



D I A R Y  
of  
LIEUT. R.S. CASSELS  
NORTH-WEST FIELD FORCE  
1 8 8 5

ARMY HYMN

("Old Hundred")

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!  
Behold the sacrifice we bring!  
To every arm Thy strength impart,  
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.

Be thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou our flag till peace shall reign,  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee.

O.W. Holmes

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PARTING HYMN

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Father of Mercies, Heavenly friend,  
We seek Thy gracious throne,  
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,  
Our fainting hearts are known!

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,  
From every plague that harms;  
In camp and march, in siege and flight,  
Protect our men-at-arms!

Though from our darkened lives they take  
What makes our life most dear,  
We yield them for their country's sake  
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,  
Their wounds our breasts will share;  
O! save us from the woes we dread,  
Or grant us strength to bear!

Let each unhallowed cause that brings  
The stern destroyer cease,  
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,  
And Seraphs whisper Peace!

O.W. Holmes

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NORTH WEST REBELLION - 1885

D I A R Y

March 30th to July 23rd

Monday, 30th March

Today at 12.15 p.m. we steam slowly away from the Union Station, sadly parting from our many friends but soon regaining cheerfulness at the thought that work lies before us. After the excitement and strain of the past two days we appreciate the luxury of rest, and we quietly settle down and make ourselves comfortable. That is as comfortable as we can in our very crowded quarters. Much speculation is indulged in as to the chances of the Rebellion collapsing before we reach the North West and the general impression seems to be that it will not be necessary for us to pass Winnipeg.

On our train are "C" Company Infantry School Corps - 80 men - under Major Smith, Mr. Wadmare and Mr. Sears and our own G.O. contingent. We have been ordered to bring 250 men only, but inspection by the Adjutant discloses the fact that 23 extra men have smuggled themselves on board. Our officers are as follows - Col. Muller, Major Allan, Surgeon Lesslie, Capt. and Adjt. Delamere, Qr. Master Heakes, Capts. Brown, Kertseman, Mc.Gee and McDonald. Lieuts. Multon, Hughes, Brock, Cassels, Gunther, Scott, Lee and George. The 10th Grenadiers contingent are to follow us on another train. Col. Otter, in command of the Toronto Brigade, comes with us. He appoints Sears his Brigade Major and Dr. Strange, Brigade Surgeon. We have also on board reporters of the Globe and Mail and Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Doucet, the latter a brother-in-law of the General, and at present an engineer on the C.P.R.

I almost feel as if the last two days had been a dream. At one o'clock on Saturday morning I am roused by the Adjutant: told of the Duck Lake affair, and notified that the Regiment is called out. After that one had no time to collect one's thoughts. Scurrying from house to house during the night warning the men, parading in the morning and remaining in the drill shed till two: then when orders reach us that 250 men only are required,

choosing the lucky ones and seeing to their proper equipment: inspection in the evening by Col. Otter - no time is left on the Saturday certainly for one's own affairs. Sunday is somewhat quieter, but much remains to be done. The parade for distribution of tuques, mufflers and underclothing, takes much time, and then odd matters remain to be looked after, so that on this day too, one is allowed no rest, and today of course, until we reach our train we do not even try to think of anything. Now I can analyze my feelings about this affair, and I came to the conclusion that I am very lucky to have the chance to go. Naturally one feels a little troubled at leaving one's friends in this indefinite way, but change is pleasant and one is sure to see something worth seeing, and then with so many good fellows with one, loneliness is scarcely to be feared.

The first thing that rouses us after we leave Toronto is the sight of the Yorkville station. We rush out here and have a glimpse at several friends. After this we have an uneventful run to Peterborough, reaching that place about four. We find here a Guard of Honour drawn up at the station, and as we pass they salute and cheer us. Heavy sleet and rain all day and little to be seen.

About 11 p.m. we reach Carleton junction and here have supper, much to our gratification. Each man has brought a certain amount of provender with him but cold snacks do not properly take the place of our accustomed hot meals. The accommodation at Carleton is limited and the men are fed in relays so that much time is consumed in the process of consumption. The officers wait till the last. I am in luck and get on the soft side of a pretty waiting girl who gives me eight cups of very good coffee without a murmur.

At Carleton I have the very great pleasure of a chat with Mrs. Blake. She has come down from Ottawa with Mr. Beaty and Mr. Mulock to say good-bye and presents us with a flag. The Grenadiers catch up to us at Carleton, but we leave before them.

### Tuesday, 31st March

We leave Carleton junction about 2 this morning and turn in at once. "Turn in" means literally "turn in" for unless we do that and curl ourselves up in almost inconceivable attitudes, sleep is an impossibility. We manage to rest however to a by no means unsatisfactory extent.

Early in the afternoon we reach Mattawa and are furnished with a very good dinner. Then we are allowed an hour or two to stretch our legs and wander up, to and through the village - a most beautiful place it is. The stores of the hamlet do a thriving trade - moccasins - "Creefee" and Indian are purchased in quantities and everything in the shape of canned stuff eagerly bought up. As we are about to leave the station, Major Allan discovers that he has lost his purse and a large sum of money, and remains behind to look for it, intending to come on with the Grenadiers whose train comes in as we depart.

We see now some very wild but very beautiful scenery - much like that of the lower St. Lawrence. The River - snow covered now - winds near us on one side and the steep rocky hills rise beside us on the other - every here and there we pass a patch of brulee, and then the resemblance to the Murray Bay wildernesses strikes us more forcibly still. We see no good timber near the railway: it is, we are told at Mattawa, all some distance from the line. Tonight it is very cold, clear and bright. The moon-light snow and waving pine trees afford us material for poetic fancies. The men who are in too good spirits to be poetically inclined, amuse themselves by drafting regulations for their proper government, while on board, and then systematically break their own regulations in order to have the fun of being tried, condemned and punished (if possible) in some absurd and ingenious way, the judge being responsible for the procedure and punishment.

### Wednesday, 1st April

We reach Biscotasing about two this morning, bitterly cold and **very** hungry. We are soon warmed and fed however, and find that we have fallen among anything but thieves. I and some other officers are looked after by a Mr. Renaud, a C.P.R. engineer, and a nephew of Mr. A.H. Campbell. He is kindness itself and we thoroughly appreciate his attentions.

Biscotasing - the word means "clear water" - is the last station on the regular line of railway and is the head-quarters of the construction department. Here during the winter the C.P.R. have had employed some six thousand men: all have lived in tents. This seems almost incredible when one knows that the mercury frequently freezes in this region, but so it is. Even at this date we feel the cold greatly and the thermometer is we find well below zero.

We leave Biscotasing about four and make a station called Lake Nemagosenda about 11.30. Here there are only one or two log shanties.

We are given by the occupants some hot tea which is as the post says, "grateful and comforting".

After this we run slowly all day and about seven reach Dog Lake where we are given supper in the navvies shanties. This supper is a delightful experience and to most of us the first taste of real bush life. The low-ceilinged rough log cabin looks quaint and comfortable: good things abound: appetites are not wanting: that meal is a thing to read about. Many are anxious to enter the employment of the C.P.R. but we are warned that not always does the "board" groan beneath its load of delicacies as it does today and we refrain. For the present however we enjoy ourselves and why should we not when to "occupy" and amuse us we have tea, coffee, milk (condensed), sugar, beef, salmon, lobster, mackerel, (all canned of course) and salt pork: tomatoes, corn, beans, peaches and apples, and bread and cakes.

At Dog Lake, Major Allan joins us. He has found his money: we at first congratulate him on his good luck and eagerly ask what means he took to trace that which was lost. Strange to say he does not seem eager to enlighten us. Inquiry from outside sources reveals the fact that after two hours earnest and enthusiastic search, much forcible language and many offers of noble rewards, the missing purse was discovered by the gallant major himself in "the other pocket".

After supper we go by rail four miles to the end of the track. We have before us a break of fifty-one miles and are to drive this distance in sleighs. Fifty-five teams await us, but these are not enough and much of our luggage has to be left behind in charge of a rear-guard of eighteen men under Lieut. Gunther. We are much delayed in getting away but at last we are safely stowed and start about 11 p.m. The 10th remain at Dog Lake waiting for teams expected every hour.

#### Thursday, 2nd April

We drove all last night through a very wild and beautiful country. The bright moonlight enabled us to fully appreciate the features of the scene and very exciting our experience was. Most of the time we drove along the line of railway - the right of way - as it is called, but very often we plunged into gloomy impassable looking forests. The road in most places very rough, though we meet with no mishaps. The cold is very trying and renders sleep quite impossible; every now and then one is forced to take a smart run to keep one's very marrow from freezing. At some unearthly hour in the morning we stopped at a small camp, and some of the lucky

ones secured a cup of tea, but it was not till eight this morning after a drive of thirty-five miles that we had a chance to rest and warm ourselves. Our haven was Magpie Lake where there is a large camp. Here we had a fairly good breakfast, much the same in style as our supper of the evening before; the accommodation is more limited however, and we are therefore not so comfortable. About eleven we leave Magpie Lake and after a most delightful drive of five hours we reach the track again, at a place hereafter to be known to fame as Camp Desolation. The day is very bright and fine and we thoroughly enjoy our sixteen miles by day-light. Not to mention the scenery which always charms and pleases, we have the excitement of making our way over a very rough and very much drifted road. Upsets are a thing of constant occurrence but are a source of nothing but amusement, and howls of delight rise from the expectant onlookers as some subtle snowbank claims its unwary victims. In our sleigh are Major Allan, Capt. Brown, Hughes and myself, and we are very fortunate. We are driven by the champion zehu of the district - Angus McKinnon by name - a most amusing character. Quite a lad - very Scotch - in fact almost unable to speak English - and very quaint in his speech and actions. He has, as have all the other teamsters, a thorough command of the intricacies of the English "swear words" these he uses with a startling frequency and forcibleness, but it is but a gentle failing. The teamsters as a rule are a very rough lot, of all nations and kindred: many Swedes, Finlanders, French, in fact, as a foreman told me, there are plenty of every nationality but Christians. The horses are very fine willing beasts, marvellously strong and sure footed.

We see no game at all during our drive. Deer are plentiful near Mattawa but we run across none. I, dreaming of grizzlies and deer knows what not, ask an intelligent native at Magpie Lake this morning if there is any game to be had - "Oh yes, sir" replies the I.N. "we mostly plays poker".

At Camp Desolation no train awaits us as we expected and we stand shivering and hungry for three hours before the cars arrive and then we find that we have to ride one hundred and seven miles in open flat cars. There is no help for it and we pack in as best we may. Each man has but one thin government blanket, and prepares for a cold night, but none of us expect what we unfortunately have to go through.

Friday, 3rd April

The horrors of last night are simply indescribable. We leave Camp Desolation about seven rather cold and very hungry, but for some time we enjoy ourselves fairly well. The mode of progression is to say the least of it somewhat novel: the sleepers are merely laid on the snow un-ballasted and unlevelled: sometimes we seem to be plunging down veritable precipices so steep are the grades, and at all times oscillation is so violent that one momentarily expects the car to leave the track bodily. Soon, however, we find that it is becoming too cold to allow any interest to be taken in anything but the question of how not to freeze, and even that question, in spite of the vigorous efforts of some of the more cheerful and pluckier spirits to keep the men's courage up, ceases ere long to bother our poor despondent fellows. The thermometer by actual observation goes down to five below zero: the wind is biting: our cramped quarters render movement of any kind impossible, and at last we simply make up our minds to freeze. Jock McLennan, who has been the life of No. 4 so far, works hard, but when as a last sally he rings up His Satanic Majesty, informs him that a collection of thirty-one cents has been taken up for His Majesty's exchequer, and begs him to turn on the hot tube for fifteen minutes, and is then not rewarded with a laugh, he too curls up and prepares to die. All things have an end. About 2.30 a.m. we reach a camp called Heron Bay ninety miles from Camp Desolation and have a meal. I was about to say breakfast but it is really the dinner of the day before yesterday. Many of our poor fellows have to be lifted out of the cars, so stiff with cold are they, but warmth and food soon revive them, and their troubles are no sooner over than they are forgotten. Only two or three men wonderful to say, are much the worse for the experience of the night.

We leave Heron Bay about six, refreshed and cheerful, and soon catch our first glimpse of Lake Superior. A run of an hour and a half brings us to Port Munro, seventeen miles from Heron Bay, and here we find the second break in the track, one of eighteen miles and across this we are to march. At Port Munro we have a wonderful view, everything looks bright in the morning sun, and the grand hills and distant lake make for us a scene of great beauty. The work of disembarkation proceeds rapidly. Each company as it is ready marches off. "C" School leading - then No. 1 and so on. At the camp on the lake shore we are given some sandwiches, cakes and coffee and then vigorously begin our tramp. Our Company - No. 1 - starts at noon exactly, and we make the eighteen miles in six hours and a half; very good time it is too, over heavy roads and with



arms and accoutrements as a load: moreover we have no stragglers: this performance makes me feel that I have been lucky in being assigned to No. 1 evidently good stuff. Our road skirts along the shore of the lake, and we have grand stretches of scenery. Magnificent rocks rise beside us, and every now and then we gaze on fantastic creations in pure clear ice, the result of the spray of the Autumn waves.

We reach the track at a place called McKellar's Harbour, and as a train is waiting for us, the staff "C" School and Companies 1 and 2 run down at once to Jack Fish Bay, a large settlement seven miles distant. Companies 3 and 4 are to follow. We have a very good supper at Jack Fish and then are turned in to a large empty warehouse for the night - and it is a night of luxury.

#### Saturday, 4th April

We rise this morning much the better for our night's rest, the first we have had since we left Toronto, but we scarcely know each other so terribly burned and swollen are our faces: the scorching sun and bitter winds have a very distressing effect.

Our unfortunate comrades of numbers 3 and 4 do not reach Jack Fish till this morning. The train returning for them runs off the track and they spend a most miserable night in the open.

We prepare for another march today across the third break - twenty-three miles - but fortunately enough sleighs are on hand to furnish accommodation for us all and we drive instead. "C" School and Numbers 1 and 2 start soon after breakfast, the other two companies remain behind to rest awhile.

We reach track at a place called Waiston's Landing: there is no train ready for us and we shiver for four mortal hours, most of the time exposed to a sleety rain. Then the welcome whistle is heard, the train comes in sight, and with little delay we embark and run down to McKay's Harbour, seven miles. It is dark when we reach this place and snowing hard: no arrangements have apparently been made for our food or shelter and often wandering aimlessly around for what seems an eternity, we are thrust into the damp dirty hold of a propeller for the night, that is most of the men are: a few of the men and nearly all the officers are put up at the C.P.R. hospital. The doctor in charge, Armstrong, is most kind. The meal furnished us tonight is most miserable, but we are too tired and heart-sore to grumble.

Sunday, 5th April

I had a most delightful sleep last night, occupying one of the hospital cots, and am myself again today. Numbers 3 and 4 join us this morning early, and all are ready to leave McKay's Harbour, the most wretched hole we have been in yet. We miss Doucet today and find he has remained at Jack Fish where he is stationed.

We leave McKay's Harbour about ten, two men short, Beaumont of H. Co. with congestion of the lungs and another man with something of the same sort, remain in hospital.

The day is bright and warm, and the open cars enable us to see properly the very beautiful country we are passing through, for by far the finest scenery on the North shore meets us here. On the railway itself are many points of interest - deep cuttings - over hanging rocks - long tunnels - one appreciates the difficulties of construction of a line in such a country.

This is our first Sunday out, and we observe the day by singing vigorously and with fine effect many of our good old hymns. More than one heart feels sore and sad at the thought of the dear friends and the peaceful Easter at home.

A very enjoyable run of forty-seven miles brings us to the Nipigon and to our fourth and last break. We leave the cars at two and make "Red Rock" on the West side of the Nipigon, nine miles distant, at half past five, bad roads and heavy loads account for the slow time. We get a telegram here telling us that all is well at home, and that things are still looking bad in the North West. That satisfies us, we shall be wanted after all.

A train awaits us at Red Rock but the quarters are altogether too cramped - in many cases six men being crowded in one double seat. More cars are promised at Port Arthur and we are content to wait. Our baggage is some hours behind, owing to lack of transport and we lie quietly at Red Rock all evening.

The men are able to compare notes about the marches and the question of the most suitable foot-gear for this kind of peculiar state of affairs is vehemently discussed. Nearly all agree however, that the ordinary lace boot, with two pair of socks is the best for the walk: the eagerly sought for beefeas, moccasins and rubber boots, have proved of little use. The slush in the day time wets one's feet

in boots to be sure, but the cold at night does not, when in them, affect one so much. Luxury however, consists in Indian moccasins with india-rubbers over them.

We enjoy a magnificent sunset this evening, and see the famous bay of the Nipigon in all its glory - very very beautiful it is: one can scarcely imagine how lovely it must be in summer.

#### Monday, 6th April

We leave Red Rock sometime this morning early and reach Port Arthur, sixty-six miles distant, about six. The citizens wish to give us a breakfast here, but the Colonel is anxious to push on, and declines the invitation. We stop only a few minutes while some more cars are put on. We are actually treated to the luxury of a Pullman - most unheard of, may unthought of, comfort.

At Port Arthur we get papers - Winnipeg papers - as late as 4th inst. No news in them of importance but things look serious and we see there is no chance of being turned back at Winnipeg.

Shortly after leaving Port Arthur we see running near the track, or rather we see a white line which we are told is the far famed Kaministiquia, a very beautiful stream they say in summer and we can well believe it.

At a small station called Savanne seventy-five miles from Port Arthur a short stoppage is made, and we officers manage to secure some cake and coffee. Cake and coffee of a very superior order too. The conductor tells us that this is considered the best eating house on the C.P.R. between Port Arthur and the Rockies, and judging by what we obtained, taking the proprietor as we did by surprise, the reputation is not undeserved.

All day we run through a desolate and dreary country, and about half past seven reach Rot Portage the motorious. The officers drive up to the Rideout Hotel and have supper, bottled ale at fifty cents per bottle the chief luxury. The men are not allowed to leave the cars, much to the disgust no doubt of mine host of the Rideout, and to their own, but they perforce content themselves with such scraps of grog as they still have on hand. It is too late to see anything of the place, the mud is tested however in a brave attempt to struggle from the hotel to the station; the bus having departed before some parting ceremonies could be satisfactorily attended to by some energetic young officers.

Soon after leaving Rot Portage, Gus Wanton makes his appearance, having run down from Winnipeg on a special. He brings with him a few letters and certain welcome creature comforts. Song and mirth are indulged in for some hours; musical talent is unearthed (Mr. Cunningham sings for us most sweetly dear old "Annie Laurie") and after a pleasant evening we turn in for a comfortable night's rest.

Tuesday, 7th April

We wake about 6 a.m. after a delightful night's rest in the Pullman and find ourselves in Winnipeg, a miserable cold raw windy morning it is and everything looks desolate. The men are marched off to various hotels for breakfast and then dismissed, for the day with instructions to be at the station at 4 p.m.; evidently we are not to delay here. The officers go in a body to "Leland's" and the way the viands are finished is a caution, the waiters stand aghast. We have not had a civilized meal however for eight days - indeed have had only eleven meals of any kind in that time - and our good appetites are not to be wondered at.

After breakfast Harry Brock and I are taken in charge by J.D. Cameron and Robinson. They gently remark that we might be the better of a bath; I in theory quite agree with them - water has not touched me since I left Toronto but feel a natural reluctance to removing the covering of grime that has stood by me so faithfully. However persuaded by them I indulge in soap and hot water and have to confess that a certain accession of comfort has been derived from the cleansing process. My personal appearance is certainly however not improved: the unaccustomed luxury of a wash is too much for my sunburnt complexion and I emerge with my face scarcely recognizable - hardly enough skin left in fact to keep the patches together.

