

Part I.

# SOUVEDIR NUMBER

OF THE  
ILLUSTRATED  
WAR NEWS



BEING  
A HISTORY  
— OF —  
RIEL'S  
SECOND REBELLION.



# THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL

AND

## ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS,

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

### Grip Printing and Publishing Company, Toronto.

PRICE, 15 CENTS PER COPY.

It contains Graphic Illustrations of Experiences of the Volunteers and events transpiring at the Front in connection with the North-Western Rebellion; Portraits of principal officers and illustrations of places of interest in the North-West. The paper consists of twelve pages, 12 x 18 inches, printed and lithographed in tints on good paper.

*Number 1 was issued April 4th, and contained the following illustrations:*

Battle of Duck Lake, March 27th; The Muster of the Tenth Royals and Queen's Own at the Drill Shed, Toronto, March 28th; The Fort at Battleford; The Town of Battleford; The Tenth Royals and Queen's Own marching out of the Drill Shed, Toronto, to receive Clothing, etc., Saturday Night, March 28th; Fort Carlton; Crow-foot, Chief of the Blackfeet; Pie-a-pot, Chief of the Crees; Cree Indians. Also a two-page Supplement showing the departure of the Queen's Own and Tenth Royals for the North-West, March 30th.

*Number 2 was issued April 11th, and contained the following illustrations:*

Indian Tepee and Rebel Half-breed; Fort Qu'Appelle, N.W.T.; Prince Albert Settlement; Humboldt; Clarke's Crossing; Ups and Downs; A Welcome Call; Scenes on the Cars en route to the Front; Presentation of Flag to the Toronto Volunteers at Carlton Place, by Mrs. Edward Blake; Arrival of Tenth Royal Grenadiers at Winnipeg; The 90th Battalion of Rifles leaving Winnipeg for the Front. Also a two-page Supplement Showing Departure of the Governor-General's Body-Guards, and the 65th Battalion (French Canadians) leaving Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

*Number 3 was issued April 18th. It contained the following illustrations:*

"A" Battery in the Touchwood Hills; Stuck in a Snow Bank; Midnight tramp of the Royal Grenadiers; A Parade of Major Crozier's Command at Battleford; Lord Melgund; Major Crozier; Col. Miller, Q.O.R.; Quelling Mutiny of the Teamsters; Arrival of the Royal Grenadiers at Camp Desolation; Marching into Quarters at Port Munroe; An Occasional Spill; Cold Comfort in a Flat Car. Besides the above numerous illustrations, a large two-page cartoon by Canada's Cartoonist, J. W. Bengough, deals with the question "Who is Responsible?" It is without doubt one of the best efforts of this clever artist. This number is having a tremendous sale.

*No. 4 was issued April 25, and contained the following illustrations:*

Lord Melgund's Scouts Surrounding Three of White Cap's Warriors; Col. Otter's Brigade on the line of March; Trying the Gatlings; Steamers Loading at Medicine Hat; The Midland Battalion's Departure from Winnipeg; Reading Battalion Orders in the Drill Shed, Hamilton; The Winnipeg Light Infantry preparing for Service; Portraits of the Minister of Militia, Lieut.-Colonel Ouimet, Lieut. Morrow, etc.

*No. 5, published May 2nd, contained the following illustrations:*

Major-General Middleton and his A.D.C. (Equestrian Portraits); The Relief of Battleford; Incident in connection with the Fort Pitt Garrison; Typical Sketches in the Drill Shed, Hamilton; Whole Page Group—Portraits of the Rebel Leaders; The Battle of Fish Creek.

*No. 6, published on the 9th May, contained the following illustrations:*

The First Expedition for the Relief of Battleford attacked by Half-breeds; Solemn scene after the Battle of Fish Creek; The 7th Battalion (Fusiliers), of London, entertained at Port Arthur; the Ottawa Sharpshooters (G.G.F.G.) at Winnipeg; Commencement of the Fight at Duck Lake; Advance Guard of the Royal Grenadiers passing Humboldt; Men of "C" Company (Infantry School) Returning from a Rabbit Hunt. Also a splendid two-page Supplement, entitled "Toronto Ladies Receiving and Packing Contributions for the Volunteers at the Front."

*No. 7, published on the 16th May, contained the following illustrations:*

A Brave Scout's untimely end; Camp of the 7th Battalion (Fusiliers) at Winnipeg; The Battle of Cut-Knife Creek; Scenes with the North-West Field Force: Portraits

of Interest. Also a two-page Cartoon (by J. W. Bengough), entitled "And Now for Business," in which Major-General Middleton is represented as preparing to strike the decisive blow against the rebels.

*No. 8, published Saturday, May 23rd, contained the following illustrations:*

A Look-out on the Qu'Appelle Trail; Departure of the Montreal Garrison Artillery; Experiences of the Royal Grenadiers; Funeral of two members of the 90th Battalion; also a fine TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, showing seven sketches of Camp Life in the experiences of the Royal Grenadiers; and four incidents of the Battle of Fish Creek (from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Curzon.)

*No. 9, published on the 30th May, contained the following illustrations:*

In the Skirmish Line at Batoche; The 65th Battalion (Mount Royal Rifles) at Port Arthur; Lieut.-Colonel Gray, M.P.P., Commanding the Toronto Field Battery; A Zareba in the North-West; The Artillery Shelling the Enemy at the Battle of Fish Creek; The Application of the first bandage on the Battlefield, No 1; also, the usual fine two-page Supplement, entitled "The Bayonet Charge at Batoche."

*No. 10, published on the 6th June, contained the following illustrations:*

Brigade Funerals of Lieut. Fitch and Private Moor, Royal Grenadiers; How the Royal Grenadiers got their dinner before Batoche; Major Larmour's Portable Rifle Pits in Action; Big Bear, the last of the Rebels; The 38th Battalion (Dufferin Rifles) of Brantford; also, a fine two-page Supplement showing sundry sketches from the Front, by Mr. F. W. Curzon.

*No. 11, published on 13th June, contained the following illustrations:—*

A Royal Grenadier's chance for the Victoria Cross; Views at Qu'Appelle, N.W.T., from sketches by Mr. R. B. Urmston; Camp Denison, Humboldt, N.W.T., from sketches by Trooper E. Kershaw, G.G.B.G.; sketches from Battleford, by Lieut. Wadmore, I.S.C.; The 62nd Batt. (St. John Fusiliers) called out for service in the North-West, crossing the Market Square en route for the Intercolonial Railway Station, from a sketch by Mr. John E. Miles. Also a fine two-page Supplement, being a splendid portrait for framing, of Major-General Middleton, C.B., commanding the Militia Forces of the Dominion, from the latest photograph by Topley, of Ottawa.

*No. 12, published on 20th June, contained the following illustrations:—*

Rescue of Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney by a party of scouts; The Cowboy Brigade, from Photographs and Sketches furnished by J. D. Higinbotham & Co., Fort McLeod; Portraits of Interest; Applications of the first bandage on the Battlefield—No. 2—from original sketches by Mr. F. Humme. Also a fine two-page Supplement, showing "Sketches from the Front," drawn on Gabriel Dumont's paper bags, by Mr. F. W. Curzon, Special Artist of THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL, with Gen. Middleton's command; and a "View of Battleford as seen from Fort Otter," from a sketch by Lieut. R. Lyndhurst Wardmore, of C Company, Infantry School Corps, Toronto.

*No. 13, published 27th June, contained the following illustrations:*

Indians on the Line of March; Sketches from Battleford and vicinity; Camp of the Prince of Wales Regiment at the Exhibition Grounds, Montreal; Portraits of Interest; The Hospital at Saskatoon; The Bridge built over the Battle River; Plan of position at the Battle of Batoche, from a sketch made by Messrs. Burrows and Denny of the Surveyors Intelligence Corps; Edward Hanlan's narrow escape from Drowning in Toronto Bay, June 18th, 1885.

Copies of any of the above numbers can be obtained from local booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers.

The publishers have an artist accompanying the expedition, and many of the above illustrations are from his sketches.

Immediately after the return of the Troops a SPECIAL NUMBER will be issued, giving illustrations of incidents of the homeward trip and the RECEPTION ACCORDED THE VOLUNTEERS, and it is then our intention to bind all the numbers, from the commencement, in book form. They will make a very handsome volume, and we shall be glad to receive the names of any persons who wish to be supplied with one or more copies, as the supply will be limited, and there will, no doubt, be a large demand for them.

#### SPECIAL OFFER.

In order to meet the large and growing demand for THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS, and also the wishes of the large number of persons residing in country districts who find a difficulty in obtaining this publication through newsdealers at a distance, we will undertake, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR, to mail eight numbers to any address indicated. Friends may club for four numbers each, if they desire. In all cases where our patrons require to be supplied with successive copies, commencing with the first one, the fact must be plainly stated. The supply of Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 being nearly exhausted, all who wish to obtain them should communicate without delay.

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO.



# The Canadian Pictorial & Illustrated War News.

## A HISTORY OF RIEL'S SECOND REBELLION. AND HOW IT WAS QUELLED.

BY T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 4TH JULY, 1885.

### INTRODUCTION.

OF all the various phases of a war, an outbreak, or a rebellion, perhaps that which is least interesting to the general public is the history of the causes which lead to it. The call to arms is stirring, the roll of the drum is inspiring, the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon highly exciting to the public mind; but the political or social phenomena which underlie the outward "pomp and circumstance," the grounds of complaint of the offending or defending party, the acts of oppression or aggression which goad the weak to rebellion, and the various details which culminate in a resort to the sword, only the grave, impartial, and philosophical historian can rightly discuss. Neither need this be a source of surprise. These underlying phenomena are often so intricate and complicated, so distorted by party jealousy or interested opinion, so coloured by various shades of meanings attached to motives by antagonistic onlookers, so hidden by vague rumour and rash assertion, that truly to discover where in very deed lies the cause of bloodshed is too often altogether impossible.

To this the recent rising in the north-west territories of Canada is no exception. All possible elements of difficulty seem to surround the question of its origin. It extended over vast areas separated from the great centres of population by tedious and almost trackless distances. Those who took part in it were of different nationalities, and possessed different traits of character. The alleged grounds of dissatisfaction were difficult to define and less easy to adjust. Contraries of opinion were intensified by party rancour and distrust. Careful sifting of evidence it was difficult to obtain, and a dispassionate judgment was well-nigh impossible. There were many and contradictory solutions of the problem, and each solution was maintained with unyielding firmness and often with vehement obstinacy. The question was many-sided, on each side were powerful adherents, the various adherents were inflexible and inconvincible.

Amid such conflicting influences it is useless at present to judge. There may possibly come a time, after the subsidence of the storm, when we shall be able to regard events in their true light, undarkened by party clouds, and not hidden by mists of self-interest.

The outburst, however, has not been without its lessons. Nature is compensative: few things, however calamitous, but produce some beneficial results; and those that accrue from war, if gained by loss and hardship, are, perhaps on that account, more efficacious, and, therefore, deserving of greater consideration.

Amongst such lessons is one to which we cannot shut our eyes. Indeed, were we to look beneath the surface, we might perhaps discover in it one of the true sources of all our troubles. I refer to the difficulties attending the occupation of a single country by a variety of diverse nationalities. "Race hatred," in some form or another, has been and is the bane of many a nation. The American Republic possesses it: the Indians in the western parts, the negroes in the south, to say nothing of the Irish, German and Italian elements scattered throughout the States, and not to mention John Chinaman himself, have already caused no little trouble to that nation. Russia possesses it: the mention of such names as Poles and Slavs will suffice to show that she has yet important ethnical problems to solve. Even Great Britain is not free from it, as the Irish question will prove. And in Canada few will hesitate to grant that its intricacy

and importance call for a speedy contemplation of its difficulties.

The phrase "race-hatred" is nevertheless a misleading one. I question much if there is such a thing as race-hatred springing simply and purely from difference of nationality. If we regard India, a country where ethnical antipathies are supposed to be wide-spreadly rampant, we shall, I think, find that this antagonism is the outcome of other influences than those which accompany the contiguous existence of races of different origins. When a European passes through the streets of that perhaps most typical of Indian cities, Hyderabad, the capital of a large and independent state, he certainly meets with no signs of favour or esteem. But what is the word oftenest muttered by the distracting native? It is "feringhi, infiel." This, I conceive, will give us a clue to one influence other than ethnical which creates in time an inbred antagonism—its religion. Religion, too, will explain much of that seemingly undying abhorrence with which the various oriental castes regard each other. Another, and perhaps more potent one, is superior power, both physical and moral. Another, civilization and education. Another, natural or acquired modes of life, habits, tastes, traits, and the like.

In Canada all these seem to exist together and to act and re-act upon one another till they lose themselves in almost undiscoverable ramifications. There is the Roman catholic, the protestant, the French Canadian, the Canadian, the Scotch, the Irish, the English, the French half-breed or métis, the Scotch and English half-breeds, the various tribes of Indians; there are also bands of Scandinavians, there are different shades of each of these, and there are all manner of combinations of them.

This is no unimportant problem for this Dominion of ours, and upon this subject much might be said. But perhaps the widest, and at the same time soundest, generalization that we can draw from this mixture of nationalities is, that these differences of religion, power, civilization, education, and modes of life, induce a certain amount of friction which it is impossible to allay and often difficult to prevent from resulting in "firing," as, in engineering, it is technically termed. Whatever may be the views we shall each individually accept in explanation of our north-west troubles, we cannot but concede that the obstacles which exist to the proper government of a mixed nation are, if not insurmountable, yet often provocative of the most serious consequences.

The Dominion is still young, and there are numerous problems with which it has yet to grapple. The question of free trade or protection has not been permanently answered; imperial federation, annexation, independence, each is beginning to clamour for a share of attention; whether we shall retain or abolish our upper House must, doubtless at no very future date, be decided upon. And to these we may add the franchise, prohibition, and co-education, all which as yet unanswered, or only partly answered, questions are beginning to more than show their heads. But, if we are not mistaken, few questions are of more vital importance—vital to the well-being and continued prosperity of the state, than that of ethnical antipathies in the broad and liberal view in which I have used that phrase. We are surrounded by so numerous and such involved forces acting and re-acting upon each other, that a "stable equilibrium" of the whole community it is difficult to obtain. And, if we regard the theory of the government of a state as a dynamical rather than a

statical one—to borrow the language of the exact sciences, the problem becomes indefinitely enlarged.

I must not, however, in any way be supposed to limit the view we should take of the half-breed rising to an ethnical one. It is necessary only to grant that it is one, and not an unimportant, factor of the question. But upon it we must be careful not to lay too great a stress. Indeed, it is difficult to bring ourselves to apply the word "nation" to the half-breeds, much less to the tribes of Indians inhabiting our north-west lands. The former can hardly be said to possess distinctive national characteristics of their own; the latter are little removed from savages, and, numerically considered, bear but a small proportion to the population as a whole. Added to this, the alleged grounds of complaint—however variously they may be interpreted—can hardly be termed national in the strict sense of the term.

Of these grounds of complaint let us take notice. It will be sufficient at this time and place to review very briefly the more important and more general theories that are held in regard to this subject.

And of these more general theories it will be best, perhaps, to glance at the outlines of those which are most at variance. For, in truth, the subject may be examined from so many points of view, that its investigation may safely be left to those who will devote themselves entirely to its elucidation.

If you ask a staunch Conservative to what he traces the present rebellion, he will in all likelihood answer, "I can tell you in a word,—the Grits." If we ask a Liberal, he will in like manner reply, "The matter lies in a nut-shell,—the Tories." However, without indulging in party prejudices, let us enquire what are the two chief conflicting expositions.

First, then, there are those who hold that there is in reality no ground of complaint; no ground at all; none whatsoever. Those who hold this view—and amongst them are many who know whereof they speak, and are considered by many as authorities on all matters connected with the treatment of Indians and half-breeds—those who hold this view contend that the sole and only source of the up-rising is to be found in the dislike, the refusal of these half-breeds to submit to the very simple regulations which attach to the possession of land. They look upon these half-breeds as low, very low down in the social scale. They assert that they are nomadic in their habits; that they cannot be made to settle down peacefully to the cultivation of their lands; that, indeed, land for this purpose is not by any means what they chiefly desire, and that what they really seek is scrip, with which to obtain money; and that this is true of fully ninety-nine per cent. of those who have made the desire for land the peg upon which to hang complaint. Those who hold this view trace the events which culminated in open rebellion somewhat in this manner:—The great majority of the half-breeds now dwelling in the Saskatchewan region, they say, have not long been resident in that district. But a few years ago, at the time of the transference to Canada of the Hudson Bay Company's territories, and they would have been found occupying—or pretending to occupy (a point to be remembered)—lands in Manitoba, lands duly handed over to them by the Government. That their restless and nomadic habits made it irksome for them—to use no more definite language—to continue this uneventful life, if, indeed, they had at any time attempted it. That in process of time they converted their lands or scrip into money, carried off such

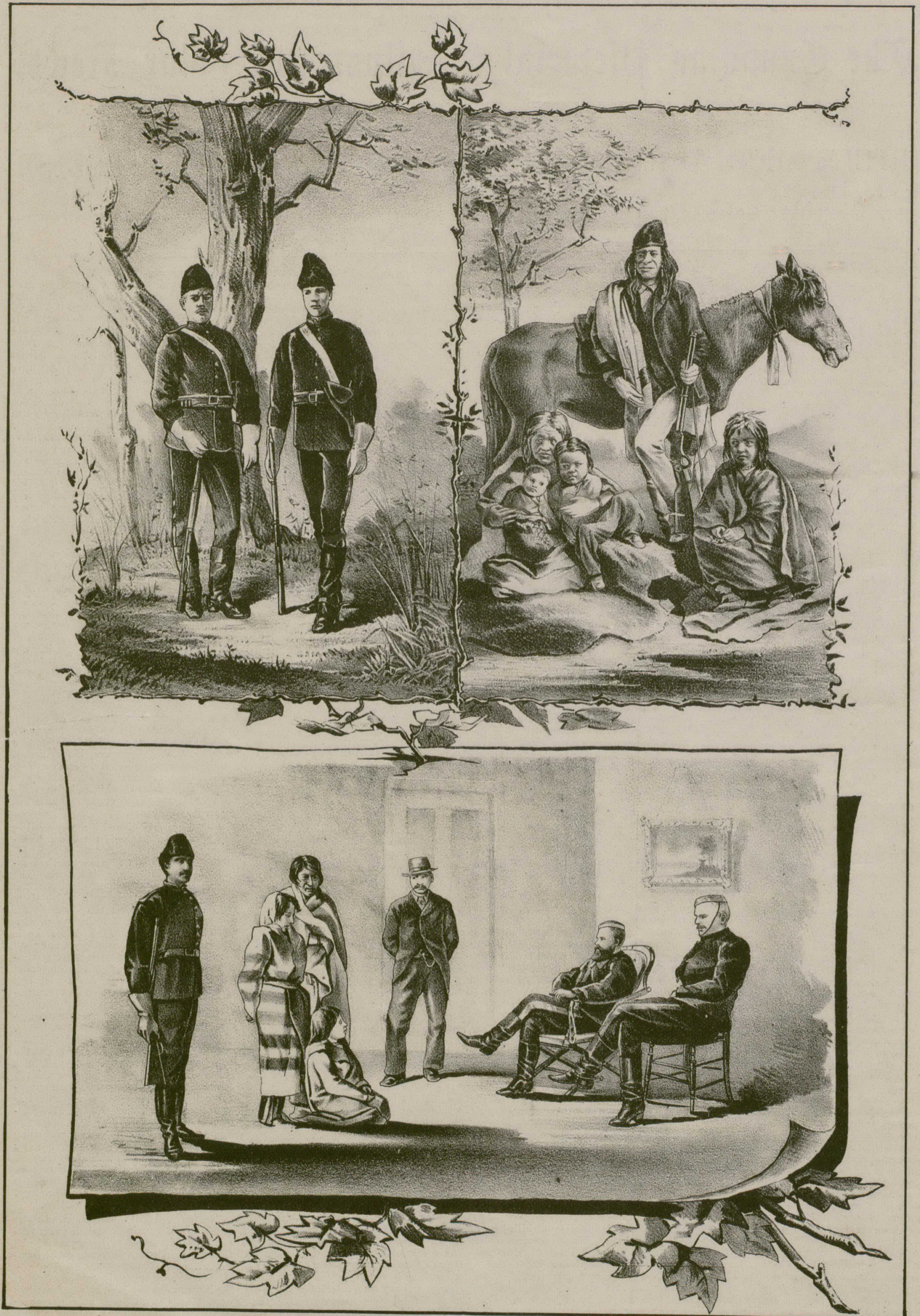
goods and chattels as they possessed, journeyed westwards, seized upon such large and irregular patches of land as best suited their fancy, and that the whole cause of the present disastrous rebellion is nothing more or less than the exasperation of these worthless semi-savages at their inability to carry out such plans as often as their predatory proclivities could prompt; for they did not comply with the Government regulations as to settlement duties, and seemed to think that they ought not to be called upon to act as other settlers are compelled to do in making a selection. That is to say, they objected to the division of land into mile sections and quarter sections, each wanting a long narrow strip with a river frontage; and in many cases where a number of half-breeds had settled on a winding river, their respective lots when extended would cross each other, and thus give rise to endless dispute when the country came to be regularly surveyed. They could not be made to see the force of any objection, but were willing to retire provided "scrip" were accorded to them, and then go elsewhere and play the same game over again. We must add to this the assertion of those who take this view of the rising, that this lawless spirit was fomented, some go so far as to say, by not a few of the European settlers who had grievances, real or supposed, of a like nature. Others, according, probably, to the particular faith to which they attach themselves, whisper the names of the religious bodies to be found amongst the half-breeds. According to this view, Riel has been but, what in medicine is called, the "exciting cause." Granting that there existed a spirit either of just exasperation or groundless lawlessness, his influence, from whatever source derived and by whatever motives prompted, has been the spark which has set on fire the highly inflammable materials scattered throughout the district of the Saskatchewan.

