines. It is also covered with dense forests, and well watered with lakes and rivers. The physical character of the entire region is in every way favorable to the carrying on of Indian warfare. Our troops, under these circumstances, met the Indians at even greater disadvantage than did the volunteers the half-breeds at Batoche or the Indians at Cut Knife Creek. The Indians were the first to open fire on the troops and did so when they were marching through a low tract of country, some 12 miles northeast of Fort Pitt, and some three or four miles north of the Saskatchewan river. The fight of Thursday lasted about four hours. The field gun did good service against the Indians and silenced their firing. The troops retired upon Fort Pitt for the night. Fighting was resumed on Friday, but of this the couriers, who brought the news to Battleford, could not give any account, as they left on Thursday's engagement.

Gen. Middleton, who was on the way to join Strange in the steamer Northwest from Battleford, when tidings of the fight were received from couriers Grant and Rossiter, returned to make up a contingent from the forces there to reinforce Gen. Strange. The steamers Alberta, Marquis and Northwest, left Battleford for Pitt on the morning of the 31st May, with the Midland, 150 men; the 9th, 275; the Grenadiers, 260; part of A and B Batteries and 2 gatlings; 60 men of Boulton's Scouts, 60 of Dennis' surveying corps, 50 of Battlebank's (late French's) scouts; and 50 Mounted Police went by the south trail. The force is expected to land this side of the Indian position Monday night and with Gen. Strange's column on the other side, surround them. A fight is expected on Tuesday.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE FIGHT WITH BIG BEAR.

The steamer "Northwest," *en route* to Pitt, came across James Grant and Chas. Rossiter in a canoe sixty miles up the river. They left Fort Pitt on Thursday night with despatches for Gen. Middleton, a fight between Strange's forces and Big Bear's band having taken place that day. Big Bear's location had been discovered on Wednesday, and an advance made the following day. As the whole of Gen. Strange's troops had not yet arrived at Pitt, he could only muster about 300 men, the force consisting of two companies of the Winnipeg Light Infantry, two companies of the 65th battalion, the Alberta Mounted Infantry and Captain Steele's police scouts. A march of ten miles down the river, and three miles inland, brought the troops to the Indian camp. The redskins were entrenched just over the brow of a hill, and in order to reach them Gen. Strange was obliged to cross a marshy valley. While advancing the Indians commenced firing and the troops were extended in skirmishing order. For three hours and a half a steady fire was kept up from both sides. The troops had a good cover in the shrubbery from the fire of the enemy. The field gun did good service in driving the Indians from their quarters, but the number killed could not be ascertained. Strange's loss was very slight, only three of the 65th being wounded. Marcotte, of No. 3 Company, was fatally wounded, and two in No. 5 Company. The troops retired in good order to Pitt. The 65th companies came down the river in a scow and joined the main body. Rossiter also says Steele's men had a skirmish with the Indians on Wednesday when an Indian scout was killed and scalped. Gen. Strange wants reinforcements and ammunition.

The Storming of Batoche.

For the first time since the commencement of this tedious and in many ways difficult campaign, says a despatch dated 14th of May, from Steamer "Marquis," off Batoche, the troops comprising the North West Field Force, have actual cause for jollification. On Tuesday morning, 12th May, that most foul of all camps, had been under fire for sixty hours. Bullets were not constant visitors, of course, as our lines were extended, during the day, but we were in range all the time, and no one knew the victim of the next stray bullet. Poor Dick Hardisty was dead, and the 90th were mad, officers and men; so were the Grenadiers, the Midlands, and the Artillery. I don't mean to say they were mutinous, but they had nearly reached the limit of suffering. The officers were even more angered than the men since they knew the mettle of the troops. It was tacitly agreed among the field officers, each had reached the same conclusion, that the next opportunity the rebels should be charged and driven back. In the morning all the mounted force, except French's scouts, led by Middleton, and supported by Howard, with his Gatling, and Drury, with one of the Quebec guns, moved out to the plateau, on the east front of Batoche, for a reconnoissance, similar to that made the day before. He struck a secluded and protected enemy as usual, and while Drury was throwing shrapnel into the brush ahead of him poor Kippen, of the Dennis scouts, was killed, though only a few feet distant from the gun. I am convinced that Middleton, who had ridden forward to the church (our line of skirmishers having driven the enemy from that vicinity and into the ravine where the trouble commenced on Saturday) did not know his forces were out in full, and I know he had said it was to be a reconnoissance in force. Be that as it may the men were pushed forward by their officers. Soon it was evident that the men and their officers were determined to have more than a reconnoissance. In ten minutes the whole line, advancing to the tune of a ringing cheer, led by Vanstraubenzie and the other Colonels, was on the keen run into the ravine. Before they got into the bottom of it Astley appeared with a white flag, and a message from Riel, in which he said he did not like war, and asked that the troops cease firing, in order that the women and children might be collected. This was too thin, and by this time even Middleton was convinced that the volunteers were going through the ravines, though full of Halfbreeds and Indians, and he replied to Riel that he would cease firing when the enemy did and not before. In half an hour or less our fellows had won the key of the position and could take short rests in one or other of the numerous gullies which traverse this country, made to be defended by brave men. Soon the din again commenced, and with it the advance. If they ever were brave, in the true sense, (and this is doubtful) panic had seized the enemy for her own by now, and it was "save who can." It took but a few moments to make the rush to Batoche's new store and to Batoche's old store and house, and then the day was won. Not a man was killed while in the open, although several were wounded, but one of the saddest losses was at Batoche's house. French, tall, buckskin clad, his celtic blood at boiling heat, rushed to its front door, facing south-westward, and with a "Come in boys," ran in and into an upper storey. He had hardly reached a northward room when a bullet from the gulley toward the ferry pierced his breast below the heart and he lived long enough only to say "Don't forget, boys, that I led you here."