The first person I run across is my worthy Aunt Soph, and under her able guidance I do Winnipeg thoroughly, inspect every shop in the place, handle and price (but fail to buy) every article in each: am introduced to every man, woman and child in the borough, the living creature my estimable Aunt does not know I have yet to discover. I am very much surprised and very much pleased to meet Miss Evelyn Galt. She has just come up from Montreal and gives me late news of my people. Call on Mrs. Mulock - find her in the midst of moving and she advises me to lunch with Willie at the Club and this I have the pleasure of doing. After lunch have an hour or two to myself and answer one or two letters that have reached me here, then go quietly down to the station. See any number of fellows

I know and every one is only too kind. The men all turn up in good time charmed with Winnipeg and its inhabitants. Here they laugh at the idea of our having to do anything and say the people of Ontario are much more excited about this farcical rebellion than they are. The station is crowded with people anxious to see us off, and we depart about five amid the hearty cheers of the assembled crowd. Willie Mulock and Mrs. Mulock with great kindness send for Harry Dickle, Hume and myself two large baskets of provision - a very welcome supply - and Cameron, Bowen and Robinson give us quantities of fruit and reading material.

Very soon we see before us the often heard of prairie and peculiar is the effect the first sight of it has: miles and miles as far as eye can reach of dreary yellow flatness - no bush - no tree - no house to break the monotonous dead level. We are told that this is prairie at its worst and we are only too willing to believe it.

About seven we stop at Portage la Prairie, only for a few minutes however to take in water. A miserable looking place it is and I pity Harry and Adele as I think of the years spent by them in it. After leaving Portage we have a very good concert in No. 4 Company's car. The Brigadier and all the officers put in an appearance and we have some capital choruses, speeches and solos. We are told that we are to have something to eat when we reach Brandon and anxiously wait for the happy moment of arrival. It comes at last, but not till half past ten. It is too late of course to see anything of this, as we are told, very pretty place. We do have something to eat however; the cars are invaded by the sprightly damsels of the hamlet armed with steaming jugs of coffee and bags of tempting cakes and the delicacies aided by the charms of the fair donors, quite soften the hearts of our wax warm warriors. Much necessarily rapid flirtation is indulged in, the gay young Major as usual distinguishing himself, the false and malicious designation of him as a married man by an envious rival having no effect in the way of stopping his victorious career. A tour of the cars after Brandon is left behind shows that the boys have done fair execution. Ribbons that have doubtless figured in many a previous bun fight, handkerchiefs that have certainly seen better days, wave now triumphantly on many an unaccustomed manly bosom. The order is to turn in as hard work may lie before us on the morrow, and quiet soon settles on the scene of the erst-while revelry.

Wednesday, 8th April

Qu'Appelle Station - Troy as it is properly called - we make early in the morning, and after a short delay we disembark in heavy marching order, march to a convenient piece of prairie and pitch our tents. This of course for the first time and the work so novel is slowly done. However at last no further dressing and shouting remain to be indulged in, the canvas is hoisted, pegs driven, gu-ropes tightened and our abodes are ready. The next thing to be looked after is grog. We have no means of cooking anything - our camp equipage being with the rear-guard, and we perforce content ourselves with the simple Government ration of hard biscuit and corn beef: the first introduction to the former luxury for most of us. I recognize at once an old Quebec friend.

At Qu'Appelle we find "B" Battery - Major Short in command - waiting for us. "A" Battery and the 90th are with the General at Touchwood Hills. We it seems are to go West and work up to Battleford probably. "C" School leaves us today. The Right Half Co. under Major Smith, with Scott of "Ours" attached are to join the General, the Left Half Co. under Mr. Wodmore, Harry Brock with him, leave by rail for a place called Swift Current some distance West, where there is a large quantity of supplies.

I am on duty and am up all night. It is quite impossible to keep warm and even in the tents the men seem to suffer severely; a chorus of coughing most distressing to hear is kept up with monotonous persistence.

Thursday, 9th April

The morning dawns bright and clear and soon genial warmth dispels the gloom and stiffness of the night. A hasty breakfast is indulged in and then all hands are ordered out for drill, skirmishing the chief attraction. The Grenadiers arrive in the morning, but are pushed on at once to join the General, leaving Qu'Appelle in waggons. Our long last rear guard rejoins us and is warmly welcomed as is also our baggage. Cooking can now be indulged in. The Company of Guards from Ottawa came up with the 10th and camp beside us; a tidy looking lot of fellows they are under the command of Capt. Todd and Gray, my old-time friend, the first lieutenant. A new brigade is formed today - "B" Battery Guards - "C" School and ourselves and a very handy little force it will make. Mutton is today appointed Brigade Quarter Master and leaves us for the staff: so that we are becoming very short of officers.

A mail reaches us today but I sad to say am not remembered.

We see Boulton's Scouts - the "Cow-Boy Brigade" today. They dress in white helmets, brown duck shooting jackets, corduroys and tops and a very serviceable looking set they are; most of them we find are young Englishmen and the majority are gentlemen.

#### Friday, 10th April

Last night was again bitterly cold, it seems impossible to keep warm and sleep is a mere farce. We now each have a double and single blanket but this seems to be quite insufficient to engender any warmth in our miserable shivering carcasses. The morning is bright and warm and a brisk bout of skirmishing pulls us together.

We get orders to leave this afternoon for Swift Current and after dinner strike out tents and prepare to embark. Our train is ready about five and we get off without delay, not sorry to see the last of Qu'Appelle, at any rate for the present. It is a beautiful place lying quietly in the valley surrounded by rolling prairie, but we have been anything but comfortable during our stay here, half frozen and ill fed. Most of the officers and many of the men have been taking their meals at one of the three hotels (so called) the settlement boasts of, but three times fifty cents each day makes a great inroad into our scanty means.

About dusk we approach Regina the capital of the great North West and a sweet looking capital it is; lying low in a miserable half swamp, half prairie the scattered wooden shanties look most forlorn in the gathering gloam and falling snow, and we pass on with no reluctance. At the station I see for a minute White and Roderick McLean.

Supper is promised at a place called Moosejaw - and "some one" is deputed to telegraph to have preparations duly made. A rush into the Moosejaw station dining hall on our arrival makes us at once realize that "some one" the indefinite has as usual blundered; no sizzling sausages or savoury steak await the ardent attack of the hungry horde and we return sad and supperless to the friendly shelter of our car. Here we content ourselves as best we may with the faithful corn beef and hard-tack, some unwary spirits washing down this dry provender with libations of a concoction hitherto, thank God, unknown to us, called "Moosejaw Hop Beer". The unfortunate partakers of this vile beverage pass a night of uneasiness - nay even agony.

Saturday, 11th April -

We enjoy a night of warmth and comfort in the cars and pitch camp in the early morning close to the railway. "C" School have taken up their quarters in the station. Swift Current is a very small place merely a railway depot in fact, with a few stores and houses. A few days ago the place was raided by Indians who helped themselves to anything and everything that pleased them. The country is very wretched near here, no wood or water. Water for drinking purposes is brought in tanks by rail from Calgary three hundred miles to the West. Camped here waiting for us are about one hundred Mounted Police under Colonel Herchmer, and we now learn definitely that our destination is Battleford. That place is almost due North and about two hundred miles distant; the trip there is not likely to be pleasant. We bring with us from Qu'Appelle some fifty waggons and the necessary number of horses, these teams will carry our supplies.

After dinner we have Battalion Drill and when this is over Harry and I have a grand run of some six or seven miles over the Prairie. We see numbers of buffalo skulls, and try our revolvers at these very enticing targets but see none of the living animals: the last buffalo in the country was killed we are told last summer. We find great numbers of most beautiful purple crocus; it seems almost impossible that flowers should bloom in weather such as we are having. On our way back to camp we run across a small turf built stockade and the ingenious and romantic Harry at once weaves a blood curdling tale in connection therewith.

The 65th of Montreal pass in the afternoon en route to Calgary.

Sunday, 12th April

We have last night another cold experience, but we are now beginning to be accustomed to the slight inconvenience of frozen toes, and do not allow trifles of this kind to interfere with our night's rest.

Early this morning Colonel Otter comes up from Qu'Appelle and with him came "B" Battery and the Guards. Also Capt. Howard of the United States Militia and in his charge two Gatling guns. These curious implements of destruction we inspect with interest, and their trial is watched eagerly. A few rounds are fired at some duck on a distant pond - no execution is done apparently, but the rapidity of fire shows us how very deadly a weapon of this kind might be on proper occasions; we want now to see one tried on the Indians; from what we hear they



'seem to have definitely risen and we shall probably have some hard work before they are quieted again.

We have service this morning and very pleasant and much appreciated it is. Acheson officiates and cuts the service rather short giving us however numerous hymns.

We get orders today to be ready to start in the morning, and three or four of us determine to make an effort to have one civilized meal before we start. We accordingly visit the station dining Hall, and loudly call for the best the house affords. The board is coldly furnished forth with fat pork and "apple sass", but thanks to the gentle divinity who presides over the genial tea-tray we enjoy ourselves, getting however as a baser nature cynically remarks, forty cents worth of smile and only ten cents worth of supper.

Monday, 13th April 1885

I was on duty and up all night. The weather was much milder thanks to a welcome southerly wind, and I was comparatively comfortable. One has lots of time for meditation during these lonely midnight watches and one's thoughts are apt to take on a rather sad tinge; induced thereto not alone by the natural gloominess of the large dark night but also to no slight extent by the musically melancholy circumambient "All is well" of the mournful voiced chain of sentries.

The "Rouse" sounds at 4 a.m. and we make an early start, "C" School in advance, next the Artillery and then ourselves. We have an easy march of twelve miles and pitch camp near a small slough, that is pond. The weather is milder and the men are happy. One or two rather footsore however already.

Tuesday, 14th April

Last night we slept without disturbance and today start at 6.30 in the cold gray dawn, and make a fairly good stretch of eighteen miles. The Queen's Own are first today and No. 1 forms the Advance Guard. For the present owing to want of officers I have been transferred from No. 1 to No. IV. As soon as the sun rises the men find marching hard work, and weary warm and way worn we gladly reach the welcome banks of the Saskatchewan. Near the river we pass through a wonderful defile, winding in a most extraordinary way through steep sandy hills; trouble was feared here but fortunately we get through without molestation. We also pass today a deserted Indian encampment, and here we see "buried" so to speak, but really fastened to the branch of a small tree, a little Indian baby.

We can find nothing to break the monotony of the march today but a not over exciting observation of the antics of the Ambulance Mule. This is a purchase of the surgeon's and very proud he is of the turn out. To the heretical mind the resemblance to a costermonger's equipage is very marked; the mongrel pie-bald pony; the little red-wheeled green cart; and - well the natty (?) corporal to whose care was consigned this precious pill purveying "nocturne in all colours" might feel hurt if the comparison were pushed any further.

At the River we meet the Police once more: they came here ahead of us a day or two ago to see if the coast was clear and are to act as scouts in the future. They have with them one of the famous Mountain Howitzers, a very handy looking little gun it is. A brass seven pounder and weighing only carriage and all some four hundred pounds.

Towards dusk much excitement is caused by the announcement that some figures can be seen on one of the distant hills: we at once conclude that our Indian friends are taking observations, as there are no settlers in this part of the country. The gallant captain and senior subaltern of No. 1 form themselves into a reconnoitring party, make a bold sally and approach the disturbers. It is found that they are nothing more than certain teamsters who have wandered somewhat too far from camp. Teamsters are very objectionable, and under certain circumstances, especially if taken internally are absolutely fatal, but when kept at a reasonable distance are not immediately dangerous, therefore we camp feeling comparatively secure.

This evening we have some very good songs: the new selections of the Guards being particularly acceptable. The Bugle Band too inflect what they are pleased to term music upon us: now the Bugle Band know about as much about time and tune as a cat does of Phrenology, and the result of their wrestlings with any unfortunate inoffending air is better imagined than described. We can only devoutly pray that the infernal "rheumatic" (chromatic) attachments may, by some kind dispensation of Providence, disappear, and that freed from the burdens and responsibilities of a career that is too much for it, the Band may dissolve into a useful individuality of blowful buglers.

From Swift Current to the River we pass through a miserable dry sandy, literally desert country, not a tree or bush to be seen: here there are a few withered poplar trees, but nothing to justify the oft heard appellation of "well wooded" applied to the Banks enclosing the "fertile" valley of the Saskatchewan.

Wednesday, 15th April

Last night passes without any alarm. This morning it is cold, raw and foggy and we are for a time miserable. Soon the sun makes his presence felt however, and everything is lovely. After breakfast Harry and I take advantage of the genial warmth and wash ourselves and some of our immediate belongings, earning in that interesting process at North West prices, one dollar and twenty cents. Then we walk down to the river and watch with interest the process of transporting supplies to the North Bank. Slow is the progress made. The River - the South Branch of the Saskatchewan - is here some three hundred yards wide, and as its name ("Swift Current") denotes, extremely rapid. A steamer has been brought to the crossing and is actively engaged in making passages across, but each trip consumes much time. The steamer itself, the Northcote, is a most peculiar craft: is in fact merely an immense flat-bottomed scow (she draws only two feet of water) with a little machinery and some cabins: a large wheel at the stern is the propelling instrument. The current and wind render steering a very difficult task and we are told that if the wind rises much more, as it threatens to do, operations will have to be suspended. The Police and a large portion of the supplies are taken across, but in the afternoon the wind comes, and nothing further can be done. We grumble much at the delay and to put us in better humour we have to endure a pelting storm of rain for at least two hours. This afternoon we search for specimens of petrified wood, and many very good pieces are found, the Colonel being especially fortunate. All along the River there are, we are told, quantities of petrification.

In the evening the men have an elaborate concert, and interspersed with the songs, are several capital speeches, the burden of which is complaint against the grub. Pork, beans and hard-tack are very delightful and certainly whatever may be the case now when we are in the wilds, we might certainly have had something better when we were on a line of railway and in a well settled district. The articles forming the mainstay of our daily diet are so far appreciated at any rate as to be called upon to lend their names to various portions of our encampment, and we rejoice in the possession of a "Pork Alley", "Hard Tack Terrace", "Bean Lane" and other equally euphonious localities.

Thursday, 16th April

We have a most miserably cold night and I wake in the morning, or rather rise for sleep has been an impossibility, to find fully an inch of ice on the water pail in our tent. This is rather too much.

It is still blowing a gale and nothing can be done till evening: a lull comes then, and the artillery manage to cross.

In the evening we have a little social reunion in the Colonel's tent. Colonel Otter comes in and several of the staff. Songs are indulged in, but tonight we miss the sweet voice of Mr. Cunningham, whom we left at Swift Current on his way to the Rockies. I meet tonight Captain Howard, and have a long chat with him; he seems a decent fellow but a typical Yank. He tells me he is not coming any further with us, but is to wait here for the Midland Batn. and go with them by River to join the General. We are all amazed at Colonel Herchmer's conduct tonight. He, probably with the best intentions in the world, undertakes to read us a lecture, on the proper exercise of discipline in a Volunteer Regiment hinting very plainly that our men are allowed too much liberty. We do not appreciate his entirely uncalled for, and to say the least of it, not over polite criticism of his hosts. Our men are a fine willing lot of fellows, and friends that one knows intimately are not to be ordered about like a parcel of slaves.

Friday, 17th April

Another wretched night, but today the wind has fallen and the prospect of an advance restores our cheerfulness. We cross the River early in the morning and pitch our tents on the North Shore about five hundred yards from the River.

A large supply train came in yesterday and brought us a mail. I got nothing and was disconsolate. This is our first mail since leaving Cu'Appelle.

We have now a large number of teamsters with us - some two hundred in all. They look upon the Rebellion as a God-send, for it means hard cash to them. They get from \$5.00 to \$6.00 a day, and fair as this price is the unfortunate Government has to pay \$8.00 and \$10.00 the difference being pocketed by the contractors.

Two Companies of the 35th (York and Simcoe Provisional Batn.) march in today and take possession of the Ferry. They are to stay here as a Guard.

We send back to Swift Current four men sick, all with cold or rheumatism. They hope to rejoin soon.

#### Saturday, 18th April

Cold of course last night and when we poke our heads out in the morning we find two inches of snow on the ground, and a sleety rain falling. Not too pleasant indeed.

We start shortly after twelve on our long march to Battleford having between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy miles (the latter apparently the more correct estimate) to cover. We have enough teams to carry all our provisions and a great portion of our men; half at least will be able to drive at a time and we ought to make good progress. Today we do about twelve miles, and a disagreeable march it is: damp, dull miserable day, and the prairie a sea of mud. We see no vegetation at all, and the country seems very wretched.

Tonight we begin to realize that we are in an enemy's country, as we for the first time form a "laager". The waggons are placed in an open square, each face about two hundred paces long. The horses are tethered in the inside, and the tents pitched on the outside, doors opening towards the waggons. The men are ordered to sleep with their arms beside them, and at the first alarm to make for the waggons. Then their position would be a happy one: a fierce enemy in front and frantic struggling mules and horses, more dangerous still, behind. We also have tonight a counter-sign, our first experience. "Gopher" is the word chosen and very suitable the choice is. The gopher seems to be the sole representative of four-footed life in this country: a pretty little fellow he is, much like a squirrel, but with the peculiar spring and upright posture of the kangaroo: the prairie is honey-combed with their holes.

#### Sunday, 19th April

I am on duty last night and have a long dreary cold night. Reveille sounds about 4 a.m. when it is still quite dark and we start shortly before seven. It soon becomes bright and warm and the mud appears again under the influence of the rays of the hot sun.

Marching becomes rather tiring and I am not sorry when we halt for dinner after five hours and a half of hard work beside a small pool of melted snow. This the only good (?) water we had so far seen. One or two pools we had passed but the water was too alkaline for me. God knows how this country can ever amount to anything without wood or water. We march after dinner for three hours and a half and halt beside a small slough. We calculate that we have made twenty-eight miles and I feel satisfied as I have walked all the way.

Owing to some mismanagement no proper supply of wood has been brought with us, and there is none to be had tonight. Nothing in the shape of fuel is to be had for miles and miles and our poor fellows are obliged to content themselves after a hard day's work with beef biscuit and cold water. We came to the conclusion that the biscuit at present being served out to us are some left behind by Sir Garnet after the Red River Expedition.

Tonight picquets are thrown out, and cold work it is for the unfortunates who have to do duty.

It is hard to realize that this is Sunday: rather unlike a peaceful day of rest in dear old Toronto.

#### Monday, 20th April

I have a pleasant night's rest, thanks to extra blankets I am able to avail myself of owing to the absence on picquet duty of my estimable tent-mate Harry Brock. He poor fellow comes in about 5 a.m. chilled to the marrow.

We start in good time after a miserable cold breakfast and put in over five hours of good hard work. Then we dine, but what a dinner - hard tack and oatmeal and water. No wood to be had yet. We push on for another four hours in the afternoon, and make altogether today about thirty-two miles. The pace is very quick but I manage to walk all the way.

Great profanity is indulged in when it is found that again we have no means of doing any cooking. The men are rapidly becoming mutinous. Fortunately though too late to be of use tonight, some teams laden with wood catch up to us, and great preparations are made for a good meal in the morning.