The other view, diametrically opposed to the foregoing, demands equal consideration. In the former the root of the difficulty is traced to the obstinacy of the half-breeds as regards compliance with the settlement regulations; in the latter it is found in the distrust with which these half-breeds look upon the Government. In the former Riel is looked upon as a mere adventurer; in the latter he is thought to be a bold, intelligent, and philanthropic statesman, thoroughly acquainted with all the complex questions involved in the government of the north-west, and deeply imbued with the idea that the manner in which the half-breeds of the Saskatchewan have been treated by the authorities is unconstitutional in the extreme. In the former the half-breeds are looked upon as a body of men undeserving of the title of nation, devoid of any particular national characteristics, limited as to intelligence, and easily led by interested adventurers; in the latter they are regarded as an integral and important part of the community, bearing traces in their physique and intellect of high descent, possessing lofty qualities, and tracing their customs and laws to ancient and noble sources. In the former, religion plays no unimportant part in inciting the malcontents to open hostilities; in the latter it is said to have acted in the exact opposite direction.

The bases, it will thus be seen, of these two views differ widely and in every particular, and, as might be expected, the theories built upon them are equally dissimilar.

This second explanation of the origin of the insurrection can here only be described in outline. It is beset with numerous complicated questions, possesses wheels





TYPICAL SKETCHES.

(1) Constables of the North-West Mounted Police guarding a trail to Prince Albert. (2) "Lo! the poor Indian" and his family. (3) Superintendent Cotton and Inspector Perry dispensing Justice to Blood Indians at Fort McLeod.





THE FIGHT AT DUCK LAKE. (See page 5)



within wheels of a delicate political nature, involves problems of a social, ethnical, and religious character, and is altogether encompassed with numerous and variously implicated influences.

The upholders of this second theory base their explanation of the origin of the rising, as I have remarked, upon the distrust with which the French half-breed is accustomed to regard a government by aliens. They point to the circumstances attending the revolt of 1869-1870 (in which, they assert, many of the influences were identical with those now in progress) as explanatory of the revolt of 1885.

Believing that there have been undeniable examples of unconstitutional measures, they find in the present demands of the half-breeds and their leaders grave and serious ground of complaint. They lay great stress upon the French origin of these half-breeds and their consequent peculiar modes of thought, and they lay an equal amount of stress upon their notions in regard to their right to lands, and the manner in which they shall possess such lands. They thus introduce historical, we may even go so far as to say, international, elements for the support of their assertions in regard to the justice of the claims put forward by the now recalcitrant métis. Further, stepping down from this high ground, those adopting this view point to the provisions of the Manitoba Land Act of the 12th May, 1870, and especially to the amendment to that Act, passed in 1875. By this amendment it was enacted that:—

"Whereas, it is expedient, towards the extinguishment of the Indian title to the lands in the Province, to appropriate a portion of such ungranted lands, to the extent of one million four hundred thousand acres thereof, for the benefit of the half-breed residents, it is hereby enacted that, under regulations to be, from time to time, made by the Governor-General in Council, the Lieutenant-Governor shall select such lots or tracts in such parts of the Province as he may deem expedient, to the extent aforesaid, and divide the same among the children of the half-breed heads of families residing in the Province at the time of the said transfer to Canada, and the same shall be granted to said children respectively, in such mode and on such conditions as to settlement and otherwise, as the Governor-General in Council may from time to time determine."

They point also to the provisions of the Half-breed Lands Act of 1874. The preamble of this Act reads thus:—

"Whereas, by the provisions of the Act 33 Vic., Cap. 3 of the Statutes of Canada, known as the Manitoba Act, one million four hundred thousand acres of land in the Province of Manitoba were appropriated by the Parliament of Canada for the children of half-breed heads of families, to be granted in such mode, and on such conditions, as the Governor-General in Council should, from time to time, determine; and whereas, the Governor-General did by Order in Council, dated the 25th day of April, 1871, establish and publish the mode and conditions of the divisions of the said grant, and said Order in Council has since been specially confirmed by section one hundred and eight of the Dominion Lands Act; and whereas, in consequence of the surveys in this Province not permitting the distribution of the said lands, in manner as established by the Order in Council mentioned, a distribution has not yet been effected, and in the mean time very many persons entitled to participate in the said grant, in evident ignorance of the value of their individual shares, have agreed severally to sell their right to the same to speculators, receiving therefor only a trifling consideration; and whereas, it is expedient to discourage the traffic now going on in such rights, by protecting the interests of the persons entitled to share as aforesaid, until the patent issue, or allotment be made of their respective portions; therefore," etc.

Stepping down, I say, from the high stand of history and tradition, they point to these acts, and assert that no such reasons, the justice of which the assent to these acts had proved, have been carried out for the relief and protection of the settlers of the Saskatchewan; that these settlers have done all in their power to obtain these measures in a just, loyal, and orderly manner, and that, since no relief was afforded them, they have quite properly reverted to the sword as the only instrument by which to call attention to their wrongs. From this point of view Riel is no adventurer. He is the man who has seen furthest into the causes of the oppression, and has had the courage to rebel against it; who has already been exiled for such courage, and has once again risked his life on behalf of his fellow-sufferers.

Between these two widely-separated points of view from which to regard the recent outbreak in the north-west, may be

placed, as it were, numberless others, separated from either extreme by very different and sometimes inappreciable distances, according to the various degrees of importance attached to the different elements of the question.

Besides this, also, we must not forget that many are inclined to look upon the whole affair as far less important than probably the majority of persons are wont to imagine. They see in the recent rising merely a much-to-be-expected phase of the settlement of the country. They see in it merely the ousting of savagery by civilization; the eradication of nomads by settlers. They deem that already too much stress has been laid upon the seriousness of the whole outbreak; that the numerous questions in regard to the occupation and tenure of lands by half-breeds and Indians have already occupied too much the serious attention of legislators; that in process of time the vast and uninhabited districts of the north-west must become thoroughly settled, and that the uprising of 1885 is but the natural antagonism of the wandering and blood-thirsty savage to the steadfast and peaceable tiller of the soil. They consider the rising merely as a temporary ebullition brought about by a few fiery spirits. They consider that it will of itself speedily cool down, and that it is undeserving of any extraordinary attention.

These, I conceive, are the only points connected with the causes of the rising necessary for us at this time to enquire into before commencing the story of the manner in which that rising was quelled.

It is well, nevertheless, for Canada to regard her recent troubles in their most serious aspect, for they undoubtedly have been to her of the most serious nature. The rebellion of 1869, if as serious in the matter of the consequences at stake, can hardly, in point of magnitude, be compared with that of 1885. The Fenian invasion of 1866 was, as compared to it, but as an eddy to a whirlpool. Since the days of William Lyon Mackenzie, or indeed, we may safely say, since the days of Montcalm and Wolfe, no greater military operations have been undertaken upon the soil of Canada. The force called out was a large and powerful one. In its ranks were many of the highest in the land: men of high social standing, and brilliant intellectual attainments. They travelled in the most inclement of weathers, through hardships untold and obstacles unrivalled, over many hundred miles to meet the foe. The insurgents were no despicable enemy, skilled as they were in the warfare peculiar to their country. Canada felt at large that much was at stake, and through the length and breadth of her land came those who were anxious and willing to defend her.

### THE CALL TO ARMS.

It will belong ere the Dominion of Canada forgets the eve of the quelling of the rebellion of 1885. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Dominion was there exhibited such wide-spread excitement linked with such deep-seated enthusiasm. Those who were to don the Queen's uniform and march forth on an errand fraught with danger and difficulty, were not to be compared to the ordinary soldier of the line. They were those whom we all knew, whom we were accustomed to meet and associate with in our every-day life, who were related by ties of friendship or blood to those who were known and revered throughout the Province, who had voluntarily and gladly exchanged the pleasures of the comfortable life at home, for the hardships and dangers of the camp and the battlefield, who were about to exchange profitable and lucrative occupations to the irksome, but honourable toils of active service. They came from all ranks; the humble artizan, the mechanic, the tradesman, the clerk, the student, the professional man—all were to be found, side by side, indistinguishable. It was a labour of love, and by those who remained behind this was not lost sight of. They were not professional soldiers, and they by no means took merely a professional interest in the affair.

From one point of view this was a splendid advantage. The men were many of them highly educated, all of them intelligent. They felt individually responsible for their country's honour, and their country's safety. True enthusiasm was at spring tide, and it looked as if everything would be swept away before it. From another point of view there is a disadvantage in sending troops of this description on to the battle-field. The essential attribute of a good army is discipline, and discipline democracy tends to eliminate. Much is gained by intelligent ardour; something is lost by want of subordination. It is a question whether the total efficiency of such an army in active service is increased or decreased by this addition and subtraction—whether, that is, the intellectual enthusiasm adds more to that efficiency than the want of strict discipline

takes away. In scientific warfare—such, for example as the Franco-Prussian affair—probably this democratic spirit would be a disadvantage; in the present expedition few will deny that it was an element much in our favour.

The militia and volunteers of Canada form a unique force, and one of which she may be truly proud. Its members certainly receive a money value for their service, but they are nevertheless true volunteers. The pittance received at the hands of the government is always spent for the good of the corps, and in numberless instances the holders of commissions, aided often by the non-commissioned officers and men, liberally supplement this sum out of their own pockets.

It will not be out of place here to give an extract from the Statutes showing how the Canadian militia is raised:—

"The militia shall consist of all the male inhabitants of Canada, of the age of sixteen and upwards, and under sixty—not exempted or disqualified by law, and being British subjects by birth or naturalization; but Her Majesty may require all the male inhabitants of Canada capable of bearing arms, to serve in case of a *levée en masse*, 46 V., c. 11, s. 4.

"The male population so liable to serve in the militia shall be divided into four classes.

"The first class shall comprise those of the age of eighteen years and upwards, but under thirty years, who are unmarried or widowers without children.

"The second class shall comprise those of the age of thirty years and upwards, but under forty-five years who are unmarried or widowers without children.

"The third class shall comprise those of the age of eighteen years and upwards, but under forty-five years, who are married or widowers with children.

"The fourth class shall comprise those of the age of forty-five years and upwards but under sixty years.

"And the above shall be the order in which the male population shall be called upon to serve.—46 V., c. 11, s. 5.

#### DIVISION OF MILITIA.

"The militia shall be divided into Active and Reserve Militia—Land Force; and Active and Reserve Militia—Marine Force.

"The Active Militia—Land Force—shall be composed of:—

"(a) Corps raised by voluntary enlistment.

"(b) Corps raised by ballot.

"(c) Corps composed of men raised by voluntary enlistment and men balloted to serve.

"The Active Militia—Marine Force—to be raised similarly, shall be composed of seamen, sailors, and persons whose usual occupation is upon any steamer or sailing craft navigating the waters of Canada.

"The Reserve Militia—Land and Marine—shall consist of the whole of the men who are not serving in the Active Militia for the time being.—46 V., c. 11, s. 6."

They are, therefore, it will be seen, no "toy soldiers" these, as our friends across the boundary occasionally somewhat contemptuously term them; and this their recent gallant acts in the North-west have abundantly proved. They have stuck at nothing, have grumbled at nothing, and have admirably achieved all that they set out to accomplish. From every part of the Dominion they responded willingly and enthusiastically to the call for their services. Many were engaged in occupations the relinquishment of which meant loss and anxiety, yet none hesitated, indeed, in the majority of cases it was only with difficulty that men could be restrained from too energetically offering their services and joining the battalions which had the good fortune to be ordered to the front. Some who held high commands in less favoured regiments accepted a lower rank in those that were chosen for the war, and others, at the last moment, without orders, fully accoutred, joined their much-envied comrades in the start for the seat of war. Not a few defrayed the whole expenses of the journey with the hope of being actively engaged. True, rumours spread of Quebec's inertia, and tidings came of apathy at Halifax; but these only served to throw into greater relief the spirit of genuine military ardour that pervaded all ranks everywhere.

The nucleus of this ardour was first naturally Winnipeg. It was from Winnipeg that the first advance was made, it was at this spot that the news of Major Crozier's defeat at Duck Lake (of which I will presently speak) first arrived and first created the state of disquiet and ferment; General Middleton had reached the city on the morning of the 27th of March; Winnipeg was the most important base from which to make a start, and here were the 90th Battalion and Winnipeg Field Battery, on whom, would in the natural course of events, devolve the responsibility of making the first move and leading the van. Immediately on his arrival General Middleton inspected the stores, clothing, magazine and supplies at Fort Osborne. The general was accompanied in his inspections by Colonel Houghton. A general alarm was rung and the bugles were sounded for the military to turn out. An hour later they were ready to embark, but it was not until 7 o'clock in the evening that the 90th rifles, the field battery and the cavalry, under General Middleton, boarded a special, and started westward toward Qu'Appelle.

This may be called the first step towards the quelling of the outbreak.

If Winnipeg was foremost in point of time, she had rivals in point of enthusiasm. Indeed every town, large and small, vied with every other town in its energetic efforts at preparation. In Toronto, the next easterly centre of military interest, the excitement was at spring

tide. The first definite news of the calling out of the city troops was received in Toronto late on Friday night. A telegram from Ottawa was received to the effect that 250 men of the Queen's Own Rifles, 250 men of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, and 80 men of the Toronto School of Infantry were to be put into immediate readiness to start for the seat of rebellion. No sooner was it received by the military authorities and become generally known, than the whole city was in a state of ferment. Colonel Miller was busy at the Armoury, Colonel Grasett was telephoning to all quarters of the town, calling up officers, ordering sergeants hither and thither; Colonel Otter was earnestly engaged studying maps of the North-west; and the streets were thronged with soldiers and civilians, eager to learn what was in reality going to be done. The Queen's Own and the Royal Grenadiers were ordered to parade, full strength, at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, and both battalions were busy far into Saturday night preparing for it. The result was excellent; 552 officers and privates of the Queen's Own reported themselves, and more than 300 of the Grenadiers. The officers and medical examiners afterwards went through the ranks and the chosen 250 of each regiment were selected. After being dismissed the men were ordered to parade again at the armoury at 8, and at that time the entire force again turned out. In choosing the men there were a few who objected to go on account of the probable loss of their situations, and a few were rejected because of their physical inability to stand the fatigues of a campaign in the North-west. However, both regiments stood the test well, and were it necessary 800 well-drilled fighting men, instead of 500, could have been procured from the two regiments.

Finally orders are issued that the men will parade at the Drill Hall at 10 a.m. on Monday in full marching order to proceed at noon to the seat of war. Now indeed there is excitement. Think for a moment, reader, of what it meant. Six hundred men—fathers, brothers, lovers, are to start at some twelve hours' notice, all of them to go through terrible hardship, many of them to receive horrible wounds, some of them never, never to return. But which were most to be pitied? those who went, or those who stayed. We all know that the tears were shed by those who stayed behind. There was a great deal to be done, however, and no time was left for hopeful encouragement or fond regret. Sunday night saw friends seeing friends for the last time, kind words passed from mouth to mouth, endearing caresses such, perhaps, as no other occasion could have evoked. Many sad expressions were uttered, but more joyful ones; for were not the brave six hundred on an errand of duty? Mothers and sisters slept not all night. There were so many little things to be looked after for the comfort of their loved ones. And Monday morning saw scenes of pathetic interest. At early dawn they commenced, preparing the outfits, packing the knapsacks, collecting the various little things that each could think of:—note paper, envelopes, stamps, needles and thread, soap, towels, thick boots, warm clothing, sandwiches, hot coffee, tobacco—till the haversacks bulged with good things to overflowing, and yet the mothers and sisters were not satisfied.

We think, many of us, that war is a thing for men only. That it is an evil that only affects the sterner sex. Man, we say, is the protection of the hearth, and home, and country. On him devolves all the suffering. All the suffering? No, not all. Perhaps there is more suffering at home than in all battlefields. Perhaps the hardships of the march do not equal the anxieties of the family circle. Perhaps camp-life is pleasanter than home-life. The warrior has hopes and aspirations that keep him up; he has boon companions and exciting duties. But those at home—they only think of what may befall those on the march. No inspiring scenes divert their minds. No gay companions bid them rejoice.

At last everything is ready. Friends unable to accompany the soldiers shake hands with tears in their eyes, and march down alongside to the drill shed. And here is a scene not often witnessed. Filling the hall from end to end are ranks of men. Officers with jingling swords and clinking spurs move hither and thither. Sergeants are busy seeing that every man is fully accoutred. The quartermaster's office is besieged with men getting various articles—this one a fur cap, that one a tunique, another an overcoat. Up in the gallery there, is a mass of people—women and children, boys and girls, and men, come to see their friends for as long as they can. They look down eagerly at the long straight lines of men—to the east the Grenadiers, to the west the Queen's Own; between the companies the ambulance. A splendid set of men, they all say, and there eyes in the gallery pick out here and there those whom they came to see and watch for. At the doors are more people—masses of them, with difficulty kept back by the police. Here, too, are the waggons, and men with white bands marked with red crosses bring out every now and then large boxes curiously labelled with medical names—ominous signs.

Now comes a change. The sergeants come to the front of the companies, and all along the lines goes the question, "You got everything?" "Got everything?" "Yes," is responded in deep, manly tones. All is ready then. The report is made, and Colonel Otter from the gallery addresses the men:—

"The hour has come," he says, "for them to leave for the discharge of the duty they are called out to perform. They are only in the initial stage of what will, no doubt, prove an arduous undertaking, but the demeanour



the men had already exhibited led him to entertain the assurance that he would not find them lacking in all that should characterize the soldier. They had one motive, one desire, and that was to do their duty to their Queen and country." He dwelt on the necessity of strict obedience on the part of the men, and of consideration on the part of the officers. Finally he warned them against the use of intoxicating beverages, and hoped that any who might happen to have provided themselves with such would at once throw it away.

His remarks were greeted with hearty cheers.

Then comes the order, "Fours; quick march"; the bands strike up, the men step firmly out, and with all Toronto at their head, at their sides, at their rear, they march to the train.

And at the station—what a scene! Ten thousand people are already there; on the pavements, in the road, on the roofs, everywhere. Two engines with long trains stand hissing on the rails. On these all eyes are turned. In the baggage vans are being placed all sorts of stores, and men in scarlet jackets and dark green uniforms give sharp orders. Then comes the sound of music, the bands turn the corner, the troops come in sight, and a great cheer goes up. The crowd gives way, and in a few moments the soldiers take their seats in the trains. A few minutes' pause ensues, Colonel Otter is seen, telegrams in hand, superintending all. At length the order is given to start, and at twenty-five minutes past twelve the trains move out of the city, their noise drowned in the continued and tumultuous cheering which follows them. They are off. Shakers are waved from the carriages, and handkerchiefs from the balconies. Here a friend grasps for the last time the hand of his friend, and there a pair of soft eyes look for the last time into the eyes of her friend, but tears are held back. Again and again the ringing cheer breaks out, and as it dies away the troops have gone.

And this scene is repeated all through Canada. The news from almost every town in Canada is stirring in the extreme. At London, on Tuesday, March 31st, great excitement was created by the receipt of a telegram from Ottawa calling out the 7th Battalion. The order read as follows:—"Call out 7th Battalion for immediate active service and report action and result. (Signed), CARON, Minister of Militia."

Buglers were at once sent out, officers were notified, and in a very few minutes the drill shed was thronged with an eager, excited crowd of volunteers and their friends, many of whom had been aroused from their beds by the bugle's blast. The news spreads rapidly among the already deeply interested citizens, and soon every thoroughfare leading to the drill shed is thronged with eager, anxious friends. Before leaving the drill shed the men are addressed by Col. Aylmer, Major Beecher, W. R. Meredith, M.P.F., and Rev. A. J. Murray, of St. Andrew's Church. The few final preparations necessary completed, and to the stirring strains of their excellent band the 7th, at 3 p.m., start on their way. Their reception as they marched down Richmond street to the depot was one continuous ovation. Every available foot of space on the roadway and sidewalk was occupied by the eager throng, while the doorsteps, balconies, windows, and roofs along the route were utilized by deeply interested spectators. At the station a train of nine cars was in waiting for the men, who speedily took their places, and amid the cheers and hearty good wishes of the vast assemblage, the brave fellows were rapidly borne away towards their destination.

The 65th Battalion Mount Royal Rifles, 250 picked men under Lieutenant-Colonel Ouimet, leave Montreal on the Wednesday.

A company of sharpshooters from the Governor-General's Foot Guards, fifty strong, leave Ottawa by the noon train on the Tuesday for the scene of action.

At midnight of Sunday, April 5th, orders reach Kingston that the Provisional Battalion should leave for the North-west. The hour of departure is immediately fixed for eight o'clock. The regiment mustered 362 men and 34 officers. Great was the assembly of people to see the volunteers off, and loud the cheering as the train pulled out of the station.

