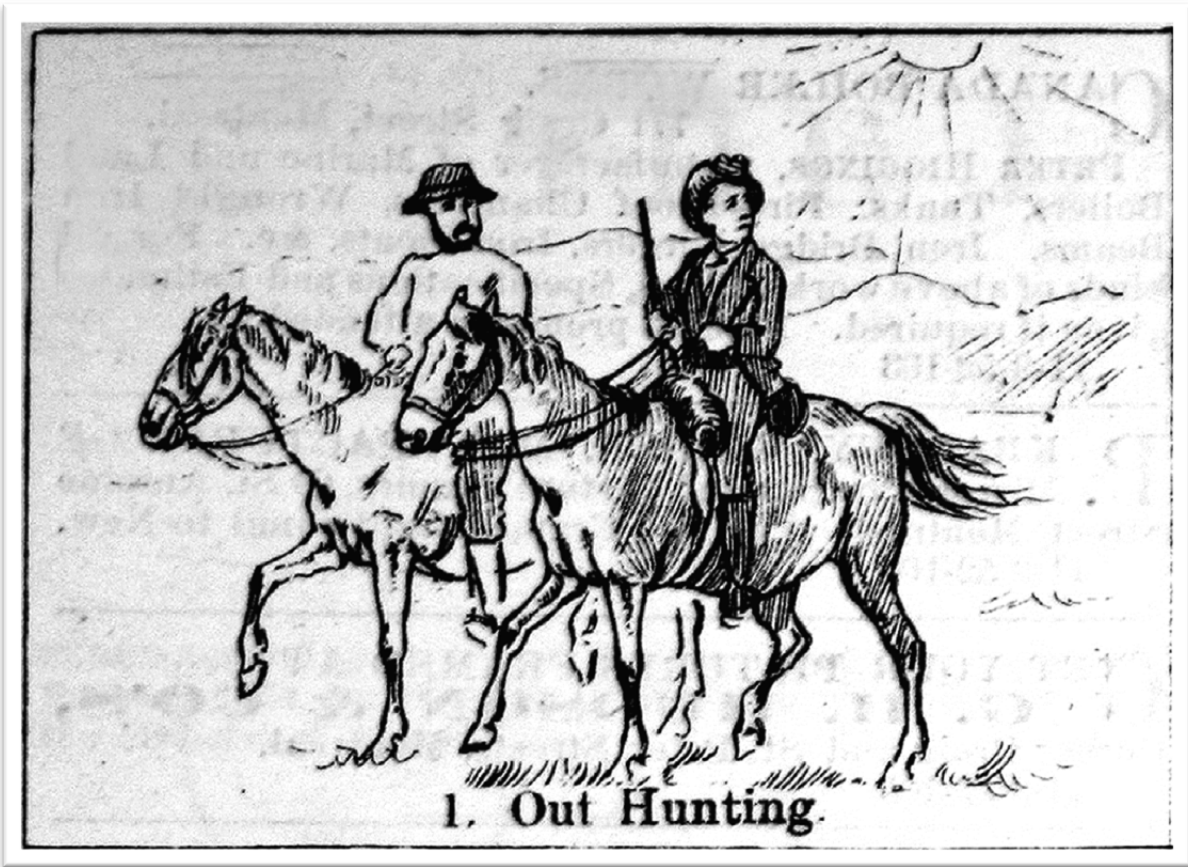


**Henri Julien**, an artist and journalist employed by the Canadian Illustrated News, accompanied NWMP Commissioner French from his departure from Toronto on 6 June until his return to Fort Dufferin on 24 November. Some forty drawings and his accompanying remarks and journal were featured in the Montreal newspaper Canadian Illustrated News between June 1874 and April 1875.

