

# The Canadian Campaign.

PART III.

Having thus felt the enemy, and given his raw troops their "baptism of fire," Gen. Middleton resolved to await supper before making a further advance. There were the wounded to take care of and send to the rear, causing a further depletion of the small force; there were many preparations to be made, and there was the steamer with the Gatling gun, forage, provisions, and troops to wait for. Very unfortunately the boat was delayed many days beyond the time she should have arrived. The water was low in the river, and much valuable time was consumed in poling over the numerous sand-bars which obstructed her way. Almost two weeks elapsed before the welcome sound of her whistle was at last heard by the impatient troops. At once the advance to Batoche was ordered, and the camp was struck on the 7th of May. The total strength was now nine hundred men, from which number, if we deduct those in charge of the wounded, the ambulances corps, and other non-fighters, the total available fighting force would perhaps not exceed six hundred men. The rebels had made most complete and skillful preparations. They had chosen their position so well that, while they commanded the approach from every direction, they themselves were almost absolutely safe from the bullets and shell of the loyal troops. Rifle pits extended in echelon along the hill sides for more than two miles, so ingeniously contrived that their occupants might bid defiance to ten times their number, except at the very bayonet's point. For three days a spirited fire from field-gun, rifle, and Gatling was rained upon them with small effect. The men were becoming furious at being thus held at arm's-length, and murmurings were beginning to be heard among them. The simple truth was that Gen. Middleton shared the universal opinion of the regular army, that volunteers were not to be depended upon at close quarters. "Would to heaven that my brave lads were regulars!" said he. "I should make short work of it."

The fourth day was destined to prove that the spirit which has nerved the hearts and steeled the sinews of British soldiers on many a well-fought field was with our young Canadian troops at Batoche. Tuesday, April 12, was the fourth day of its invensure, and by some sort of sympathetic necromancy the feeling had spread among the men that before the sun went down they would test the mettle of the foe. This determination was evident to the eye of the experienced commander by many indubitable signs. There were gleaming eyes and sternly set jaws; a closer clutch of rifle and sword-belt; belts more tightly drawn, and a more soldierly stride as the bugles sounded the advance, and it is safe to say that it was with a certain amount of trepidation the gallant old soldier led forth his young followers on that memorable morning. The Half-breeds had proved they were a foe not to be lightly estimated. Pent in their almost unassailable "rat-holes," the task of dislodging them would be one of great difficulty and danger, and the prudent officer might well be pardoned if he hesitated to send inexperienced troops on such a perilous duty.

But the hour was come. The forenoon was devoted to the usual drill at long range, and at noon the men had a hasty dinner in the trenches. It was then made known to the regimental officers that the general wished to press the enemy, and that every discreet effort was to be used to that end. The lines are extended and the word is "Forward!" It had long been waited for, and with a wild cheer the little army threw aside, for the first time, the grasp of the general's restraining hand, and passed in a moment beyond his control.

The supreme moment had arrived and he saw it. "Let them go," he said; "that charge means death or victory! Let them go!"

And they went. Down the hill-side and along it; ever fallen lumber, through brush and brake, in the face of the leaden hail which dropped many a poor fellow from the ranks as they thundered on; pressing on the rifle-pits which had stung them so long, hand-to-hand at last, their bayonets "forward flung," they met the dusky enemy on equal terms, and he melted away before their steel, as darkness met before the lances of the morning. Batoche was won. The Indians and Half-breeds were fleeing in every direction, and the troops camped that night in the stronghold of the foe.

The rebellion was virtually extinguished. I should like space to tell of many incidents of the fight, which, though small compared with a real battle, was in many respects as gallant an encounter as any recorded in history. You will not deny me room to mention the bravery of our countryman, Captain Howard, of the Winchester Arms Co., who was in command of the Gatling. Canada owes him more than I understand she has yet paid, but I am quite sure that the obligation will be acknowledged in some suitable manner, if it has not already been.