Tuesday, 21st April -

Last night we have a little spice of excitement. A shot from one of the picquet sentries alarms the camp. Inquiry elicits the fact however, that the unfortunate sentry loses himself and his head and fires the shot to attract attention. He does attract attention but not altogether of the nature he is likely to appreciate.

We start in capital time this morning and travel for six hours: the day bright, warm and pleasant. We then halt for our noon-day rest of two hours. On again then for nearly four hours. We make again fully thirty-two miles, and I walk all day. The pace is quicker even than it was yesterday but we are somewhat delayed in crossing a creek, called Eagle Creek: but for this the distance covered would have been somewhat greater. As we advance more waggons become available for the men, and now few have to walk at all. Tomorrow all who wish nearly will be able to drive.

We have to supply all the picquets tonight and send out four officers and ninety-two M.C.O. and man a pretty large draft.

A courier catches us tonight and brings us news of the Fort Pitt disaster and gives a bad account of the state of affairs at Battleford. We become more anxious than ever if that were possible to press on.

Wednesday, 22nd April

On duty last night and of course no sleep. Another sentry distinguished himself and fires at what he stoutly asserts to be a man on horseback. Nothing comes of it.

We start about half past five and hurry on at a tremendous pace. The country is very hilly and broken and about eight miles out we come to a belt of thick scrub. Trouble is feared here and two Companies are ordered out as skirmishers. I go with one, but the scouts come back and report all clear and we drop back quietly into place. We have a very short halt and then press on again. About five shots are suddenly heard towards the head of the column and all is excitement. Our skirmishers are ordered to the front and after a tremendous double we reach a piece of rising ground and see in the distance a number of Indians making north as fast as their ponies can carry them. Our scouts have had quite a little skirmish: wounded one Indian and captured a waggon, some ponies and blankets. We camp soon after this occurrence and prepare to keep a sharp look out; fortunately we are in a very favourable position: no hills or woods near us.

A trader who has come up with us from Swift Current finds untouched in the scrub we passed through this morning a cache of groceries he had made when the trouble first began. He does a roaring trade in tobacco, figs, candies etc.

Today we make fully thirty-five miles and I am reasonably tired. I go on my own feet all day but very often have to run to keep up and the work is rather trying. However we have only about thirty miles more to do.

Thursday, 23rd April

Last night was quiet but very cold, and today it is bitter. Snow flurries every little while and ice on all the sloughs. We have an early start and make good progress: all the men ride. In the afternoon I am obliged at last to ride too; we are going down hill and through Indian reserves and it would never do to be left behind; we make only thirty miles however, halting quite early in the afternoon about two miles from Battleford.

This afternoon we see houses again, and find that we have reached the reserve of the Stonies. We see among others the houses of Payne and Tremant, two of the Indian instructors, both of whom have been murdered. Payne married a squaw and was a good friend to the people he taught, but they took his life at the first opportunity. So much for Indian gratitude. In one of the Indian houses our scouts find a squaw - dead, with a bullet through her head: she is painted in full war paint and may have been killed in some of the skirmishes near Battleford. No one is to be seen on the reserve. Men, women and children are all off on the war path. The Stonies are Sioux Indians and bear a very unenviable reputation.

We can see Battleford when about eight miles away, from a height of land and are disgusted to notice clouds of smoke rising from the settlement. We are ordered to camp however much as we should like to press on and render help if help be needed. It is not considered advisable to advance when night is approaching. The scouts however go on to make investigations. In the evening shots are heard from the direction of the Town and twenty-five of the Mounted Police start off to see what the trouble is: Lesslie goes with them. They came back all right and report that the scouts exchanged a few shots with some odd Indians, but that the main body who have been besieging the Town have departed. Before leaving they set fire to Judge Rouleau's house as a last mark of defiance and this was the building we saw burning. It was a house on the south side of the Battle River - the main settlement is



on the North side and is still safe, and the people have been made aware of our approach. One of the garrison was we hear killed last night while on picquet duty.

I am congratulated tonight on having walked virtually the whole way from Swift Current to Battleford and am informed by my men that I have been christened the "Demon Walker".

Bowman of No. 4 (University at Larne) is run over today and is badly bruised and shaken but not we hope dangerously hurt.

#### Friday, 24th April

We have a quiet but as usual cold night. We do not turn out early in the morning as there is now no more necessity for hurry, but march off quietly about nine, and soon reach our long looked for goal.

We halt on the high ground overlooking the Battle River while the Brigadier and Staff cross the River and enter the Fort. They return ere long and give a graphic account of the welcome they have received from the poor people who have been besieged here and in terror of their lives for the last six weeks. We are told that we are to stay where we are for the present, and camp is pitched on an open space near a large building now or rather lately used as an Industrial School. It was formerly we hear Government house and is quite a palace in a country like this. After the tents are pitched we are able to go about and take observations, and then the extent of the ravages committed becomes apparent. On this side of the River there were originally some dozen houses and two or three stores forming what is called the "Old Town". Four or five of these houses have been burned, the others dismantled and pillaged, and the stores completely gutted. Scarcely anything has escaped: what could not be taken has been destroyed. About us we see scattered in in dismal confusion feathers, photos, books, tins, furniture, and desolation reigns supreme. The Indians have, we hear, been holding high carnival here for some weeks: they were out of rifle-shot from the Fort and shells were too precious to be often sent at them. Each night an attack was expected but beyond firing at the men drawing water from the Battle River (the source of the supply) they molested the Garrison but little.

Battleford is very beautifully situated. The "Old Town" as before stated is on the South Bank of the Battle River; and New Town and Fort lie on a grassy plain sloping south, and between the Saskatchewan and Battle Rivers, about a mile and half from the junction of the two. The ground rises sharply from each River and numerous groves of trees lend to the scene a beauty to which we have for some time been unaccustomed.

As soon as the men are dismissed they begin to forage (of course not openly as all foraging is forbidden) and one or two "finds" are the result. One lucky individual is seen depositing quietly in his tent a very fine looking turkey. He relates with much glee the story of its capture. A sergeant of a sister corps who has managed to make himself peculiarly obnoxious to our fellows by his overbearing manner, was observed by him to deposit the turkey among some brush outside the lines, fearing probably to be seen if he attempted to bring it in daylight. Our man walked boldly off with the bird. The worthy sergeant had to look on in grim silence, for betrayal of himself would have been the only result of any outcry. Another case of the biter bit was that of our worthy orderly, and in this case I indirectly suffered. Our good lad heard the joyful clucking of a hen some distance from camp and on proceeding to investigate found the noise proceeded from a little shed in rear of the school. There he found and immediately caught a fine fat fowl and then looked about for the confidently expected eggs. He crawled through a small opening and got into a little hay bin, carrying the unfortunate hen with him. Here he was overjoyed to find some eight or ten beautiful eggs and immediately put them carefully one by one through the opening and on a shelf nearby, and then prepared to crawl out again. Just as he was about to do this our gallant Major entered accompanied by a person (the owner of the establishment as we afterwards found). The Major saw the eggs at once, backed towards them, kept the attention of the person carefully engaged and pocketed the hen-warts. The original finder's rage may be imagined but not described. Great was his difficulty to prevent discovery of his whereabouts by noise occasioned by the struggles of the half strangled hen, and trembling with anger and fear he had to watch the disappearance of his treasures.

This afternoon we sent a party back to the Stonies Reserve. They found and brought back some pigs, oats etc. but nothing of much use. They also found and buried the body of Payne. He had been shot and then terribly hacked and mutilated.

Saw Captain Wash when we came in this morning: he having crossed over to welcome us. Looks much the same as when he left Toronto, but grayer and thinner.

We this evening have tea in a house and battered and wrecked though the house is we feel as if the luxury were almost too great. We manage to light a fire too and are warm and comfortable for the first time for many many days. I alas have to go out tonight on picquet duty.

Saturday, 25th April -

Last night I had the pleasure of being out on picquet and cold and anxious work it is. The prospect of being potted any minute from one of the numerous clumps of bushes that one's duty obliges one to pass is not pleasant, but that is comparatively nothing to the misery one suffers from the cold. I could not keep even reasonably warm and yet I was clad fairly well one would think. My garments were - two thick woollen under shirts - one flannel shirt - two pair of woollen drawers - waistcoat - chamois jacket tunic - trousers - great-coat - two pair of socks - boots - gloves - cap - tuque and muffler.

The night was beautifully clear and we saw a magnificent lunar rainbow during the progress of a slight shower.

On coming back to camp this morning we hear the news of the fight yesterday with the Breeds. The reports are very vague and unsatisfactory but what little we do hear is not very cheering. As soon as I am off duty I cross to the Fort and endeavour to gain further information but nothing is known.

I was quite overcome when I visited the Fort and saw the miseries the poor people there have been enduring. A small enclosure two hundred yards square with one or two log houses or barracks and store houses, and inside this enclosure were pent up for more than a month five hundred and thirty people of whom over three hundred were women and children. Dozens and dozens had to huddle together in one tent. In the Commandant's house, a two storey frame cottage, seventy-two persons were quartered. Food was scarce and water to be procured only at the risk of death. No wonder these poor creatures were glad to see us. The Fort is about half a mile from the Town and the inhabitants were not allowed to remain there, it being too far away to be under protection, though strange to say the Indians did not make any attempt to pillage or burn it. In the Town are some forty houses and stores; some of the buildings comfortable enough looking too, though none of them elaborate. I did the Town thoroughly, no very difficult task and then ran across and had a look at the Saskatchewan. This is the North Branch of the River and a very fine stream it is - here about half a mile wide and in places fairly deep: the current tremendous and the water in consequence very muddy. The Town is about three quarter's of a mile from the Saskatchewan and about the same distance from the Battle River. The latter river we cross by means of a very ingenious ferry.

A wire cable is stretched across the stream and a scow is marked along this: the current's power being utilized by means of a system of pulleys. On the cable are two freely moving pulleys: a rope is attached to each of these passing from one to another and in doing so running through two other pulleys, one at each end of the scow: when one wishes to cross the scow is turned partially up stream, the current endeavours of course to push it downwards, but the angular pressure makes the pulleys move along the cable. The Battle River is not very wide, about seventy or eighty yards, but at this time of year is deep and very rapid. It flows we are told all the way from the Rockies. Later in the season when the water falls a bridge is built across it.

I saw at the Fort today a number of the Police who escaped from Fort Pitt. They had a wonderful escape and behaved very pluckily: came down nearly one hundred miles in an open scow and in very cold wet weather. They speak most warmly of the bravery of the McLean girls, who insisted upon taking their turn of duty with the men, and handled their rifles during the attack on the Fort with the greatest coolness. The girls wanted to come down with the Police but the father insisted upon their giving themselves up to Big Bear - a fatal mistake the Police think.

We hear this afternoon that Hughes and Sutton have been given their step and the Colonel in honour of the event produces a bottle this evening from the carefully guarded hoard, and the health of the new Captains is enthusiastically drunk.

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Sunday, 26th April

A beautiful bright clear morning and all the troops are assembled for service. The Revd. Thos. Clarke, Principal of the Indian School, officiates, assisted by Acheson. We all appreciate the service, but do not appreciate the efforts of the Bugle Band who are supposed to play the hymns but who produce only some incoherent babblings, so to speak, of stray notes.

We hear today that it is intended to throw up an earthwork round the school building and use it as a storehouse and headquarters, and that the work will commence tomorrow. The school is quite a large building and before the seat of government was changed to Regina, was the Government House of the North West Territories. In the school there were all last Winter about forty Indian boys, fed, clothed and taught for nothing: at the first word of any rising all but one made off.

One remained faithful and did what he could to warn and save his teachers. Capt. Nash was one of the instructors at the School and used to live in the building.

Monday, 27th April

Yesterday towards evening we had a heavy shower, today it is again bright and clear.

All day long all available men are kept at work at the Government House fortifications, and matters are fairly advanced. We throw up an embankment to the North and East and make a rampart of cord wood to the West and South.

I hear today that an expedition of some kind is going out to see what the Indians are doing and apply to the Brigadier for leave to go. He agrees to take me if possible, but thinks there will probably be nothing to do. Most of the men are to cross the River as soon as possible, and only a small garrison will be left on this side.

A mail goes out today, the carrier being a teamster and not one of the regular couriers. He returns a few hours after his start in a state of wild excitement and states that he was seen and chased by Indians and had to drop the mail bags and run for it. Unfortunately for him some teams came in in the evening and bring the bags with them, and give us the true version of the morning's occurrence. He had seen the teams approaching him and had at once made off in terror. The regular mail couriers, of whom we have two, are very plucky fellows, and think nothing apparently of their lonely ride through the country of a treacherous enemy. We feel much surprised to see valuable supplies sent up here without an escort. I do not know whose business it is to see that the trains are properly protected, but it certainly does seem a very rash proceeding to allow them to make the trip in an entirely defenceless condition.

A mail comes in this evening and I get no less than seven letters. No papers reach us, the Government evidently thinking that it is not worth while spending a hundred dollars or so in forwarding reading matter to us, though there seems to be lots of money thrown about for anything that we do not want.

Tuesday, 28th April

I was on picquet again last night and did not suffer very much: the weather being reasonably mild. Saw magnificent Northern lights all night: their brilliancy very wonderful.

Another fine bright day. All hands again at work at Government House and the defences are completed. The citadel is then dignified with the appellation "Fort Otter" and that name is hammered in letters of brass (nails) on the planks of the porticullis.

I am today told that I am to go with the column. Only one Company of our fellows will be taken, and Brown, Hughes and Brock, the senior Captain and two senior subalterns have first chance. To get over the difficulty I am to be attached to "C" School. In consequence of the notification I have to write a good many letters and spend most of the day in this occupation.

A supply of boots and a few trousers reach us today. The boots are useful and there is a pair for each man, but we prize the trousers most highly. They do not come before they are needed. Many of the men if living in a civilized community would now be under the painful necessity of wearing an ulster, or of remaining in some quiet secluded corner. One gallant private was observed the other day to have on a great-coat the right sleeve of which was extraordinarily short and not at all of equal length to the left. The reason of this phenomenon was inquired and the G.P. replied that "he had been obliged to withdraw a portion of the right sub-division of his great-coat to reinforce the rear guard of his pants".

#### Wednesday, 29th April

Very cold miserable night and a dreary morning. Nos. 2 and 3 cos. cross the Battle River this morning and pitch camp about mid-way between the Town and the Fort. Col. Muller is in command and is appointed Commandant of Battleford. No. 1 Co. is to go to the Front and No. 4 is to remain here under Major Allan. The Flying Column is we hear tonight to consist of the Artillery, "C" School Capt. Nash's Co. of Rifles, some of the Guards and our own Co. and of course some Police. Tonight I am in orders attached to "C" School. We are warned to be ready to leave in the morning, and in the evening Brock and I cross to the camp and bring back three or four men who are to go on the Expedition in the place of men of No. 1 who are not considered to be quite up to the mark. We say good-bye to all the fellows.

#### Thursday, 30th April

Another cold night and another most dreary day. We have no orders yet about leaving and wander about all morning in a state of dismal uncertainty. In the afternoon we hear pretty definitely that we shall at all events not

not leave today, and Brock and I run over to the Fort. Things are looking much better there. Many of the townspeople have gone back to their houses; some of the settlers have been given tents and made to camp outside the Fort, and those remaining there are consequently much more comfortable.

A mail arrives this afternoon, and we get newspapers up to the 14th inst. I this time get only one, but that a very welcome letter.

In the evening all sorts of rumours are afloat about the proposed expedition, and at last we begin to think that it is to be abandoned. Apparently the General will not sanction it. A man comes in today stating that he has escaped from Poundmaker. He is however known to the Police and does not bear a good reputation, so off he is marched.

As things are so uncertain we have since our comrades left us been living in a most unsystematic and hand to mouth manner. Have no regular meals of our own but take pot luck when we can with the men, and on the whole have been most thoroughly uncomfortable. Today the Brigadier gives us leave to use two rooms in Fort Otter and we hope to have a Mess of our own in working order ere long.

We are joined today by two surgeons and four students - sent up by the Government. They tell us that a Red Cross Corps has been equipped in Toronto and that Dr. Nathess is coming in charge. They passed Nathess and his staff at the Saskatchewan, where they are waiting for an escort being afraid to come on without one. These surgeons can tell us nothing about the engagement.

#### Friday, 1st May

Last night extremely cold and raw: this morning bright and warm. We are ordered to be ready to leave this afternoon for the front and spend the morning getting things in shape.

The object of the Expedition is we hear to make a reconnaissance. It is not thought that there will be any fighting to do, and if there is Poundmaker has we hear only two hundred men and ought not to be able to do very much. The Brigadier and staff evidently think that Poundmaker will surrender if we get near him at all.

About 4 p.m. the Column starts. Our force is eight scouts - sixty Mounted Police under Capt. Neale - "A" Battery eighty men under Major Short - "C" School 45 men under Lieut. Wodmore - No. 1 Col. J.C.A. under Capt. Brown 55 men - Battleford Rifles under Capt. Mash 40 men -

Here evidently were our friends. As they were at least two miles away it was decided to cross the creek, climb the hill and have breakfast and rest the horses before pushing on. The stream proved to be rather hard to cross: after crossing it we had some five hundred yards of scrubby marshy lands to go through and then we began to climb the hill. The scouts were riding quietly near the guns, the men had dismounted, and were walking by twos and threes along the trail, when suddenly just as the scouts reached the top of the first steep ascent I heard a rattle of rifles ahead, and then in a minute or two saw the Police and some Artillery lying down firing briskly over the crest of the hill and the guns and Gatling also working for all they were worth. At the same time bullets began to fly round us and puffs of smoke floated from the bushes on the right and left, showed us where they came from. Evidently we were in a trap. The men fortunately had their rifles in their hands and it was the work of a very few moments to form up and take the positions assigned to us. And this was the situation. Roughly speaking we occupied a triangular inclined plane - the apex resting on the creek and the base running along the crest of the hill. In front of the hill and parallel to the crest was a ravine, about two hundred yards distant, and running down from this ravine on each side of us and in a direction pretty nearly parallel to the sides of the triangle was another ravine. On the far side of the ravine on the right there was open ground, but on the left for a long distance the whole country was rolling and bushy, and it was from this side that the heaviest firing seemed to come. "C" School was ordered to protect the right flank and clear the ravine on that side, while the Queen's Own and Guards was assigned a similar duty on the left. The Battleford men were to look after the rear. The Police and Artillery were busily engaged in front.

This was at 5.15 a.m.; as to what happened after that, except in my own immediate vicinity I know nothing but by hearsay. I saw no more of the Guards, Battleford Rifles and our fellows, till we were on our way home.

For half an hour we had quite hot enough work, and the bullets came flying about us in a not over pleasant manner. We were exposed to fire from three sides and had to grin and bear it. After half an hour or so we had quite silenced any fire on the right, that is our own immediate front, and could easily keep the ravine clear as the Indians could not reach it without exposing themselves, and this they never dared to do. Colonel Otter asking how things were and being told this ordered Mr. Nodmore to take the men up to the Front and reinforce the line there, and at the same time he asked me to take a



couple of men and carry some ammunition to the fighting line. While doing this I had a chance of seeing how things were going on. The waggons I found were formed in a square in a dip in the ground, the horses fastened to them, and the Mounted Police horses formed in a corral a short distance from the waggons. So far no men near me had been hit, but I heard the cry of "Ambulane" several times, though too busy to notice particularly where or why the cry was raised. Now sad to say I saw only too well why the bearers were needed. A small square was formed with waggons and here Strange and Lesslie were busily engaged. Several poor fellows were lying there that needed no further looking after, but others were having wounds bound up and being made as comfortable as was possible.

