

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GALLANT ATTACK ON BIG BEAR'S BAND BY THE MOUNTED POLICE.

As we do not share in the least degree the unfavorable opinion of the North-West Mounted Police which has been rashly expressed in some quarters by those whose opportunities of forming an adequate opinion of the services rendered by the force have been very restricted, it is with peculiar pleasure that attention is drawn in these pages to the plucky conduct of the small body of Mounted Police and scouts which formed the advance guard of General Strange's brigade. Though his characteristic modesty has prevented his saying much of his personal share in the action, the following official report of Mr. Steele to his superior officer no doubt contains the main facts, if not the most sensational incidents, of a specially daring attack by a small detachment on an enemy in greatly superior numerical force:—

"CAMP, TROUT LAKE, JUNE 5, 1885.

"In accordance with my instructions I scouted for the trail of the Indians with the prisoners McLean. This I found one mile north of camp, leading northwest. Following the trail I found, at the first Indian camp, ten miles away, a note from Mr. McLean, stating, 'All well, May 27th, escaped N.W.' Having been informed by the escaped prisoner Quimby that Big Bear's party, with the McLean family, had separated from the others and had only fifty fighting men, I hurried on, camping at noon twenty-five miles northeast. While at dinner we were alarmed by two shots fired by Mackay (the Rev. Canon Mackay) at Indian scouts, who, unfortunately, escaped. Mackay had gone in advance of Sergeant Butlin's party without my knowledge. These Indians waited in ambush and shot Scout Fisk, of the advance party, breaking his arm. The man in body was extended at once and rushed through the bush, but no Indians were seen. We advanced further without any mishap to night camp, 45 miles northeast, on Big Bear's trail. Fisk rode on pluckily without a murmur. The trail showed a large party in front one day old. We found a second note from McLean, saying, 'All well, May 28th,' and signs left by him on the trail. We marched at daylight, and the advance party under Sergeant Butlin arrived at a hill commanding the Indian camp of the previous night. Two tepees were standing occupied, and there were a few head of horses and oxen. The remainder were arriving towards and crossing a ford leading to an island or point about twelve hundred yards in advance. At the previous camp we had counted 73 fires; therefore, knowing that they were too strong in numbers, it was only my intention to parley through Mackay if discovered. Their picket, however, hidden within a few yards of the advance party, discovered them and fired the alarm. Seeing them retiring to an apparently impregnable position on the island, I put the horses in cover and extended on the brow of the hill to punish a few of them. Their chief called to his men to go at us, as there were only six of us. They commenced crawling up the hill under cover of the bush lining it; the leader getting within ten feet of teamster's fields, who had volunteered to join us. Fielders killed him, and puffs of smoke immediately appeared from clumps of bush all through the bottom and the hill surrounding their camp. My scouts killed two more running from us, and then fired a volley into the tepees and at the Indians taking cover, killing one from the tepees. The line then rushed to the bottom, under a strong fire, and then divided. The left charged the hill, commanding the position, and turned their position, bringing more fire on them, the right took the swamp along the lake. Squadron Sergeant-Major Fury was with the left, and was shot through the breast by the man with Sharpe's rifle going up the hill. The scouts were on the brow in a few minutes. The Indians retired as our men advanced on the run, who, lying down and firing a volley when the Indians attempted to make a stand, had cleared the whole ridge half an hour after firing had commenced. The right cleared the swamp, killing five and losing none. The left shot seven returning through the bush to the ford, about 600 yards from the hill, and wounded one (the last seen emptying to cross). The right then retired to protect our horses and flank, and I had a white flag hoisted to parley. Canon Mackay told them to give up the prisoners. The answer was a volley from the island. A second attempt was made with no better result—this time asking them to allow McLean to speak with us. They then called out that they would fight us as clean as out, and the chief attempted to rally his men to recross the ford, calling them cowards for running from so few of us. We then continued to exchange shots till a buckboard was fitted up to carry Sergeant Fury. The left had one more wounded in Scout West, of Edmonton, shot in the leg—a ball entering at the knee-cap and remaining in the thigh. He rode his horse, however. We destroyed the ammunition found in the tepees, and burned them with their contents. Mackay collected 4 horses and 2 colts, which we brought with us. I kept a fire on the island until the wounded were well retired, and then retired twelve miles. Fury shows wonderful pluck and determination; and after halting two hours we moved on twelve miles further to the first feeding ground for