So much for the success of the main body of the expedition. The other portion of the North-west force had also come in contact with the enemy at different points. Col. Otter, it will be remembered, was sent to relieve Battleford, and Col. Strange to perform a like office for Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan. The former left the railway at Swift Current with some eight hundred men, and, covering the intervening one hundred and ninety miles in five days, reached Battleford to find the people safe within the palisades of the fort but the place itself a scene of ruin and desolation. His coming was hailed with joy by the six hundred men, women, and children who, as I have said, were hourly in expectation of being attacked by the Indians and Half-breeds, and he celebrated warrior Poundmaker. The night before Otter's arrival the red fiends had looted not only the village itself, but the whole country-side, burning and destroying every thing they could not carry away. Col. Otter determined to teach the redskins a lesson, and shortly after his arrival led a force of three hundred men to attack Poundmaker at a point some thirty miles from Battleford. They more than accomplished their object, and after a fierce conflict, attended with considerable loss, they succeeded in crippling Poundmaker's command so seriously that he was unable to effect a junction with Riel at Batoche, which was evidently the programme.

Otter then returned to Battleford, this

being his only engagement. Another redskin was on the war-path—the biggest rasal of them all, Big Bear—with a following of some four or five hundred Indians and Half-Breeds, and a number of captives taken at the massacre of Frog-Lake, several of them women and children. Col. Strange, on his way down the river, had fallen in with and tried to force an engagement, but, owing to the nature of the ground, was unable to get near him.

Gen. Middleton's force, now set free at Batoche, joined Col. Otter at Battleford and immediately set off in pursuit of Big Bear, the last remaining enemy, Poundmaker and Riel both having surrendered themselves. They chased him for days, and were at last brought to a halt on the edge of an impenetrable muskeg, where no one except an Indian could hope to find a footing. Here Big Bear had left his impedimenta, consisting of buck-boards, carts, harness, etc., and he and his followers, on their light, wide-hoofed Indian ponies, had plunged into the muskeg, where no white troops could follow.

The hunt was up. Irritated beyond measure that the villain who had instigated the massacre of priests and peaceable settlers at Frog Lake should slip through his fingers, and unwilling to relax his efforts while a hope remained of rescuing the prisoners from the hands of the savage, Gen. Middleton was, for the first time, at a loss what to do. Fortunately, the question was solved for him in an unexpected manner by the escape of the captives, winked at, no doubt, by Big Bear, who, hearing of Riel's defeat and Poundmaker's surrender, saw that the game was up. Shortly afterward he himself came in, and the war was over. The final scenes were witnessed a few weeks since, when Riel and some eight or ten Indian marauders paid the penalty of their crimes on the scaffold.

At the close of July, after a campaign of some four months, the "boys" came home Sunbrowned, ragged, and camp-stained, they marched back to their various quarters amid the acclamations of their friends, doffed the scarlet and rifle-green, and in a week were peaceable citizens once more. And so the North-west rebellion collapsed. That it might have proved a much more serious matter for the Dominion may easily be conceived. One or two signal reverses and the probabilities were that the whole savage horde of Indians would have donned their war-paint with deplorable consequences. And had the authorities of the United States been less friendly than they were, the Indians and Half-breeds of Montana might have been led loose over our southern border, which would have given rise to complications of the most serious character. Canadians feel that to the vigilance and good-will of American frontier soldiers they owe their preservation from such a calamity as this would have been. Is it too much to hope that whatever differences may have existed in the past between two peoples bound to each other by a common ancestry and ties of kindred blood, the citizens of the United States and Canada may, for all the future, be enabled to preserve like friendly relations with each other? Though our paths may seem divergent, our destinies and our hopes are one—our mutual object the character and advancement of the people, the preservation of liberty, and the spread of Christ's kingdom.—Our Youth.

## CIRCUS EMPLOYEES.

How They Eat and the Hard Lives They Lead.