At Belleville, Colonel Lazier was invited to organize a company made up from the 15th battalion for service in the North-west, and a meeting of the officers was held, when all volunteered. The colonel then asked the government to accept the whole battalion, but received answer that but one company could be taken. Shortly before 10 on the morning of Sunday, March 29th, the battalion was summoned by the ringing of the fire alarm and a splendid turn out made in the armory. At 2 p.m. Colonel Lazier received orders to have his men ready to start for Kingston on Monday morning on receipt of instructions.

The York Rangers and Simcoe Foresters, too, are called out. The 12th battalion of York, Colonel Wyndham commanding, and the 35th battalion of Simcoe, Colonel O'Brien, M.P., commanding, were notified at a late hour on Monday night, March 30th, that they would be each required to furnish four companies for active service in the North-west. The order was received with enthusiasm by the men. Colonel O'Brien commanded the joint force, numbering nearly 350 men. The second officer, was Colonel Tyrwhitt, M.P., junior colonel of the 35th; and Colonel Wyndham ranked as junior major.

From the counties of Durham and Victoria also come volunteers. Colonel A. T. H. Williams, M.P., who volunteered a regiment for service in the Sudan, was ordered to form one for the North-west. He selected his men from his own, the 46th Battalion, the 45th and the 40th. The 46th represents East Durham, with

headquarters at Port Hope; the 45th West Durham and Victoria, with headquarters at Bowmanville; and the 40th, Northumberland, with headquarters at Cobourg. The battalion comprised eight companies, and two guns manned by the Durham field battery of Port Hope.

So it goes on in numberless towns and cities. Each sends its quota of fighting men amid the enthusiasm, even envy, of those left behind, and Canada drew liberally upon all her resources, so much so that, within a fortnight of the time of first calling on the troops, General Middleton was expected to have 3,232 men under his command, composed as follows:—

90th Batt., Winnipeg.....	300
Winnipeg Field Battery.....	60
"A" and "B" Batteries.....	200
Queen's Own and 10th Royals, Toronto	560
"C" Infantry School.....	86
9th Batt., Quebec.....	280
65th Batt., Montreal.....	340
Midland Batt.....	396
35th Batt., Col. O'Brien.....	360
Ottawa Sharpshooters.....	50
Col. Smith's Batt., Winnipeg.....	340
Col. Scott's Batt., Winnipeg.....	250

### THE FIRST BLOOD.

What was it, however, that caused the government thus suddenly to resort to such extreme measures? Up to this time affairs in the more eastern Provinces had been quiet enough. Disaffection, it was known, existed in the North-west, but few thought it of sufficient magnitude or importance to necessitate the raising of an armed force. What, then, was it that prompted the authorities to order between three and four thousand men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to the front? It was the overt act of bloodshed perpetrated at Duck Lake.

The events prior to this, however, must first be briefly noted.

The first definite public assertion as to the reality and magnitude of the uprising were received on the 22nd of March. A despatch from Prince Albert received at Winnipeg stated that the rising of the Saskatchewan half-breeds was a most serious affair. They had been joined by large numbers of Indians and had taken possession of all the government stores at Carleton, and had made prisoners of officials and even threatened the fort there. In the House that night Mr. Blake asked whether it was true that the half-breeds under Riel had risen in rebellion at Prince Albert, had imprisoned officials, that the government knew of this action, that assistance had been asked by the settlers, and that the Winnipeg battery had been ordered out? Sir John Macdonald answered it was true the half-breeds had cut the wires between Qu'Appelle and the South Saskatchewan river and had imprisoned the telegraph operators. This action was said to be because of a letter stating that Riel was not a British subject. The government knew nothing of such a letter. The Winnipeg field battery had not been ordered out. Capt. Crozier was close by at Carleton with a hundred men of the Mounted Police, and ninety men had been ordered there. The government thought this number would be sufficient to quell any disturbance.

On the following day the news from the di-affected regions was meagre in the extreme, but inclined towards a reassuring aspect. The reports, however, were conflicting. It was that grossly exaggerated stories had been sent to both the Canadian and United States press. No conflict it was said had taken place, although with the wires cut in several places it was impossible to describe the exact situation, a despatch from Battleford intimated that Col. Irvine was expected to form a conjunction with Major Crozier from Carleton, at a crossing on the south branch of the Saskatchewan river, opposite Duck Lake, where Riel was supposed to be entrenched.

Raids were believed to have been made on the stores of the Hudson bay posts and the Indian agents, and the officials arrested to be held as hostages. The telegraph lines were cut and the operators arrested to prevent communication with the Mounted Police posts. Two hundred police arrived at the scene of the troubles. The Indians had not then been induced to join the rebels. Piapot was the only chief of whom the authorities was afraid, as Riel and his agents had been operating with the Indians north of Regina and Qu'Appelle with some success. Poundmaker and Big Bear were two hundred miles northwest of the scene of the troubles and not likely to be induced to rebel.

Nevertheless the militia authorities at Winnipeg were moving with alacrity. A rifle regiment, three hundred strong, was under arms. A hundred and twenty-five men of the Rifles under command of Major Boswell, Captains Rattan and Clark, embarked for Qu'Appelle. Matters soon looked more threatening. The daily papers assigned the chief place to the north-west news, despite the critical state and absorbingly interesting Russo-Afghan difficulty. Some went so far as to head the Winnipeg despatches on the 26th March with the ominous title, "Our Own War."

On that date the Premier in answer to questions endeavoured to allay fears. Replying to Mr. Blake, Sir John Macdonald said he thought a junction between the forces of Col. Irvine and Capt. Crozier had been made. There would then be 250 Mounted Police on the ground. In addition there were forty volunteers from Prince Albert. One hundred men of the 90th were now on the road to Qu'Appelle, and if necessary, they could be reinforced by 200 more of the same regiment and the

Winnipeg field battery. He thought there was no serious danger to be apprehended so long as the half-breeds were not joined by the Indians, and so far all information in the possession of the Government went to prove that the Indians were peaceable. Riel had great influence over the half-breeds and some over the Indians, but the Blackfeet and other bands were indignant at being accused of taking part in the disturbance. He thought Riel had raised this trouble for personal reasons. Some time ago he had offered to retire quietly from the country if the Government would give him \$5,000, but of course the proposition was not entertained. A commissioner had been appointed to consider claims of the half-breeds, and the Government expected no serious trouble in settling the disturbance.

On the following morning, however, Saturday, March the 28th, came a telegram that startled everybody—the account of the overt acts of hostilities perpetrated at Duck Lake. This roused the public and the Government, and it is almost safe to say that at a few minutes' notice a call to arms was sounded throughout the Dominion.

The battle of Duck Lake claims our closer attention.

Duck Lake, the scene of the shedding of the first blood, is 13½ miles south-east of Fort Carlton, 45 miles south-west of Prince Albert, 6 miles from "Fisher's," and 12 miles from "Gabriel's" crossing on the South Branch.

It was established some years ago by Stobart & Eden, wholesale merchants of Winnipeg, as a trading post to catch the local trade of Indian reserves in the vicinity, as well as that of the large half-breed settlement that extends from there to the South Branch, and has lately been in charge of Hilliard Mitchell, who formerly had charge of another post for the same firm at Lesser Slave Lake.

The "post" consists of eight or nine one-storey, whitewashed log buildings surrounded by an ornamental sparred fence in front, and by common rail fences on the other three sides, and as it possesses no stockade or other artificial defence it is entirely unprotected and open to any attack that may be made upon it.

The proper name of the place, as known in the post-office directory, is Stobart P.O., being named after one of the original founders, and is a name that everyone must concede is far more suitable at the present time than that of "Eden" would have been. It is commonly known, however, as "Duck Lake," after a long, low, marshy sheet of water of that name which stretches out to the west immediately behind it, and which is the annual resort during the summer season of thousands of water fowl.

The country between Duck Lake and Fort Carlton rises gradually as the North Branch is approached. The surface is of a quietly undulating character, covered with scattered bluffs of poplar and low willow shrubbery, which, in connection with the rich and loamy nature of the underlying soil, presents an attractive picture to the intending settler. On the other side, from Duck Lake to the South Branch, the country is of an entirely different character, the soil being much lighter and covered with bluffs of "Jack" pine and poplar, which become thicker as the South Branch is approached, where, uniting into larger and more imposing masses, they cover the high and precipitous banks of the stream from many miles above Fisher's Crossing down to the point of junction with the North Branch—the "Forks" of the Saskatchewan.

The half-breed settlement, which commences at Duck Lake, extends in a more or less scattered condition all the way to the South Branch, up and down both banks of which, in the vicinity of the crossings, their small log cabins and insignificant farms mutilate the landscape. While a great many of these men and their families have settled permanently here since the departure of the buffalo, their numbers have been greatly augmented by the addition of many families of Manitoba half-breeds, who, after selling their claims and pushing onward in advance of the tide of white emigration, settled in this district and are now asking for another claim, on obtaining which another sale would doubtless ensue, followed by a grand "scoury" for the Peace River country or some other place.\*

Here it was that the rebel half-breeds and the whites first came in contact.

This battle, like almost every other part of the rebellion, has been described in every variety of manner. According to some reports, the insurgents out-numbered the loyalists by nearly seven to one; according to other figures the very reverse of these are given. Some say the whites under Major Crozier were the unprovoked assailants; others, that the rebels were so blood-thirsty that even a flag of truce was disregarded.

The first news that arrived concerning this skirmish is well worth recording. It was stated in terse, staccato style, well fitted to rouse public excitement, and after reports did not materially alter its details. What the public read at breakfast-time on that Saturday morning was something like the following:—"The half-breed rebellion in the North-west has assumed alarming proportions. A fight occurred at Duck Lake between Capt. Crozier's command (Mounted Police) and the rebels under Riel, in which ten volunteers and two constables were killed and eleven others wounded. The rebel losses are not known. Intense excitement prevails throughout the North-west. The news created a sensation in Ottawa, where it was learned late in the afternoon, just before dinner. Orders were at once given for calling out the regular forces stationed at Quebec,

\* See letter to *Globe* by A. W. K., Tuesday, April 3rd, 1885.

Kingston and Toronto, as well as the Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers. B Battery has already left Quebec. The men will be sent over the Canadian Pacific railway. Nearly 300 additional militia have also been sent forward to the scene of the trouble. After recess, in the Commons, Sir John Macdonald rose and stated that he had received messages from Col. Irvine, to the effect that he had arrived at Carlton. The telegram did not mention the date of his arrival. Capt. Crozier had gone to Duck Lake to secure supplies which were there, and on his return was met by two hundred rebels, who endeavoured to surround the police. The rebels fired the first shot. The police then opened fire, and the engagement became general. Ten civilians and two policemen were killed. Four civilians and seven policemen were wounded."

This news was meagre enough, but it must be remembered that Fort Carlton is seventy miles north of Humboldt, the nearest telegraph station on the C. P. R., and that although a man with a team ought to do it easily in twenty-four hours, the news has then to be telegraphed to Winnipeg and from that place east.

This was all the Government knew, but it was enough to cause them to resolve upon extreme measures.

As I have remarked, the different accounts of the battle of Duck Lake are contradictory in the extreme. Perhaps the best information is that given by a half-breed eye-witness. Hearing that the force under Crozier was en route for Duck Lake the mounted half-breeds started to reconnoitre. They met a force of police and citizens, in sleighs. The half-breeds scattered, and Major Crozier thought an effort was being made to surround him, and ordered his men to fire. The fight was short but hot. T. W. Jackson, a member of the Territorial Council, says that Gabriel Dumont, one of Riel's lieutenants, told him that Crozier was going to take supplies from Duck Lake. Dumont took mounted men, armed with Remingtons, and met Crozier's force a few miles from where the trail enters a coulee and bluffs. Both parties stopped, and the half-breeds were ordered to scatter in the bush. Crozier thought they were attempting to surround him and fired. The half-breeds lost four killed and two wounded. Crozier had thirteen men killed, who were left on the field.

Another eye-witness says that "the rebels were concealed in a house and in the woods, and were not discovered by the police until they were within fifty yards. During a parley an Indian attempted to wrest a rifle from a policeman, and was shot. This was the opening of the fight, which lasted forty minutes. The house where the rebels were concealed was not discovered until after the fight commenced. A cannon was immediately brought to bear, but unfortunately in loading the police put in a shell without powder, thus rendering the gun useless. The volunteers remained standing while the police fought lying down, hence the greater loss of the former."

Yet another eye-witness puts it thus:—"On the evening before the fight a meeting of the half-breeds was held to talk of the situation, it being well known that Crozier with his men intended to come to Duck Lake and fight, as the half-breeds had found out two days before that they intended meeting them. At this meeting it was decided to stand their ground and be on the defensive. The next day they came, and when the half-breeds saw Crozier and his men, they divided on each side of the road so that they could pass and follow their road in peace if they did not intend to do any fighting, but the commander thinking the half-breeds intended to surround him and his men, gave the order to the Mounted Police and Prince Albert volunteers to fire on the half-breeds, and one of the half-breeds was seen to fall from his horse. Crozier's fire having excited the half-breeds, they made a rush on the other party. The engagement was of short duration, but very violent, and the police and volunteers received the order from Crozier to retreat, taking with them the dead and wounded officers of the Mounted Police, but leaving on the field thirteen volunteers dead."

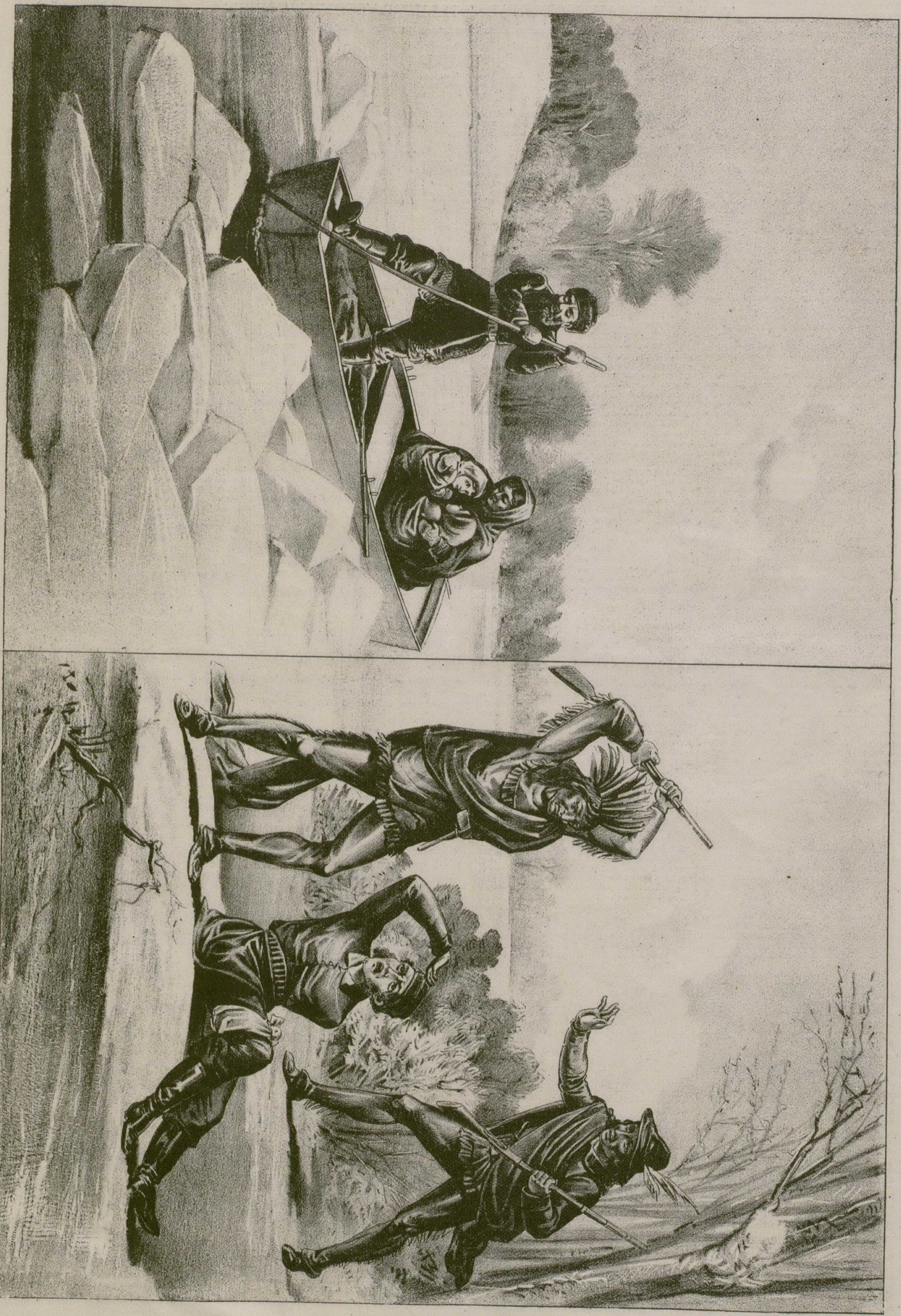
### RUMOURS.

Naturally enough on such an occasion, the wildest rumours were soon afloat on every conceivable and inconceivable subject. Of these, the subject that of the Fenians was the most prolific, of the most contradictory and, at the same time, of the most absurd.

A Buffalo despatch confidently asserts that "the present rebellion is due to the active work of the old Irish republican army, headed by the Hon. C. Donohue, who held a captain's commission during the American civil war, and who was chief of staff, under Fenian General O'Neil. The American Fenians are determined that Canada shall not help the mother country either in the Sudan or Afghanistan, and, to prevent the deportation of Canadian troops to aid in smothering the mahdi, they have set up Riel in the north-west again and are providing him with money and munitions of war. The sudden call for troops for North-west service overjoys the Fenian leaders, who see that the eastern Provinces of Canada will be unable to help England, no matter how great the emergency, until Riel has been smashed. The Canadian authorities are aware that the Fenians here are brewing the trouble, and Detective Murray, who is well-known to the Fenians, has been here some time working on the case, but he has been befooled at every step since he reached the city."

"If the Fenians in the States," remarked one paper, "are not now supporting and counselling Riel, they are at least ready to take





ESCAPE OF THE MCKAY FAMILY THROUGH THE ICE TO PRINCE ALBERT. (See page 21)

A WOUNDED PRINCE ALBERT VOLUNTEER'S LIFE SAVED BY A HALF-BREED. (See page 21)





MURDER OF THE PRIESTS AT FROG LAKE. (See page 17.)



HEROIC DEFENCE OF FORT PITT BY INSPECTOR DICKENS. (See page 17.)



advantage of any weakness in Canada's frontier. They would try to cross the Vermont frontier, or the Ontario frontier, or over the boundary line in the North-west."

A despatch from Fargo, Dak., declared that the Fenian organizations throughout the north-western states were making vigorous efforts to aid Riel.

It was stated, too, that Riel was not in actual command, but that the rebels were being handled by a strong Fenian sympathizer from the United States and an old campaigner.

A prominent man of the Fenian Brotherhood was reported to have said that they were well organized in Chicago, St. Paul, Duluth, and in several places along the boundary line. "We could take Winnipeg and hold it without trouble, and before five days we may be in it. We'll hit England whenever the opportunity occurs."

Rossa was thought to have openly admitted his having a hand in the rising.

But perhaps the most amusing of these rumours was that promulgated by the *Morning Post*, which asserted "that the rebellion in Canada was fomented by Russian agents, with a view of embarrassing the Dominion authorities, and preventing their troops being sent to help England."

These, however, need not detain us.

## THE ROUTE.

Before following our men on their march to meet the foe, it will be well to gain as clear a view as possible of the route by which they were to travel.

In the first part of their journey they were to be taken over the Ontario and Quebec Division of the Canada Pacific Railway to Carleton Place; then the main line of the road through Pembroke, Callender, etc., to Port Arthur. There are 80 miles of the road on which the track has not yet been laid. The first break is 45 miles, then comes a stretch of track and then three other breaks, aggregating 35 miles, when the end built from Prince Arthur eastward is met. The whole road is graded, and the men hoped to be taken over the breaks in sleighs. The C. P. R. authorities made all necessary preparations to transport troops.

The distance from Dog Lake to Nepigon is about 246 miles, made up of a gap of 42 miles on which no track has been laid; a section of 93 miles on which there were three locomotives and forty flat cars; a second gap of 17 miles, followed by a track-laid section of 15 miles, on which there was one locomotive and plenty of flat cars. This is immediately followed by a gap of 20 miles, over which there are no rails laid. Then comes a stretch of 52 miles with track in fair order, and on which there is ample rolling stock. There is then but the short gap of six and a-half miles east of Nepigon to be crossed.

The advance ordered by General Middleton was to be in two divisions, one advancing from Swift Current and the other from Fort Qu'Appelle, via Touchwood Hills and Humboldt.

The Touchwood Hills route involves much more marching than the other.

North and west of Touchwood Hills on the Humboldt Trail is the Great Salt Plain as it is called. In reality, however, it is an alkali swamp or belt about 32 miles wide and destitute of anything in the shape of trees or shelter except a little row of scraggy bushes which are found midway across the plain and called the "Stoneberry bushes." They are well known to freighters as the only shelter to be found on this plain during a storm. On the western border of the Great Salt Plain is somewhere about 15 or 20 miles of bush country again, and in the western edge of this is the telegraph and meteorological station known as Humboldt. There is next to no settlement here, but it has long been an important camping place for freighters and travellers bound for Prince Albert, Carlton, Duck Lake, Battleford, and Edmonton. It is here that the trails going westward branch off to the three different crossings of the Saskatchewan, Prince Albert and Fort a la Corne.