the horses, camping for the night at 11.30 p.m. The horses were terribly played out, having travelled eighty miles on very little feed from the morning of the previous day, over a worse trail for muskegs and brush than that between Vermilion Creek and Sucker Creek. Capt. Oswald and Lieut. Cornell set the men an excellent example, and Canon Mackay risked his life to a considerable extent. I thank you for your kindness in sending ambulance, tents and rations.

"J. B. STEELE,
"Major Commanding Cavalry,
"Alberta Field Force."

Inspector Steele's whole force consisted of twenty-three Scouts, twenty-three Mounted Police and twenty-four Alberta Mounted Rifles.

THE 91ST (COL. SCOTT'S) BATTALION

has not had representation in our pages for some weeks, but we now reproduce a sketch by Mr. Urnston, received some time ago, showing the rifle range where ball practice was carried on when the corps was encamped near the Qu'Appelle railway station on the Canadian Pacific. The other two views are from sketches by Mr. H. J. Woodside, of Main Street, Portage la Prairie, watchmaker and jeweller. He was good enough to furnish in addition the following practical description:—

"In one of the early numbers of the WAR NEWS you gave a picture of Fort Qu'Appelle. It was the police barracks on the north side of the river and at slope of the hill as shown in accompanying picture of valley. The Hudson Bay Company's post here is an old and important one, being the centre of a once vast trade in buffalo robes, furs, etc. The stockade is constructed simply of large poles or posts placed upright in the ground with upper end sharpened, this row of poles supported by suitable stringers. Mr. Arch. McDonald is the Company's chief factor here. This post was in charge some years ago, of Mr. McLean, of Fort Pitt, who with his family were recently prisoners of Big Bear in the north.

"The other view shows part of the valley and upper lake, which is eight miles long, looking from a point at which the Qu'Appelle Station trail descends the hills. Qu'Appelle Station, or "Troy," on the C. P. R., is distant twenty miles to the south. In the foreground lies the thriving little village which has sprung up here. One of the houses in the right foreground is the home of Mrs. French, widow of the late Capt. French, who was killed while gallantly leading his scouts at Batoche, and whose body was laid to rest by the 91st Battalion on the crest of the hill close to the point from which the view is taken. The Hudson Bay Company's buildings and stockade show in the left centre, and the Qu'Appelle Valley grist mill in the centre of sketch; while the Mounted Police barracks nestle at the foot of northern hills near centre, and race course and camp of 91st (Lt.-Col. Scott's) Battalion occupy right of sketch. The hills are very steep and are largely clothed with bushes which, along with the prairie grass, give them a beautiful appearance. The whole Qu'Appelle Valley is a very beautiful place. A little east of the camp is the lower lake five miles long, on which is located the Roman Catholic Mission and chapel. The Qu'Appelle River is a succession of beautiful lakes, and it flows into the Assiniboine at Fort Ellice, 120 miles distant by trail. At Fort Qu'Appelle the river is not navigable and the navigation at its mouth and lower part is too serpentine to be of much advantage; both river and lakes abound with fish, viz., pike in the river, and whitefish in the lakes. Game is abundant here in season, ducks, geese, rabbits and prairie chickens offering every temptation to the sportsman."

The following references to the picture on the lower half of the page will the better explain the features.

1. The Hudson Bay fort and store.
2. The Qu'Appelle Valley grist mill.
3. The Mounted Police buildings.
4. The race course.
5. The camp of the 91st Battalion.