Mr. James M. Nixon, who knows all about a circus, says: "There are no people excepting plainmen—the skrimshers over the wild country of the West—who live as hard a life as circus employes, both performers and workmen. Their life is not as hard now, it is true, as it was some years ago, excepting with the small concerns. They are the 'wagon shows' that travel through the small towns. But even with the big concerns that travel by train it is hard enough now."

"Take the case of a wagon show that has to travel thirty miles after a night's performance to get to the next town, where a street procession is to be made in the forenoon. The workmen, canvasmen, and the like have to take breakfast at 11 o'clock at night. Then they get no meal till dinner, after the procession, say at noon. Wherever they are the work must be attended to first, and eating is a second consideration. With the performers, gymnasts, riders, clowns and the like it is not so bad. They get better food and better pay. As a rule they live on the best food there is to be had where they happen to be, and they take a great deal of it. Most of them are great beef eaters, and are not very particular whether the meat is hot or cold, so long as it is good and plenty. They are very particular, however, about cleanliness. I have seen twenty or thirty of them get up and leave the table because the tablecloth was dirty; and when they want a meal they want it, and what have it."

I have often seen them leave a hotel where they would have to wait fifteen minutes for a dinner that was paid for, and go to a restaurant where they would have to buy another. They won't eat unless they are hungry; but they are always hungry after a night's performance, and they will not go to bed without a hearty supper. They say they can't sleep if they are empty."

"One thing that is peculiar about them is that they do not take medicine, and they are remarkably healthy. When they are out of sorts they diet themselves, each one according to his own ideas, but I don't think I ever saw \$50 worth of medicine around a circus in all the years I have been in the business. Yes they drink. Not to excess, but nearly all of them drink when they feel like it. They never drink, however, before performing. They are very careful of themselves. They have to be or they would not last long."

"As a matter of course, with their irregular habits, they are in a certain sense, extravagant. Their extravagance, however, is mainly in the line of eating. Experience teaches them very soon, if their own sense does not at first, that they must take the very best possible care of themselves physically, and that good-eating is a primary consideration."

There has been in late years a vast improvement in all departments of the traveling circus and in nothing has this been more observable, to those in the business, than in the provisions made for the health and comfort of the employes. A good chief cook with a circus will get as good a salary as a first class performer, and has to earn it.

One should seek for where the happiness can be found for one's self.

## HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS.

Few will contest the palatableness of well-prepared buckwheat cakes, but not many know that they will keep a man from hunger longer on a cold winter's day than most other kinds of food. They may not be easily or quickly digestible; but this fact is rather an advantage to a man working hard in cold weather and who wishes to have his breakfast stand by him as long as possible.

Plaster of paris and cornmeal mixed and placed on boards where rats infest will destroy them. Frothed coffee broken up and smoked in a pipe is an immediate relief for neuralgia.

In the south meat and other food is much more liable to attack of insects than at the north. A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator places ham and shoulders in flour sacks boiled in unslacked lime—four quarts sufficing for twenty-five sacks. When the sacks are dry the hams, having previously been smoked with hickory wood, are placed in boiling water for half a minute, then dried in the sun, then tied snugly in the sacks, the latter turned wrong side out so as to bring the lime surface next to the hams. This recipe is well worth trying. Lime is repulsive to insects, and the immersion in boiling water would surely kill all eggs and larvae should the hams have been previously stacked. Very likely the sacks would protect without the lime, though the latter would tend to make assurance doubly sure.

An enthusiastic housekeeper sends this: Dishes should be washed in water much hotter than one can bear to put the hand in. They should first be rinsed to remove most of the stickiness and greasiness. After washing they should be wiped, each one as soon as washed. The practice of washing quite a number, piling them in a pan, and after pouring warm water over them beginning to wipe them, is altogether reprehensible. The wash water should be hot, and made up with a soap shaker. Use a dish mop and wipe immediately. The drier need only put her hand upon a piece of china to tell whether or not it was washed in this—the only right way. Dishwashing is a fine art, not a drudgery.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Buttermilk Muffins.—One quart of buttermilk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a good batter. Beat the eggs well and stir into the milk, then the flour and salt, and lastly the soda; bake at once in a quick oven.