Col. Williams, of the Midlands, was on the full run when he kicked in the door of the Batoche store, underneath which, in a gloomy hole called a cellar, the white prisoners were. They had broken the fastenings of the trap door which penned them in, but could not lift the stones piled on it, and the troops did this, setting free as joyous a lot of men as ever breathed free air again after a lengthy dose of "poisonous vapors of a dungeon." By this time the fight was practically over, though to our front and from across the river came scattering shots.

It was reported shortly after the engagement at Batoche, that James F. Garden, lieutenant surgeons' corps, was wounded, and later that he was likely to lose his left arm. Later reports, however, received by friends at Meaford, state that he is doing well and indicate that amputation will not be necessary.

Lieut. Garden belongs to Woodstock, New Brunswick.

Riel Interviewed.

Riel, who is lying in jail at Regina, has at last been interviewed by the press. He is a man of average height and his locks hanging down to his shoulders, coupled with his somewhat scarred face and dilapidated dress, give him an uncouth appearance. He is just forty years old. He talks with perfect countenance and discusses all subjects with a freedom and intelligence that at once removes all doubts as to his reported sanity. From a rambling conversation held with him he gave the impression that his belief was of the Unitarian stamp, and also implied that he had thrown over his adherence to the Catholic church. His object doubtless is to coerce the Catholic church to take up his cause, or else he is making a strong bid for the support and protection of ultra Protestants. He claims that his desire is the reform movement, as he calls it, was twofold—the first object being to free the people of the New World from the yoke of Rome, and the second being to redress the political grievances of the half-breeds of the North West.

Being asked if he ever expected to succeed against the Government in his rebellion, he said:—"No, not by warfare; but I hoped to make such a movement as would frighten the Government and bring terms out of them, as we had not been properly treated. In Council we laid our plans to capture Major Crozier and the mounted police under him. If we could capture and hold as prisoners a large body of men we could then dictate our own terms to the Government. Then followed the fight at Duck Lake and the police escaped us. We next resolved to capture Irvine and the police under him when he was coming to the relief of Crozier, but he made a detour and eluded us. We then resolved to keep quiet hoping that Gen. Middleton would move against us with small force. It was our intention if he did to make a bold dash and capture a hundred men or so and play the same game with the Government. This is why we did not cut the wires or raid stores. I thought we would have occasion to use the wires and so decided to let them stand. I knew perfectly well we could not maintain a fight against a large military force and did not want to. I made no preparations for that contingency. I was opposed to the Fish Creek battle in the council, but Dumont, who was its advocate, carried his point. I wanted to fight at Gabriel's Crossing instead, as I deemed that a better fight could be made from that point.'

'What was your fighting strength?'

'About five hundred, one hundred and forty of whom were Indians.'

'Did you incite the Indians to rise?'

'Yes; I sent a courier to them informing them of our position and urging them to join us. I expected to be joined at Batoche by a large body of Indians, or my men would not have held out so long. The Indians disappointed us and acted treacherously.'

'Did you fight yourself?'