We get the ammunition, and carrying it cross the exposed space as quickly as possible, and reach the guns and the front of the line. Here the fighting is still hot and several men are hit, but gradually the fire in our front slackens, and bullets come in any quantity only from the left. There the Queen's Own are evidently having plenty of work: the rattle of rifles is unceasing. Where I am the Gatling is worked whenever there appears to be a chance, and every now and then the guns throw a shell or two at the enemy. Unfortunately we have with us the Mounted Police guns - the small howitzers - and they prove to be utter failures. In the first place they are not heavy enough and in the second place they are not even in working order. After the first few shots the trails went to pieces and before any further shots could be fired the gun had to be fastened as best it could with ropes. Very little could be done with guns in this condition but all that could be done was done by Major Short and Capt. Rutherford. Their pluck and coolness was in striking contrast to the miserable skulking spirit shown by the French Canadian gunners who "funkt" decidedly and were of no use whatever. Major Short and one or two men worked one gun by themselves and made some beautiful long shots at the teepees which could be seen about a thousand yards away, and at groups of horsemen who supposed they were out of all danger. I stayed near the guns for a considerable time, till Col. Otter and Col. Herchmer decided that we could not advance and must retire. This was about eleven. The fire of the enemy seemed to be almost completely silenced but it was thought that we could not advance without great loss through the broken country in front of us, in the face of an evidently numerous foe. The waggons and guns were to be taken across the Creek and the Gatling Artillery and "C" School were to stay on the hill to cover the retreat. I ran across to rejoin "C" School who were now on the right front and gave Mr. Wodmore the order.

I found that while I was away one poor fellow had been shot dead, having been hit in three places, as he raised himself to fire.

Between half past eleven and twelve we got the order to retire and then came the most trying part of the day. We had got about three hundred yards from the crest of the hill before the Indians knew what was up and appeared on it, but then a heavy fire opened on us and mighty hard work it was to walk quietly down with the bullets whistling by. The men behaved however with great coolness and steadiness and the Artillery and ourselves retired alternately fifty yards or so at a time, then halted and kept up a steady fire. The Gatling was now near the creek and opened on the Indians, and Capt. Rutherford sent some shells among them from the far side and they evidently felt they had had enough. They did not attempt to follow us past the creek and this we crossed quietly, the men with admirable coolness each waiting his turn to cross the stream by a log that lay across it, and refusing to gain time by wading through the water.

Across the creek we found everything prepared for a start and we got in our waggons without delay and made off.

I was very much rejoiced to find Hume and my other particular friends safe. All agreed that No. 1 had behaved magnificently: Col. Otter saying they fought like tigers: but strange to say they had not lost a man, though six had been wounded.

Our total loss was six killed outright and eighteen wounded and of these two cannot possibly live, while two or three others are in a very dangerous condition.

We drive for about an hour and then stop and water the horses and have something to eat, and not before we need it. We have had nothing since last night and are almost exhausted now that the excitement is over. After a short rest we press on and reach Battleford about 11 p.m. The journey very trying to the poor fellows who have been hit: they are made as comfortable as possible with blankets, but the jolting over the rough road causes them agony. At Fort Otter they receive some much needed attention.

I do not quite understand as yet what my sensations really were when I first came under fire. I did not feel afraid exactly but I certainly did feel that it would be much nicer to be somewhere else. After a time when other fellows were scruck and I continued to escape I felt as if I should get through all right and did not think about the danger.

Our Ambulance Corps came in for great praise for their conduct: they seemed to be always on hand when needed and exposed themselves with the greatest pluck. None of them were hit though narrow escapes were frequent. One man shows his cap with two bullet holes through it: another has a button cut from his tunic: the coat of a third is ripped across his back by a ball, and so on.

Other marvellous escapes are heard of. Major Short has lost the gold braid from one side of his forage cap. Fraser (of F. Co.) has his hair ruffled and his scalp grazed. McKell is just touched on the temple and so on. I was not touched and had no such decidedly near shave as these, but one bullet struck the earth a few inches from my head and was quite as close as was pleasant. Another ball came whistling by me and buried itself with a sickening thud in, as I thought, the man next me, about a foot away. I turned expecting to see him knocked over, but his helmet only had suffered. At one time I was lying down with my sword resting on my hip and shining brightly in the sun: some fellow evidently saw this and fired three shots at me. The last time he very nearly had me and I quietly adjourned.

The fellows say Acheson and Lloyd behaved very well, carrying in a wounded man under a heavy fire, Lloyd himself being wounded while doing this. Lume Cronyn and Blakeley too carried off some of the men.

Early in the day the Indians made a rush for the guns and nearly had them. The Artillery fell back at first, but were rallied by Short, and drove the red-skins back.

Horrible looking fellows these Indians are, and they fought in a way that surprised the Police who have been accustomed to look upon them as arrant cowards. They are the beau ideal of skindishers, expose themselves but little and move with marvellous quickness. Frequently they would show a blanket or some article of attire to draw our fire and then pot at the unfortunate individual who had exposed himself. One or two of the dead I examined. They had nothing on but a shirt and leggings and a blanket over the shoulder. The hair long and plaited and the faces and bodies painted - most ferocious looking wretches.

The place where the fight took place is known as "Cut Knife Hill" and is an ancient battleground of the Crees. Here they fought a desperate battle with the Blackfeet and drove them from the country. The second victory on this ground will cause them to regard themselves as here invincible.

It is too bad to think that we have had to retire, but though we have retreated I think we have given a good deal more than we got. The Indians have evidently been pretty well punished or they would certainly not have allowed us to return undisturbed. The men were full of fight but terribly tired, and with an exhausted force and disabled guns it was considered too risky to press on. A great mistake it was not to take our field guns: in this as in other matters we have been deceived. We were told that the country was quite impassable for heavy guns and we found that, though not without difficulty, we could have brought them. Then we have been altogether deceived as to the strength and intentions of the Indians. However it cannot be helped and we must only hope for better luck next time.

Sunday, 3rd May

We sleep this morning till a late hour and are glad enough to rest quietly all day. Heavy picquets were out last night but no alarm occurs. Today all are anxious to hear news of the fight.

Two poor fellows die this morning, they have been quite unconscious since they were struck: both shot through the head. I was very sorry to see poor little Winder among the dead. He is a young English fellow - a gentleman - very bright and good looking who has been working as a teamster: has a farm near Brandon. He was the last man struck, and had just taken a rifle to "have a shot at the beggars" before driving his horses off. Most of the teamsters behaved very badly: they were not expected to fight but they would not even drive their teams where they were told. The war correspondents who were to do great things also behaved disgracefully, and they had to keep them in countenance, one who ought to have known better, the Quarter Master Sergeant of "C" School, who kept himself carefully under cover. He has been hated by the men all along and now they cheerfully exchange hatred for contempt.

The Toronto Red Cross Corps join us this afternoon, just in the nick of time. They are very indignant when they hear the stories that have been circulated about them by the members of the rival organization, and promise to make it hot for those gentlemen. The delay in their advance has been caused by want of transport. Nathess had to go back from the Saskatchewan to Swift Current to get teams, and then could only obtain from Gen. Laurie, who is in charge, enough teams to carry the staff and their absolute necessities. The hospital supplies had to remain behind: the old fool saying that these were "luxuries" and not "necessaries". Consequently the poor fellows hit yesterday have to get on as best they may with fat pork and biscuits, and nive food it is for a sick man.

A large marquee, -brought up by us for a mess tent is put up across the River, as a hospital, and the wounded are taken across.

Monday, 4th May

Everything quiet last night. Today beautifully bright and warm.

We this morning bury our dead. The graves are dug in a quiet spot on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and we lay our comrades there side by side. One of the killed was a Roman Catholic and a separate service is held over him: then we have the English Service: fire the three volleys and sadly depart. It certainly was a most solemn burial. One realizes what a serious and sudden thing such a death is, and we wonder when and where the next man's turn may come.

Our wounded are doing well today and are brightening up after the first shock. The Doctors speak hopefully of them all. Poor food is the great drawback, but the climate and air are magnificent.

Tuesday, 5th May

I was on picquet duty last night and had no excitement. Very cold towards morning though, and we wonder when Spring comes in this desolate country. The days are bright and warm at last, but the nights - one shivers when one thinks of them.

Today I return to duty with the Queen's Own and rejoin No. 1 Co. Spend the day writing letters. In the afternoon I make a most joyful discovery. In "Fort Otter" I find a harmonium, much battered and knocked about, but still able to send forth recognizable sounds. One of our men, an organ-builder, gets to work at it, and soon has a very fair instrument at my service. There is now something to live for.

This afternoon Capt. Todd sees a suspicious looking character on some distant hills. He takes twenty men and gives chase. The supposed Indian turns out to be a B.C.R. man who is out foraging and he is consigned ignominiously to the Guard Tent. Our fellows are always up to some mischief: the Brigadier says he never knows where he will find them next.

Wednesday, 6th May

The cold last night was something unbearable: some peculiarity about it that left us powerless to protect ourselves. We nearly froze in our tents and the men on picquet suffered severely.

The day is cold and dreary and we have nothing particular to do. Orders are given today that No. 1 Co. is to remain here in charge of Fort Otter and all the other troops to cross. The Staff and the Police cross this afternoon.

We get a mail today and are able to enjoy our letters.

Thursday, 7th May

Last night much pleasanter comparatively warm in fact.

This morning I cross the River and do Battleford. Business is evidently reviving. I find in one place Moosejaw Beer exposed for sale. Undeterred by previous sad experience I experiment once more and with difficulty survive. I stay to dinner at the Mess and am in luck. Actually have some fresh fish. These were presented to the Colonel by a grateful native. The treat is almost too much: the first fresh food of any kind I have had since leaving Swift Current.

"C" School and No. 4 Co. cross this afternoon, and No. 1 Co. move into the enclosure at Fort Otter and pitch their tents. The Artillery refuse to remain outside by themselves and crowd into the house for the night, leaving their tents standing.

About 8 p.m. the Guard alarm us and state that mounted men are approaching. We prepare for emergencies but soon find the alarming horsemen are Major Short and some other officers who have been out for a canter.

We get a mail this evening - papers down to the 20th April and letters down to the 27th. No one gives us any particulars about the General's fight, apparently taking for granted that we know all about it. We hear of the supplies that the good people at home are sending us and feel grateful accordingly. We also hear that General Laurie has stated that he would not forward such trash to us, and we curse him freely.

One of our scouts was, we hear, killed this morning while out near Cut Knife: we have however no particulars.

Friday, 8th May

We have a quiet night and this morning the Artillery depart, much to our delight. They are a dirty noisy unsoldierly lot and quite unworthy of their officers, who are as decent fellows as one would care to meet. Two of them Capt. Rutherford and Lieut. Prower (the latter attached merely) dine with us today.

As soon as the Artillery go we get things in something like order. We manage to fit up one nice bright room for a dining room and sitting room, and make ourselves comfortable, there with a stove. Another room we make our sleeping apartment. No beds of course but we shall be comparatively clean and cosy on the floor. The men are to keep to the tents. We shall have to keep up a pretty large guard and one officer will be up each night.

In the afternoon I pay the Camp a short visit - nothing going on. Men are working at a bridge across the Battle River and expect to have it finished in a few days. Merely posts sunk in the mud and cross pieces run across.

We hear that the scout was not killed yesterday, but was captured. He is a half breed and it is thought he allowed himself to be taken.

Major Allan and Harry Lickle who is now doing duty as a lieutenant, visit us this evening and bring us papers down to the 25th April. In them we find accounts of the fight at Fish Creek. Papers brought in by a supply train.

Saturday, 9th May

A beautiful warm day. I am on duty and spend the day with a fatigue party cleaning our domain and getting things into order. Soon we expect to have everything ship-shape. Fill a number of sand-bags too and place them in position on the walls.

The Brigadier and Dr. Strange pay us a visit in the afternoon and seem to be pleased with our efforts to improve the Fort. Tell us a cricket match is in progress on the other side, and all the youth and beauty of Battleford present. They also tell us that a despatch has come from Clarke's Crossing stating that heavy firing is going on at the front. Another engagement of course but no particulars.

I kill today no less than three mosquitoes. We think of the marvels we have heard of the size and ferocity of the North West mosquito and tremble at the thought of his approach.

Sunday, 10th May

On duty last night. About 11.30 p.m. the sergeant of the Guard reports that he heard three shots from the direction of the Ferry, where a picquet is stationed. I see the Signal Light at the Camp working and waken Capt. Brown and our signal men. Then I take a file of men and go down to the Ferry to see what the trouble is. We have a mighty unpleasant walk of five hundred yards in the dark. I find that a sentry at the Ferry has been fired upon and returned the fire, and the men are evidently very much excited. Stay a short time obtaining full particulars and then make our way back to the Fort, and very glad we are to get there. We find that the Guard at the Camp thought they saw lights at the Fort and heard shots and so began to signal to us. We explain what has happened and keep a sharp lookout for the rest of the night, but nothing further alarms us.

We have a fine warm day and Acheson comes over and has service for us, speaking very feelingly of our merciful escape on the 2nd. I run the musical portion of the Service, and we have some very fine hymns. Have a choir of eight men, all members of choirs in Toronto, and nearly all with more than ordinarily fine voices. We do not try and chants today: my Presbyterian fingers require more practice before they can grind these out with the requisite neatness and despatch.

Capt. Mutton and Lickle came to Church and they and the Parson stay to dinner. We astonish and gratify them by the elaborate spread. We have no better rations than our comrades across the River, but we have magnificent facilities for cooking and our men surprise us every now and then with some indescribable but very palatable concoctions. The complaints are bitter about the food over the way. The pork is not very good and the corn beef is shunned: consequently hard tack and tea form the staple articles of diet. We have today corn beef pie, pork pancakes and syrup, apple tarts, rolls and tea. The rolls we very aptly call "nine pounders".

In the afternoon I run over to the Camp but hear no further news about the fighting. Brock and Baird (who has been promoted to a Lieutenant) come back with me, and we sing hymns vigorously for a couple of hours, with much enthusiasm and enjoyment, if not with very much sweetness.



Monday, 11th Day

Capt. Brown, who was on duty last night, tells us this morning that some five or six shots were fired last night near the Ferry. He did not call us. On inquiry this morning we find that the Dattleford Home Guard were on guard last night at the River and mistaking some stray cattle for Indians, opened fire and then ran. Unfortunately no cows were killed or we might have forgiven the alarm.

We have at breakfast another novelty - what our cook calls "dough-boys". Capt. Brown thinks 'sudden death' would be a more suitable name. Capt. Hughes (who is a.C.) proposes that they be called "dogans" because they are "toughs". To compensate us for our struggle with this delicacy we are favoured with a delightful stew of corn beef, potatoes and turnips. Astonished inquiry elicits the fact that the vegetables have been "yaffled". Yaffle means to "appropriate without the consent of the owner" and in this country when anything is concerned, the consent of the owner can very often be conveniently dispensed with.

The Bridge is today completed and the glory of the ferry departs.

Tuesday, 12th Day

Another bright warm day. I have all hands at work all day and a marked improvement in the appearance of the place is the result. It really looks very well indeed now. No good grass about it unfortunately but all stray paper and sticks have been carefully put out of sight and the sand neatly raked. Our chief trouble here is caused by the high winds that seem to prevail here all day. The sand is blown about in a very unpleasant manner and gives us much work to keep tents and houses neat and clean.

I am today invited to try a North West drink: ingredients - axle grease, red ink and pain killer. I decline. Another of Cadway's ready Relief and Sazenna Pepper fails to tempt me. I am told that the beverage is a concoction of spirits of wine - coal-oil and extract of tobacco: this is to be prepared and offered to at a future date. All these are really inbibed in this country.

The "oldest inhabitant" speaking to me about the uncertainty of the climate said to me "I came here five years ago and have never taken off my underclothing since".

Wednesday, 13th May -

Up all last night on duty but no alarm occurs. Today is beautifully bright and warm and I go over to the Camp for a short time. Captains Delamere and MacDonald and Lieut. Lee come back with me to dinner and exclaim at our luxurious establishment. Newby of the Guards and Mickle come over in the afternoon and bring us the good news from the General. We are all delighted at the prospect of getting home, and this news we all feel means home. Newby and Mickle stay to tea, but leave early. The Battleford Home Guard are in charge of the bridge, and that means death to the benighted traveller.

We have now been at Fort Otter a week. The original intention was to relieve us at the expiration of this time and send another Company over. We are altogether too comfortable however and want to stay. Captain Brown sees Col. Otter who very kindly says that he could not possibly be better satisfied than to leave a responsible charge in such good hands, and as the general idea at the Camp and in the Town is that we are in a position of deadly danger we quietly encourage this view and soon find that we shall not be disturbed.

Thursday, 14th May

Cloudy and threatening in the morning and heavy showers and high winds in the afternoon.

We have an exciting day. One of the mail carriers comes in this morning and tells us that some fifteen miles away he met a number of teamsters riding South as fast as their horses could carry them. Some twenty teams on their way here had been attacked by Indians, and only five or six of the men escaped. The courier very pluckily came on and got in safely though he was seen and pursued.

Shortly after this some five or six Mounted Police ride in hurriedly and tell us that they were fired upon some six miles away, when out on patrol duty, and have sad to say lost one man killed and one wounded. This comes of our enforced inaction. The General has persistently refused to allow us to move against Poundmaker again, and he being undisturbed has become bold once more.

Quoits have been our great amusement here. Tonight we have a very good match, Captain Hughes and myself beating Captain Brown and Sergeant Major Kennedy three games to two, the score in each case being neck and neck to the end.

Friday, 15th May -

We increased our guard last night but have no trouble. Today is bright and clear and we work at our defences all day.

Baird and Harry come over in the afternoon and give us particulars of the great news from the General.

A party of scouts and Police go out today to the scene of yesterday's disaster. They find the body of the policeman killed yesterday wrapped carefully in canvass and decently buried. Most unusual respect to the dead to be shown by Indians. We learn from the scouts that the Indians camped about six miles away last night and are now apparently working east. The supply train captured yesterday was a small and not important one, but the next time we may not be so lucky. Perhaps now an escort will be sent with the supply trains and a proper guard kept at the halting places. We hear of one station where one solitary man is in charge and there are stored thousands of boxes of beef and biscuit, and more valuable still a great many rifles and much ammunition. This is a station only some forty miles away and easily within reach of the Nitchies.

Saturday, 16th May

I was on duty all night and have no trouble. About 1 a.m. a sentry and I have a consultation as to the advisability of shooting what afterwards we discover to be a pig. There is now very little difficulty in keeping a good look-out, the nights are so wonderfully bright: we have only three or four hours of what can be called darkness. So much ineffective firing took place on the part of sentries that now they are supplied with buck-shot cartridge and if they do try to hit anyone they ought to kill something though probably not what they aim at. We are very proud of the fact that none of our sentries have yet been foolish enough to alarm us unnecessarily.

The Colonel honours us by dining with us today. We give him an "elegant spread" - Baked pike (captured by the winning smile of our orderly, who has made a conquest of a too susceptible dusky maiden) Rabbit pie (rabbits swarm near here and our men are beginning to catch numbers of them), Plum pudding (without the plums and etceteras) Apple tart and a few precious potatoes. Then we have tea, cocoa, prepared in what the Colonel is pleased to call my "inimitable style" and last but not least whiskey and water. We supply the water, no slight thing in this country, but we have a beautiful well, and the Colonel brings over the bottle.

He asks us to fill our glasses and we drink "the queen" with great enthusiasm when he announces the delightful news of Kiel's capture.