Beef Pie, Potato Cust.—Cold roast or corned beef, seasoning, mashed potatoes, butter, gravy. Mince the cold meat, season, and spread a layer in the bottom of a deep pudding dish; then a layer of mashed potato, stuck over with bits of butter, then meat again, and so on until the dish is full; pour over the gravy which has had some butter added to it, also some tomato catsup if the flavor is liked, and cover all with a thick crust made as follows: One large cup of mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one egg, two cups of milk, enough flour to roll it out. Beat all the ingredients well together until very light, and add flour, roll out, over the pudding-dish with this crust, cutting a slit in the middle; brush over with beaten white of egg and bake.

Dumplings.—Scrape two ounces of fine beef suet very thin, mix it with four ounces of flour, a pinch of salt, and water to make a stiff paste. Flour your hands and roll the paste into balls about the size of a florin; have ready a stewpan half filled with boiling water slightly salted; drop in the dumplings and let them boil fast for twenty minutes. Take them up with the fish slice and put them on the dish with the carrots. If preferred, these dumplings may be made of drippings or butter in the proportion of two ounces of fat to five ounces of flour. A small pinch of sage or pepper can, if liked, be used as flavoring for the dumplings.

## GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Youthful rashness skips like a hare over the meshes of good counsel.

A fool may have his coat embroidered with gold, but it is his fool's coat still.

We carry all our neighbors' crimes in sight and all our own over our shoulder.

Stay not until you are told of opportunities to do good; inquire after them.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman charms the heart.

Once loosen the latch-strings of honor, the door to crime and folly swings easily.

To enjoy the pleasure of wealth thou shouldst first experience the fatigue of labor.

The spirit of strife and contention is not from above, but is inspired by the gods of this world.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it each day, and it becomes so strong we cannot break it.

She who will reason is a bigot; she who cannot is a fool, and she who dares not is a slave.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

Never stoop to do or say anything that is beneath the dignity of the character to which you aspire.

It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy; and it is only by thought that labor can be made happy.

The groundwork of all manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of every thing said.

It is selfish to dwell on our griefs, as though some strange thing had happened to us, as though they were too important to be relieved, or it were a virtue to sink under them. That bereavement seems rather sanctified which saddens the heart not over much, and softens without withering it.

Lady Magdalen Yorke, when she was married to Sir Richard Balkeley in England the other day, was clad in a gown of white satin trimmed with swan's-down. A guest wore a suit of peacock-blue plush; another guest, a handsome girl, had on dark furs and a red bonnet. Still another had such a pair of diamonds that one's eyes were too much dazzled to tell precisely what she did wear.

## He Stole the Watch Dog.

Some three weeks ago the daring but thoughtful act of a burglar who stole a sewing machine and a still-heated stove with which to keep warm was reported in the Chicago Times. The other day a fellow thief did something equally startling. Joseph D. Menard, had a coal office on Wabash avenue and a large English mastiff to guard the place. One night last November burglars broke into the office. Of course, the dog raised a great row at first, but being of a most amiable disposition he concluded to make friends with the robbers. After that pleasant recognition the burglars commenced to search the place for valuables. They first broke open the money drawer, and took what cash there was in it. A quantity of clothes, consisting of an overcoat and two suits, was made up in a bundle, and was to be part of the plunder. Further search failed to reveal anything more, and they were about to go, when one of the party said: "What's the matter with taking the dog, too?" The dog was still friendly, and allowed the men to tie a rope around his neck and lead him away. The next morning when Mr. Menard reached his office he found all his clothes, money and the faithful watchdog missing. He reported the matter and said they could only recover the dog he would let clothes, money and burglars go. The police, however, failed to find the thieves or any of the property. A month ago Mr. Menard saw the dog at the house of William P. Bardick, on Twelfth street, near Canal. He went into the place and demanded the animal. But the new owner refused to let him go and claimed that he had bought him from a man for \$25. Mr. Menard tried to take him by force, but in the row that followed he was worried. After thinking the matter over for several days he went to Justice J. C. White and sued the man for the dog or the value of the animal. A judgment was entered against Bardick for \$100. He refused to pay the judgment, and a constable armed with the proper paper caught the man near the house and escorted him to the jail, where he is now confined. In the meantime the dog has been sent away and cannot be found. Mr. Menard says that if the dog is not given up he will pay the man's board for the next two years in the county jail rather than to let him out.