The crossings of the Saskatchewan in this region are three in number. Batoche, or Fisher's Crossing, is the farthest north. The country intervening between it and Humboldt consists of fine rolling prairie, and, except that, there are one or two small belts of timber at Gabriel Dumont's crossing. "The river flows through an almost canyon-like valley with very little bottom land or margin. The river is some 250 yards wide at this point, and, except where the trail winds down to the ferry, the east bank presents an almost sheer descent of 150 feet to the water's edge. The east bank is also bare of trees, and the trail down the face of the hill to the ferry is wholly without shelter of any kind. On the west bank, however, every advantage is offered to those who wished to prevent an advance from the east. The bank, though somewhat precipitous, is sufficiently sloping to furnish an admirable field for the operations of skirmishers. It is heavily timbered from its crest to the water's edge, and its timber would afford shelter for a thousand riflemen were such a force needed to defend the ferry.

Clark's Crossing, or what is known as the "Upp r" or "Telegraph" ferry, is fully 30 or 40 miles further up the river, and nearly far enough south to be cut by an air line drawn from Humboldt to the elbow of the North Saskatchewan. The banks are sloping and bare of trees or shelter of any kind on either side. The river itself is about 300 yards wide.

According to the measurements on the maps, without taking into account the minor sinuosities of the trails, the distance from Fort

Qu'Appelle to Battleford via Clark's Crossing would be about 300 miles.

The advance by way of Swift Current looks much more encouraging than the one just described. The distance from Swift Current to Battleford is only about 150 miles in an air line across the plains, and by a good trail less than 190 miles. The country is for the most part upland prairie.

The following table of distances will also be found useful:—

TRAIL DISTANCES.	
	MILES.
Qu'Appelle to Fort Qu'Appelle.....	19
Fort Qu'Appelle to Touchwood hills.....	46
Touchwood hills to Humboldt.....	81
Humboldt to Carlton, via Gabriel's Crossing.....	82
Humboldt to Carlton, via Batoche's Crossing.....	83
Prince Albert to Batoche's Crossing.....	43
Prince Albert to Carlton.....	49
Qu'Appelle to Clarke's Crossing.....	196
Qu'Appelle to Battleford.....	281
Clarke's Crossing to Prince Albert.....	81

DISTANCES FROM WINNIPEG.	
	MILES.
Fort Ellice.....	220
Fort Qu'Appelle.....	337
Swan River barracks, via Fort Ellice.....	337
Touchwood hills.....	372
Humboldt.....	453
Fort Carlton.....	536
Battleford, via Gabriel's.....	628

The telegraph line runs from Qu'Appelle through Touchwood and Humboldt to Clarke's Crossing, and thence on to Battleford and Edmonton. From Clarke's Crossing a branch runs to Prince Albert.

MILES.	
Winnipeg to Prince Albert.....	600
Winnipeg to Regina, via C. P. R.....	356
Qu'Appelle to Regina, via C. P. R.....	32
Clarke's Crossing to Battleford.....	85
Clarke's Crossing to Edmonton.....	346
Swift Current to Battleford.....	190
Swift Current to Fort Carlton.....	210

The following line of march for the troops was arranged by Capt. Bedson, who has charge of the transport. A set of teams pass continually between one station and another, thus maintaining an endless chain.

MILES.	
No. 1. Qu'Appelle station.....	20
No. 2. Fort Qu'Appelle.....	24½
No. 3. Stoughton.....	24½
No. 4. Touchwood.....	20
No. 5. Bedson.....	20
No. 6. Salt Plains.....	21½
No. 7. Wise.....	21½
No. 8. Humboldt.....	17
No. 9. Melgund.....	17
No. 10. Hoodoo.....	18
No. 11. Middleton.....	18
No. 12. Batoche's.....	23
No. 13. Camroon's.....	26
No. 14. Prince Albert.....	26

## ON THE MARCH.

Meanwhile, how fare our gallant men? As far as possible let them tell the story themselves.

One of the Toronto contingent writes thus on the day after starting:—

"C. P. R., March 31st, 10.50 a.m.  
"40 miles an hour; *hinc illa littera!*"

"MY DEAR —  
"We make very few stoppages, and it keeps on rattle and shake so that eating is about as hard as writing. . . . We stopped about three hours at Carleton Junction and had a meal. We stopped at Pembroke, too, for a few minutes about 8.30 this morning. The scenery is getting hilly and very wild; lots of snow.

"Good appetites and good spirits prevail in the highest degree, and tobacco is doubly enjoyable. Your cigars were fine. We are continually passing small frozen lakes which would look very pretty in summer time. This road is getting awfully rough. Crowds at all the stations met us with torches at all hours last night, and were most liberal with *spiritus frumenti*, etc. By the look of things—country, snow, etc.—we shall have a downright hard and rough time of it, but seasoned with plenty of novelty and jollity. What comforts we have will be thoroughly appreciated.

"This looks a regular bear, deer, and duck country, and is really very hilly—some steep, rocky ravines every now and then."

The following opens up endless fields for laughter:—

"SMITH'S FALLS, Ont., 9 p.m., March 30.

"All well so far. Every one in good spirits. Having a hot dinner here. Guards of honour have turned out at several stations. Everything but the expedition forgotten until we had well started, when one man was telegraphed for the combination of his bank safe, another man has left his gas burning, and another is paying three cents a day for a Free Library book forgotten."

"MARK STAY, March 31.

"The Toronto brigade passed here at 10 to night and will be in Sudbury shortly after midnight, where they are to have supper. The day was rather uneventful on board the two trains. We expect to be at Archer, 332 miles west of Carleton Place, by four in the morning, and at Dog Lake, where the first break occurs, before to-morrow evening."

\* Some of the letters from which the extracts below are taken the public have already seen, others I have received permission to publish for the first time.

† And the writing proportionately illegible!

"MATTAWA STATION, April 1.

"The second train left Sudbury Junction at 12.17 this morning. Capt. Todd's sharpshooters from Ottawa, 51 in number, passed here at 11 o'clock last night."

The following gives a succinct account of much of the journey:—

"We (Q. O. R.) arrived at Dog Lake at 10 p.m. Wednesday, where we had supper. We started again at 12 o'clock, midnight, and drove all night; got breakfast at a lumber shanty and drove on to the end of the first break in the track, 45 miles. The night was very cold, and we could not sleep in the sleighs, but we made things as lively as we could by singing songs and telling stories. Some of the boys caught cold and in the morning were reported sick. We arrived at the end of the track about 4 p.m., Thursday, when we got on board flat cars and travelled 90 miles, it seemed to us more like 200. The cold was intense, about 10 degrees below zero, and we were going against the wind in open cars. It was about the longest night any of us ever put in. The train went about six miles an hour, and the road was fearfully rough. At 3 a.m., Friday, we halted at a round-house and shanty, where we had breakfast, having had nothing to eat since Thursday morning. Several of the boys were so stiff with the cold that they had to be helped off the cars. We were taken into the round-house, and warmed at the engine fires before going to breakfast, and then the heat soon put some of us to sleep. It was too much for a lot of the boys after the severe cold. At least half of our company were asleep, and it was hard to waken some of them for breakfast. One man fell in the snow, and when we picked him up and carried him into the shanty there was nothing the matter with him, only he was sound asleep.

We got a very good breakfast here and all felt better. Then back to the flat cars and on to the end of the road, where we arrived at 8 a.m. After about two hours getting off the baggage and stores we started on our first tramp to McKellar's Harbour, 22 miles. We halted at Port Monroe at a shanty, where each man was handed a piece of bread and a slice of fat pork—our rations for the day—and off we tramped again. We marched the 22 miles in 7 hours with 5 halts. For the first ten miles it was all right, but after that a great many began to play out, and about thirty had to be left for the baggage sleighs before we got to the end of our journey. The sun came out very hot and every man had his face badly blistered. A tough looking lot we were next morning. We arrived at McKellar's Harbour at 5 p.m., and again took the flat cars twelve miles to Jackfish Bay, arriving there at seven o'clock Friday night. Few if any of us, were ever so tired out before, and it would have been impossible to push us any farther that night; so after a good supper we turned in to sleep in a large freight shed. This was our first night's sleep since leaving Toronto, and we did enjoy it. We had breakfast here next morning (Saturday) at seven o'clock, then drove twenty-eight miles to McLellan's Harbour, when we took flat cars for fourteen miles to McKay's Harbour. This was a light day's work and we all felt better, as the weather was much warmer. We had supper here and slept in an old boat that was lying in the harbour, the propeller Georgia. Next morning (Sunday), we got breakfast here and again took the flat cars, forty-five miles to the end of the track, then marched ten miles to Red Rock, where we got emigrant sleepers through to Winnipeg. We left Red Rock at 6 p.m., and arrived at Port Arthur at seven o'clock Monday morning. The last march was not nearly so hard as the first, though the road was very rough. We were a happy lot of fellows when we came in sight of Red Rock and saw the train waiting for us. All our former troubles were forgotten, and we cheered as we marched nearly knee-deep in ice-water. All the marching we did was on the ice across the bays of Lake Superior. We were served with one pound of corned beef and one pound of hard tack per man at Red Rock. It is pretty hard fare, but we were too hungry to be particular, and made a good meal and had a good sound sleep till we got to Port Arthur. During all this time we had not seen a paper or heard a word of news either from the east or west. We arrived in Winnipeg at 3.30 Tuesday morning, where we got a good breakfast and did the town till four p.m., when we took the train for Qu'Appelle. Arrived here at seven o'clock this morning and here we are yet. We left the 10th Royals at Dog Lake and have not seen them since, but we hear they are one day behind us and are expected here to-night. After leaving Dog Lake the country through which we passed along the head of Lake Superior is nothing but a great pile of rocks, no timber, no farm land, in fact we did not see one farm house during the whole march from Dog Lake till after we left Port Arthur.

"It was a hard forced march from the first and tried the endurance of the Toronto boys as it has never been tried before. With a few exceptions we are all well and eager to get to the front. We had to leave one man at Jackfish Bay and three at Winnipeg. The Infantry School Company were with us all the time and kept their end up well, they are a fine lot of fellows and will be able to hold their own. On the 9th April, papers and books were received at Qu'Appelle, and glad we were to get them as there was not a scrap of reading matter in our tent, and we did not know what to do with ourselves after parade was over. Now every man in the tent is reading except myself and another, who are writing. We have five tents in our company, and ten men in our tent. Last night was our first under canvass, and we did not feel the cold in the least. We were served with an extra blanket and a rubber one

per man, so were very comfortable. There is no snow here, and the weather is splendid. Our camp is on a bluff on the open prairie, and is very dry. We have had no orders to move yet, but expect them at any moment. The 10th Royals arrived here this morning and went on to Fort Qu'Appelle at once, where they are to remain and we go to the front. There are a few Indians here, but they are a miserable lot. One hundred cow-boys arrived here to-day and are going out with us when we move. They are a wild, rough looking lot, but I reckon they will be useful to us. Fort Qu'Appelle is twenty miles north of our camp. This is only the station. I will write again in a few days and keep you posted as we move along."

"McKAY'S HARBOUR, April 5th.

"After leaving Bandville yesterday, the run to Port Monroe was finished at half-past three, and the men immediately went into quarters for the night. Two hundred were quartered in the hold of the schooner L. M. Breck, and passed the night in comparative comfort, although that is not saying a great deal. The officers and the rest of the men were more comfortably bestowed, and obtained a refreshing night's sleep. Port Monroe has a magnificent harbour almost wholly surrounded by mountains, towering a thousand feet. The camp was astir at five this morning, but it was eight before a start was made. It was expected that teams would be provided for the men over the twenty miles gap to McKay's Harbour, but only sufficient teams could be got to take the baggage and the men's rifles and sacks, so the journey had to be made on foot. The road lay over the ice of Lake Superior among the many islands that cluster about the shore. The sun was shining brightly and was thawing the snow, but a north-wester cooled the air and the soft snow made it difficult walking. The scenery all along the shore is mountainous. The march was completed in grand form at 3.40. We take the cars at once for Jackfish Bay, where we will camp to-night."

JACKFISH BAY, April 6th.

"We reached this point at six last night, and will start in a few minutes on sleighs for Winston's Dock, twenty miles distant, where we will remain till to-morrow and then take the train for a point seven miles this side of Nepigon. We had first-rate quarters here and spent a capital night, and the men are howling their eagerness to get on the road. All is well; the weather is clear and cool. The splendid scenery here and the great tunnel will make Jackfish ever a point of interest. The Q. O. R. reached Port Arthur last night."

"FORT WILLIAM, Ont., April 6th.

"The Queen's Own Rifles contingent left McKay's Harbour yesterday morning, reached the terminus of the track at three p.m., Nepigon at five fifteen, and here at seven this morning. The march to Nepigon was ten miles. The men are in good condition."

"NEMAGOSENDA, April 1st.

"The above place is 255 miles west of Callender. The country all the way along the line is very rough and rocky, some parts fairly well timbered, principally light pine with some birch and tamarack. There does not seem to be very much hard wood. There is lots of snow. If you get of the regular track you find yourself plunged in snow almost to the waist. Then realize how deep it is. None of the country we have passed through since, or even before, Mattawa, appears fit for cultivation. Here and there small portions only appear fit to be valuable for anything except grazing. In many parts it resembles Muskoka. The scenery is fine. We passed Lake Nipissing yesterday afternoon. It is a fine sheet of water, or rather ice at present. (Last night the temperature was below zero.) There are some signs of life there. There are several smaller lakes and good trout fishing, but no game. Plenty of deer near Mattawa. The only signs by the way are at the lumber stanties. The weather yesterday was somewhat mild, but towards evening cold. To-day is a lovely winter day, bright, clear, not very cold, and our car since we left home certainly has not been cold, most of the time very hot, almost unbearably so. We are feeling very well. The men are all satisfied and seem to think there is hard work ahead and are bracing themselves up for it. They are very quiet and orderly; never saw less drinking; in fact there is scarcely any. I heard of one man who had his water bottle full of whiskey and emptied it out and filled it with cold tea. I think that this fact ought to be chronicled. We have had three regular meals, viz., at Carleton Junction, Mattawa, and Miscotasing at an early hour this morning. Our next meal will not be till we reach the end of the track. I think probably about 7 o'clock this evening. Hot tea has just been served out. Some of the men's provisions are exhausted, but many have considerable left yet. We commence the worse part of the journey to-night. There are about five breaks in all, nearly 120 miles (though I can't find out exactly), which we will cross in sleighs. Will be under canvass one night at least. We have then about 70 miles on open flat cars. After that, to Port Arthur and Winnipeg, we will be all right. Since writing the above we have had a little diversion by the way of drinking the Colonel's health. It is his birth-day."

The correspondent of *The London Advertiser*, with the 7th Fusiliers, writing from the end of the track, says:—

"We arrived at the end of the first gap about 11 o'clock. We are safely over the first



gap of 40 miles. When we left the other end yesterday (Friday) it was fine, but soon commenced to snow and the snow turned to sleet. We stopped, dried ourselves, and had supper half way west. We started again at 9 p.m., the night being pitch dark and snowing hard. The road was simply a trail up and down hills and through woods. Upsets occurred every few minutes, men in some instances being thrown over the side of high banks. Many caps, mufflers, mits, side arms, and other articles were lost in the snow. In one case, a man was completely buried under the baggage; in another, a horse fell over a man, but neither was hurt. When we arrived here about 3 a.m., there was only one tent, and that but large enough for half of us. We were all wet, but in spite of this many of the men lay down on their great coats and went to sleep. Guards at last had to be placed to force them to keep awake, and bring them to the fires to dry. Until daylight we stood wet and shivering around the fires. The men would drop asleep as they stood, only to be roused again when they stumbled over. A good breakfast set them up again, but they will be unable to get any sleep before a late hour to-night, when we reach the beginning of the next gap."

"PORT ARTHUR, April 15th.

"We arrived here this morning; rode five hours on flat cars, without seats or any protection, through blinding storm. We made a night march of ten miles across the lake and finished the last gap; the snow was ankle deep, and greatly fatigued the men. The whole battalion was then packed into five second-class cars and brought here. The men are in excellent health and spirits, and anxious to get to the front. All our sick and wounded have recovered. Our suffering during the last five days have been beyond description.

One of the saddest incidents of the march was the accidental shooting of Lieutenant Morrow of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, by the careless use of a revolver. This happened about 50 miles on the farther side of Dog Lake, and Lieut. Morrow was sent back to an hospital at the latter place, accompanied by an old Crimean soldier who had fractured his arm a day or two before. We may imagine the feelings of these two men, eager for the work upon which they had set out, yet with painful wounds, doomed to return home by a long journey over a rough and jolting road.

"PORT ARTHUR, April 7th.

"We are taking a short stop at Port Arthur, where we had a regular hotel breakfast, having had nothing worth speaking of to eat since breakfast yesterday, although we were going all day and all night, driving 30 miles on the glaring snow on Lake Superior, then removing all the baggage to the train, which took us about ten miles; arriving at the 'end of the iron' after dark we had to stand in rain for three hours, then on the baggage as a guard, in sleighs another ten miles over the ice, the sleighs upsetting and the horses falling every now and then, and a pouring rain, reach the beginning of the railroad again at daybreak this morning; and now we do not leave the train again till we reach Winnipeg, where I shall post this. The C. P. Railroad is something wonderful, being sometimes cut on a bank of rock about 700 feet high close on the edge of the lake, almost perpendicular, cuttings through rock perpendicular on each side, 150 feet high, and several tunnels and high trestle bridges.

April 8th, 9 a.m.

Here we are at Winnipeg. There is very little snow here, but it is cold. We have been so much exposed to cold lately that I am unable to judge about what the thermometer stands. I find that the night we slept on the open snow it was 25 degrees below zero, as one of the reporters had a thermometer with him. I can easily believe it because our hospital sergeant took off his mitt for a few minutes and had two fingers frozen. We have left all the immense rocks behind and are now on level land, having had a glimpse of what the prairie is like. It looks beautiful for bicycling here, and in a few minutes I hope to take a look at the sights of Winnipeg.

This letter, I know, is most disjointed, but I am always in a hurry when writing, even now expecting the bugle to sound to assemble the men after breakfast. We enjoy a meal off hard tack and green tea, minus sugar or milk, and can sleep soundly in the rain as well as amongst a singing crowd."

The Port Arthur *Sentinel* says:—

"The behaviour of the volunteers through the difficulties of the North Shore route has been worthy of all praise. Col. Grasett, of the Royal Grenadiers, avers that he never passed through as severe or trying work as the young volunteers of his regiment did marching through snow in which they sank knee-deep every step; not to speak of the numerous other hardships they had to undergo. Though not injured to such trials, not a word of complaint was heard; on the contrary, their undaunted spirits frequently sought vent in song. When the four hours through the slush to Red Rock was finished Tuesday morning, the men burst forth with 'Rule Britannia,' which was sang with thrilling effect. The country has indeed reason to be proud of her young soldiers, and can trust them to shirk no duty, however dangerous or difficult. From the appearance of the Grenadiers it was evident that they had had no soft experience. Faces were sunburnt and blistered, eyes sore and partially snow-blind, and clothing in bad repair, a gallant captain having, for instance, met with a serious disaster to an important and expansive portion of his unmentionables. Getting into conversation

with some of the men, it was stated that at Dog Lake, where the track ends, the trouble, or rather the suffering, began. The Queen's Own had pushed on that night, leaving the baggage guard behind for want of sleighs. The guard secured teams about five next morning and followed. The march was about fifty miles, and a rough one at that. At the end of the portage they took flat cars for eighty miles, the men suffering greatly for want of sleep and exposure to cold. Two or three became delirious. Two were left in hospital on the road, one suffering from rupture through falling on the ice, and another from congestion of the lungs. At the last portage Col. Otter, brigade commander, was snow-blind and had to be led along. He is now recovering. The Grenadiers suffered greatly from cold and damp, having camped out in the snow, with the thermometer 22° below zero. The last portage was covered by forced march during the night, and Port Arthur reached about 8 a.m."

The Winnipeg *Times* has the following to say of the journey of the York Rangers and Simcoe Foresters over the North Shore route to Winnipeg:—

"The experiences of the men have been similar to the other troops who came by the Lake Superior division, but despite the discomforts attendant upon the several fatiguing marches, the battalion impresses one very creditably. The men are a robust class, and their demeanour and deportment are irrepachable. They have been on the road nine days, having left Toronto a week ago Thursday last. At Jackfish Bay they overtook the 65th Battalion, but were delayed there by the limited transport accommodation. The weather for many days was wet and cold, and the roads almost impassable. Although sinking deep in mud, one march of twenty-six miles was made in eight hours, and not one of the men faltered, a record which the battalion points to with pride. No sickness or accident of any kind occurred, and the entire body are in splendid spirits. Upon arrival here the men were furnished breakfast at the C. P. R. dining hall. In the battalion are a number of the old Mounted Police force, who are to form a detachment for service as scouts. The battalion, in accordance with orders from Ottawa, are to go into barracks here for several days, and at noon orders were issued for them to go into camp on the west side of Main street, just beyond the railway track."

The following is from a member of the Grenadiers, written at Dog Lake:—

"DOG LAKE, C. P. R.,

Thursday, 2nd April, 1 o'clock, a.m.