Captain Hughes goes out today with a squad of men and captures a cow and pig. The cow a great find and the thought of milk affords us much gratification. The pig strange to say comes to an untimely end. Its apparently become enraged at some thoughtless taunt flung at it by one of the guard, and commits suicide by rushing on an unsheathed bayonet. It is a sad fate but we dry our tears and consign the body to our ice-house. This is another grand standby at Fort Otter: we really can be quite comfortable now here.

We have a choir practice this evening and the singing promises to be very good tomorrow. Major Allan, MacDonald and Brock look in for a short time.

### Sunday, 17th May

A very fine beautiful day. Last night our sentries saw two mounted men ride along the trail but had no chance for a shot.

Today we have a delightful service: the music being really very fine: we indulge in Jackson's Te Deum and in very pretty chants for the benite and Benedictors. We have also four hymns and wind up with "God Save the Queen". The fame of our Services has gone abroad and a number of officers come over today. Only Baird and the Parson (Acheson) stay to dinner however.

In the afternoon I go over to the Town and stay for the Presbyterian Service. Rev. Mr. Cameron preaches and the sermon is very interesting and enjoyable.

Afterwards we go to the Hospital and have a chat with the fellows: all doing well and now we hope out of danger.

Stay to tea at the Camp and then McGee, Brock and Harry come over for some music. Men engaged in the rendition of pleasing sacred melodies. We learn by signal that Kiel has been court martialed and shot. Joy sits on every countenance and we sing our glorious old anthem with great enthusiasm and effect.

At the Town today many fears are expressed for our safety here. Poundmaker is supposed to be still quite close to us and the townspeople expect us to be wiped out. We do not worry however.

Monday, 18th May

Last night Captain Hughes was on duty and rushes in about midnight and alarms us. Shots have been fired near us he says and Captain Brown and I grasp our swords and revolvers and make for the walls. No further shots are heard and we retire again. In the morning we find that the Battleford men have again been distinguishing themselves.

We today place more sandbags on our walls, and get several windows in good condition for sharp-shooters. Then we stretch wires in front of our ramparts and feel that we have considerably improved our powers of defence. Five of our pioneers are sent over this morning to make some loop-holes for us and to build a look-out for us on the roof.

The unfortunate policeman Elliott, the last victim, was buried yesterday with military honours. The tenth man who has fallen.

We are disgusted to find that the report of Riel's execution is untrue: really too bad not to have put an end to the brute.

Busy reading the Hon. Alex. Morris' "Indian Treaties" today. Find that our friend Poundmaker's proper name in Cree is "Oopeetookerahanafreeweezin". No wonder he was too much for us.

Tuesday, 19th May

Up all night, no alarm. Weather now mild and pleasant and last night we see a great deal of lightning. The sunrise is very fine but stormy looking and sure enough in the afternoon we have heavy squalls of rain and hail. Col. Otter and Col. Herchmer visit us in the afternoon and are much pleased at the appearance of everything. Lutton and Woodmore also look in and take what they are pleased to call "sketches" of the Fort. Then Leslie and Major Allan come to tea so that we are kept busy entertaining our guests. We find that during the squall this afternoon the hospital tent was blown down, and the unfortunate patients thoroughly drenched. They were carried into the Police Barracks as soon as possible, and made comfortable once more.

We have a great treat today. Hughes brings over to dinner the Roman Catholic Priest the Reverend A.H. Biganese, a remarkably clever entertaining man. He has spent six years among the Indians and is thoroughly acquainted with their ways and character.

For several hours he delights us by story after story of the red-man. He sympathizes very much with them in this trouble. They are he says just like children, know when they do wrong, but never think of consequences, and the young braves are almost beyond any control: though the chiefs and councillors have lots of common sense. Many of the chiefs are very fine men. Poundmaker a handsome shrewd Indian and much respected by the Crees. His name should literally be interpreted "the man who sits near the pound" and is derived from the old custom of driving buffalo into an enclosure, when one man remained hidden near the entrance and closed the gate on the captives: this was the post of honour, and a position that required a man of skill and nerve. Poundmaker cannot speak English or French. A son of his at the Mission School at Edmonton: is quite well educated and will be a "great chief".

The Indians often ill-treated by the whites - cheated, cursed and oppressed. The settlers often take advantage of them, make a bargain with them to work for a certain reward, and when the work is finished send them off without any recompense. From the Whites the Indians have learned to lie and steal. Naturally most honest and truthful, and even now if an Indian says you can depend on what he says, you are quite safe in doing so. One intelligent Stoney's sole knowledge of English consisted in his ability to repeat the well-known phrase "Get out, damn you" with which he was greeted as he approached any white man's dwelling.

The Father speaks Cree fluently and told us many curious things about the language. It is easy to learn to a certain extent but there are many very fine distinctions that are picked up only with great difficulty. There are no tenses or declensions, but each state of facts is expressed by a different word, and they are very fond of compounds. A very strange thing is that the children when they are able to speak always speak just as their elders; never have any difficulty about grammatical contractions or what correspond thereto. This certainly is a great advance on our much vaunted system of education.

There are a number of "Half Breeds" at present with Poundmaker. They did not wish to join in the rising but Riel sent word to Poundmaker to compel them to go with him, and off they had to march. The Half Breed settlement was some distance from Battleford, and all the inhabitants are now with the Indians. With them is also their Priest, a very fine man, Father Biganese says.

The Indians here are pagans. They will not become Christians because they know they must change their manner of life. Most of the men have two or three wives and these women do all the work. The men very lazy, though now they are becoming better in this respect, and are willing to do what they can to earn a living. They are not able to stand continuous labour. The disappearance of the buffalo a terrible loss to them. From that animal they supplied all their wants. Now very often reduced to dreadful straits. The Government allowance goes a very little way and is in fact often gobbled up by voracious and not over honest store-keepers without reaching poor Lo at all. They are tremendous eaters when they have a chance, disposing of five or six meals a day, but on the other hand, when nothing is to be had, going calmly for days unfed without trouble. They will eat what no dog would touch. Then he gives us a couple of instances. In one teepee in the Spring when things are at the worst as a rule he found the family dining off soup, made by boiling some sacking in which bacon had been wrapped, and which had been used as bedding all winter, the water being obtained by melting snow that was taken from the floor of the mansion.

Another case was that of a Chief who had a number of very good dogs. One Spring things went very hard with the old gentleman and one dog after another had to be killed and eaten to keep him from starving. At last only one, the favourite companion was left. The pangs of hunger became too fierce to be borne and at last the old man decided that this dog too must go. He went out much troubled and very loath to put an end to his friend when a brilliant idea struck him. He cut off his dear dog's tail, picked the bones clean and was revived, handed the remnants to the faithful animal himself, and both were preserved.

Indians are very fond of talking. When they know they are to make a speech they stay apart several days to prepare themselves, and then very often speak very forcibly and beautifully. If they want anything they never come and ask for it directly, but enter into a long conversation on all sorts of irrelevant subjects, and then gradually explain the object of the visit. The Indian etiquette is on coming into a house or lodge to sit smoking for a considerable time without uttering a word: then they begin their talk. They are very much ashamed of themselves if they are betrayed into speaking angrily or excitedly, and think it a terrible reproach to be sneered at for loud talking. They never quarrel with one another directly, but make accusations against, or complaints of, one another to a third party, who is the recipient of the mutual

recriminations, and acts as conductor of the flame. Of course when they get liquor they lose all control of themselves and are then terrible friends. They are very superstitious and will not touch a dead body. Have a great dread of ghosts and always move camp if a member of the tribe dies. They are very vindictive, never forgetting or forgiving an insult, and an angry word they consider a very grave insult indeed, so that one has to be very careful in dealing with them.

Father Biganese does not think the Indians would kill a prisoner: they know it is to their interest to take as many alive as possible. They would kill wounded men, however, because they think that the best thing to do. The Indians he thinks are poor shots. They are in the habit of creeping up to their game and never fire till they get close. They are not much accustomed to rifles and cannot judge range well.

Wednesday, 20th May

All quiet last night. This morning we go on with our defensive preparations and Captain Hughes constructs an elaborate abattis: the men say to give the Indians cover.

In the afternoon I go over to the Camp and stay to tea. Our supplies are well on their way now and it is decided to send a party of one hundred men down to meet the train. One Company of our men is to go and No.4 is chosen (Capt. Kertseman being the next senior Captain to Captain Brown).

I get back to the Fort about eight and a very few minutes afterwards we are astonished to see a Priest and a Breed ride rapidly up to the gate. In a moment we are all out and find that the Priest is none other than the one spoken of by Father Biganese yesterday and that he has come in from Poundmaker with an offer of surrender. The Indians are some fifty miles away, or more this morning, and are making their way back slowly. We at once send the Priest to the Brigadier under a proper escort. Behind the Priest a short distance come some twenty-five prisoners sent in by Poundmaker. They are the teamsters and some Breeds and are overjoyed to get back safely. They have been fairly well treated, but once or twice a discussion has taken place as to the advisability of shooting them, and their position has not been altogether a happy one. It seems that their capture was after all quite accidental. Poundmaker and his band were making off as fast as they could to the East and unfortunately just as they crossed the trail met our waggons.



There is great rejoicing tonight at the thought that we may soon be home. With Riel and Poundmaker disposed of, we may reasonably hope to be free ere long. Big Bear should not be able to give much trouble.

Thursday, 21st May

I was on duty last night and was particularly careful for fear of treachery.

We have showers all morning, the rainy season is evidently at hand, and with it will come the dreaded mosquito.

The Pioneers complete their work today and return to Camp. We have a most magnificent outlook on the roof and have a sentry posted there during daylight, that is at present from 3 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Dr. Strange, Major Allan, Sears, Mutton, Kertseman and Harry come over this evening and we have some music.

The Priest, the Reverend Father Cochin, returns to Poundmaker this evening with Col. Otter's answer. The Colonel tells Poundmaker the General will be here in a day or two and that he must come in and give himself up.

Friday, 22nd May

All quiet again last night. A magnificent bright day. I go over to the Camp but there is nothing going on there. The men grumble very much at the heavy duty, they have to perform. Fatigues nearly every day and guards and picquets each night. Every man on duty as a rule every alternate night. I return very well satisfied to our own snug, happy quarters.

Private Watts rejoins today from Hospital. He is not yet discharged but is now able to be about.

We are told that a courier is going down in the morning and we write letters this evening - getting very much disgusted at the long delay in receiving any mails.

For some time we have had drill or bayonet exercise every afternoon, and our men are beginning to work splendidly together, a fine looking and very fine hearted, lot of fellows they are.

Saturday, 23rd May

Another fine warm day. Father Cochin returns from Poundmaker and says he is coming in to surrender. Two more prisoners come in, Half Breed women - the whole of the Half Breeds are to be here on Monday.

The Priest gives us some information about the fight at Cut knife. He was present for a time and thinks we had a marvellous escape. The Indians had surrounded us entirely and thought they would kill us all; we were in full view but our fire was so hot they never had a chance to aim at us properly and thus we were saved. The Priest does not know how many Indians were killed: he buried five of his own people and there were others besides these. The body of Osgoode of the Guards, whom we were unable to carry off, was buried by him: Poundmaker had with him in the fight three hundred and eighty braves and about forty Half Breeds, and besides these there were some two hundred old men and boys who remained in the camp. Riel had told the Indians that the Yankees were coming to help him, and when they saw the dark tunics of the Queen's Own they thought they were friendly and would turn on the red-coats as soon as firing began. The Indians were pretty well finished and Poundmaker wanted to surrender, saying that other troops were coming up, and if they fought like the ones at Cut Knife, they could do nothing. The Stonies persuaded him to hold out however, and as day after day passed without molestation, they decided to move and try and join Riel. Every day they expected to be attacked and advanced in fear and trembling. They would march a few miles each morning and then spend the rest of the day in making rive pits and preparing to resist us. At last came the news of Riel's defeat and they saw the game was up.

The Priest does not think we could have advanced at Cut Knife. A deep ravine was before us and we should have been terribly cut up in crossing that.

Sunday, 24th May

Raining hard this morning but about nine it cleared and became beautifully fine and bright.

At Reveille we hoisted a miniature Royal Standard and a Canadian Ensign (the latter yaffled by our gallant commandant from the Brigade Officer) and our bugler sounded a flourish.

We have service this morning - Broughall officiating and go in for specially fine hymns and chants.

The effect of the Te Deum is somewhat marred however by the inattention of the "soprano" who turns over a page five bars too soon, the unfortunate organist failing lamentably in his attempt to overcome the difficulty caused by this "previousness". Have a number of officers at the Service there being no Church Parade today across the River.

After Church the garrison fall in, present arms, give three cheers and dip the Colours. Then the men are dismissed and supplied by us with some extras for dinner, and show their loyalty by readily disposing of the good things. We have quite a party ourselves - the Parson (Broughall) Lieuts. Gray and Todd of the Guards and Major Allan, Captain Macdonald and Lieuts. George and Mickle of "Ours" and astonish our guests by our bill of fare. Snow-bird soup, rabbit pie, canned corn beef, brawn, beans, rhubarb pudding, apple tart, rolls, tea and coffee.

The rhubarb by the way has a history. I discovered some plants ten days ago and have carefully watched and tended them since. Yesterday the owner of the garden in which the plants had been found by me came in to see us and casually remarked that he had come over to see his garden and to pick a little rhubarb for his Sunday dinner; said moreover that his rhubarb was as a rule very fine, and that he would bring us some on the way back. At that very time all the tender shoots that had flourished in the favoured spot were quietly simmering in our pots. Our friend did not return.

The General comes in tonight about eight by steamer. Capt. Hughes goes over to hear the news. He tells us on his return that the General has brought up six Companies of the Midland "A" Battery and some scouts; the other troops expected in a day or two. We now hear full accounts of Batoche.

Monday, 25th May

I was on duty all night and have the men up at a very early hour and see that everything is in thoroughly good order.

About half past eight we receive orders to parade at the camp at ten and shortly after nine Captain Brown and thirty-five men march off, leaving me in charge of the Fort with some ten files. The Company no sooner cross the River and reach the Brigade Office, than they are ordered back, the scouts having reported that the Indians are coming in, and it being deemed advisable to keep all our forces in the Fort. The General is to come over and inspect us in the afternoon.

We watch with great enjoyment the review of the troops on the Battleford Common. A beautiful sight it is in the

bright sunlight. We ourselves are not to be out-done and go through the official programme, forming a Batn. with our Guard and Company (Captain Hughes taking command) and marching past Captain Brown, our reviewing officer, in Column, Quarter-Column and at the Double; having first of course given the "Royal Salute" and three hearty cheers.

About 4 p.m. we are warned that the General and his Staff are crossing the Bridge. We just are nicely prepared for him when he rides up and after acknowledging our salute inspects us, and is highly complimentary. He goes over the building and spends some time in the look-out nest, and departs evidently under the impression that we are a deal too comfortable. We hear that he does not approve of comfort and expect to get "notice to quit".

This afternoon we can see some three miles away a number of horsemen and waggon and the smoke of camp fires. Col. Herchmer rides out to inspect them and finds that they are the Half Breeds who have been with Poundmaker, and tells us they are coming in in the morning. Poundmaker himself is expected tomorrow.

#### Tuesday, 26th May

A very beautiful day. Early in the morning the Half Breeds come in; some thirty families and a dirty looking lot they are.

Just after breakfast the look-out sentry reports that two horsemen are coming in and these turn out to be an Indian and Half Breed who report that Poundmaker is just behind. Col. Williams, who just at this time rides up, takes charge of the Indian and gallops off with him to report to the General. Soon we see a band of horsemen approaching rapidly and ere long the renowned Cree chief appears before us. Captain Brown is unfortunately at the Brigade Office but Captain Hughes and myself receive the Braves at the gate of our fortress with becoming dignity. Poundmaker is accompanied by some fifteen sub-chiefs and councillors and the appearance of the band is very picturesque and striking. The Great Chief himself is a very remarkable looking man; tall, very handsome and intelligent looking and dignified to a degree. He wears a handsome war-cap made of the head of a cinnamon bear, with a long tuft of feathers floating from it, a leather jacket studded with brass nails and worked with beads, long beaded leggings coming up to his hips and brightly coloured moccasins, while over his shoulders hangs a very gaily coloured blanket. The others are dressed in much the same manner and all are elaborately painted.

Poundmaker shakes hands with us without dismounting or uncovering but all the others get off their horses and take off their caps before they approach us. After a short talk we send the party on to the General and when Captain Brown comes back hear from him an account of the pow-wow between the chiefs and our commander; the scene must have been a very curious one and the whole affair not a little interesting. Poundmaker and some of his chief men are put under arrest, the others are sent off to their Reserve and all stolen property is ordered to be given up. All day long the Indians continue to come in bringing with them many rifles, ponies, waggons and other spoils; they look most unlovingly at us as they pass and evidently are not at all pleased at the present phase of affairs.

The 90th came in this afternoon and most of the officers spent the evening at our camp. Captain Brown and I go away and have a very jolly time. The 90th officers a most decent lot and we get on swimmingly together. They are all terribly down on the General; say he has lots of pluck but no head and threw away chance after chance. We also hear a good deal about the Midlanders; they have managed to make themselves pretty universally disliked; had a company and a half at Batoche, but talk as if they had done everything there. Two of their officers yesterday had the bad taste to visit the Mounted Police camp and accuse the Prince Albert Police of cowardice; very soon they found it too hot and had to depart; today they have been ordered to make a public apology.

A mail is to leave tomorrow and today many letters are written. We are quite in despair now and never expect to hear from our friends again.

Wednesday, 27th May

We have rain this morning for a short time and a few showers through the day. A large number of Indians come in bringing with them some eighty waggons and carts and over one hundred horses; these are all seized and the Indians sent away.

Have a very jolly and very good dinner today - Captain Howard of "Gatling" fame - Major Buchan and Lieut. Campbell of the 90th and Capt. Macdonald our guests. We have a neat repast - rabbit pie, brawn, mushrooms, currant pudding, apple tart, rolls doughnuts and tea and coffee. I am much complimented on my housekeeping.

Howard gives us a very quaint and entertaining account of the campaign. He is tremendously down on the General and as he is not in our service is able to express his opinions with charming frankness.

This morning Lesslie comes over with a large fatigue party and works for some time at one of the large rooms, putting it in order. He tells us a concert is to be given by the Regiment. We feel that we might, without being considered as putting on too much side, have been consulted about the affair.

Today picquets are done away with across the River, and we reduce our guard here. After this we decide that it will not be necessary to sit up all night but that a visit every two or three hours to the sentries will be sufficient.

Thursday, 28th May

A very fine warm day. The Grenadiers and "C" School march into camp this morning having arrived by steamer late last night.

The chief Moosemin comes in today. He has been loyal during the trouble and is well received.

The Regimental Concert in the evening is a very great success; the songs and speeches being capital. The only drawback is the want of space, crowding spoils all comfort. The General and most of the officers are present. There are many rumours afloat about the General's treatment of Col. Otter. No-one knows exactly what has occurred but he has certainly given the Brigadier a wiggling; probably because the old man thinks he has been done out of some chance of glory.

Scouts from Gen. Strange reach us today. Big Bear has escaped him apparently and gone off to the North but we get no definite information.

Today volunteers are asked for, for service here. Not an officer or man in our Company is willing to remain. The fact that volunteers are needed shows pretty plainly that it is the intention to send most of the troops home. We rejoice.