THE STEAMER "MARQUIS" POLING OFF A SHALLOW.

Our illustration, which is from a sketch by our special artist, represents the steamer "Marquis," upon which the Royal Grenadiers with other troops proceeded to Fort Pitt along with General Middleton, in his abortive pursuit of Big Bear. Mr. Curzon sends us the following brief description of a very common incident of travel in steamboat journeys in the North-West. When the boat gets stuck on a sand bar, the men are so distributed as to "trim" it properly, the greater number being posted around the middle and lower decks, together with a few on the hurricane deck. The "pol" is then dropped over the side, and, by a system of blocks and tackle connecting the top of the pole and the deck, the boat is fairly lifted off the shoal. The rope passing through the blocks is wound taut by a capstan that is worked by steam. For a fuller and more graphic explanation of the *modus operandi*, we make the following extract from a letter written by

BATOCHÉ!

READY JUNE 22nd.

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Dr. Edmund E. King, of the Field Hospital Corps, and who performed the voyage from Saskatchewan Landing to Clarke's Crossing along with the Midland Battalion, Lieut. Howard, and his Gatling.—

"Did you ever go down a river on a boat commanded by an 'only original river captain'! The 'only original' must be capable of using a very big 'D' at the proper moment, and with a peculiar emphasis only to be acquired by a Yankee, and by him only after many years spent in cultivating the proper nasal intonation. When such a one speaks he does so with authority; his voice gives forth no uncertain sound, and he means business from the word go, or, to be literal, d—n. Such a captain is the commander of the steamer Northcoke. The captain and crew were mostly Americans, and good river men. We got off all O. K., but before long the boat stuck on a sand bar, and it became necessary to lift her off. The contrivance for doing this is an ingenious one; it consists of two derricks, both forward, and on either side. These have a large, heavy spar hung at the end of their ropes, so that by placing one end of the spar overboard, on bottom, and hauling on the ropes and pulleys, the boat is lifted up on stilts as it were, and being freed from the bottom floats off. The operation forcibly reminds one of the time-honored joke about a man lifting himself up by his shoe straps. The capstans on river boats are called niggers, and it is very odd to hear the captain sing out in stentorian tones, 'Tighten up the little nigger now!' and then round goes the little cuss. Where the river is shallow, as it was for 200 miles down from the point at which we embarked, it is necessary to have men taking soundings on each side of the boat, and giving the depth of the water, so that the captain can direct the course to be taken, and when these men call out simultaneously, 'six feet!' 'five feet!' 'two and a half!' 'no bottom!' 'one foot six!' and so on, it seems strange. But one soon gets used to it, and can sit on deck and be amused at the different intonations that these fellows give to the varying calls. The boat only drew about 2½ feet of water when loaded, so she could get through a pretty shallow channel. On each side of her was a barge loaded with fodder, rations, and ammunition. The bales of hay and sacks of oats were used to form barricades to preserve the crew from being made sieves of by rebel bullets. When the boat gets stuck the fun begins, the ropes are run around the niggers, the spars strained, the derricks put to their utmost strength, and at last the boat slowly raises herself and, clearing the obstructing sand bar, glides off."

MILITARY VIEWS AT BATTLEFORD

For this page we are again indebted to Mr. Wadmore of the Infantry School Corps, Toronto. The first view shows the building which has been used as Col. Otter's headquarters since the brigade under his command relieved Battleford. Its situation is indicated in the view of the town and surrounding country given in No. 12 of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL. A letter to the *Globe* dated the 12th ult., makes the following allusion to this building:—