'Certainly; see here,' and he exhibited his slouch hat, through which one or two bullets had penetrated. 'I was at the Fish Creek fight and had a narrow escape. A shell burst within three feet of me.'

So a query as to the number of killed and wounded Riel was silent at first, but afterward admitted that the number was large.

'Was there any truth in the report of your working with the Fenians?'

'No. I feared they would do more harm than good; but when we saw the case growing hopeless, as we were being hemmed in by the troops, the council wrote a proclamation, which it was resolved to send by a runner to Montana, appealing to Irishmen to come and assist us. The proclamation was to have been published in the newspapers, but the troops had crushed us before we could do anything.

"Were the priests friendly to you?"

"They were not and they were. They insisted on our being submissive to them.—They were against us trying to redress our grievances. Ever since the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope was prepounded they have been very tyrannical. They did not wish the people to do anything, but the priests to do all. If they had been in favor of peace I would have been with them. They were in favor of fighting for the priests, but not for the people. They used double-edged swords. They turned Catholic people against them because they usurped civil functions, and they turned Protestants against them because they opposed them. The priests seek power for themselves, not for the good of the people. They are against me now—not because I rebelled, but because I did not succeed in helping them."

"Why did you fight?"

"The people compelled me to do so. I told them last winter that our bill of rights had done its work and they should let me go back to Montana. They would get all that was just in due time. They said I could not go away. The matter was stirred up, and I must fight it out. I was not the ringleader They obliged me to lead them in the fight. But the matter will no doubt be tried in a court of law, when the truth will come out."

"Will the people fight any more?"

"I think not. I told them to give up their arms and surrender. I surrendered myself to General Middleton."

"Why didn't the Indians join you?"

"They would have done so had not Col. Otter attacked them. That disconcerted their plans and prevented the contemplated junction."

A Shocking Tragedy.

Charlottletown P. E. Island on Wednesday last was startled by the report of the brutal murder of the keeper of Sherwood cemetery, which is located four miles from the heart of the city. The keeper of the cemetery is an old Irishman named Patrick Callaghan, nearly seventy years of age. The ledge is located some distance inside the cemetery, and there the old man lived alone, a hermit and a miser, and was known to have about $4,000 saved up. During the day, Brenton Longwerth, went to the cemetary to visit his father's grave. Callaghan was nowhere to be seen, and as young Longworth wanted to give him some instructions about fitting up the grave, he went to the lodge to call him. Not hearing any reply to a knock, he entered the lodge from the rear, and was horrified at the terrible stench that came from the bedroom. He found the old man's corpse half hidden under the bed clothes. It was a shocking and sickening spectacle. The body was on the floor, face downwards, lying in a pool of blood. One arm was clutching the leg of a table, the other was twisted around on his back. The body was stretched with the head towards the bed. A ghastly cut across the windpipe had evidently been inflicted with a dull butcher's knife. An extensive contusion over the right eye was inflicted by a heavy blunt instrument. The eyes and face were swollen. The top of the skull had been crushed in and the brains were spattered on the floor. On the left side of the head was a large wound. Patches of the scalp had been removed from the bone on various parts of the skull, and the skull was broken above the ears, so that small pieces of bone could be taken out with the fingers. There were no marks on the body, the murderer or murderers only attacking the vital parts of the head. The walls were spattered with blood. All appearances indicated that the old man made a desperate struggle for life. The instruments of murder were a large dull butcher knife and a large iron twin bar gate, weighing 20 pounds. There is no doubt but that robbery was the cause of the terrible tragedy.

Family Needs.

How many these are, every father and mother knows, and in these hard times there is much thought as to how to meet them. The children must be fed and clothed, the table and fire, the house and often horses, grounds and servants must be kept up, church and society have their claims, and the respectability of the family must be maintained. Besides, people will over-eat, or take cold; the mumps, the measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria are about, and the household idols, mother's darling and father's pets, must be shielded, and saved if possible. How to do this on so small an income is a problem. To *keep well* is the first rule, for sickness over-rides everything. A week's sickness eats up a month's savings. The best way to cure sickness is to prevent it; meet it at the door, vanquish it before it has grasped the throat. This you can easily do with HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS. They act on the instant. They prevent as well as cure, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Bad Colds, Pneumonia and Dyspepsia, and their simple, inexpensive and timely use keep disease and doctor at bay, and so permit the provident mother to meet these other Family Needs. Thousands do it, why not you? HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in CLOTH and GOLD, sent post paid upon application to the Co. 109 FULTON ST., NEW YORK, tells you all about it.

April 15th.

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