Friday, 29th May

A fine warm day. Very quiet. Many officers visit us and talk "Batoche" till we are ill. It is really amusing the calm way in which these fellows talk to us about the heavy fighting they have done. Heavens knows none of the fights have amounted to much, but as they go Cut Knife is not to be despised. There we lost in one morning as many men as were killed at Batoche in four days out of a force three times as numerous as ours. There they fought nearly three to one; at Cut Knife we had more than our own number

of men opposed to us. But then they had a real live General to command them and booming the fight means something very tangible in the future for him. He certainly seems to be a poor specimen; hear some very queer things about his deals in horse-flesh and furs, and as far as his treatment of some of his officers that is quite too disgraceful.

Indians continue to flock in today.

#### Saturday, 30th May

Fine and warm. I am on duty and stay in the Fort. In the afternoon Moosemin passes with his tribe - a dirty looking lot of wretches.

Much to our joy a mail at last arrives, our first for sixteen days and our letters are indeed appreciated. The mails of a fortnight we miss however and find they are somewhere on the way, but exactly where is not known.

Captain Hughes comes over late at night and tells us about Gen. Strange and the General's intention to take only his own Brigade to assist him. We feel terribly indignant, for whatever the rules of the Service may be about a commander keeping particular troops with him, here at least we are entitled to a show. The other column has done its work and the Indians are our legitimate prey. Jealousy of the too great success of Col. Otter at the root of the whole matter.

#### Sunday, 31st May

A cloudy showery day. This morning the troops leave by boat for Fort Pitt.

Acheson holds service for us and Lloyd, Cooper, Morey and Watts are able to join us. They and Capt. Todd and Harry Nackle dine with us.

Macdonald, George and Baird look in in the evening and our grievances are discussed at length and various modes of showing our resentment proposed; it is felt however, that nothing can be done though the affair is an infernal shame. Even the officers in the General's column think this.

#### Monday, 1st June

Fine and warm. The great excitement of the day is the arrival of Hume Blake. He has left the supplies some sixty miles away, the teamsters wishing to look for some horses that have strayed away, and has driven on in a buck-board.

The luxuries sent up fill nine waggons and fifteen carts he tell us, and ought to be in later tomorrow or early on Wednesday. The thought of the approaching feast almost reconciles us to the idea of being kept here while Big Bear is disposed of. A large supply train comes in in the evening, bringing mails with it. We get papers for three weeks down to the 9th May and sit up till all hours trying to catch up with the times. We are much disgusted at the accounts of the Cut Knife affair, but we could expect nothing better from correspondents who keep themselves carefully out of the way behind oat-bags and under waggons.

Tuesday, 2nd June

Fine and clear. There is a Brigade Parade this morning and most of our Company go over; I am left in charge. The Brigadier gives the men a talking to about their confounded letter writing and complainings. Speaks very well I am told. The Company stay at the Camp for dinner.

The Brigadier pays me a visit in my loneliness, and has a long chat. Tells me is going to put the political prisoners in our charge as the accommodation at the Fort is too cramped. Some of the artillery came over and put a room in order for the prisoners reception.

Captain and Mrs. Nash also honour me with a visit and stay to dinner. It is quite a novel sensation to take a meal with a lady. The Captain has come over to look after some of his belongings and identifies and carries off a number of articles.

Wednesday, 3rd June

A party of officers go off today to see what is detaining the supply train. A short way down the trail they meet a trader coming up who passed the teams some thirty-five miles away. They should therefore reach us tomorrow.

Hughes and I go over to the Camp in the afternoon and inspect the Half Breeds. See some of the boys practising with bows; they are very skilful with the weapon and take great delight in sending an arrow through a small ring as it rolls rapidly along the ground.

We stay at the Camp for tea and when we get back to the Fort find that ten prisoners have been sent over to be under our charge. Among them is Poundmaker. He sometime ago prophesied that he would yet occupy the Government House at Battleford, and now he does, but perhaps not quite in the manner he hoped or expected.



Capt. Brown is very proud of the formal warrant of commitment and intends to frame the document.  
Her is a copy.

Battleford, 3rd June 1885

Brigade Memo

Captain Brown will take charge of and be responsible for the under-named prisoners charged with treason - felony - viz:

Poundmaker

Yellow Mud Blanket

Breaking the Ice

Lean Man

Crooked Leg

Charles Bremner

James Bremner

William Frank

Baptiste Sayers

Harry Sayers

He will see that they are properly fed, and sufficient exercise for the preservation of health allowed them.

" W. D. Otter " Lt.-Col.  
Comg. Battle'd Coln.

Capt. Brown,  
Comg. Detacht. QOR  
Govt House

Thirty men of No 4 under Capt. Kersteman go to Fort Pitt this morning as escort to steamer carrying supplies.

Thursday, 4th June

Fine and clear but very windy. Our prisoner, Crooked Leg, is today taken back to the Fort; he is accused of murder and we are to have charge of political prisoners only. When the Indian is informed that he is to be moved again he piteously entreats that he may be shot at once and not troubled any more.

Harry Brock and Hume Blake drop in this morning impelled by the wasted visages and mournful entreaties of their comrades to make one more attempt to reach and hasten on the long delayed supply train. We persuade them to stay to dinner. They depart looking less hungry indeed but still we hope impressed with the necessity of bringing on the much needed succour. They do not fail us and return about five with the joyful intelligence that the luxuries are close at hand; sure enough ere long our eyes rejoice at the vision of white covered waggons coming slowly down the trail and the hard tack siege is at an end. Hurrah for the good ladies of Toronto. Captain Brown and I go over to the Camp in the evening, there a scene of wild confusion greets us. Boxes and parcels are everywhere and half a dozen officers are slowly identifying and numbering the various packages and evolving order out of chaos. A hungry crowd of eager looking privates at first wait in mournful patience for the hoped for distribution of good things but it is soon seen that nothing in that way can be accomplished tonight and they are packed off to their tents. With great difficulty we manage to find a package forwarded by "mine host" of the "Hub" to certain officers, and from it take suspicious looking oblong parcel addressed to Capt. Hughes. This has been eagerly expected by him. He opens it on our return to the Fort and finds therein a two pound can of corn beef. He seems disappointed.

Our Co. Sergt. Major Kennedy departs this life today deeply regretted by us all. Business of importance requires his presence in Toronto.

Friday, 5th June

A dull gloomy morning and rain in the afternoon.

No. 1 Co's share of good things reaches Fort Otter this afternoon and we enjoy ourselves amazingly in investigating the contents of the various consignments. We seem to have everything from a plum pudding to a pair of scissors and the "boys" revel in unaccustomed luxuries thoughtless of the morrow. Some kind friend has forwarded

a box of Dodmay's Ready Relief; from present appearances this will be very useful in a day or two. Captain Brown is fortunate enough to receive a bottle or two of "7 year old". We sit up till an advanced hour indulging in cheese, conversation and cordial and about 1 a.m. are joined by Grand Round in the person of Major Allan. He appreciates the situation and remains till 2.30 a.m. and then departs in a cheerful frame of mind making strenuous efforts to ride through the unopened gate of our fortress.

Saturday, 6th June

Very fine and bright but windy.

A steamer comes down from Fort Pitt last night and brought down four wounded and six sick men. The hospital tent is very much crowded and Cooper, Varey and Lloyd are sent over to us. They rejoice in the change.

We are very much pleased to hear that Big Bear has departed; it would have been too much if the General had got him.

I see today at the Town Mrs. Quinney who was one of Big Bear's prisoners and from her learn many interesting particulars about the Chief and his band. The prisoners have been fairly well treated though at first it was touch and go with them. Big Bear very much frightened and much disgusted that promised Fenian aid has failed him.

The Guards went out last night to Cut Knife and return today with the body of Osgoode. They tell us that the position taken by the Indians was immensely strong, coulee behind coulee and all fortified by rifle pits; a charge could have led to nothing but disaster. They found six dead Indians in one teepee and saw a number of graves, so that a loss of five only is certainly much below the mark.

Odd parcels make their appearance all through the day and we are astonished when we could up our spoils. Captain Brown has, among other trifles, seventy-five cans of fruit and dry goods enough to furnish a first class ready made clothing emporium. I get a large number of useful articles; in many cases nothing indicates the kind donors. A gift of tobacco from the Accountants Office - Osgoode Hall - much delights me and I rejoice exceedingly in the discovery of an air pillow, a most valuable adjunct to one's comfort in camp life.

Lieut. Mickle burst upon us this evening in the radiance of a new beauty. His tailor has "trusted" him for his serge.

Sunday, 7th June

Bright Beautiful clear day.

We have a very delightful service this morning, Acheson in charge - a large congregation and very good singing. Col. Miller, Capt. and Mrs. Nash, Dr. Naltress, Dr. Brown and Acheson dine with us. The repast beggars description; the list of luxuries is too long to be here transcribed; suffice it to say that the meal did no discredit to the snowy cloth and napkins that today astonished our delighted guests.

Poor Osgoode is buried this afternoon, he is laid in the quiet sloping corner where now rest so many of his comrades.

This evening we receive orders to be prepared to move tomorrow to cut off Big Bear's retreat. We rejoice at the prospect of having something to do, but deeply lament at the thought of the many good things that must be left behind. Once more will pork and hard tack become our trusty friends.

Kertseman and his men get back from Fort Pitt tonight just in time. They report everything quiet there.

A mail comes in this evening. No less than twelve letters gladden me and I sit up till 3 a.m. enjoying and answering them.

Monday, 8th June

Another beautiful day.

As we are so soon perforce to forsake the flesh pots of Egypt we determine to make the most of our time and today at breakfast sample every conceivable article. Capt. B. and Pee come badly to grief over some compound rejoicing in the taking title of canned clams.

The prisoners are taken to Fort Battleford this morning and we get our traps in order. About 3 p.m. we sadly and reluctantly leave Fort Otter giving three hearty cheers for our old home before filing out of the gate. So ends a very happy chapter in our North West life and we turn the page on five weeks of pleasant and profitable existence.

We find the column not quite ready to march, but after a short half hour's delay we start and make our way down to the steamboat landing, and proceed to cross to the North Bank

of the Saskatchewan by the steamer "Baroness". Crossing is a slow and tedious process. We are obliged to go in detachments and the peculiar character of the River necessitates the taking on each trip of a very roundabout or rather crooked about course - shoals being plentiful, there being in fact scarcely water enough to keep the shoals together. It is after nine before we are all on the North Shore and then we have to "wood up" the old tub, so that it is quite ten before we march up the steep bank and reach our camping ground. We are to start very early in the morning and the night is fine so that we do not pitch tents but bivouac in the open, turning in in our blankets after disposing of a cup of coffee and a morsel of bread and sleeping the sleep of the just.

### Tuesday, 9th June

Reveille sounds at 3.30 a.m. an unearthly hour to our unaccustomed ears. A hasty breakfast and at 5.15 we start; the new "Otter's Column" is composed of some 20 scouts, 30 men and two guns - "A" Battery under Col. Montizambert - 45 C. School - 45 Foot Guards and 250 Queen's Own. We leave most of our buglers and a number of sick and wounded behind. We have with us provisions for ten days and are told that we are to wander with systematic aimlessness for that period over a part of the country to the North known as the "Squirrel Plains".

We have a terribly trying march of twelve miles in the morning, the heat being almost overpowering to the men in their present poor condition. A paddle in a friendly slough and a rest of some four hours restore us to something like old time energy. We start at 3 p.m. and soon reach a stream called Jack Fish Creek fourteen miles from Battleford. This is a stream of clear sparkling water, and so unlike anything we have as yet seen in this country that we imagine there must be some mistake. The water is considerably more than three deep. The command "prepare to wade" is given and soon a Highland Brigade (only more so) makes a bold dash through the rushing waters and clambers eagerly up the steep bank of the little river. Then we follow its winding course for many miles and about eight reach its source Jack Fish Lake, twenty three miles out. Not bad for the first day. Here the country is very beautiful - park-like prairie with clumps of trees and pretty little lakes.

We bivouac again curling ourselves in our blankets and dropping off quietly about eleven.

Wednesday, 10th June

We are roused at 3.00 sharp and off we start shortly after half past four. Another very hot march tries us but about ten we halt near a small clear lake, and are able to indulge in delightful swimming. Our siesta is disturbed by the report of a rifle and a bullet whistles through the branches close to the heads of Harry and myself who are indulging in a snooze somewhat apart from the common herd. We are anxious for a moment or two but no further shots are fired and we find that the one report has been caused by a careless teamster who allowed a rifle to go off during some clumsy handling.

We have to cross several bad muskegs in the afternoon and our progress is considerably interfered with. We do not cover much more than eighteen miles. All day we pass through beautiful country and tonight, as before, find no difficulty in reaching pleasant waters to bathe in. A great boon it is. Then too we are gladdened by finding everywhere quantities of sweet smelling flowers and we feel very hopeful about enjoying the expedition if these good things are to last. We think with some degree of dread of the genial mosquito but so far we have escaped and we have veils with us if the charming insect does make his appearance.

This evening some excitement is caused by the sudden appearance of a Nitchie in our midst, one at once imagining that he is a messenger from Big Bear. It turns out however, that he is as far as he will confess and as far as we can know an innocent and harmless wanderer whom Sears and the scouts have run across and sent in, and after careful questioning he is allowed to depart.

Thursday, 11th June

Another very warm bright day; a pleasant breeze makes the marching less trying and we get over a good deal of very lovely country. We reach a point about four miles from a lake called Turtle Lake, and the scouts reporting that it will be difficult if not impossible to reach that body of water, we retrace our steps a mile or so in order to stop at a good camping ground. We go in swimming as usual in the friendly slough, but this time we come badly to grief and emerge from a refreshing plunge literally covered with too attentive horse leeches.

This afternoon we pass an Indian grave - a trench that is about three feet deep with a body lying at the bottom and sticks laid across the top. An unprincipled medical student makes off in triumph with the skull of the poor occupant.

Friday, 12th June

Rouse as usual about 3.00 and make an early start. The heat is very trying again and we do not at all appreciate an aimless wandering of some ten miles or so, which the scouts cause us to indulge in. They are trying to move off in a new direction but come badly to grief among the numerous muskegs and we halt disgusted and dispirited after some five hours hard work not much more than a mile from our starting point. We are consoled however when we find that we are near a stream of clear cold water, and have as a camping ground one of the most beautiful spots a man could wish to rest in. We are on the brow of a grassy hill, a green valley running at our feet and groves and lakes innumerable around us; and then we look towards the Turtle Hills for a background and feel that even in the North West there is something to be thankful for.

A thunder shower somewhat disturbs us in the afternoon, but fortunately does not amount to much and the impromptu shelter hastily prepared by the men are not very severely tried.

We take advantage of our rest and have a pleasant concert in the evening a luxury we appreciate after prolonged abstinence.

The nights are now very short in fact there is virtually no night at all. In this Northern country one can read print with ease between half past ten and eleven.

Saturday, 13th June

Had a clear frosty night and the weather this morning has completely changed; we go about in overcoats and even then shiver. We start about our usual time and after a short march reach our old trail of Thursday and make our way once more towards Turtle Lake, stopping some three miles from it at a large Creek called Stoney Creek. Here we have lots of time to ourselves and indulge in fishing, capturing several good pike. We have drizzling rain at intervals all day and towards night a steady downpour comes on but we do not pitch tents, the men making shelters with bushes and rubber sheets and being comparatively comfortable.

Enjoy today a very good thing, that is soup made from compressed vegetables - a very good idea for camp life. Also see today a useful idea for horse dealers - a new mode of keeping horses in hand. One docile animal is led, and the others are strung out behind, the head rope of one fastened to the tail of the unfortunate animal that precedes it.

A courier goes back to Battleford today to see if any orders have come for us, and takes a mail with him.

Sunday, 14th June

A cold damp miserable night and we are all glad to take advantage of the cook fires at an early hour. After breakfast Nos 2, 3 and 4 Cos. and the Guards march to Turtle Lake, No. 1 Co. and "C" School remaining in Camp. I go with No. 2 however and see the Lake. A very fine large sheet of water it is and on the Southern shore is a Hudson Bay Post now deserted. We stay at the Lake for a few minutes only and then return to Camp. Col. Otter tells us that he wished the men to see the Lake and that except with the view of gratifying them he had no object in going there.

The day becomes warm and bright and we pass a pleasant lazy Sunday; have no service but sing hymns for a long time in the evening.

Monday, 15th June

Last night was bitterly cold thick ice forming, and this morning as soon as the sun rises we are enveloped in heavy mist.

Our scouts came in this morning and report that a large band of Indians has lately passed Eastwards following a trail slightly to the North of our present position. Evidently this must be Big Bear and it is decided to retrace our steps towards Battleford as we cannot go further North, and perhaps we shall obtain some information as to what it is possible for us to do.

At Roll Call it is found that one of our men - O'Brien, is missing. He went towards the Lake this morning and has evidently lost himself. Our Company is left behind to look for the poor fellow and the Column takes its departure about 4 p.m. We send out several scouting parties and shout and fire rifles at regular intervals but our scouts return without the wanderer and no shouts answer ours, and we begin to despair. About 10 o'clock however, we hear a faint cry in the distant marshes, dash in the direction it comes from, and soon bring back our overjoyed comrade. He tells a pitiful tale of his long lonely wanderings through the gloomy swamps, but has evidently kept up with great pluck in spite of the trying circumstances and was determined to struggle on to the end. Fortunately he had with him two dogs, and the presence of these animals must have been a great comfort to him. He comes in wet, tired and delapidated but soon revives.



Mosquitoes bother us a good deal tonight; the first time that they have really been troublesome, and now we begin to feel that it is possible to believe the hideous tales we have so often listened to of the size and ferocity of the North West species of this genial animal.

#### Tuesday, 16th June

We rise this morning at the awful hour of two, having had little more than a couple of hours rest and reach the column at its camp about six miles away shortly after six.

We are disgusted to find that orders have reached us and that we are to be kept out here for some indefinite time longer, and are now to make for a Lake called Stoney Lake. Brock goes down to Battleford with a guide and some teamsters to bring up supplies; our stores are nearly exhausted and some articles - sugar and tea - have quite run out.

The column starts soon after we rejoin and we have a long hot dusty march of twelve miles - particularly trying naturally to our Company but they all hold out till the welcome camp is reached. The ground chosen is not very good, but we are close to good water and cannot complain. The Lake is not very large but the water is very clear and the place very charming. Unfortunately rushes grow near the shore and the swimming is not good. We are to camp here several days we hear, and so tents are pitched for the first time since we left Battleford.

We see quantities of ducks here as well as all through this Northern country. We have however only one or two guns in the Column and can do very little in the way of shooting.

This evening we have a good deal of fun getting up a pool on Brock's return; a very successful auction is held and large prices are realized for the favourite chances.

#### Wednesday, 17th June

We have a quiet, uneventful day. Capt. Lutton goes down to Battleford to hurry on supplies as our condition is fast becoming desperate; we have little left now but hard tack and dried apples.

Col. Otter and a number of officers and some scouts go off today to visit Yellow Sky a supposedly friendly Chief, who is camping some twenty miles away. Lesslie and Hume Blake are of the party.

Harry and I spend the afternoon skylarking on an old raft. It will accommodate one man only and each of us makes desperate efforts to be that one; in the progress of the struggle Harry goes overboard and as he falls flings his pole from him; this striking me very nearly puts an end to my earthly career and we soberly return to shore.

Men find the black forage caps very warm and trying and are now manufacturing very natty looking substitutes out of old flour bags. One good friend cuts my hair and then presents me with a dainty specimen of the new regulation..