"Immediately when you cross the Battle River bridge (of which a view was given in the supplement to No. 13 of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL) the Otton House looms up before you, the large conspicuous letters over the door alone designating the place. From nothing else could one discover the character of the house, for it is of ordinary size, made of logs, with thatched roof, like all others of the better class of houses one meets with in the North-West. A closer approach, however, discovers the words, 'Brigade Office,' and here it was that Col. Otter conceived his plans and gave his orders. Since his departure last Tuesday morning with his command to Jackfish Lake, Mayor Dawson, acting commander to the garrison, and Brigade Surgeon Strange spend their days within the four walls of the Otton House, in happy communion and genial companionship with one another. Were they just now boys again, how frequently would their penknives tell the story of their heart's desire upon the bare log walls of the Otton House in the expressive words 'Dulce domum.' As with them, so with the men, so with officer and man at all points where troops are stationed: 'If there is no more fighting to be done, we want to go home.'"

The second picture furnishes a view of the old town site of Battleford and also of the building formerly used as a Government house, more recently as an industrial school for Indian boys, and latterly, having been entrenched by the troops, as an outpost under the name of "Fort Otter," garrisoned by a company of the Queen's Own, under Capt. Brown.

PORTRAITS OF INTEREST.

LIEUT.-COL. VAN STRAUBENZEE, D.A.G.,

late in the 100th Foot, whose portrait in undress uniform we publish, holds his militia rank as a lieutenant-colonel since the 6th May, 1876, when he also received his commission as deputy adjutant-general, which position he has recently held for Military District No. 5, having its headquarters in Montreal. This officer, it will be seen by the quotation below, had already seen considerable service, and his arrival on the scene of action just before the operations at Batoche commenced, doubtless caused General Middleton to feel a sense of relief as to the further conduct of the campaign in the event of his being put personally *hors de combat* by a bullet of the enemy. Col. Van Straubenzee commanded the infantry after his arrival at headquarters, and led the memorable charge on the rifle pits at Batoche. The Montreal *Witness*, whose acquaintance with his career is more extensive than our own, had the following remarks, in connection with a wood cut of Col. Van Straubenzee, published in its columns:—

"No better officer than Col. Straubenzee could have been chosen to fill so important a position. An old soldier of much and varied experience, he entered the army at an early age, and was appointed to an ensigncy in the famous old 32nd Light Infantry. Not long after his appointment he was called upon to see active service, and, in the ever memorable Sikh campaign of Lord Gough, our well-known citizen highly distinguished himself. During those trying times for England, Lieut. Van Straubenzee led the forlorn hope at the siege of Mooltan, and for his pluck and gallantry was specially mentioned in the home despatches. At that time there was no such thing as a Victoria Cross, but had there been the Colonel would no doubt have worn that much coveted reward on his breast to-day. His wounds were serious, and he was obliged to return to England and serve with the depot of his regiment, where he gradually recovered. Before very long, however, the "war cry" again sounded, and as a captain he proceeded to the Crimea, on the staff of his brother, Sir Charles Van Straubenzee, who commanded the 'Light Brigade.' Again the subject of our illustration was favorably mentioned in home despatches. After peace was proclaimed with Russia, the Colonel was once more destined to smell powder, and, from the knowledge the authorities had of his varied and useful services, he was given an important position on the Staff of Sir Hope Grant, when the Chinese war broke out. He was at the taking of the Summer Palace, and on that occasion his name was again mentioned in despatches. Col. Van Straubenzee is much respected in Montreal, and, looking at his fine soldier-like bearing, there are not many who would imagine that even to-day he is still suffering from his severe wounds of 1849."

CAPT. STEWART,

whose portrait appears in the handsome uniform of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, of Ottawa, which he formerly commanded, belongs to the family of the Stewarts of Appin on his father and mother's side. He is the youngest son of the late William Stewart, who represented the Town of Bytown (now the City of Ottawa) and the County of Russell in the old Parliament of Canada. He is about 31 years of age, and was educated in the Collegiate Institute at Ottawa. He was employed in the Canadian Bank of Commerce for some years, and afterwards went to the North-West, where he was one of the first to engage in the ranching business. He is now general manager of the Stewart Rancho Company,