"MY DEAR —, This is actually Thursday morning, and we started on Monday. The time has gone very fast. We have come to the gap in the rail and are waiting till the sleighs come back which have transported the Queen's Own over the 40 odd miles to the continuance of the railroad. As the train is at last not jolting along, as it has been unceasingly almost since we started, I can write a connected letter. Things are carried on in proper military fashion—guards at the door of every carriage, and no man allowed to go from one to another except the medical staff. It is very wild-looking country here, an occasional collection of log dwellings about four feet high and dug into the ground, where the railway men, who have been building the trestle bridges, etc., live. There is generally one large building at these places, where we go in by companies to have meals, bread and tough something or other, with hot water flavoured with green tea, but altogether considered 'a good square meal.' Lots of chaff and high spirits enliven the work, which is downright hard, being turned out at night without overcoats to tramp through the snow to get wood and pails of water—no water to drink half the time. The C. P. R. has been laid along the track of a chain of lakes, and the woods are mostly of very tall larch, and Indian birch-bark wigwams, tents half buried in the snow, with a smoking stove-pipe showing, and an occasional track in the snow strongly mark the loneliness of the country, which seems unending as we have been tearing along since Monday with hardly a stop. Our rations in the train have been principally bread and swamp water, and I pity the men that do not smoke. The people at the stations show great excitement as we pass through—of course it is such a rare thing in Canada to see men on their way to active service of any kind. Our number, with those ahead of us, makes about 800 or 900, and there are 1,200 close behind, I believe, but we know very little news from want of telegraph communication and papers. 'A' Battery, from Kingston, I hear, have been sent out."

"GOOD FRIDAY.

"This is no playing at soldiers. We are at present in the open, snow about four feet deep, waiting for the train to come, as we have got through our fifty-mile drive, going thirty miles, six in an open sleigh on seats in the daytime, for twelve hours without grub, and then having to stand for an hour and a half in line waiting for our turn at tea, chilled through to the bone, while we saw those who had finished their tea, crowding into huts with roaring fires; immediately after tea we got into the sleighs, about fifty in number, after dark, with no lanterns, to go the remaining twenty miles by night—a rough track cut through the midst of regular Canadian back-woods—with the thermometer far below zero, but fortunately with one blanket each. Upsets and break-downs were frequent. The moon rose late, and the scene was one to be remembered, as the road was sometimes through the depth of the woods, sometimes across small lakes, and sometimes through passes with solid rock about forty feet high on

each side, through which a passage had been blasted. The driving of the teamsters was wonderful; the sleighs and horses belonged to the C. P. R. Company, who have hundreds of men at work. When we arrived at the continuation of the railroad, half frozen, we had to carry our baggage through snow four feet deep to a large tent, which is the only thing here; then large tamarack fires were lit while day was breaking, and wrapped in a blanket, on the snow near the fires, we got some sleep; thermometer about ten degrees below zero, I suppose; several fellows were frost-bitten in toes and fingers. Our hot-cross-buns were distributed in the shape of 'hard tack' (captains' biscuits) and then parade roll-call was gone through."

A telegram from Winnipeg thus announces the arrival there of the Grenadiers:—

"The Grenadiers arrived here this morning (April 8th) at six, and, notwithstanding Monday night's terrible march, all are in capital condition, except a few slight colds and frost bites. The men breakfasted in the hotel, and are now viewing the city till 2 p.m., when they leave for Qu'Appelle where they will overtake the Queen's Own, who went west yesterday. From Qu'Appelle, the whole force will proceed to Middleton's present position a few miles north."

From Winnipeg on to Qu'Appelle has been described by a correspondent with the Queen's Own thus:—

QU'APPELLE STATION, April 9.

"Our stay at Winnipeg was one of pleasure. The men were billeted at the hotels for breakfast and dinner. The 'square' meals had an enlivening effect upon the boys. They were dismissed for a short time, to enable them to see the many friends that had prepared to meet them. The boys were busy supplying themselves with articles necessary for the trip, and their friends with preparing little niceties for use on the train. Many a man might have been seen carrying parcels and baskets to his quarters in the train. The contingent left at 5 p.m., amid the deafening cheers of the citizens. At Portage la Prairie, we received the same hearty welcome that was tendered at all the stations on our route. Shortly after our departure for the Portage, a concert took place in one of the cars, under the auspices of Col. Otter and Lieut. Lees. Numerous songs were sung, and a very pleasant time was spent.

At Brandon we were very agreeably surprised by the ladies of that place providing a nice lunch and hot coffee at the station. During the night we witnessed several prairie fires, but of no consequence. Qu'Appelle was reached at 7 a.m. The contingent was immediately put under canvas on the prairie just outside the town. The weather is very fine, making the camping very pleasant. The day was spent quietly. One detachment of 'C' Company, Infantry School, under command of Major Smith, left at about noon for Touchwood Hills. The balance of the Company left a little later in the day for Swift Current.

The men settled quietly to sleep, the quiet being disturbed only by the sentries' calls every half hour. In the morning the men were up and stirring at 6 a.m. The train transporting the Grenadiers, Ottawa Body Guards, and rear Guard of the Queen's Own Rifles arrived at 7. Private Douglas, of 'H' Company, one of those left at home, joined us here, armed with a magnificent Repeater, revolver and knife. He will act as a scout. Captain Smith, who was left at McKellar's harbour, is here and in good condition. The boys were glad to see him again. Jack Crean joined us at Winnipeg. We expect to see the whole regiment in the North-west before the campaign is over. The morning drill took place at 10 and the afternoon at 2. The boys have settled down to work, and are prepared for anything. About fifty scouts joined us this morning. They will be of great service to the troops in this campaign. We expect to be ordered to the front every day."

These are sufficient to show, not only the hardships of the way, but the uncomplaining, even jovial manner in which they were borne. It is difficult for us at home, warmly clad in furs, driving from place to place, incommoded with anything heavier than a cane or a muff, it is difficult for us to realize the real sufferings—it was nothing less—undergone by those brave volunteers. These letters—free, frank, unfettered—give us glimpses, by their delightful details and particulars, if gone into, those terrible days and nights. The very glee with which the writers gloat over a comparatively warm and eatable meal tells a tale that is enough to bring a look of pity to the eyes of the gentler sex, and—shall we say a look of envy to those of the sterner sex who wanted to go but could not?

However, we need not longer dwell upon this stage of the narrative. The journey, we have seen, was no easy one, but we have also seen that it was enlivened by many circumstances, owing to the indomitable determination of the brave fellows to see things in their best light and go through every hardship without grumbling. Suffice it to say that the worst was now passed, and many a pleasing incident took the edge off the labour and hardship.

Among such incidents were the Sunday services. A few lines in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* transport us to the scene on Easter Sunday at Fort Qu'Appelle:

"You have flowers, maybe, and fresh, feminine costumes, surely, in the shadows of your churchy spires this morning, but you haven't a bluer sky above nor a balmy air around you than we. As I write, the band of the 90th Battalion is playing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and the voices of the troops, drawn up on three sides of a square, facing inward, blend with the

brazen notes in as fervent, if not as cultured, harmony as the throats of any of your choirs can furnish."

The Montreal *Witness*, too, gives a good picture of the Sunday services:

"Marching a little way out of camp upon the prairie the troops formed in a hollow oblong, two deep. A makeshift pulpit was put up at one end, and the fifes and trumpets occupied the centre. The officers stood in front of their men, and listened to the Episcopal service read by one of their subordinates. Five well-known hymns were heartily sung by the men—'Onward Christian Soldiers,' 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' 'Only an Armor Bearer,' 'Nearer my God to Thee,' and 'All people that on earth do dwell.' The accompaniment of cornets and fifes was a great improvement to the musical part of the service. The young preacher read, in place of a sermon, St. Paul's exhortation to Timothy in the second chapter of his second epistle. Altogether, the service was most impressive; and the sight of those three hundred volunteers kneeling bareheaded in the whistling prairie wind, invoking the help of God in the work of rescue to which they are devoted, was enough to recall a pleasant memory of the seventeenth-century Ironsides or of Havelock's Highlanders, bound for the relief of Lucknow."

Fort Qu'Appelle was to be the first *point-d'appui*, and to this centre the troops pressed forward. The arrival here of the 90th Battalion is thus described by the Winnipeg *Sun*:—

"The march of the advance guard, under Major Boswell, to Fort Qu'Appelle on Monday, was safely performed, and the men are now under canvas at that place. Previous to their departure from Qu'Appelle, they were placed in waggons, and forming column moved up the main street to the spirited strains of the band and the cheers of the inhabitants. Once out in the country the scene was most picturesque, the many dark-coated figures in the waggons contrasting with the flashing of their accoutrements and the glitter of the snowy plain. On either hand and in front, the figures of the mounted scouts could be seen ever and anon appearing and disappearing behind the bluffs, now standing like an equestrian statue on the summit of a knoll and then dashing down a declivity at breakneck speed. On nearing Fort Qu'Appelle the trail became rougher, and the boys had to hang on to the sides of the waggons, especially so when passing the steep and narrow ravine leading to the valley. Once on the bottom the town was soon reached, and but a very short time elapsed before tents were pitched and a regular camp formed. Part of the men were located in the Town Hall, but the main body are in tents. At night, scouts under Captain J. French (late of the Mounted Police) and his lieutenant, the Hon. Maurice Gifford (brother of Lord Gifford of Ashantee fame, and who won the laurels in Egypt) patrolled the northern trails. The people here are jubilant over the fact of this being made the base of operations instead of Regina, contending that this fact shows Qu'Appelle to be the natural capital of the North-west. Enclosed is a list of daily rations supplied each man on the force. It is considered very ample provision, and no dissatisfaction is expressed as to quantity or quality of the food supplied."

DAILY RATIONS PER MAN.

Biscuit or flour.....	1½ lbs.
Cooked meats.....	1¼ lbs.
Or bacon.....	1¼ lbs.
Tea.....	1 oz.
Sugar.....	2 oz.
Salt.....	½ oz.
Pepper.....	1-32 oz.
Beans.....	¼ lb.
Baking powder.....	
Tobacco.....	

With this we must for the present leave the account of how fared the force in its arduous journey westwards, and consider more closely its leaders and its composition.

## THE FORCE.

General Middleton first calls upon our notice. Major-General Frederick D. Middleton is the third son of the late Major-General Charles Middleton of the English army. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and obtained his first commission as ensign on December 30th, 1842. He saw his first active service in New Zealand, where some of the chiefs who had signed a treaty accepting English protection and sovereignty in 1840, had in 1844, broken out in insurrection and destroyed an English settlement on the south coast. It was in 1846 that this general, then an ensign, arrived on the scene, and a short time afterwards took part in the attack upon Waquin. After the close of the war in 1848, he was sent to India, where he served during the Lenthal rebellion. It was, however, during that critical period for England's Empire in the east, the time of the Sepoy rebellion of 1857-1858, that General Middleton distinguished himself. In the expedition for the famous relief of Lucknow, he served as orderly officer to General Franks, and took part in the action at Suthorpore, and in the many engagements which occurred during the advance. During that week of hard fighting which preceded the capture of the city, General Middleton, who had become an aide-de-camp to General Lugard, distinguished himself for bravery, where all were brave, and for his gallant conduct at the storming of Bank's house and the Montiniere, he was rewarded with the brevet of major. Lucknow was in the possession of the British on the 15th





THE ATTACK ON THE REBELS AT FISH CREEK.

(See page 17)



of March, but officers were allowed little rest, and on the 15th of the next month, April, the General, then captain and a staff officer to Sir Edward Lugard, took a leading part in one skirmish with the rebels at Agemghur, where, for the personal bravery he displayed, and for his heroic conduct in risking his own life to save those of comrades, he was recommended by General Lugard to Lord Clyde for the Victoria Cross. The story of his heroism is as follows: Captain Middleton was commanded by General Lugard to take command of a troop of the military train in an attack upon a large force of the rebels. In a desperate charge, in which the Third Sikh Cavalry took part, Lieutenant Hamilton, of the troop, fell from his horse. Some Sepoy rebels rushed at him to cut him to pieces, when Captain Middleton and another officer named Murphy rushed to the aid of the wounded officer, and, killing some of his assailants, drove off the rest, and defended him until he was carried off the field. Within an hour of that gallant act, a private named Fowles was unhorsed and wounded, and Captain Middleton came to his aid, and after driving off his assailants, coolly dismounted, and placing the wounded man on his own horse brought him into camp. Lord Clyde refused to recommend Middleton for the Victoria Cross on the ground that he was on the personal staff at the time. His companion in this first heroic act, however, received the Cross. General Middleton served throughout the mutiny, and was many times specially mentioned in home despatches. In 1861, General Middleton came to Canada as major of the twenty-ninth regiment, sent out here during the Trent affair. The station of the corps was at Hamilton. While in Canada he married Miss Doucet, a member of a well known family of Montreal. After serving for ten years on the staff of General Wyndham, he left Canada on the withdrawal of the British troops. He then received the appointment of the commandant of the Royal Military College, where he had studied. In November last, just in time to prevent his retirement, under the new rules, from active service, he was appointed to the command of the militia of Canada on retirement of General Luard.

A correspondent writes thus of General Middleton's activity while in the field:—

"The General roughed it the same as the men. He is up in the morning at five o'clock, and is always first on parade; in the saddle all day, spends about two hours at the telegraph wire directing the movements of his different divisions and Government business, answers his letters, and directs everything here—in fact, until we reached Humboldt, he never got to bed before 1 a.m., and during most of the time he has had a bad cold, but is getting over it now. He is greatly pleased with all the men, and thinks they have done wonders, but he does not take much stock in newspaper men, although he is willing to give what information that he can that he thinks will interest the public; but as to telling us what he is going to do, or what his plans—nothing."

He is thus, it will be seen, no ordinary man, and General Middleton has further added to his fame by the splendid manner in which he has conducted the operations against the recalcitrant half-breeds. His eminently practical turn of mind was exemplified in every detail of the campaign, one of the most characteristic, perhaps, being some of his first remarks concerning the 90th. It is reported that when he arrived at Winnipeg he enquired of Captain Gauthier what kind of men composed the 90th Battalion of that city. The Captain said they were pretty good stuff, and proceeded to explain that several of the men distinguished themselves as crack shots at Wimbledon. "Hem, Wimbledon," says the General, "don't think much of that. Will soon see, whether they are the right kind of material to do business with. But I tell you it's a very different thing to make crack shots at Wimbledon, where the marksman lies down or assumes any other convenient position while he takes long and careful aim, than it is to do so out on the field, where the target is firing back at the crack shot."

Of the General's staff, the first person to notice is Lord Melgund.

Lord Melgund, Private Secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Governor-General, is the eldest son of the Earl of Minto, whose family name is Elliot, and whose family seat—Minto—is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Teviotdale. Minto is mentioned by Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and by Leydon in the "Scenes of Infancy." The family is an ancient and an honourable one. Two centuries ago it was sung as—

"The Elliott's, brave and worthy men."

It is a family that can count among its kith and kin men who were "inured to foreign wars and feudal quarrels," such as the redoubtable Wat o' Harden and Lorrison, lion of Liddesdale, also the heroic Little Jock Elliott, whose challenge of "Wha daur meddle wi' me" has been enwoven in song and adopted as the motto of the Border Mounted Volunteers—a troop of mounted men of which Lord Melgund is the worthy major. Lord Heathfield, the illustrious defender of Gibraltar, was likewise a member of the clan, and so was "Admiral Elliott, the conqueror of Thurot." Distinguished as Lord Melgund's kinsmen and clansmen have been on sea and land, there were amongst them powerful politicians and successful diplomatists. One of them was Lieutenant-Governor of New York in the old American day, and the first Earl of Minto held the office of Governor-General of India. At present His Lordship's brother, the Hon. A. D. Elliott, represents the County of

Roxburgh in the House of Commons. Several members of the family have adorned the bench and the bar, and more than one of them have been poets of renown, for instance, Miss Jane Elliot, authoress of the "Flowers of the Forest." Lord Melgund himself has, in several capacities, like the stock from which he has sprung—"brave and worthy men"—gained a name in arms, and in the peaceful paths of literature; whilst as a sportsman he has already a long and brilliant career. During his scholastic days at Eton and Cambridge, he was noted for his athletic achievements. As a gentleman, he has ridden and won many a steeplechase, and has even ridden many a winning race under the assumed name of Mr. Rody. His lordly bearing as an equestrian was greatly admired when, at the head of the Mounted Volunteers, he rode past the Queen at a great review in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, two years ago. Lord Melgund began his military career when he was twenty-two years of age, by joining the Scots Fusilier Guards. His Lordship has braved the dangers of the battlefield, and seen many a sanguinary conflict in different lands. He was in Paris during the red days of the Commune, and acted as correspondent of the *Morning Post* at the headquarters of the Carlist army in Navarre. He was on the staff of General Lennox, the British military attaché with the Turkish army, and was present when the Russians bombarded the forts of Nickopolis. He served a while with Riouf Pasha during the same campaign. During this campaign he had a narrow escape from being shot by some Bashi-Bazouks near the Bridge of Biela. As a volunteer, Lord Melgund served his Queen and country under Roberts in the Afghan war. His last scene of warfare was in Egypt. He there held the position of captain in the Mounted Infantry. He was wounded at Mayar, and rejoined the corps two days afterward at Tel-el-Kebir. He afterward commanded the Mounted Infantry at Cairo until they were disbanded at the conclusion of the war. On his return to Minto House from Egypt, he was entertained to a banquet at Hawick by the border Mounted Volunteers, of which he is commanding officer. Three years ago, he had an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the subject of "Newspaper Correspondents in the Field." Lord Melgund married, in 1883, Miss Mary Caroline Grey, youngest daughter of the late General Grey, and sister to Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., for Northumberland.

General Strange's chief part in the campaign was the defence of Edmonton. His force consisted of the 65th Mounted, 315 strong; 150 scouts; 250 men of Col. Osborne Smith's Light Infantry Battalion from Winnipeg; 60 scouts, and 50 Mounted Police under Inspector Steele. He and his ancestors have been notable and interesting individuals. In *The Scot in British America* is an allusion to Robert Strange, afterwards Sir Robert, the father of English engraving, an art which he developed when an exile in Italy, following the broken fortunes of the House of Stuart. Having previously fought at the battle of Culloden, in the body-guard of the prince, he was attainted and sought refuge in the house of Miss Lumsden, his affianced bride. While with her, the "Seider Roy" (red soldiers) appeared in the court-yard, and the officer entered to seize the body of the traitor Strange, as he was termed, by proclamation. His fiancée, with womanly promptitude, lifted the enormous hoops which extended the dresses of the period and placed her lover in safety beneath them, while she resumed her former occupation of playing loyal airs on the spinette. The direct descendants of Sir Robert Strange and Miss Lumsden have been gallant and distinguished sailors, soldiers, men of science and law, including Col. Strange, Madras Cavalry, subsequently employed on the survey in India, and inspector of scientific instruments; Admiral Strange, (whose son, Lt.-Col. Vernon Strange, went down in the ill-fated *Eurydice*); Major Charles John Strange, R.A., distinguished in the Crimea, all sons and grandsons of Sir Thomas Strange (son of Sir Robert), judge in the Hon. East India Service. This branch of the family remained in the mother country. Two collateral branches settled in Canada. Of one branch, the late Col. M. W. Strange, who served in the rebellion of 1837-38, in the Kingston Volunteer Rifles, was representative of the city in the Ontario Parliament, police magistrate and district paymaster, brother-in-law of Sir A. Campbell, and Dr. O. S. Strange, ex-mayor, and now penitentiary surgeon, were the descendants. The last branch to settle in Canada has done so in the person of Major-General Strange, an officer on the Royal Artillery. The Army List says he served in India in 1857-58, and was present at the actions of Chonda, Sultanpore and Dhowra, siege and capture of Lucknow, actions of Korse, Nawabgunge, Seragunge, affairs of 23rd and 29th July, passage of the Gumtue at Sultanpore, including affairs of 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th August, and Doadpore, 20th October. In all, he served in thirteen engagements, and wears a medal and clasp. He represents an old military family of Scotch origin, and in the maternal line descent can be traced from Charles Martel and Charlemagne through a long line of warriors. On the evacuation of Quebec in 1871, Col. Strange was commissioned to form and command the first garrison of Canadian artillery. He established upon enduring foundations, the schools of gunnery in which so many have been trained for service in different capacities, and especially as artilleryists, and the efficiency of the batteries now at the front is largely owing to the fact that the Government has adopted the more important recommendations which he, as inspector of artillery, has seen fit to make. He is a man of marked will power, a disciplinarian, and yet

one whose commands are not unkindly enforced. But once, while in command of a battery, was he called upon to act the soldier's part in earnest, and that was during the labor riots in Quebec. He acted with a courage and coolness then which showed how well fitted he was for action in an emergency. The Major-General went to Kingston at the time the batteries were transferred in June, 1880. In the spring of 1882 he got his promotion, and soon after left the service. He was chief factor in the organization of the Military Colonization Company, whose ranch is about 35 miles from Calgary. His wife, and the younger members of the family did not leave for their new home, "Nomoka," until last year. His children numbered six, of whom four are living. Two sons accompanied him to the North-west—Harry Bland Strange and Alexander Wilmot Strange. The former is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and the latter of the Ontario Agricultural College.