#### Thursday, 18th June

Another uneventful day but the rest is grateful and comforting. Col. Otter returns today and the party report that they have had lots of fun, and bring back a good many furs. There are about two hundred Indians in the Band, and most of them have been with Big Bear. We shall probably take some of them to Battleford but do not burden ourselves with them now as provisions are too scarce.

Have an elaborate supper tonight in Sergeant Cranyn's teepee. Lieut. Mickle and myself the only guests. Our worthy host produces from a hidden store a tin of tongue and we revel in the unaccustomed luxury.

A scout comes in from Fort Pitt today; has no despatches and can give us very little news.

#### Friday, 19th June

We had a very heavy thunderstorm last night, and this morning everything is damp and muggy; the warm sun soon puts things to right.

Yellow Sky comes in this morning to collect some debts; He is a good looking Indian, not unlike Poundmaker but not as fine a looking fellow. He tells us he is moving camp and that his people will pass close to us in the afternoon, A number of men obtain leave and go out in the hope of seeing the Nitchies. Disappointment however results as the bankd has taken a trail that leads them from us. Col. Miller takes Harry and myself in the Ambulance waggon with him and we make a search for the red-men but fail to find them. Harry and I decide to walk back when we are some four miles from camp, and have a pleasant ramble. We gather quantities of beautiful flowers; the country is positively like a garden so many and so varied are the plants that bloom everywhere around us.

By some strange mischance the ammunition waggon today catches fire and we narrowly escape destruction; an explosion would have finished most of us as the store of shell and cartridge is large. Fortunately the smoke was seen before the fire gained much headway and we were saved.

#### Saturday, 20th June

Very cold in the early morning and blowing a gale, but fine during the day.

We have a "route" march this morning going out some four miles. The rest of the day passes in the usual lazy manner.

Brock rejoins us this evening and brings a few supplies, one or two letters and a few odd newspapers. The main supplies will he says soon be here. We have today some fresh meat, the product of some of the cattle retaken from the Indians, but the meat is very unpalatable without salt, and practically we have lived on hard tack and have none too much of that. The Colonel much to our gratification wins the pool.

#### Sunday, 21st June

A very fine warm day. Mutton comes in this morning having driven straight through from Battleford, sixty miles in eleven hours.

We have a Church Parade and a short service; the heat is too great to allow very much to be done.

Have a quiet afternoon and after tea Harry and I take a long walk going through some beautiful country.

The scouts report that they have some on Big Bear's trail and we are told that we are to strike camp tomorrow and attempt to follow him; a pretty indefinite sort of chase I fear, but it is some comfort to be on the move at all events.

#### Monday, 22nd June

Very fine and warm.

About 4 p.m. we leave camp and march quietly for three hours making eight miles and camp on the banks of a clear running stream. Our route all afternoon lies through a beautiful rolling country and everywhere we see quantities of flowers and fresh looking grass.

We wear for the first time the blouses and havelocks sent us from Toronto; the latter are neat, cool and serviceable and the former, made of gray flannel are most serviceable also and remarkably comfortable though too loose to be very natty. However the regiment looks much better in the "uniform" such as it is than in the mixture of costumes that hiehterto has been visible around us.

We bivouac as early as possible having been warned that an early start is to be made.

### Tuesday, 23rd June

Reveille this morning at two and a start is effected a few minutes after three, and after four hours and a half of marching we halt on the shore of a beautiful lake called Birch Lake. The scouts who have gone ahead are to meet us here if they gain any information, and we are ordered to be ready to move at any minute. The day passes quietly and pleasantly, all enjoying glorious bathing, and we are by no means displeased when towards evening we are told that we are likely to be here for a day or two.

The camping ground is delightful; a grassy meadow gently sloping down to the shore, pure water at our very feet and the magnificent lake studded with well wooded islands, stretching before us. Quite the most beautiful spot we have as yet seen in the North West. We do after some search find that a birch tree or two is to be seen in this vicinity and as that species of tree, or in fact of any kind of hard wood is extremely rare here, the name of the lake is not altogether inappropriate.

Yesterday some Montana cattle in charge of a real live Cow Boy came up from Battleford and we learn are sent for consumptive purposes. The cattle are very wild and a general order warns the men not to approach them. We presume the order refers to the cattle in their raw state but the warning is equally applicable to any one desiring their acquaintance in any state; a steak manufactured from a fatling of the herd is presented to us today for our mid-day meal but all attempts to despatch it are fated.

### Wednesday, 24th June

We had strange to say much difficulty in obtaining any sleep last night. At first we suffer from heat, our sleeping arrangements having been made with the view of resisting the ordinary North Western coolness and a threatening thunder storm rendering the air unexpectedly close. Wraps are scarce; y thrown off when down comes the rain; fortunately only a shower

but quite enough to cause us much inconvenience, and after the rain - not the deluge but - mosquitoes. With the mosquitoes we have an enemy to them and to us (especially to us) a new and improved variety of night hawk, quite unlike the ordinary night hawk of commerce, which indulges at most irregularly distracting intervals and from regions wholly unexpected, in cries as of the foul fiend himself in torture. We are allowed a long rest in the morning however and are able to make up for lost time.

Scouts came in late last night from Fort Pitt. The General has given up the chase of Big Bear and we are to leave for home, we understand, when we please. Col. Otter and Capt. Button drive to Pelican Lake today to see our scouts, and return late at night without any definite information, but what he hears induces the Brigadier to decide to remain here a few days in the hope of in some way getting on Big Bear's trail.

Some tents are pitched today as several thunder showers appear to be working down upon us, but none come. Most of us sleep out as usual, and are rewarded tonight by seeing a most wonderful aurora; the sky at times a deep crimson with bright gleams of golden light flashing across it; something wonderful even for this country of extraordinarily celestial phenomena.

The Varsity men are delighted to learn today from an odd paper that has come in the success of Miss Brown, we have a meeting and enthusiastically cheer her.

Nelson, the spokesman hitherto of the privates, today sells himself to the governing party and becomes what he has been pleased to call a "two striped nuisance" - Pte McSand feelingly voices the congratulations of the disconsolate deserted ones.

#### Thursday, 25th June

Amuse ourselves as usual by swimming, having all day to ourselves.

Sears and the scouts came in. They have communicated with Irvine but have not managed to locate Big Bear, It is almost hopeless to think of finding him for his band has broken up, and innumerable trails traverse the whole country. We do not intend to give up just yet however, and some of the scouts go off again to see if some of Yellow Sky's band can give us assistance.

A small supply train comes in bringing hard tack which is very acceptable, we having for some time been reduced to

an allowance of three per day. Orders are brought for the immediate return of Dr Nathess and his staff.

Harry and I attempt to take a stroll this evening, but are ignominiously driven back to camp by mosquitoes. These insects do not trouble us strange to say in camp but as soon as one puts one's nose outside the circle of camp fires down the pests swarm in myriads.

#### Friday, 26th June

Another blazing hot day and needless to say another disgracefully lazy one, though Harry and I do manage to take a reasonable constitutional in the afternoon.

Dr Nathess and Brown and Mustard leave for Battleford today, Lee going with them. He is to bring up some supplies if the column does not follow in a day or two.

Indulged in hideous dissipation this evening in shape of whist party, Lieut. George and Chippy Smith playing Hume Cranyn and me. "Last Post" puts an end to an exciting contest when the score is two rubbers all.

#### Saturday, 27th June

Damp in morning but soon hot and fine.

Bears and the scouts start off again and take with them four or five Indians (some of Yellow Sky's band). The Colonel and his orderly (Grand) soon afterwards leave for Pelican Lake, chiefly to see the country, though perhaps partly in search of loot. Col. Montizambert and his men start for home in the afternoon, and we find that we are pretty sure to be off in a couple of days.

Small supply train comes in and we get some letters and a few papers, the latest being of date of 11th inst.

Harry and I have a delightful ramble this afternoon, exploring a large portion of the Lake, and discovering some wonderfully beautiful spots. We see in the course of our wanderings any number of ducks, but have nothing in the shape of fire-arms and are unable to bag any of the game.

This evening we have some very good music in Hume's teepee. A French teamster charges us with his sweet voice and makes us long for home and Murray Bay as we listen to the familiar Habitant folk songs.

### Sunday, 28th June

We have a very short service today, the sun being too strong to be borne for any long period and no shade being available.

In the afternoon I take Harry out for a long paddle, a birch bark canoe having been discovered here, and we have a most delightful trip. The lake seems to be about four miles wide by perhaps six long and the water is very clear and pure.

We decide this evening to hold a swimming tournament tomorrow and an elaborate programme is drawn up, and an influential committee appointed.

Col. Muller and Grand came back in good time. Have been through a very rough country but have enjoyed themselves greatly. Have not got much spoil apparently.

### Monday, 29th June

Sears and the scouts return early in the morning having been again unsuccessful. Big Bear as far as can be learned has pushed on towards Carleton, and we can do nothing more. He is however certainly powerless now. We get orders for home this morning and start about three in the afternoon, the heat being even then very trying. We march till 7.45 p.m. through a rather uninteresting country, and then halt, hot, dusty and tired, near a dismal looking slough, having made about twelve miles. Our swimming tournament has of course come to nought and so we rush in to the uninviting slough and come out covered with weeds and leeches regretting our temerity.

One or two of the scouts leave again this evening to make a final reeort to trace our wandering friend BB. Not much chance for them I fear though no doubt they will do their best as we offer a very substantial reward for the capture of the chief.

### Tuesday, 30th June

Last night we were once more astonished to find it rather warm for comfort for rarely indeed is it anything but very cool here after sundown.

Reveille at 4 a.m. and we start at 5 a.m. making a very hot fast march of five hours, and reaching Jack Fish Lake. This time we pass along the North Shore and halt almost opposite the camping ground occupied by us on our first night out from Bastleford. The Lake is about eight miles

wide and eighteen to twenty long, and most beautifully situated. High rolling country on the North and East, and well wooded plains on the South. The water is very clear and extraordinarily soft and needless to say we thoroughly enjoy the glorious bathing, especially as the heat all day is tremendous. The Lake is a famous fishing ground, Indians coming here from all the Northern country. We catch quite a number of very fine pike.

The scouts came back disconsolate and our last hope is abandoned.

We make only a short march of about two miles this afternoon, but wade about one hundred yards waist deep in water, and save a round of several miles, which would necessarily be covered if we marched by the borders of the Lake.

#### Wednesday, 1st July

Last night we have a tremendous thunderstorm; the rain came down in torrents and the lightning was appalling. This is the outcome of the hot, muggy weather of the last few days. We rise at three limp and nerveless.

We start at four and march along the East side of the Lake and about five miles out reach Yellow Sky's camp at the South East corner of the Lake. We do not stop here but the scouts bring on some twenty-five prisoners, Indians who are supposed to have been with Big Bear. Shortly after this we meet a number of waggons with supplies on the way to join us. Very soon after leaving Yellow Sky's camp we reach Jack Fish Creek, the discharge of the Lake, and follow it till we arrive at the place where we forded it on the first day. It is then about eight o'clock and we have made ten miles. We have still fourteen miles to make to reach Battleford, but there is no good water between the Creek and that place, and we decide to have dinner where we are.

While resting a terrible thunderstorm breaks upon us, and we become soaked. With the rain come hail stones of inconceivable size, many of them being fully three quarters of an inch in diameter, and we have hard work to escape injury. We start as soon as the worse of the storm passes over and march all afternoon at a fast rate, reaching Battleford or rather a point on the North Bank of the Saskatchewan opposite that place about 7.20 p.m. having covered today twenty-four miles and not being sorry to turn in. We find that no steamers are here so we pitch tents and prepare to make ourselves comfortable for a day or two.



Thursday, 2nd July

Had a most delightful night and not roused till the, for us, absurdly late hour of eight.

At breakfast I hear that Capt. Macdonald is going off with twenty men to hunt up some stray Indians who are supposed to be some little way up the River. After much persuasion the Colonel gives me leave to go. We all go in waggons and make pretty fair time to Jack Fish Creek following our old trail to that point. There we dine and then strike off across country to the Saskatchewan, rain pouring down all the time, and follow the Banks of the River for some six miles. We see no sign of any Indians on this side and at last halt opposite a large Indian Camp which we take to be that of a Chief called Sweet Grass. The river is half a mile wide and we have no means of crossing. We see on the other bank a small punt and there are lots of Indians about, but in spite of the earnest and vociferous invitations of our interpreter not one for a long time makes any movement. At last after much vigorous shouting and the adoption of the happy expedient of hoisting a not over clean towel on a ram-rod as a token of amity, three of the natives enter the punt and paddle across. One proves to be the Chief "Thunder Child" who has been neutral during the troubles. He tells us the Indians we are in search of, three men and seven women and children of Big Bear's band are with his people, having crossed that morning. It is too late to cross tonight and we therefore have to trust to our chances for the morning.

Friday, 3rd July

Had very little rest last night. The night cold and rainy, our blankets wet and the boards of the waggon, in which Macdonald and I stowed ourselves, uncommonly hard. Then some horses seemed to think that we were endeavouring to conceal oats or some other equine delicacy about our lower extremities and insisted upon rooting vigorously from time to time at that particular portion of our respective persons. Lots of fun for the horses but rather disturbing to us.

Early in the morning Macdonald and I and Pte Spence and the interpreter McKenna, cross the River, having hard work to make way in the very strong current, and make our way into the camp. I must confess we all felt slightly nervous when we found ourselves among a large number of braves all looking ready and only too willing to cut our throats, and we realized that we were completely cut off from all assistance. However the Chief was fairly civil and we got the men we wanted. How to get them back was the trouble.

Fortunately just then some fifteen police came up having heard of the crossing of the Indians, and they took our prisoners off our hands (metaphorically). Only one man was "wanted" he was identified as one of the murderers of the priests at Frog Lake. We soon re-cross and push off at once to the Camp, arriving there about two.

We find that no steamers have as yet come down, but that they are expected every day, and that we go on at once by river to Winnipeg. All hands are busily engaged in bringing our belongings across the river as we are to remain on this side till we start. Crossing stones is a work of much difficulty; we have no means of transport but two or three leaky punts, and it is no joke to make a passage across the swift river and safely avoid the numerous shoals that beset the track.

#### Saturday, 4th July

I cross the river this morning the operation occupying one hour and a quarter, and necessitating the employment of much muscle and bad language. It is impossible to avoid swearing in this country, the nature of the climate seems to require exercise in this form. They tell rather a good story of a gallant captain who, shocked at the blasphemy prevalent in his Company, warned his men that it must be stopped, and gently proceeded to remark "Damn it men, this damned swearing really must be put an end to". I revisit all the old haunts, but the glory has departed, and I am sad to say cheated out of my mocassins, the faithless half-breed having disposed of the looked for spoil to "some other man". Most of our stores are now packed and many things we give away. I re-cross the River comparatively easily, the punt having a light load, and the course being somewhat down stream, and then get all my things in order for the start which is to be tomorrow.

#### Sunday, 5th July

The steamers come down from Fort Pitt early this morning and one crosses to the landing for us. We strike camp about nine and march down to the head of the hill but then find it is blowing so hard that all movement by river is impossible, so we have to wait as patiently as we may for a lull. It is not till sunset that the Captain thinks it safe to move then we run across to Battleford and take on our stores and the Midland Batn. We are disgusted that we are not going down with the 90th. The Midlanders are from all accounts anything but desirable companions.

We are much grieved to hear of Col. Williams' death - hard luck for him just now. One of the 65th has also died

and to add to the general feeling of gloom the terrible accident to the poor artillery man comes to wind up the day.

Our steamer is the "North-West"; Captain Sheets, and we expect to be fairly comfortable. Crowded of course but still we can now put up with a good deal. We are very sorry to be separated from the Guards. They go with the 10th and 90th in the Marquis and the 65th have the "Baroness" to themselves.

#### Monday, 6th July

We wake and find ourselves still in sight of Battleford, though we are some distance down the River. We left early this morning but heavy wind soon made it impossible to proceed and we "tie up" quietly at the first convenient corner.

We spend the day "shaking down" in our new quarters and make ourselves fairly comfortable. There is no room to spare, and the cooking facilities amount to nothing, but in spite of all drawbacks we manage to do fairly well. Col. Stranizie is in command and we have on board General Strange and several of his staff. There are so many officers that there is no room to mess together and each regiment has therefore to keep apart. We fare very well today, our new cook, a Frenchman and formerly of B. Battery Mess, proving an acquisition. This promises well for the trip. We have at dinner grace and bread; two luxuries unknown for months and either a great advance towards civilization. Towards the evening the wind falls and we make a few hours running passing at one place the Baroness on a sand-bar, making vigorous efforts to climb over, and at another B. Battery en route to Prince Albert by land. We tie up for the night about 9.30 p.m.

#### Tuesday, 7th July

It blows hard all day but we manage to make some way, and about 10 a.m. catch up to the Marquis. Soon afterwards we reach a place called "Telegraph Coulee" and run in to the bank. This place is a provisions depot and we find two Companies of the 7th in camp here in charge. The Marquis joins us here and while stores are being taken on we are able to have a chat with our friends of other Camps, and start on our way refreshed and in great spirits.

We are so far enjoying our sail immensely; the scenery is not wonderful but there is always something pleasant to look at, and the process of navigating the vessel affords ground for much amusement. The river itself is a most extraordinary one - a broad shallow muddy stream with

tremendous currents and cross currents and full of innumerable shoals, islands and sand-bars, and with low-lying thickly wooded banks of clay. The steamers are no less extraordinary than the river, and consist merely of a large flat bottomed scowlike frame with gun-crack upper works, and an immense stern wheel; our boat with six hundred men and heavy stores on board draws little more than two feet of water. She is 200 feet by 36, apparently there is nothing in the river that can hurt these boats; we run into the bank when and where we feel inclined and dash along in the most erratic manner. Shoals are avoided if convenient but the old boat does not seem to put herself out on their account if the came in the way. Sometimes we get over them by sheer force, sometimes climb over them with our poles and sometimes but rarely, back off and try elsewhere. The system of sounding too is highly entertaining. An unfortunate hand plants himself in the bow armed with a long pole, which he monotonously and incessantly keeps poking into the unoffending waters, at each dig vociferating vigorously the depth of water that he finds. The changes are oftentimes most startling. "Eight feet" six feet" "Five Feet scout" "Three and a half" "Three feet" - is it to be crash? The poleman almost tumbles overboard as the pole fails to meet any resisting substance and all hands join vigorously in the welcome cry of "Noovvo bottom".

About half past seven we reach Fort Carleton or rather the remains of it, for nothing is now to be seen but some charred timbers. The place is beautifully situated but now where it could hope to be successfully defended, for on three sides it is commanded by closely bordering hills, and retreat is cut off by the river in front. A few police are camped here, and they proudly tell us of the capture of Big Bear. Soon after leaving Carleton we tie up for the night, and ere long the Marquis comes down tolerably close to us and follows our example.

### Wednesday, 8th July

We reach Prince Albert at 7.30 this morning and stay there five hours. Unfortunately we are warned that our stay is to be very short and we are therefore, as we momentarily expect to be ordered to start, unable to wander far from the ship and do the settlement thoroughly. From what we do see we come to the conclusion that Prince Albert is a very taking place. All the youth beauty and fashion of the community assemble to greet us and the "boys" have lots of fun. We call on Big Bear en masse: He is confined in the Police barracks and is most wretched looking specimen when captured he literally was dying of

starvation and even now his bones are almost starting through his skin. I am introduced to the Miss McLeans of Fort Pitt fame, and find them good looking (very good looking for the North West) rather taking and full of interesting anecdote. I also meet George Moffatt and Drayner, see Col. Irvine and Major Crozier and wind up by receiving the episcopal benediction from "Saskatchewan Jack" as His Lordship the Bishop of this Diocese is here familiarly called. Prince Albert is quite a large place about 1500 inhabitants, but built in a very struggling manner along the Banks of the River, and the place suffers from the rivalry between the inhabitants of the Old Hudson Bay portion of it, formerly known as "Goschen" and those of the New Town.

