

almost impregnable one, on a bluff crowning a high hill with a coulée at its foot. The troops found it impossible to approach through the bog and swamps nearer than about 700 yards, and were thus placed at a most serious disadvantage. The gun shelled the bluff and the teepees in rear with what result has not been ascertained. There is much anxiety in Winnipeg for the fate of Big Bear's prisoners on account of the fight. We can only hope that Gen. Middleton will be as successful in this case as at Batoche, and with Poundmaker in delivering them from their unpleasant and dangerous position. The last lingering fires of the rebellion are now kept alive by Big Bear and we are justified in hoping that the wet blanket which General Middleton and the heroes of Batoche propose to throw over them about Wednesday next will stifle them effectually and forever.

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#### BATOCHÉ.

When our young Canadian troops left Toronto and other points to aid in putting down the rebellion in the North-West, there were many misgivings as to what the result would be. They had been playing at soldiers for years, it is true, and were supposed to possess a creditable knowledge of drill, and the duties of a soldier generally; but few of them, perhaps not one, had ever experienced the realities of actual conflict. Their foes, the Indians and half-breeds, were known to be trained buffalo hunters, as much at home in the saddle as on foot; men who were accustomed to spring upon the backs of their ponies, rifle in hand, and become at once, like the centaurs of old, a part of them—men who were inured to hardship, who despised death, who risked their lives daily and hourly without a thought or care, who could go for days, if need be, almost without food, and who knew every foot of the country in which they proposed to fight. Wonderful stories of their prowess and skill were circulated in eastern homes, whose sons had been called to march against so redoubtable an enemy, and many a heart grew cold at the thought of their loved ones meeting in battle a foe endowed at once with all the cunning of the savage, and all the bravery and skill of the white hunter of the plains. What chance would our young fellows, many of them tenderly nurtured, who had never known greater hardships than those incurred perhaps in a fishing excursion or a camping out party; to whom cold and hunger were strang-

ers; who had never pointed a rifle in anger—what chance could they possibly have against an enemy so hardy, so courageous, so skilful, fighting on his own ground? Well, they marched away and almost at the first step they were called on to show of what metal they were made. As they filed off the cars at Biscopating, with nearly a hundred miles of snow and ice stretching away before them, over which they must pass to reach civilization again, they were at once confronted with the stern reality of the task they had undertaken to perform. The story of that journey across the "gaps" has not yet been fully told, but enough is known to establish their claim to that indomitable pluck and energy without which they never could have gone through. They reached their destination, the Grenadiers and the Midlands at Qu'Appelle, the others at various points along the C. P. R., and prepared for their march into the enemy's country, to Battleford, to Edmonton, to Humboldt, to Batoche. Batoche—as we write the word we are reminded that it heads this article, and we have been too long arriving there. If after Fish Creek and its tale of blood any lingering doubt remained as to the ability and pluck of our citizen soldiers, Batoche has most gloriously dispelled it. The charge of the Grenadiers and the Midlands, supported by the 90th of Winnipeg, down on the "last ditches" of the rebels, was one of which the oldest veterans of the British army might well be proud, and has proved conclusively that the blood of Agincourt, of Cressy, of Balaklava, still courses in the veins of Canadian soldiers; has proved that our fears for them were vain fears; and has shown to the world that the sons of Canada stand ready at all times to face danger and death at the call of duty. The battle of Batoche was perhaps as trying a struggle as troops could be engaged in. The fighting continued four days, and during that time the men were compelled to be forever on the alert both night and day. For four days they had lain in the trenches or behind their hastily constructed covers, snatching a few minutes rest in the intervals of conflict. Always threatened by an unseen foe, hungry and weary and sore, they fought on, without a thought of any result but victory at last. And when at last the supreme moment came—when the gallant Straubenzie called on them to follow him, how nobly they responded. The long struggle at arms length was over and they could at last grapple with the foe. General Middleton well knew the