One of the most noteworthy of the principal characters of the late rebellion, and one of whom, ere we come to the end, we shall hear much, is an American—Captain Howard, a militia officer from Hartford, Conn.

Captain Howard is a spare, dark-complexioned man of about 30, full of dry humour, with an excellent memory of amusing anecdotes, a fast thinker, losing no time in making up his mind to do a thing, and perfectly cool and collected in the doing of it. An incident is told of him very typical of his character: Having issued an order to a subordinate, and seeing signs of hesitation in the performance of it, without a word the captain took the law into his own hands, and with a well-dealt blow, unaccompanied by a single syllable, he showed the hesitating subordinate by a somewhat painful process what he thought of hesitation.

The Gatlings commanded by Captain Howard were borrowed for the occasion from the United States Government. The order happened to arrive in the very nick of time, for the guns are usually made only to order, and Captain Howard asserts that had the request of the Canadian Government arrived some ten minutes later, there would not have been a gun obtainable, as the American authorities were just issuing orders for every Gatling in stock.

One of these Gatling guns is of a comparatively old pattern, with the ten barrels all exposed, only capable of firing six or seven hundred rounds in a minute, and with a very limited vertical play. The other is of the very latest style. It has all the barrels enclosed in a cylinder of brass—which Capt. Howard thinks is anything but an improvement, making them difficult to clean if they do happen to get dirty. This instrument fires no less than one thousand five hundred rounds a minute, and can be pointed almost vertically up—to throw lead into a fort, for instance—or almost vertically down, to destroy an enemy under a high bank or wall. Gatlings are only turned out to order—the manufacturers being the Colts Company at Hartford, Connecticut. Being intended as auxiliary to an infantry force, they are made to fire the same cartridges used by the men's rifles; and almost every nation uses a different cartridge. The two guns now here were made for the regulation cartridge of the United States army. The gauge, too, varies according to the country for which the gun is wanted, the wheel track on the roads of some countries being wider than that of others. The gun and limber weigh altogether only 1,500 pounds, the gun-carriage of one has a capacity of 7,000 rounds of ammunition, weighing 110 pounds to the thousand; the other carriage takes 4,000 rounds. These two guns are only borrowed by the Government for use until two new ones, both of the more improved pattern, can be delivered—in, say, two or three months. By that time it is to be hoped the "North-western Field Force" will have no more use for Gatling or any other sort of guns.

The first attempt at drill with these novel weapons was amusing. The horses purchased by Captain Norman, Mounted Police supply officer, took so unkindly to the strange vehicle behind them, that after dancing for a dozen yards, one of them became quite uncontrollable. The more he danced, the worse he got mixed up in his harness, and at last the pole was smashed, the gun carriage was thrown over, and it took half a dozen men to get the mutinous animal away to a place of retreat and disgrace. After this incident two of the Battery's own horses were harnessed; the evolutions proceeded with something like order, and a little firing practice was gone through on the shores of a neighbouring slough, resulting in the slaughter of a few ducks. But even the regular battery horses showed a decided objection to their new load.

Captain French's scouts were a fine body of men, well deserving a few words. They were well equipped, 18 repeater Remington, cartridge belts, revolvers, buckskin coats, etc. They preceded the expedition. Only two half-breeds were among them, the remainder being Europeans.

Neither must we forget the transport service. S. L. Bedson, warden of the Manitoba Penitentiary, had charge of this, and had it thoroughly organized. There were 350 teams, divided into right and left divisions, each of which was sub-divided into sub-divisions of ten teams under a head teamster. They paid about \$7 per day for the teams, and the drivers found them food and forage. Mr. Bedson was ably assisted by J. H. E. Secretan.

The following were the orders issued by Warden Bedson:—

"The transport service will consist of two divisions.

"The first division will be in charge of J. H. E. Secretan.

"The second division will be in charge of Thos. Lusted.

"Sub-divisions of ten teams will be placed in charge of a head teamster, who will be held responsible by transport officers in charge of divisions.

"Drivers will obey the orders of the head teamsters of their sub-divisions.

"When on the move, sub-divisions will keep together as much as practicable, and head teamsters must see that, in emergencies, teams must assist each other, doubling-up if necessary, in ascending hills or crossing soft places.

"Each head teamster will be supplied with cooking kit for ten men; he will appoint one of his drivers as cook, a mess of ten thus being formed for each sub-division.

"During the preparation of meals head teamsters will detail in regular order one driver, who will feed and take care of the cook's team.

"Troops, when occupying seats in waggons, will be governed by the orders of the transport staff, as approved by the Major-General commanding, and must assist transport corps in every possible manner, and especially when ascending hills, etc.

"Spare waggon-poles, whiffletrees, neck-yokes, etc., will be supplied to each sub-division.

"In event of any breakage, head teamsters in charge of sub-divisions will be held responsible that no unnecessary delay occurs."

The teamsters, too, it must be remembered, had to be drilled, for order and discipline were as necessary in their marches as in those of the troops. The chief part of their drill was learning to form what Warden Benson called "a north-west zariba," the chief object of which was to prevent a stampede of the animals in case of surprise. The plan was to have twenty-five waggons arranged in a square, and opposite the interstices, in the outer lines other waggons, while through the front wheels of the inner twenty-five, strong picket-ropes, with double hitches round the spokes of the wheels, run.

The transport service had no light duties to perform. Over 500,000 pounds of ammunition had been shipped to the West, and 2,000 sets of accoutrements. Armour & Co., of Chicago, received orders from Ottawa for 225,000 pounds of canned meat for shipment to Winnipeg, all of which had to be transported westwards, to say nothing of the hay. This cost the Government, delivered at Clark's Crossing from Qu'Appelle, \$400 per ton; the freight from Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing was \$220 per ton. The Government paid \$20 per ton. Five hundred tons per month are being consumed.

## PROGRESS OF THE RISING.

The first unlawful acts committed by the rebels were breaking into the settlement store kept by George Carr, and sacking the store kept by Walters & Baker. In all cases the rebels took what goods they found, and then made prisoners of the storekeepers. The object of the rebels seemed to strike at the Dominion Government, as they imprisoned all the Government officials and clerks they could lay hands on. Riel sent couriers up to White Cap to induce him to join them. He said he was going to clean out the white settlement at Prince Albert. Soon after this occurred the more definite outbreak at Duck Lake, which we have already noticed.

This was closely followed by the burning and evacuation of Fort Carlton by Colonel Irvine and his Mounted Police. Despatches from Winnipeg, dated the 29th of March, brought authentic news of this. Colonel Irvine, with 260 police and volunteers, left the post on the previous Friday, after burning the stores and other supplies likely to fall into the hands of the rebels. Its evacuation was rendered necessary from lack of provisions to supply the increased force and the exposed character of the post. Colonel Irvine went to Prince Albert, as being easier to defend and a larger settlement.

Despatches dated a day later, showed danger increasing in the vicinity of Battleford. Battleford is situated on the Battle River, within two miles of its confluence with the North Saskatchewan, and is a thriving village of 300 inhabitants, until recently the seat of Territorial Government, and even yet the headquarters of a troop of Mounted Police and a number of officials of the Government. The high banks of the Battle River which closely overhang it in its upper stretches, recede from the stream as it passes through the village and leave a low, rich "flat," which stretches from the village to the Saskatchewan. Mr. McKay, agent of the Hudson Bay Company there, telegraphed on March 31st: "The half-breeds and Indians are plundering our stores. With the Indian agent I ventured out of the barracks to remonstrate with them, when we were fired upon by the Indians and half-breeds. They tried to cut us off on our way back to the barracks, but we succeeded in getting back safely." A subsequent despatch from Battleford stated that the Indians had killed two farm instructors. Another private despatch stated that the half-breeds about Battleford had joined the Indians, and were in possession of all the stores and buildings outside the barracks. The men in the barracks, it was believed, had sufficient arms and ammunition for their numbers, and could hold out till relieved. The half-breeds were expected at Battleford from Duck Lake. The Stony Indians joined the others, and killed several men. The buildings on the south side were burned, including the Hudson Bay store and Government buildings. The Indians seized all the cattle along the settlement. The Stony Indians on the reserve nearest Battleford were quiet. The rising made the situation very critical. Colonel Herchmer left Regina for



Battleford via Swift Current with seventy Mounted Police and one cannon.

Indeed, affairs in all directions now began to look threatening. The Indians surrounding Battleford suddenly went off, it was true, but merely to plunder the outlying and deserted farms. Nearly all the Saskatchewan Indians were ready for pillage and bloodshed. It was feared that Herchmer would have little chance to reach Battleford. The worst fears were also now entertained for Fort Pitt, as only twenty-five police and a few soldiers were stationed there, and nothing had been heard from them for several days. Communication, too, was cut off with Prince Albert. The mail route between Swift Current and Battleford could not be opened. Big Bear's band and the Fort Pitt Indians joined Riel. Montana half-breeds were also said to be taking part in the movement. Many settlers at Saskatoon and other places abandoned their homesteads, leaving everything to the Indians, who plundered and destroyed everything in their path. Settlers arriving at Fort Qu'Appelle, from the north, reported that their path at night was lit up at stretches with the burning barns and houses.

A courier reported Prince Albert entirely surrounded, and Col. Irvine and Major Crozier with the police, hemmed in by a vastly superior force. The Touchwood Indians were said to have been greatly excited, and it was feared that they would harass the troops on their progress north. Indeed rumours now spread rapidly. It was estimated that Riel had between fifteen hundred and two thousand men at his command. It is also firmly believed that he was receiving aid from the other side, as some men had been seen with him who are not half-breeds, Indians or settlers, but strangers, entirely unacquainted with the country. It was also actually rumoured that he had received a consignment of dynamite.

All such reports, however, we may for the present dismiss; for events sufficiently soon became serious enough in themselves to call for speedy action, without the aid of exciting rumours.

Our attention now must be directed to Frog Lake, to the north-west of Fort Pitt. It is a beautiful settlement, the lake itself being a small sheet of water, the largest of a chain of small lakes which empties into the Saskatchewan at Fort Pitt, some forty miles to the south-east. Frog Lake is 130 miles from Battleford. There is a good deal of small timber, sufficient to justify the erection of a sawmill.

Here was enacted what is now known as the massacre of Frog Lake. One report stated that on April 2nd the Indians at Frog Lake invited Indian Agent T. T. Quinn and others to a conference in their camp, and shot them as soon as they entered, and that those killed were Agent Quinn, Fathers Fafard and La Marchand, Instructor Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock, John Milescroft, Charles Gouin, and others, making eleven in all. Another, that the Indians entered Gowanlock's house, and without saying a word, deliberately shot him dead. Another Indian raised the rifle and aimed at W. C. Gilchrist, when Mrs. Gowanlock, rushing forward, pinioned his arms by clasping him around the body. He shook her off and fired, killing her instantly, and shot Gilchrist immediately after. Charles Gouin, another of the victims, was employed by the Indian Department as a carpenter. Quinn, the Indian Agent, was married to a Cree woman, who, it is presumed, was cognizant of the intended murder. Willis-craft was a plasterer. The body of Payne, the murdered farm instructor, was found on the floor of his house, being deluged with blood. Barney Tremont, the Belgian rancher, was found dead beside his waggon, one hand clasping a wrench, the other the wheel of the waggon. Two bullet holes ran through his head, and an arrow was found in his breast. The Rev. Father Fafard was born in Berthier, where his parents are believed to be now residing. His education was completed at L'Assomption College, whence he went about nine years ago to take part in the mission work of the North-west. He was well known, and has been described as possessing a singularly amiable disposition, and extraordinary facility in learning languages. He was attached to the Battleford mission, which is included in the diocese of Bishop Graudet, of Prince Albert. His duties were the ordinary duties of a Catholic priest, in addition to which he probably undertook the tuition of the children of his flock, said to have consisted of whites, half-breeds and Indians.

The final and authentic news was that Mrs. Gowanlock was not killed, but carried off as a captive. The priests were beaten to death and their bodies then burned. The Indians were very bloodthirsty. They burned all the buildings at Frog Lake, and compelled all the people to attend church, where the victims and murderers met together. They shot ten white settlers after the service. The victim, Frank Smart, had, for one so young, been a very successful business man, being only 25 years of age. He opened a shop in Battleford in partnership with Mr. Marigold, and after that he was, for two years, manager of Alexander Macdonald's store. Lately he had been manager for Mahaffy & Clinskil. He married, a year ago last June, Miss Donovan, of Scotland, and leaves one child, a boy. He was a bright, energetic fellow, full of life, and a great favourite. He was buried with military honours.

The news of this bloodshed produced a feeling of intense anxiety, which was manifested on every hand, many believing that the massacre at Frog Lake might be repeated at any moment at Saddle Lake, or Fort Pitt.

This uneasy feeling was not without grounds, and to Fort Pitt we must now turn. Fort Pitt is situated on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan, 98 miles north-west from Battleford, and 204 miles east from Edmonton by the

trail running along the north side of the river. It is situated on a low, rich flat, which lies from 12 to 15 feet above the river level, and which runs back about one-half a mile to where it meets the high, rolling country that stretches away on all sides in the rear of the post.

The Fort consists of several log buildings arranged in a hollow square, and was formerly enclosed by a stockade with bastions on the corners, but as this was removed some years ago, it now lies unprotected in the midst of some cultivated fields surrounded by common rail fences.

It has been for many years in charge of Factor William McKay. The Indians at the Fort Pitt agency at the end of December were as follows:—

Big Bear, with a band of 520, located nowhere in particular, but spending most of his time roaming about between Fort Pitt and Battleford.

See-kas-kootch, with a band of 176, located at Onion Lake.

Pay-moo-tay-a-soo, with a band of 28, located at Onion Lake.

Sweet Grass, with 18, at Onion Lake.

Thunder Companion, with 5, at Onion Lake.

Wee-mis-ti-coo-seah-wasis, with 113, at Frog Lake.

O-ne-pow-hay, with 73, at Frog Lake.

Pus-keah-ke-win, with 31, at Frog Lake.

Kee-hee-win, with 146, at Long Lake.

Chipewagan, with 120, at Cold Lake.

In all, there are in the agency about 1,200 Indians.

The first news of any disaster at this spot was received by a despatch to Clark's Crossing from Battleford, saying that messengers just returned to the latter place from Fort Pitt brought intelligence of its capture. This was on April 21st. Still no authentic news came. The fugitives had been out five days, and should have been at Battleford, from whence despatches, it was thought, ought to have been received. The trip from Pitt to Battleford should have been made in, at most, three days. It was thought that the Indians, finding very little provisions at the fort, set out after the boats and attacked them, either capturing the fugitives or forcing them to take shelter in the bush on the opposite bank. However, on April 22nd, five of the Mounted Police from Fort Pitt arrived all safe at Battleford and gave the following information:—

"In the attack by the Indians, one policeman was killed and one wounded. All the rest of the people took refuge in the camp of friendly Indians. Mrs. Gowanlock, previously said to have been killed, was alive and with Mrs. Delaney, prisoners of the Indians. The police, twenty-one in number, had a fight with about three hundred Indians of Big Bear's and Little Poplar's bands. One policeman, D. G. Cowan, son of Wm. Cowan, Ottawa, was killed, and one Lansley, of Halifax, wounded. Four Indians were killed. The Indians then ran away.

"McLean, of the Hudson Bay Company, with his family, left Fort Pitt the day before the battle. He had a parley with the Indians, who said they only wanted to kill the police. The police had all the arms and ammunition they require. The friendly Indians alluded to are the bands of See-kas-kootch (or See-kas-coots), Pay-moo-tay-ah-soo (or Pem-me-tah-ah-soo), Sweet Grass, and Thunder Companion. See-kas-kootch is a Cree, and has a following of 170 souls, Pay-moo-tay-ah-soo, as his name indicates, is quite as much a Blackfoot as a Cree, being like Poundmaker, cross-bred. His band numbers only 28. For sometime he was rusty about settling on a reserve, but through the persuasion of the late Thos. Quinn, who perished in the Frog Lake massacre, he was induced to go to work on a portion of See-kas-kootch's reserve, and he had since been well satisfied and well-behaved. Sweet Grass (who must not be confounded with Young Sweet Grass of the Battleford agency), was a Cree and his band numbers only 18. Thunder Companion is also a Cree, and he has a following of only 5. These Indians, numbering in all only 221 souls, were very poor and not any too well able to take care of themselves, to say nothing of protecting settlers from some of the most powerful bands of Crees to be found anywhere in the north. They were all located at Onion Lake, near Fort Pitt. There is a Church of England Mission School at Onion Lake, and the bands of Indians already mentioned have about 300 acres under cultivation. Last season their crops were very disappointing, however, and they did not save much that was edible in their harvest. Big Bear had been prowling about this agency all through winter, and, like the rest of the Crees brought up from Cypress Mountain, he had done little else than make trouble since he came north.

Still this was vague and satisfied no one. Indeed, Sir John Macdonald in the House on the night of the 22nd April was very cautious in his remarks on this subject. "I beg to state," he said, "that there is too much reason to believe that the rumours of the disaster of Fort Pitt is true, but they are not fully confirmed. They come from Battleford. They are vague in their nature, and therefore I do not think it will be well, from consideration of the feelings of those who are interested in the various people who are there, to speak more specifically, because all the reports are rumours as yet. But they have come from various sources, and therefore we must believe that a calamity has occurred, but to what extent I am not able to form an opinion. The moment I receive further information it will be laid before the House."

On the following day a despatch to the Hudson Bay authorities at Winnipeg from Battleford gave an account of the Fort Pitt disaster. It stated that Chief Factor McLean, with his

family, staff, and other whites, were prisoners. The following is given as the manner in which Chief Factor McLean came to be in the Indians' camp:—When Big Bear took up his position before Fort Pitt, Chief Factor McLean went into his camp to persuade him, if possible, to abandon the idea of attacking the fort. McLean, like other H. B. C. officers, had always been very influential with the Crees, and was evidently under the impression that, at least so far as he was concerned personally, he had nothing to fear. Instead of treating with him, however, Big Bear promptly made him his prisoner, and then compelled him to write a letter to his friends inside the Fort, advising the civilians to come to him in Big Bear's camp as prisoners, rather than be killed in the intended attack on the garrison. The police were also told to lay down their arms and leave, and on condition they did this, they were promised that they would not be molested. The civilians followed the advice contained in McLean's letter, but Inspector Dickens gallantly determined on fighting to the end against enormous odds, rather than secure the personal safety of himself and his men at the cost of a surrender or an ignominious retreat. Soon after the settlers had given themselves up as prisoners, Little Poplar and Big Bear, heading about 100 of their followers, made an assault on the garrison. The fight was fast and furious while it lasted, and for a time it looked as though Inspector Dickens and his gallant little band of twenty would be overpowered, but the coolness and pluck of the garrison ultimately triumphed, and the Indians were driven off with a loss of four killed on the spot and several others wounded. On the side of the police, Constable Cowan was killed and Constable Lonsby wounded. The victory of Inspector Dickens and his handful of men gave time for a comparatively safe and thoroughly honourable retreat. The settlers had, of their own accord, abandoned such protection as he was able to afford them, and nothing remained for him but to save his force and keep his surplus ammunition and supplies from falling into the hands of the Crees. Fitting up a York boat, they provisioned it for the journey, and then destroying everything in the shape of supplies, arms, and ammunition, which they could not take with them, they started down the river and, after a tedious journey, arrived at Battleford worn with anxious watching, exposure, and fatigue, but otherwise safe and well.

We must now return to the advance of our troops.

### THE ADVANCE.

A very few words will suffice to give the reader a clear conception of the plan of advance adopted by the Major-General commanding. He was left absolutely free to conduct the campaign as he thought best; and everything was subordinated to his wishes.

General Middleton then mapped out the following mode of operations:—

First, he himself with the 90th Battalion, 304 men; "C" Company, Toronto School of Infantry, 40 men; Royal Grenadiers, 250 men; "A" Battery, Quebec, 120 men; Winnipeg Field Battery, 52 men; Capt. French's column, 25 men; Col. Boulton's volunteers, 60 men, and were to march from Fort Qu'Appelle north-westwards, following the telegraph line past the Little Touchwood Hills, the Big Touchwood Hills, Alkali Plains, through Humboldt, to meet the South Saskatchewan at Clarke's Crossing. From thence we shall follow him in due course.

Second, Colonel Otter, with the Queen's Own Rifles, Ottawa Foot Guards, "C" Company Infantry School, and "B" Battery, were to proceed by rail to Swift Current, and then march as rapidly as possible due north across the South Saskatchewan, to the relief of Battleford.

Third, Major-General Strange, with the right wing of the 65th and Capt. Steele's Scouts, was to march from Calgary towards Edmonton; making forced marches through Lone Pines and Red River.

Fourth, the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Northcote was to leave Medicine Hat for Swift Current, thence (as she was not required for the troops) to convey supplies, etc., etc., and to co-operate with General Middleton's column.