We stole a march on the General this morning and got to Prince Albert first. This annoys the old gentleman and he now orders us, although our boat is faster than his, to stay behind.

After leaving Prince Albert we find that the character of the River alters - now a narrow very rapid stream turning and twisting in a marvellous manner, and in one place, about fifteen miles from the settlement, developing into quite a respectable rush of waters, known as "Cool" or "Cole Rapids". Tradition has it that the name is derived, according to the orthography that one may be pleased to prefer, either from the fact that the valuable mineral that spells its name with an "A" was once found near here, or from the fact that a distinguished gentleman bearing a name idem sonans with that of this mineral but with a more aristocratic turn in the spelling once resided in the neighborhood.

About 5 p.m. we reach the Grand Forks of the Saskatchewan, the junction of the North and South branches and here await us the Alberta with a number of wounded men from Saskatoon, and a company of the Midland their escort. The General is to take them with him, changes his mind once more (no unusual proceeding for him if all we hear be true) and orders us to go on at full speed to Grand Rapids (at the mouth of the river).

After leaving the "Forks" we run rapidly down the main stream, navigation being simple and our progress tremendous. About 8 p.m. we stop and "wood up" at "Fort a la Carne" a small Hudson Bay Post, which is not used except in winter, and no one is even in charge now, and then push on and are running when I nothing loath turn in.

Thursday, 9th July

We had to "tie up" for a short time last night on account of fog but are running at hours quite unheard of by the ordinary sober navigators of the river; our skipper is determined to make a fast trip. He overdoes it somewhat this morning however. We leave the main stream and enter a "out off" known as "Big Stone River". The passage is difficult but the captain expects to be able to get through, and success means a gain of sixteen miles. We do get through but lose two hours and a half climbing over a sand-bar and repairing the damages sustained in the operation. Sadly we acknowledge the truth of the familiar adage "The longest way round is....."

We see no longer this afternoon the steep sandy banks of the upper River but pass instead between low lying forests of poplar and spruce, the trees in some cases being very fine indeed. Towards evening the wooded region gives place to one of swamp and weed; the stream broadens perceptibly and becomes comparatively sluggish, and we know that the end of our river journey draws nigh.

We have this evening a very pleasant impromptu re-union entertaining all our brother officers. Saskatchewan water, flavoured with burnt brown sugar, or something that tastes like that, discussed amid the cheerful concomitants of song and speech, has the effect of suddenly developing between ourselves and our gallant comrades from the East the friendship that has been latent for the past three days. In the course of the proceedings General Strange makes a speech that takes us all by storm, and amid vociferous cheering his toast of "The United Militia of Canada" is enthusiastically done justice to.

Some of the gayerspirits are still up when we touch at the "Pos mission"; the hour is too early to enable us to see much, but we gaze reverently at the dim outline of an old wooden church erected here by some of Sir John Franklin's men and by his order.

Friday, 10th July

Another beautiful bright sunny day. We early reach the head of Cedar Lake (into which the river widens) a large sheet of water, forty-five miles long and from fifteen to twenty across, and as the glass is "set fair" cheerfully begin our perilous journey across. Perilous we very sadly see that it is; very little wind would raise a sea here that would send our flimsy craft to pieces, and to avoid danger from delay we have to run the risk of danger from fire.

For our furnaces are fed to their full capacity and quantities of sparks from the smoke stacks fall everywhere, on our wooden decks, necessitating much careful watching to avoid a conflagration. The lake is however safely and speedily crossed, the captain's injunction to the engineer "make her bump for all she is worth but don't break anything" being successfully attended to. After passing the lake we run for a few miles through a very beautiful stretch of river. The water is quite clear, the sediment being left behind at the bottom of the lake, and the shores are rocky and prettily wooded. Then every now and then we come to what may almost be termed "rapids" and we all therefore enjoy our sail immensely. About 5 p.m. we reach the dock at Grand Rapids, eight hundred miles from Battleford and the end of river navigation. The mouth of the river is some ten miles farther but before it is reached come the famous "Grand Rapids" and these are quite impassable for steamers. Everything has to be portaged across to the mouth and a tramway about four miles long has lately been built to avoid delay in this process. After dinner (we now have late dinner) Macdonald, Harry and I walk down to the mouth of the river and inspect the lower settlement. There is here a Hudson Bay Store, a house or two and some good freight sheds and wharves, and across the river we see a large Indian village. The Hudson Bay agent lives here by himself and he tells us from the 16th of last September to the 7th June he saw no living creatures but Indians, and had no communication with the outside world. He did not know till the latter date, when a steamer arrived from Winnipeg, that a rebellion was in progress.

We are staying on the steamer tonight, but most of our stores and luggage are taken across to the lower settlement. Here two tugs and some barges are waiting to take us across the Lake to Winnipeg.

#### Saturday, 11th July

Several of the officers arrange to run the Rapids this morning and I arrange to be one of the party. We go in a "York" Boat a finely built serviceable craft much like a whale boat, manned by three Indians. The Rapids are nine miles long, most beautiful and apparently not very dangerous, though four bumps on the rocks in the course of our descent enable us to work up some not unjustifiable excitement, and the occupants of the bow seats came in for a partial wetting.

The regiments march across early in the morning and pass the day in a miserable state of uncertainty. We are not yet told off to our respective barges and have to await the General's arrival before settling down.

Rain comes on in the afternoon and makes things look dismal. Most of the men turn in for the night in the warehouses and the Q. O. R. officers manage to stow themselves away in the engine room of one of the tugs.

Numbers of fish are caught here today and the men enjoy the unwanted treat. The officers are able to get meals on the tugs and do full justice to the fare.

### Sunday, 12th July

Raining in the morning and blowing a gale. The General comes down about 10.00 the Marquis and Baroness having reached Grand Rapids about six, and our order of route is made known. The steamer "Princess" is taken possession of by the General and his staff, Field Officers of 10th - 90th and Midland and sick, wounded and nurses. The tug "Colville" where there is but little accommodation is assigned to the Field Officers of the Q.O.R. and 65th. The "Red River" the smallest barge of our fleet is given to the 65th, Guards and 92nd in all 350 men; the "Nelson River" carries the 90th and Midland 520 men, and the "Saskatchewan" the 10th and ourselves 570 men. We are not however to leave today as the Alberta has not made her appearance. We shall of course be dreadfully crowded and in the meantime stay on shore as much as possible. In the afternoon the day clears and Harry and I have a delightful walk, going up by the tramway track to Grand Rapids and coming back by the River, about twelve miles in all. The scenery is most beautiful, everything reminds us of Murray Bay, the trees, rocks and flowers of the North Shore varieties. At one place close to the river in the midst of a thick wood we come upon a little cemetery some ten or dozen graves surrounded by a delapidated palisade and at the head of each grave a wooden cross bearing the name of the occupant. No dates are to be seen but the graveyard is evidently an old one.

Some of the officers cross today to the Indian village and bring back a number of the native dogs - Huskies - dirty, noisy brutes they are, and are anything but pleasant neighbours in our cramped quarters.

We are this evening ignominiously kicked out of the comfortable dining room of the steamer, and return once more to the faithful Jules. He has been consoling himself during his enforced leisure by cultivating the poetic faculty and has burst into quite vigorous song.



Monday, 13th July

Still dull and showery this morning. The Alberta comes in betimes and everything is prepared for a start when the Hudson Bay agent comes down and complains that the flag of the Post, a very elaborate affair, has been stolen. An order is issued to the effect that we do not start till the flag is restored, and soon the missing article mysteriously is found near the pole from which it lately waved.

Beardy the chief of the Indians about here comes down to pay his respects this morning. He is attired in his scarlet treaty coat and wears his huge silver treaty medal. Many offers are made for this but the old man cannot be induced to part with it. The Indians about here are Swamp Crees - fine looking fellows and much more intelligent apparently than their brethren of the Upper Saskatchewan. In former days the fish diet of the inhabitants of this region would be held sufficient explanation of this difference in intellect; now the virtues of this food are more lightly thought of.

We start on our journey across the Lake about eleven, with three hundred miles to make before we reach the mouth of the Red River. The "Princess" leads, after her the barge "Nelson river", the "Colville" next and following her the barges "Red River" and "Saskatchewan", the towing rope forming a bond of union between us all. Col. Muller, Mugar Allan and Dr. Lesslie do not take advantage of the opportunity given them of obtaining comfortable quarters on the tug and decide to stick to the Regiment. Their places are taken by Capt. Brown, who is suffering from rheumatism, and McGee and Blake, who are suffering probably from some other malady.

We have a quiet run all day our only occupation, but that a sufficiently engrossing one, desperate attempts to shake ourselves down in a space which might with comfortable crowding accommodate half the numbers now jammed into it. Soon after nightfall a heavy storm strikes us and our barge pitches and rolls frightfully for some time. Very few succumb fortunately and about midnight a welcome lull allows us to drop off in gentle slumber.

Tuesday, 14th July

The morning dawns cool and fair after last night's storm. We have made very fair progress and now are nearly out of sight of land, a faint blue line to be seen on one side only. In a few hours however, we work down to the "Narrows" and after a delightful run through this

beautiful portion of the Lake press on once more over the broad surface of the Southern half. Before entering the Narrows the steamer Princess leaves us taking one barge with her, the former arrangement having been found fatal to all chances of good sterring. We follow her gallantly all afternoon, slowly losing ground, and she quietly fades from our vision in the glories of a magnificent sunset.

Wednesday, 15th July

We wake this morning and find ourselves approaching the mouth of the Red River and soon begin to slowly creep up the marsh bordered channel of the famous stream. About eleven we reach Selkirk some twenty-five miles from the mouth, and find waiting here the 90th and Midlanders. We are here given some lunch by the inhabitants of the settlement, a fair sized place, and then the General and troops are presented with an address. The congratulatory paragraphs of this concoction allude only to the Heroes of Fish Creek and Batoche, though all the troops are asked to take advantage of certain material advantages guilelessly advertised in the closing sentences.

The 65th and Midlanders do not go to Winnipeg and we leave them at Selkirk, the Midlanders at any rate being in state of general noisy and disgraceful drunkenness. We do not leave for Winnipeg till after five, much delay having been caused by the amount of stores we have to transport, and have an hour's run by train to that place. The enthusiasm of the Winnipeggers is unbounded and though their own gallant 90th come in naturally for the lion's share of greeting, we are by no means forgotten. All the regiments march up Main Street to the City Hall, and here some addresses, fortunately neither many nor long, are indulged in and then we are told to march off to our quarters. We find it is intended that we should pitch camp on the common near the Emigrant sheds, a long distance away and on the outskirts of the City. Tired and hungry the men wish to go no further, and we accordingly pile arms and take off our accoutrements in a vacant lot on Park Avenue intending to disperse for a meal and then return to bivouac. Heavy rain interferes with this plan and the men are allowed to go for the night, shelter being provided for any who wish it in a yet unoccupied hotel, kindly placed at our disposal. We are told that we are to have a review in the morning and to leave in the afternoon, so that we shall have little time to see anything of Winnipeg. We go in for a very elaborate and highly civilized repast, and then Harry and I call on Mulock before beating up quarters for the night, not feeling justified in awailing ourselves of his kind invitation to take up our abode with him.

### Thursday, 16th July

It rains all night and is still raining when Harry and I rise from our luxurious couch on the floor of Potter House drawing room. A review is evidently an impossibility. We rush down to the Mulocks for breakfast and then reach our regimental headquarters, find that our arms and traps though wet, are now safely under cover and that nothing has yet been heard of our departure. We therefore lunch at the Club, turn up at another muster parade in the afternoon, and then the rain having ceased, do the City under Robinson's kind guidance, winding up by dinner at Clougher's, the swell Winnipeg restaurant, and putting in the evening at the Club. Here we meet the officers of most of the regiments in town. No orders for us yet, though all the troops are to be shipped off as soon as possible, and the Halifax men leave tonight.

### Friday, 17th July

A lovely bright day. After a wearisome parade in the morning Macdonald, Harry and I do the Hudson Bay Store thoroughly, and are much disgusted to find we cannot purchase certain furs we earnestly covet, we hearing for the first time the rule of the Co. forbidding sales in this country. After lunch we have another of these miserable parades that so thoroughly spoil our chances of doing anything that would take any time, and then go to Government House to a Garden Party. This is rather good fun, all the big-wigs and better than that all the pretty girls being on hand, and we thoroughly enjoy the unaccustomed dissipation. Leslie Hume, Harry and I dine at the Mulocks, making our appearance forty-five minutes late, and not being even scolded. After dinner we unfortunately have to go in for a march out, taking part in a torch-light procession and anything more abominable it has seldom been my ill fortune to assist in. We wander for some hours through Winnipeg mud, merely to afford some slight gratification to the rabble of the City.

### Saturday, 18th July

Another beautiful day. Harry and I decide not to turn up at Parade this morning and instead wander about watching the Winnipeg maidens at their Saturday shopping. We are told definitely that we are to leave this afternoon, and spend some time getting out traps together but soon find that this is another false alarm. In the afternoon we go to the Robertsons and one or two other places, then dine at the Club, and spend a very jolly evening at the Greens - a small dance. The young married woman predominates but there are some very nice girls and the charming daughters of the house are only too fascinating.

Sunday, 19th July

We leave Winnipeg this morning on very short notice, orders reaching us at our morning parade. I am very sorry as I want to see some of the Churches, but after all it is time we were getting home. The York and Simcoe Battn. left on Friday, the Artillery and Guards early this morning, and the 10th a short time before ourselves. Harry and I while the baggage is being loaded up, run over to the Mullocks, try to thank them for their many kindnesses and regretfully say good-bye. We are some time at the station, the City giving us a lunch there, and it is nearly three before we leave, homeward bound, amid the hearty cheers of our many Winnipeg friends.

Winnipeg we are all charmed with, the place bright and handsome, and the people most kind. The beautiful decorations (the arches are most fine) make everything look unwantedly gay now but at any time the city must be goodly to look upon. Some surprisingly handsome churches and public buildings.

About ten we reach Rat Portage and once more have supper at the hideout. Nothing seems changed. The same crazy buss - quaint old dining room, flaming chromos, and one might almost say, the same (only slightly more so) table cloths and napkins, greeting us, and the same giggling table maids dispense to the hungry soldiers steaks whose toughness vividly reminds us of our visit of four months ago. It is too dark to see the beauties of this most picturesque place; we do catch one lovely glimpse at moonlight lake and foaming river that makes us long for another and better opportunity of enjoying the wonders of the scenery.

Monday, 20th July

We have a delightful night in the Pullman, reluctantly rising about nine when the announcement is made that breakfast will be ready at a station to be reached in ten minutes. This station is Ignace and as we steam in we see the train with the 10th on board slowly departing. Breakfast is not quite ready and when it is we have to feed in relays so that it is past twelve when we start once more. We pass savanne of happy memory, cross the recross the head waters of the beautiful Manninistiquia, and after an interesting run through most wild country reach Port Arthur about five, four hundred and thirty miles from Winnipeg.

We find that the Montreal Artillery 10th, Guards and ourselves, over 1100 men, are expected to pack in one steamer, licensed to carry 450. The C.P.R. people though thoroughly aware of the numbers of the approaching regiments induce the "Compana" to depart this morning, though she has been

specially asked by the Government to aid in the transport of troops, and are, to put a few dollars in the pockets of these miserable money grabbers have to suffer from this most abominable and uncalled for crowding. Harry and I manage to take a short run through the town, inspect one or two shops, get thoroughly well drenched in a heavy shower, and reach our steamer none too soon to get comfortably on board. The men are packed like herrings and goodness only knows how we are to be fed. We start about eight the night closing in thick and gloomy.

### Tuesday, 21st July

Harry Hume and I who have a cabin to ourselves, wisely sleep till eleven this morning then make a struggle for breakfast. The meal begins at 7 and it is often 12 before we get to anything to eat. Dinner begins at two and the last hungry soul gets his second and only an indifferent one at that, meal about eleven at night.

We are surrounded by fog all day and run at half speed. At times we can scarcely see the length of the ship. About sunset the fog lifts for a short time and we find ourselves close into the shore and heading directly for it, quite a narrow escape.

We have little to do today and make a thorough inspection of the ship - the Athabasca - a magnificent vessel she is - Clyde-built with all most modern fittings and improvements.

### Wednesday, 22nd July

We still find ourselves in fog this morning but it lifts about eleven and we find ourselves near the end of the Lake, we press on at full speed and soon reach the Sault, two hundred and seventy miles from Port Arthur. Here we stay for nearly an hour, not being allowed on shore though. The place is certainly a beautiful and seems to be a thriving one, and the presence of numerous damsels on the wharf (one especially clad in a charming pink gown played sad havoc with our young affections) leads us to think that the lighter social pleasures might here be happily indulged in.

We leave the Sault about two and have a magnificent run of some sixty miles down the St. Mary River. We pass the Shingmonk Home and are heartily cheered by the dusky inmates; meet numerous tugs and propellers and from all receive lively greetings and near the mouth of the river we pass the yacht of His Lordship the Bishop of Algoma. On board we discern the portly form of that gentleman himself, his hands unraised as we steam by as if the episcopal benediction were being invoked upon us.

Towards evening we enter upon our run of two hundred and fifty miles across Lake Huron, and safely past the tortuous channel of the St. Mary our good ship is given her head.

Our meals today are even worse than those of yesterday, the waiters being almost exhausted. Macdonald, Harry and I are an hour and three quarters picking up various scraps of dishes that enable us to keep body and soul together. We are much amused at the novel way in which the waiters convey orders to the cook; instead of the accustomed "breakfast twice" of former days, we now hear shouted forth in tones sepulchral hoarse "Nine times on your cabbage" "twice on your coffee" and so on.

#### Thursday, 23rd July

Harry Hume and I are sleeping peacefully this morning when a kind friend rouses us and informs us that we are close to Owen Sound. We cry "sucker again" but all the same are careful to poke a head out of our window and find it even so. The pleasant town lies before us, and on the dock we are fast approaching is a cloud of white, the sight of which causes strange emotions to thrill us. Soon we reach our wharf, and the joyous shout of the expectant throng, the flutter of the white handkerchiefs, the bright friendly faces, make us realize that at last we are near home. We have a couple of hours in Owen Sound while our baggage is being unloaded and placed in our train, and during that time regale ourselves with unlimited and marvellous quantities of lemonade and cake supplied by the citizens, and amuse ourselves by going in for most desperate flirtations with the fair daughters of the hamlet.

We have a delightful run from Owen Sound, greeted with cheers at every station, nay even at every cross-road. With hearts light and thankful withal we see once more the far off smoke of our beloved Toronto, and as our eyes fill fast at the roar of welcome that meets us, our labours, our trials, our dangers, our hardships, are all forgotten, and gratitude and enthusiasm alone remain.

May 2nd, 1893

Dinner at the Toronto Club of Officers  
present at Cut Knife.

Colonel Otter

Surgeons Strange and Lesslie

Captains Lutton, Brock and Cassels,

These (six) the only ones in Toronto.

Col. Herchmer, Major Short and  
Captain Brown dead.

Nash in N.W. Hughes in Oregon.

Neal Rutherford and Farley  
in Quebec.

Pelletier and Prower

Gray in Ottawa.

Wodmore in London.