## Red Snow.

Even to day the wild theories about the red snow are not yet ended. Seeing that the young spores of the algae moved incessantly backward and forward in the water, the idea arose that they were animalcules, and red snow only the lowest form of animal life. By degrees, however, it came to be an accepted fact that this voluntary motion does not belong exclusively to animal life, and the young spores of the lower plants, although they move freely about in the water, and are plentifully provided with fine hair like threads like the real infusoria, still remain plants, and never turn into animals, and thus the plant nature of the "snow blossom" was finally settled. The red snow alga found on the Alps, Pyrenees, and Carpathians, and also on the summits of the North American mountains as far down as California, is not, however, such a determined enemy to heat as its having its home in the ice region would imply. In the arctic circle, as well as on our own mountains of perpetual snow, especially on Monte Rosa the red snow is seen in summer like a light rose-colored film, which gradually deepens in color, particularly in the track of human footsteps, till at length it turns almost black. In this state, however, it is not a rotten mass, but consists principally of carefully cauled "quiescent spores." In which state these microscopic atoms pass the winter, bearing in this form the greatest extremes of temperature. Some have been exposed to the dry heat of a hundred degrees, and were found still to retain life-bearing properties, while others, again, were exposed with impunity to the greatest impurity to the greatest cold known in science. This proves that the productive organs in a cauled state can bear vast extremes of temperature without injury; a significant fact, in which lies the secret of the indestructibility of those germs which are recognized as promoters of so many diseases.

## Bridges on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Wherever high wooden bridges are necessary (and there is one perhaps which is the highest in the world), the lowest supports rest on masonry of the strongest kind. Cobweb-like as these wooden structures appear from a distance, it is wonderful what strength they possess, and how extremely rare accidents have been upon them, universal as is their use all over the American continent. The trains go over them at a leisurely pace, and if it were not for the courtesy of the conductors, who usually call the passengers to the attention of the outlook, the traveller would not know that he was proceeding along a narrow way just wide enough to hold a pair of rails forming the single track, and with an abyss below him of two or three hundred feet. In the snug cars the transit is no more trying than is the walk across London Bridge. But if a man unaccustomed to high straits to walk across as an experiment, the sensation is not so pleasant. The "ties" or sleepers are only a short distance apart, but between each yawns the gulf below, and many a person finds it advisable to halt and gather nerve as he goes on his way stepping from timber to timber, for his eye gets confused in the effort to look through the intervals and to the next resting-place for the foot. Perhaps the shortest sighted are the least inclined to giddiness in making such an effort. Many of our laugh at the idea of such weakness, but the strongest in body often prove the weakest in head.

Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburg multimillionaire, began his career as a messenger boy in the office of the late Col. Thomas A. Scott, and afterwards became an operator in the telegraph department of the Pennsylvania road. He was an expert sound reader, and one day when on a locomotive near the telegraph office at Altoona he heard the news come that a train had split in two on a sharp grade a few miles away, and that part of the train was coming along like lightning. Young Carnegie told the engineer of a passenger train which was waiting on the track which the fugitive train would pass over. There was just time enough to switch off the passenger train before the runaway came rattling on.

## PEBBLES.

Why does a donkey eat thistles? Because he is an ass.

Because the baby is a little yellor is no sign he is a Chinaman.

Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a clothes observer.

An artist's cherub is a good deal like a cooing house turkey—all head and wings. Er man whut likes er song jes' cause it is hard ter sleg, doan know ez much er bout music ez he do er bout ac'noe.