Perhaps it will be material to a better understanding of the advance, to go back a little in the history of the quelling of the rebellion and take a general glance at the movements of the troops. It will be remembered that the various battalions started at very different dates, and that, while some were well on the way to the Touchwood Hills, others were only on the point of starting from their headquarters. This will be brought more forcibly to our minds if we note the points at which the various corps have arrived on any one day. Let us take April the 8th—barely ten days from the first calling out of the troops. On this day, the troops at Qu'Appelle had advanced some 15 miles towards the Touchwood Hills; the advance guard of the Queen's Own and C Infantry Company, with Col. Otter in command, were on their way to Qu'Appelle from Winnipeg; the rear guard of the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers had just arrived at Winnipeg, and were about to leave for Qu'Appelle; the Ottawa sharpshooters also had caught the Grenadiers up en route and arrived at Winnipeg with them; the York Rangers and Simcoe Foresters, under command of Col. O'Brien, had marched the 20 miles across Lake Superior yesterday, and were on the cars at McKellar's Bay; Col. Williams' Midland battalion was varying the first gap at Dog Lake, and pushing on with the least possible delay; the Body

Guards passed Mattawa early that morning, at the same time that the 7th Fusiliers from London, Ont., left Peterboro'; and the 7th Fusiliers had passed through Toronto on the preceding evening.

This is sufficient to give us a glimpse into some of the extreme difficulties attending the hurried transportation of troops from so many and widely separated localities to a common centre, with only such means of conveyance as the unfinished state of the Canada Pacific Railway permitted.

We cannot afford, however, to dwell longer upon this aspect of the campaign, and must proceed to the advance proper.

First we will consider General Middleton's advance:

When the General's troops reached Touchwood, the entire force was consolidated for the march across the salt plains. The order of the march was as follows:—Scouts thrown out about a mile each side of the road; a half company as advance guard; one field battery, the main body of troops, baggage, one gun, rear guard; and during a halt a square was formed surrounded by the waggons, which may be called a zariba.

General Middleton's plans now were to make with all possible speed for Prince Albert via Clark's Crossing and Batoche. Of the march to Clark's Crossing it is unnecessary to speak in detail. It was accomplished with the utmost despatch, the General hurrying forward with such troops as he had, and the rest doing their best to catch up to him. A regular spur was put on for the last 36 miles. On April 17th, General Middleton, with one gun of "A" Battery under Capt. Drury, forty men of "C" Company, Major Smith and Lieutenant Scott, and twenty scouts under Capt. French, started for this point at 7 a.m. to secure the ferry. The infantry men were carried in waggons. The march was made in eight hours, a distance of 36 miles by trail. The weather was very cold with snow during the forenoon. The wind was blowing a gale. The horses had no hay for 24 hours previous to the march, and none till the arrival. The men fared but little better, as through some blunder no rations were sent with them. Taking everything into consideration it was a remarkable march. The remainder of the troops arrived before noon on the following day, and on the day after this (April 19), the 10th Royal Grenadiers having also entered the camp, Gen. Middleton issued the following to the men:—The whole force having now joined, the Major-General commanding wishes to address a few words to them previous to advancing. In the first place he wishes to thank them all, from the senior officers down, and all other officials, for the cheerfulness with which they have borne the really hard work and terrible weather, for the splendid marching they have made under numerous difficulties, and for their general good conduct. Regarding the enemy they are about to meet, nothing but the formation of the country can enable them to face a force like this; for we are better armed, better provisioned, and shoot as well, if not better, than they can. The only advantage they can possibly have over us is their natural instinct for taking cover, which they do admirably. In this respect we must watch them closely. The men must be civil and obedient to the order of their officers, and the Major-General commanding has no fears of the result. He need hardly add that no cruelty, none of the old idea of no quarter, can be thought of or tolerated, and the greatest care must be taken that no women or children, who may unfortunately chance to be in the vicinity, shall receive any injury. Officers and men are forbidden to enter houses or farms that may be passed, or take anything from them.

A short delay occurred at Clark's Crossing, but before long the whole force was set in motion towards Batoche. The order of march was as follows:—General Middleton advanced down the right bank with the following force:

90th Battalion (Winnipeg).....	304
"A" Battery.....	120
"C" Company School of Infantry....	40
Armed teamsters.....	66
Major Boulton's Scouts.....	60
Total.....	590

Colonel Montizambert and Lord Melgund marched down the left or west bank with the following:—

10th Royal Grenadiers.....	250
Winnipeg Field Battery.....	52
Capt. French's Scouts.....	40
Teamsters.....	80
Total.....	422

Communication was kept up between the divisions. By sending his forces down both sides of the Saskatchewan simultaneously, General Middleton made sure that no way should be left open for the rebels to escape him. He divided his forces about evenly, and doubtless considered that either division would be able to overcome Riel's forces should they meet them. On both sides of the Saskatchewan and for a few miles inland, there are numerous bluffs and groves of high timber, sufficient not only to obstruct the view, but to constitute a moderately effective cover for a fair sized force.

### We now come to the BATTLE OF FISH CREEK.

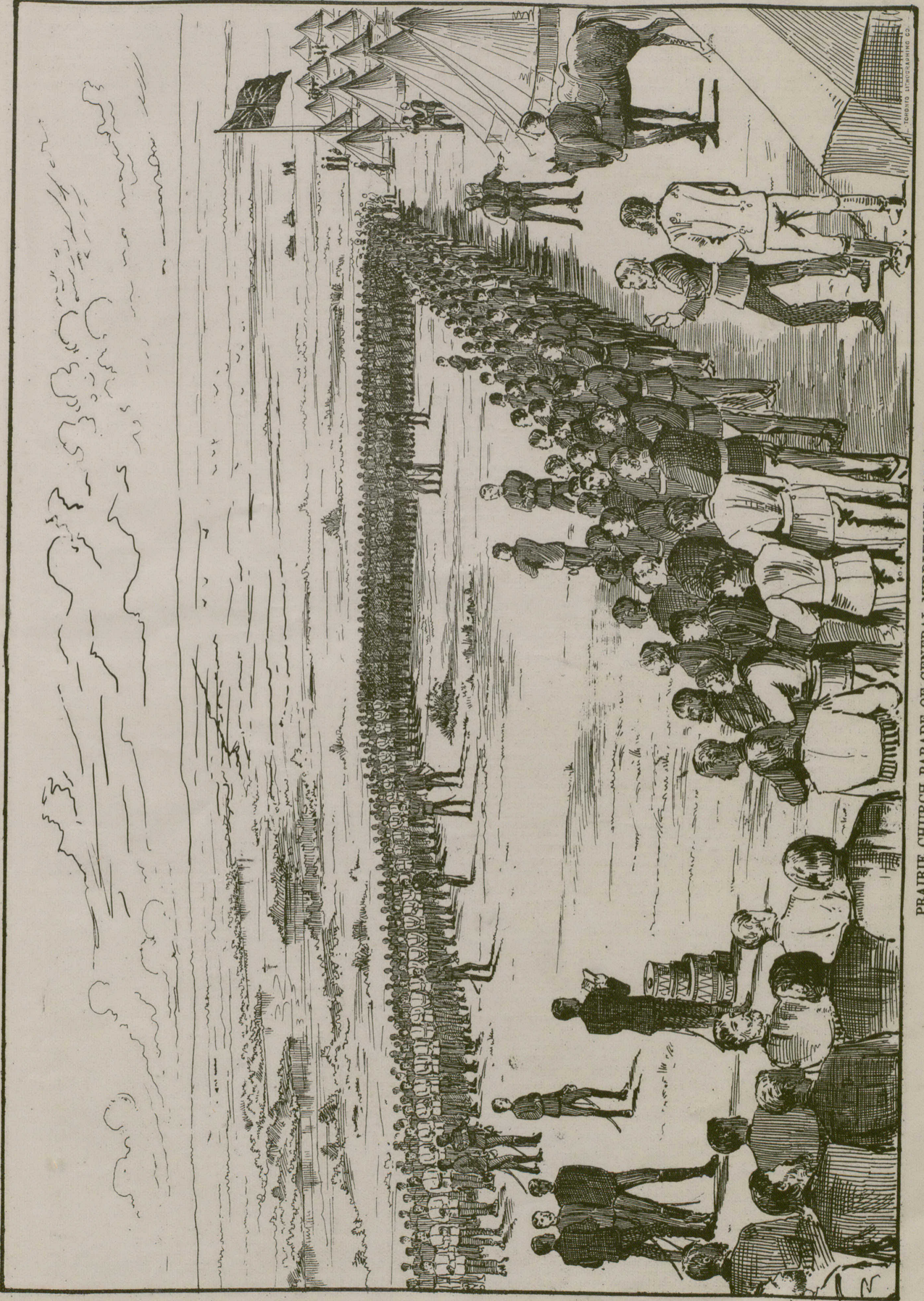
About 9 o'clock on the morning of April 24th, while the General with his staff was riding well to the front, with Major Boulton's horse, who were acting as scouts, when about five miles





THE LOOTING OF THE OLD TOWN OF BATTLEFORD. (See page 16.)





PRAIRIE CHURCH PARADE OF GENERAL MIDDLETON'S COMMAND.  
*(From a Sketch by Lieut. Irving, Royal Grenadiers.)*

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.



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 about one 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 General turned around to Capt. Wise, his A.D.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 the garrison 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 Boswell, the left half. "C" Company Toronto Infantry School being on the extreme right, had two or three hot skirmishes for possession of a knoll about 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 at the right, in "A" Battery, 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 forces were gradually worked up and kept closing on the ravine. In the meantime the artillery were being moved from point 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 seen to 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 centre, at the brow of the hill 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 skirmishers who were deployed in the companies in the centre and left centre was very effective. About this time a house in the ravine was nearly demolished by shots from No. 4 gun of "A" Battery. At 6.30 the rebels had nearly all dispersed, some fifteen being all left in sight. The rest retired eastward and thence northward toward Batoche 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 about an equal number of half-breeds and Indians, in all not more than two hundred. All were commanded by Dumont.

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 in its influence upon our men, and more especially in the losses they sustained, it was no trivial affair. True, it was a moot question afterwards whether we had in reality shown the rebels they were defeated. No charge was made, the ravine 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. Caron:

"FROM FISH CREEK, 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 Melgund joined me, as soon as he could, from the other 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 Batoche's. The troops behaved very well 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 doubt not it was pretty severe, though from their advantage of 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 Clark's Crossing. By moving on this side 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.D.C.'s. Captain Wise's horse was shot previously to his being wounded."

"(Signed) FRED. 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.—a very high proportion. But this is not 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 it was only possible to judge of their 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 untouched. 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 Hutchinson, 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 Swain, slight wound in arm; Private Jarvis, two slight wounds; Private Lavel, wound in the shoulders; Private Johnson, slightly wounded. C Company.—Lieut. Swinford, killed; Capt. Letheridge, wounded in breast; Private Code, wound in leg; Private Chambers, slight wound in neck; Private Canniff, wound in arm. D Company.—Private Ennis, killed; Corp. Bowden, slightly wounded. F Company.—Capt. Clarke, killed; Private Heslod, arm fractured; Private A. Blackwood, slightly wounded in thigh.

A Battery—Garrison Division.—Gunner Henry Demannally, killed; Gunner Cook, killed; Gunner Morrison, badly wounded; Gunner Armsworth, badly wounded; Sergt.-Major Mawhinney, right arm broken. Gunner Aslin, wounded; Gunner Irvine, wounded in thigh; Gunner Woodman, wounded in shoulder; Gunner Langrell, wounded in arm; Gunner Ouliet, wounded in shoulder; Gunner Harrison, killed; Gunner McGrath, wounded, shot in the shoulder. Mounted Division.—Driver Turner, wounded in cheek; Driver Wilson, right arm broken; Driver Harrison, flesh wound in neck.

C Company Infantry School.—Col. Sergt. 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, bad 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 D'Arcy Baker, very serious wound in chest; Trooper Bruce, very serious wound in lung; Sergt. Stewart, slight wound in the ear and hands.

Capt. Wise, A.D.C., had two horses shot under him and received a slight wound below the ankle. Capt. Doucet, A.D.C., received a flesh wound in the arm below the elbow.

Let us pass now to Colonel Otter's march to Battleford. 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 crossing, with all possible speed to the relief of Battleford. Swift Current was left on April 13th, and ten days from that date exactly the people of Battleford welcomed their rescuers.

As far as the Crossing "C" Company formed the advance, thrown out in skirmishing order. Then followed the Gatling guns under Major 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 expectations 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 Battleford, is about 200 miles. The march to the Saskatchewan is about 30 miles. The country between the railway and the river is mainly upland prairie, affording 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 short march of six or seven miles over 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 over undulating prairie. Then comes a very 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, or what 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 alkali 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, and then 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, which contains an abundant supply of sweet 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 spot until Eagle Hills are reached, the trail lies through clean, open prairie.

Through this varied region the column pressed on with zeal. Battleford was reached on April the 23rd. This march has been publicly praised. Mr. Edgar addressed the House thus 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 Col. Otter's column from the Saskatchewan to Battleford. Everyone is interested in knowing how the troops have stood the journey. I believe there is direct telegraphic communication with Battleford. No doubt the Government have informed themselves as to the health of the column. I would like to hear from the Minister of Militia what the report is." To this Mr. Caron replied: "It gives me very great pleasure indeed, in answering the question of the hon. gentleman, to state that he has qualified the march of Col. Otter's 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 my own opinion alone, as a march deserving the highest encomium that could be given a feat of that kind. We know that Col. Otter is one of the very best men we have in the force in the Canadian militia service, and now that an opportunity has been given him to show his great value he has not been found wanting. (Cheers.) I am happy to state, from a telegram which I have received from Battleford, that the troops are in the very best possible health and spirits. They have stood that wonderful march—for it is really a wonderful march—in a manner none could have expected from them."

It was well that Colonel Otter and his men had hurried. Sad things had been done at Battleford. The Indians, after killing Payne, had started for Battleford, and on their way had stopped at Barney Tremont's, about half way to Battleford; 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 on very friendly terms with the Stoney, 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 the Stoney had gone to the Crees or Red Pheasant reserve to tell them to go down to Battleford, as the day for action had come, and that the brother of the chief had gone with them. Barney Tremont had been killed between 3 and 4 p.m.; Battleford itself had been pillaged. The Indians had taken everything they fancied, and what 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 Cree chief informed Applegarth that it would be best for him 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 would not be able to resist the others. Applegarth accordingly at once commenced to pack up a few things, although it was 3 a.m., and while he was doing so the Indians helped themselves to whatever they wanted. They even searched his pockets for money, and took his revolver from him; and also stripped him of his overcoat. Every house and store on the south side of the Battle River was ransacked, and all the goods not carried off were destroyed. All persons other than those occupying sections in the town on the north side are homeless, and many destitute.

The Winnipeg Sun gives a graphic description of the escape of Geo. E. Applegarth from the Battleford Indians:—

Applegarth was Farm Instructor to Red Pheasant's band. On the night of Monday, March 30th, he was making up his returns with the intention of going to Battleford next day. The Indians of his reserve had professed great friendliness for the whites. Like all Indians, they said that since trouble had arisen they might fight, but they would fight on the side of the whites. 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 see what 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 Battleford were after him. Almost while he spoke the door burst open and eighteen redskins rushed in. Applegarth thought his time had come, but luckily this was not the war party. They were eighteen in number, six bucks and twelve squaws, and the friendly Indians whispered that their mission was to hold him until the warriors arrived. Applegarth roused 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 hitched 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, besides the clothes 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 whiffletree broke. Applegarth had to walk two miles back to get a rail to make a new one out of. Then they flew 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 nightfall 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. Before leaving the house, 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 put together again and driven on. When daylight came there were no Indians in sight. They drove on all Wednesday, and at nightfall took another rest. Applegarth never closed his eyes, however. Sometime after midnight they went on, and the forenoon of Thursday they came up with Judge Rouleau, who had left Battleford the previous Sunday with his wife and child, Mrs. Rae, wife of the Indian agent, a hired man, the two Parkers of Battleford, and a man named Foster—eight in all. This brought up the party to twelve persons. When the judge left Battleford there was no trouble, although trouble was apprehended. Applegarth's report hurried up their movements considerably. Thirty miles from Swift Current they were overtaken by Constable Storer and Mr. Smart. Storer had left Battleford on Saturday, and was the bearer of despatches to Col. Herchmer. The Battleford garrison believed Herchmer was within a day's march of Battleford. Storer had pluckily volunteered 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 Swift Current on Monday morning, and the majority of the party went east on Tuesday.

It may be of interest to know that the Indians who were bent on killing Applegarth were those whose rations had been stopped by him until they consented to work.

This ended a flight which undoubtedly is only a sample of many occurring in the north country now, and which illustrates the unhappy plight of the settlers throughout all the disaffected region.

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

Col. Strange's force consisted of—

20 Mounted Police.  
Four companies Simcoe Battalion.  
Four companies Winnipeg Light Infantry.  
50 Alberta Mounted Rifles.

The march from Calgary was through rolling prairie, free from timber, wolf willows, wild rose bushes, or shrubs of any kind, clear prairie grass abounding in the uplands, with pea vine and other lowland grasses in the bottoms.

The chief noticeable points are: Sarvisberry Creek, some fifty or fifty-five miles from Calgary. This creek is not a large one, and the crossing is easily effected. It runs through a valley or coulee some seventy-five or one hundred feet lower than the level of the uplands, and the approaches from both, north and south, are comparatively easy.

Salt Lake, is an alkaline lake of considerable size, not more than five miles from Red Deer River, though some fifteen miles from the spot where the Calgary and Edmonton trail crosses that stream. In travelling from Sarvisberry Creek to Salt Lake, the first half of the journey is through open prairie, free from bush, but what is known as Lone Pine marks, about half the distance between these two camps, and also indicates the dividing line between the open prairie and the wooded regions of the north. The country now becomes more or less wooded, bluffs and ridges of timber being the rule rather than the exception. At the crossing of the Red Deer River the banks of the stream are well wooded. After crossing the Red Deer, the trail leads through rolling, low-lying hills that are well timbered, the prevailing woods being grey willow and poplar, with occasional small clumps of spruce. Ten miles from the crossing of the Red Deer, 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 either side of the 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 swamp 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



village of Bear Hills is sure to be very heavy and troublesome, the trail running through low-lying swamp land, much of which is submerged, except in very dry weather. The Indian village referred to is a small collection of huts belonging to the bands of three Cree chiefs, who call themselves brothers. Their names are Samson, Bobtail, and Ermine Skin. Twenty miles from the village is what is known as the Bear Hills Indian farm. The intervening country is swampy, low-lying, and sparsely covered with clumps and bluffs of grey willows. Another half-day's travelling through thick-growing, low-lying swamps of willow and black alder, brings us to Black Mud River, a wretched place to cross at any time. The approaches to the stream are of very soft black mud, into which horses and loaded waggons would sink indefinitely.

Meanwhile at Edmonton was much uneasiness. Capt. Griesbach, of the Mounted Police, took charge of all the available forces, police and volunteers, with headquarters at Fort Saskatchewan. Both Fort Saskatchewan and Edmonton were put in a state of defence. At the former place there were 35 women and children; at the latter 60 or 70 more. There were two brass cannons at Edmonton, but small arms and ammunition were scarce.

CALGARY, April 29th.

A messenger to Calgary, as late as April 29th from Edmonton, stated that all the residents had been in the fort there for weeks. When the courier left the Indians were threatening an attack, and the arrival of troops was eagerly awaited. No news had been received from Edmonton since before the Duck Lake fight. The worst was feared for the garrison. Lieut. Coryell's scouts had advanced to within 20 miles of Edmonton.

Having seen Colonel Otter fairly on his way towards Battleford, General Middleton waiting at Clark's Crossing on his way to Prince Albert via Batoche, and General Strange starting for Edmonton, let us follow the steamer *Northcote* over a part of her journey.

The *Northcote*, it will be remembered, was ordered to proceed from Medicine Hat, where she was going, to Clark's Crossing, passing Swift Current on the way.

I cannot do better than to append here a well written account of part of this voyage from the pen of Captain Kirwan:—

"ON BOARD THE 'NORTHCOTE,' GOING DOWN THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN, N. W. T., May 3rd.

"My hand is unsteady, and the table on which I am writing is shaking, for I am scrawling this letter on board the steamer *Northcote* as we are going down the South Saskatchewan. Our destination is General Middleton's headquarters, to whom we are bringing supplies and reinforcements. A barge is lashed to each side of the steamer, and oats, hay, canned meats, hard-tack, tea, sugar, ammunition and other necessities for an army in the field, are crowded aboard. The boxes and bales have been arranged so as to form breastworks on the outer sides of each barge, for we are told that the hostiles may make it merry for us at certain points along our way. A few bags of oats have been placed in the centre of each barge, and an awning has been stretched to the sides. At night this answers for a tent, and in daytime it is rolled up in the centre of the barge and wind and weather flits across the bronzed features of the men who lie exposed on the open boats beside us. In some places bags of oats and bundles of hay have been built into the form of huts, and a few comrades crowd into the little shelter and rejoice at their good fortune. In other places water-proof sheets have been placed over walls made of sacks of oats, and with bags of flour for a floor, squads of men hustle underneath and eat, sleep, and take their turns at duty, looking healthy, if rough, and strong, if stained with the soil and dust of travel. All told there are about 100 tons of supplies on board the two barges, and scouts have come from the front to tell us that man and beast at headquarters are short of food and ammunition, and urge us to hurry on over a river choked with sand bars and crossed by barriers every few miles of the way. It has now taken us seven days to come one hundred miles, for we have had to spar the steamer over many shoals, and we have been twenty-four hours stuck in the one spot, struggling to wrench her out of the sand bank into which the more we struggled the more she sank, until we tore out the thwart and stanchions in our efforts to get free.