"A man never loses anything by polite'ness." At all events, there are a great many men who never do and never intend to.

The shortest route to a man's heart is said to be through his stomach. In that case a good cook book is the most reliable marriage guide.

A Toronto woman is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase, but cannot afford to wear. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-ography.

The custom of kissing babies is being justly censured these days. It is cowardly to kiss the poor helpless things. We'd rather take somebody of our size.

"Pat, what time is it?" "Oh don't know, Mike, but let's guess at it, and thin, begorra, the man who comes furthest off can go out to the kitchen and look."

Young Wife: "How do you like this dress, John? I designed it myself." Old Husband: "I was wondering whether it were the result of accident or design."

"Do you think Johnny is contracting bad habits at school?" asked Mrs. Caution of her husband. "No, dear, I don't. I think he is expanding them," was the reply.

The railroad companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the Hamilton ministers says that his congregation has material enough to set up a whole parallel road.

In a ball-room. Mrs. Brazen—"Ah, Dr. Pillsbury, I see you are looking at my new dress. It is very low necked, I know; but really, what do you think of it?" "Pneumonia, madam, pneumonia!"

There is a man in Montreal so mean that when he is asked to join in singing "Old Hundred," churms off "Ninety and Nine" instead. He says he has got to make one per cent., anyway, these hard times.

Lady (to policeman)—"Why did you shoot that poor little dog? Was he disordered intellect and beside himself with violent mental excitement?" Policeman—"No, mum. That dog was mad."

A man with a red nose applied to the theatrical manager for a position. "Where were you employed last?" asked the manager. "I was in the orchestra." "What instrument did you blow—the trombone?" "Naw, I blew out the kerosene lamps after the performance was over."

"I don't wonder that people talk of the good old time," said the president of a gas company. "At one time it was dark for three days and three nights on a stretch, in the land of Egypt. What a big thing it would be for the gas companies if we could have something like that in these days!"

"I see Edison, the inventor, is going to be married." "Is he? Good! I'm glad of that." "What interest have you in it?" "Well, you see, I've been afraid he would invent some confounded electric contrivance by which a woman could tell just how long her husband had carried her letters in his pocket, or some foolish thing of that sort. But, of course, if he's going to be married—"

Speaking of wives' wages, it is mentioned that a happy couple agreed to bear equally the expenses of the family. One of the children fell ill, and a difference arose as to which should buy medicine for the little one. Both held out firmly. The result was that the child, getting no medicine, was soon well.

"Hello, Simpson, old boy; how are you feeling this morning? I see you were fined twenty dollars yesterday for being drunk on the street, and yesterday an Italian crossing-sweeper?" "Me! I never was drunk in my life, and I have been out of town for two weeks; just got back this morning." "Well, here it is in the paper, anyhow, plain as day: Marcus H. Simpson, grain dealer, of 814 Barclay Street." "Let me see the paper. Well, truth is dead in this world. The newspapers are lying more than ever! The miserable liar of a reporter who wrote that! I told the judge my name was Thomas Jones, and that I lived in Hannibal, New Jersey. There's no liar like a newspaper."

## A New Idea in Fire-Escapes.

An inventor has seized upon the idea that the efficiency of a fire-escape should not depend upon the self-possession of endangered persons, but should take advantage of this universal impulse to leap and use it in saving life. He constructs a portable escape, which is simply a bed upon which the jumpers may alight without injury. His idea is that as soon as a fire is discovered the watchmen, policemen, or neighbors, even before the arrival of the firemen, may bring out their portable beds or cushions and place them under the windows of the burning building. And there can be no doubt that if some such device was generally introduced and every neighborhood supplied with several of the cushion wagons, very quickly after the outbreak of a fire the occupants of a burning house would find beneath the windows something better than the bare pavement to jump upon.

## The Newfoundland Dog.

A vessel was driven on the beach at Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously, eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach with his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He seized the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.