"There are about 200 officers and men on board, with Col. Van Straubenzie, D.A.G., in command. He is an old soldier, and has seen service in the Crimea, India, and China, and is going to join the General and take command of the infantry brigade now in front of Riels entrenchments at Batoche's Crossing. The men are from the Midland Battalion, and are principally recruited from the neighbourhood of Belleville, Kingston, and Cobourg. They are under the command of Col. Williams, M.P., and are earning a well-deserved reputation for soldierly bearing and discipline. They have their round of duties on board as regularly as if they were in barracks. At six o'clock every morning the reveille sounds and the blankets are packed away for the day. The men come from their nooks and corners on the barges, fold up the awnings, and put their kits in order. Their rifles are placed against the breastworks and stand ready for use. At 6.30 they get their breakfast of hard tack, tea, canned meat, and any nick nacks they can scrape together in the way of hash or extras. At nine the guard is mounted; two sentries are posted, one over the quartermaster's stores, and

the other over the Gatling gun, which grins with its ten teeth on the stern of the steamer. At twelve o'clock they get their dinner; at 6 p.m. supper, and at seven the retreat sounds. A picket, composed of a captain, a subaltern, a sergeant, two corporals, and twenty men, is told off every day, and at night the sentries are doubled. When we can we anchor in mid-stream, but when that is not practicable outlying pickets are placed on land, at some distance from the steamer, and every precaution taken against surprise. Then the Gatling is pointed so as to play on an attacking force if the men are obliged to retreat to the boat. Captain Howard, an American from New Haven, Conn., has command of the Gatling. His services have been secured by the Canadian Government for this special duty, in which he appears to be as much at home as an Apache on a trail. We have a detachment of the ambulance corps under Surgeons Bell and Gravely, with eight assistants, and a large quantity of medical stores on board, and these, with myself and another staff officer, complete the expedition.

"On each side of us the land rises in irregular and jagged outlines, hillocks, and deep waterways cut through the soil, and it is denuded of its scanty verdure. Wild fowl are not as numerous as we were led to expect, but an odd flock of pelican or swan float gracefully above us. Geese and duck are not in these parts found by 'the acre,' as we were told they did when we were leaving civilization; and of big game we can see nothing but the bleached bones of the buffalo, which dot every few yards of the banks back from the water-line. When we stop for wood we can see the traces of antelope and wolves, but we see nothing larger than prairie dogs when we hunt along the shore. It is a weary waste of sandy, almost barren, soil, sloughs, and tuft grass, looking as lonely as the ocean and as silent as the grave. No fish can live in these muddy waters, and a few rabbits are the only edible four-footed creatures which we can beat up in the sedge and scrub which cover the gullies. Except on the banks of the river there is not as much timber as would shingle a cabin. For hundreds of miles over these dreary plains and on the trail, travellers carry fuel or pick buffalo chips with which to cook their food as they move across these desert wilds. On the shores I have noticed flint, agate, feldspar, and great quantities of petrified wood, while curious layers of rocks—like some Giant's Causeway in miniature—fringe the river side at two or three places on the way. Buffalo trails, leading to the water's edge, run in every direction, and a solitary bird of prey now and again floats by or rises screeching from its nest when we disturb it, as we go puffing, whistling, and blowing down the stream.

"An odd small bird twitters on a bough often enough to let us know that the desolation is not absolutely complete, and one or two butterflies are seen, their beautiful plumage lending a charm to the dull background of sandy loam. Where the banks are low our field-glasses bear on the horizon, and as far as we can see, and from all we can hear, for hundreds of miles beyond there is nothing but treeless plains, lonely and desolate.

"From the barges, as I write, I hear the sound of harmony, and I detect the voices of a glee club, which has been formed among the men, singing the song, 'When the Clouds Roll By.' There is a touch of pathos in the music, and it visibly affects some of the men, many of whose faces are shaded by lines of thought and care. In another part of the barge a barber is at work cutting hair, which he crops into the scalp, leaving the stumps to stand erect like stubble in a harvest field. In another place men are reading, while under one of the improvised shelter-huts made of bags of oats I can see, from where I write, two men making entries in their note books and then putting them carefully away in their knapsacks. Some are washing their underclothes, others are sewing, while the cooks are busy in the galley preparing the evening meal. On board the steamer the officers have births in the cabin, and share with the crew the comforts of a stateroom large enough to accommodate about half the number which is now crowded between its thinly panelled sides. The assistant-surgeons and dressers of the ambulance corps sleep on the floor, and we take our meals in relays, the 'roustabout' crew being served first, and then the staff and field officers, while the company officers follow in regular rotation. Our rations are simple, and I hope wholesome. We have plenty of hard-tack, canned meat, sugar, and an occasional slice of soft bread, a piece of pork, some beans, and plenty of tea. Our orderlies manage, by means unknown to us, to scrape up some pieces of pudding or 'stick-jaw' as it is called. Once or twice Dr. Horsey, of Ottawa, shot some duck, and there was rejoicing at his mess board, to which the staff of the Midland Battalion were allowed to approach.

"At such a time, and such a place, it may be supposed that neither officers nor men are in holiday attire. There is but little of the pomp and circumstance of war on board the *Northcote* as we go down the South Saskatchewan on this expedition. Pipe-clay has been discarded, and the men's belts are soiled and dirty. Their uniforms are stained with carrying wood on board the steamer, as she stops two or three times a day to wood up. Their boots are brown and unpolished, and their accoutrements bear the stains of labour on every inch of their surface.

"The steamer we are travelling on is nothing but a scow on which a wooden house has been rudely built. Her boilers are exposed, and a shot from a rifle at short range should cause an explosion. The woodwork on which the saloon is built is weak and thin, and a rifle ball would

penetrate it at any of its many ports. Her pilot-house could be made untenable by riflemen on the banks unless protected by improvised breastworks made out of our supplies. We have only five horses on board, and some of them are Indian ponies, or 'shaganappies,' as they are called in these parts. They are hardy little brutes and accustomed to the plains. They are not fleet, but they have great staying powers, and they never stumble over the gopher or badger holes with which the prairies are honey-combed. They can subsist on tuft grass, and do not require blanketing. They are docile, and for campaigning are found more useful, in some respects, than the bigger animals we brought from Ontario or the United States. The larger horses are jealous of our 'shaganappies,' and they kicked and fretted at the little creatures so much that we were obliged to board them off for protection. As I write, I hear the big ones kicking in their stalls beneath me, and the voices of the orderlies are shouting hoarse oaths at them to be still. The noise blends with the chorus 'Hold the Fort,' which the glee club has started.

"Suddenly I hear the clatter of many voices and the glee club stops its chanting. Officers rush from the saloon, and I know something unusual has happened. Field glasses are out, for there is something moving on the horizon. Friends or foes we cannot tell at this great distance, and the bugle sounds the assembly. Then there is the rush of many feet, and the men fall in at their appointed posts on the barges. The company officers go down too, and the click of rifles is heard as the men examine the springs, and move the breech blocks backwards and forwards. Then the rifles are placed horizontally on the breastworks, and the men stand behind them. The deck hands move about uneasily, and the captain of the steamer, up in the pilot-house, wears an anxious expression on his well bronzed face. Some of the officers have gone to their staterooms and return with their revolvers buckled on, or with Winchesters slung over their shoulders. There is no flurry and everything is business-like and easy. Col. Van Straubenzie is still looking through his field-glass, and the moving figures in the distance come nearer and fringe the horizon like a mirage. Captain Howard has loaded his Gatling, and his gunners are at their posts. The surgeons have unpacked their instruments of torture, and saws and knives and bottles with strange labels are placed on the tables of the saloon. Officers' baggage has been piled in one part of the cabin, where the hospital is to be, if required.

"The moving figures on the plains converge to their centre, and they look as if closing for consultation. They now dot the horizon like moving balls of ebony on a brownish-emerald lawn, and Col. Van Straubenzie is still looking at them through his field-glass, while around the steamer and down in the barges, officers and men are standing ready for emergencies. Then I notice Col. Van Straubenzie suddenly drop his glass, and I hear him say 'scouts,' when we laugh, for we know that the horsemen who are approaching are friends and not enemies. As they come closer we see the wideawake hats of the men and their long boots, bandoleers, full of rifle and revolver cartridges, and their sleek ponies, all looking *comme a la guerre*. Captain Denis is in command, and he came to find out what delayed us on our way. From him we heard of the fight at Batoche's Crossing, and we were told that if attacked at all we would probably catch it at the Moose woods, a few miles south of our destination. And then we should hurry on. The men at the front were short of ammunition, the wounded wanted medical comforts, the horses had no oats, and we could supply them all from the barges beside us. It was a weary journey. There was no break to the monotony of the scenery along the way, and the time hung sluggishly on our hands. The routine duties were few, and we all knew that we were slowly consuming the supplies that our comrades so badly needed at the front.

"On the 1st of May we saw something moving on the river behind us. It was a long way off, but we soon found it to be a canoe, and we then knew that Dr. Douglas, V. C., was in our wake, and that, aided by the current, he would soon be on board. He left Swift Current six days after us, and here he had overtaken the steamer, when we were not much more than half-way to our destination. On he came with his double paddle moving like a wind-mill, and we all gathered on one side of the barge to give him a welcome. He appeared to be at home in his frail bark, and as he lifted his cap in response to the 'three cheers' which were bellowed as he neared the steamer, we could see how bronzed his face was and how rough his garb. For five days he had given us a stern chase. At night, he told me, he upset his canoe, and wrapping himself in his great-coat and blanket he slept on the banks of the river until the earliest streaks of dawn, when he was again on his way. He lived principally on canned meat and hard tack, and he was often obliged to drag his canoe over the shallows. But he was used to it. He, too, is an old campaigner, having been twenty years in the army, and the decoration he won, the Victoria Cross, was given as it always is, 'for valour' in the field. The next time the *Northcote* sticks he will take to his canoe again, run past the Moose woods at night, and make Clark's Crossing, and from there tell General Middleton how badly it has fared with us since we left the Battleford Crossing. The General is campaigning in a desert. He has to draw his supplies from a base 200 miles away. There are no friends to buy from, and no enemies to so much requires navigating unknown waters

and foundering about in a river down which no steamer has ever ventured before.

"We keep on grounding and sinking 'dead men' to give our captains a purchase when we are stranded on a sandbank at some distance from timber. These 'dead men' are large logs of wood to which a rope is attached, and when the log is buried six feet under the sand, it gives 'the nigger' something to strain at when we are sparring the steamer over a bar. When we are in motion a man is stationed on each barge, and as he dips a long pole in the water he keeps shouting out, 'four fut large' or 'three fut small,' or the more welcome refrain, 'no bottom.' As we get nearer to the Moose woods, and the days pass, the dwarf hills which line the river bank slope more gently backwards to the prairie beyond, and the willows along the bank of the stream begin to wear a greenish hue, which tinges the landscape with patches of faintly blushing green verdure. The sky is clear, the night cool, and the days warm, but not hot or uncomfortable. Patches of snow still nestle in all the sheltered nooks along the riverside, and back in the shaded crannies of the dwarf hills which fringe the margin of the stream. An odd eagle rises from its nest and hovers about until we pass by, and pelican, 'waxies,' and cranes float, or gracefully pinioned wings, above and around us. Once a day, perhaps, we see the marks left by the surveyors, and they remind us that if we are the first white men who have come down the South Saskatchewan in a steamer, others have followed the sinuosities of the stream with levels and theodolites, dividing the land into sections and quarter sections for the benefit of inhabitants who can never live here for many a decade to come. At night the aurora forms tremulous streams of light up to the zenith, where they sometimes join like ribs of electric light flashing in the darkness. To-morrow we hope to make Saskatoon, a temperance colony in a temperance land, and if so, I may be able to post you this letter. If not, Clark's Crossing will be the next stopping place, where we expect to hear some news from the outer world, from which we have now been away two weeks."

For particulars of the continuation of this History the reader will kindly consult page 24.

## INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION.

### ESCAPE OF THE MCKAY FAMILY TO PRINCE ALBERT THROUGH THE ICE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Globe*, writing April 4th, referring to the subject of this illustration, wrote as follows:—

"J. McKay, a farm instructor above Battleford, arrived with his wife and two young daughters on Tuesday last. He managed to escape after his house had been plundered, by the aid of a friendly Indian, and came down the river in a boat among the floating ice, hiding on the bank by day and pushing forward with what speed he could by night, until he got out of danger. Before starting he could procure only food enough for three days, and was actually twelve days in reaching Prince Albert, where he and his family arrived almost exhausted by hunger and exposure."

### THE LATE CAPT. FRENCH PREVAILING ON THREE OF WHITE CAP'S WARRIORS TO SURRENDER.

On the 18th of April, Lord Melgund, chief of the staff, was on a reconnaissance with a detachment of Boulton's Mounted Infantry, and had a long chase after three of White Cap's band, whose footprints they had first perceived in the snow. They were at last surrounded in a coulee, where the Indians stood back to back and presented their Winchesters whenever any of the scouts ventured to approach them. Finally, after half-an-hour's parley with them, and trying to get them to surrender, Capt. French said he would try, and, going down, got them to come up, assuring them they would be well treated.

### A WOUNDED PRINCE ALBERT VOLUNTEER'S LIFE SAVED BY A HALF-BREED.

The following account of an incident which followed the Duck Lake fight shews:—

Newith, a volunteer wounded in the leg, crept down towards the road, but the sleighs had gone. An Indian came up and began to club him with his gun. He held up his hands to cover his face and head and was hit four times and had two of his fingers broken, when a half-breed noticed the Indian and compelled him to stop. He was carried to Duck Lake two hours after, and his life again threatened by two Indians. Again the half-breeds protected him. He was liberated on the following Monday, when the dead bodies were brought home.

### CAPTURE OF WHITE CAP'S BAND BY THE BODY GUARD.

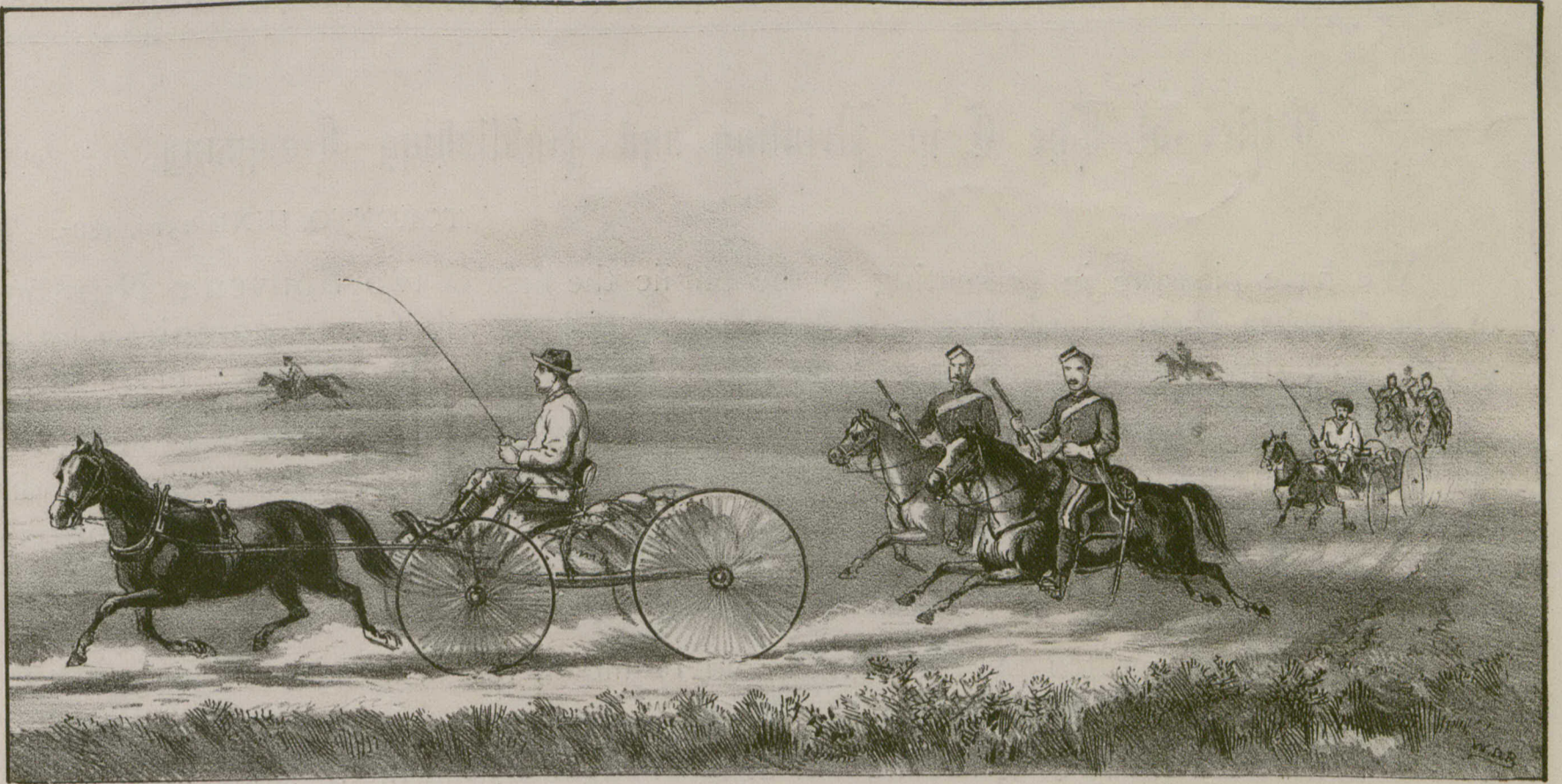
This event was one of the most striking incidents in the experiences of the Governor-General's Body Guard since they have been on active service. A scouting party, under the command of Lieut. Merritt, sighted the cavalcade of White Cap as it was making south, and, after a chase, captured the entire party and their outfit. White Cap is a Sioux who was given a reserve near Saskatoon, and he and his band have violated the hospitality of Canada, wherein they sought an asylum after participating in the Minnesota massacres.





THE LATE CAPT. FRENCH PREVAILING ON THREE OF WHITE CAPS WARRIORS TO SURRENDER (See page 21)





HOW HER MAJESTY'S MAILS WERE CONVEYED FROM TOUCHWOOD TO CLARKE'S CROSSING.



CAPTURE OF WHITE CAP AND HIS BAND BY THE GOVENOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD.



## Office of The Grip Printing and Publishing Company,

TORONTO, JUNE 15TH, 1885.

We have pleasure in presenting to the public the first of two **Souvenir Numbers** of *The Canadian Pictorial and Illustrated War News*. These will form a complete letter-press and illustrated history of the late North-West Rebellion.

Each part consists of 24 pages, composed of twelve pages of illustrations and ten of reading matter, and in addition, a very fine colored supplement. The ten pages of reading matter contain the equivalent of about 140 pages of an ordinary book, while the pages of illustrations are, in themselves, a complete history of the principal events and persons concerned in the rebellion.

The history is written by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, M.A., the clever author of "The War in the Soudan."

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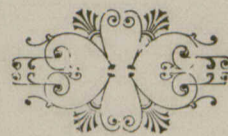
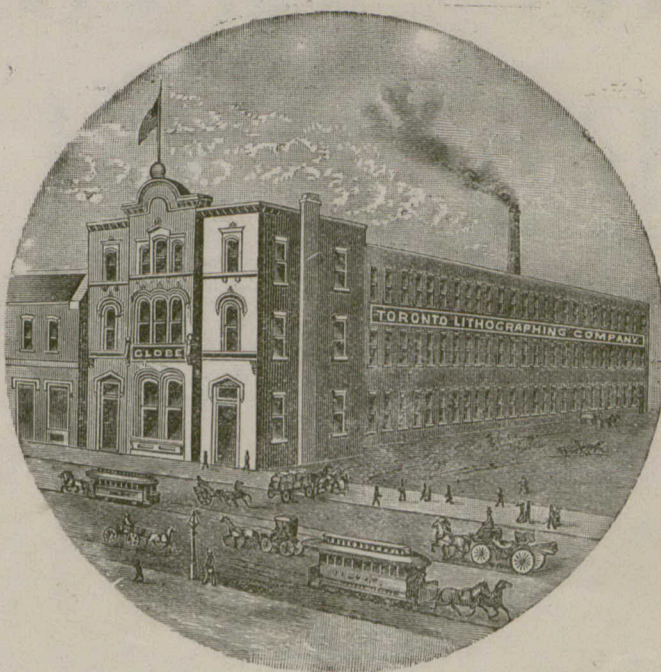
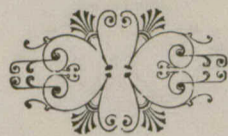
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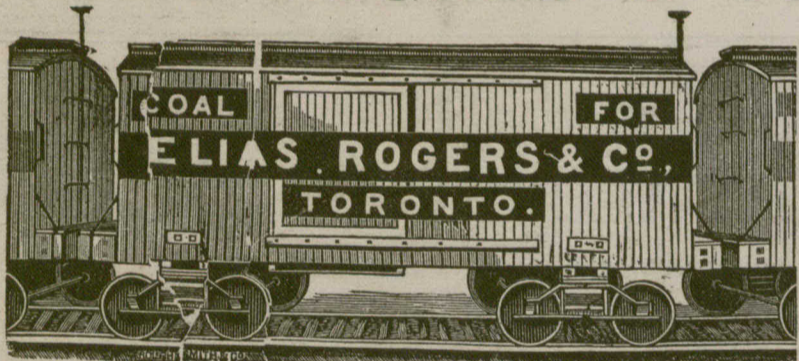
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