### ***Lost on the Prairie***

Canadian Illustrated News, March 13, 1875, page 163.  
Six Months in the Wilds of the North-West - VII

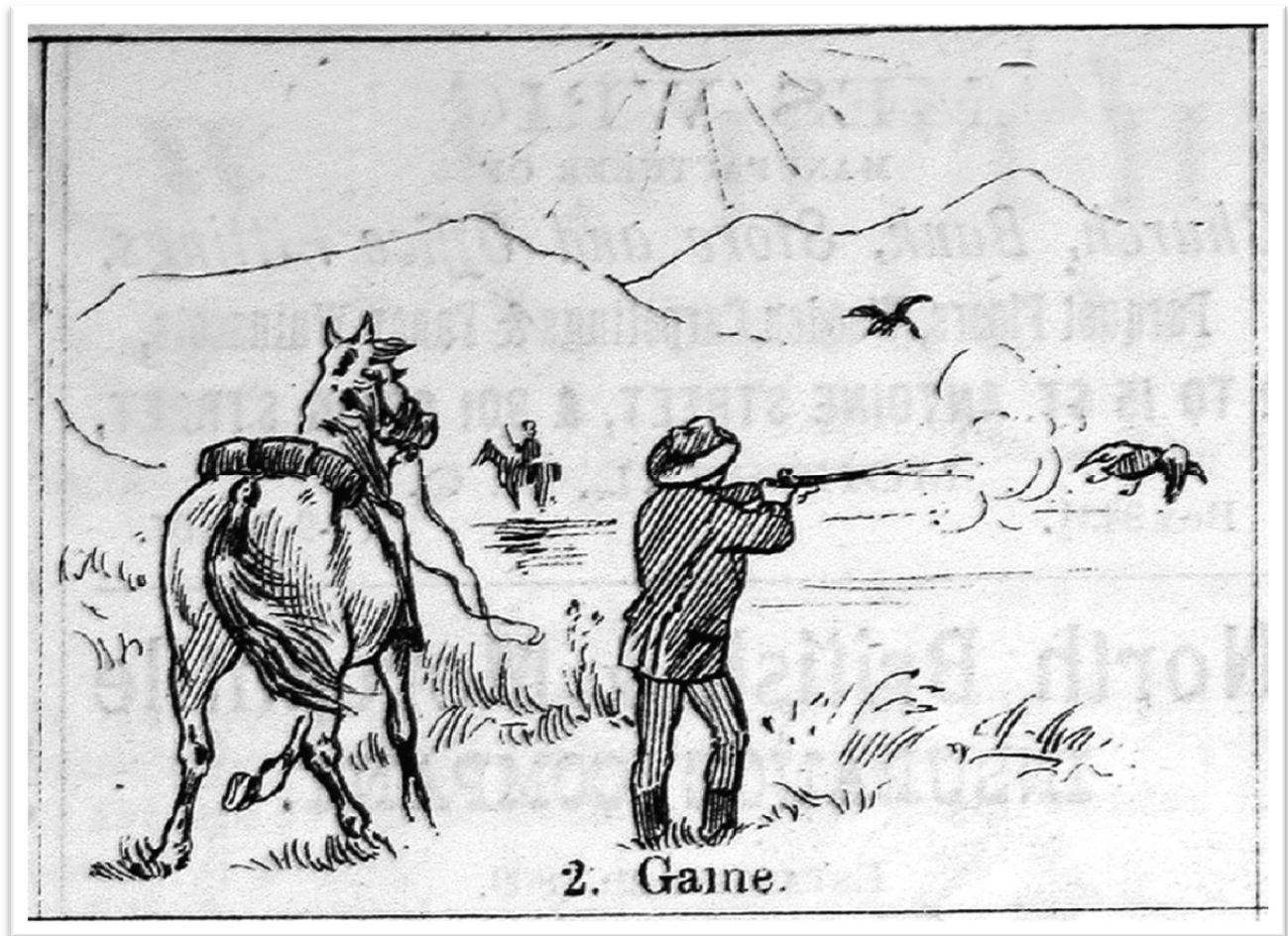


## SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST VII

By our special agent and correspondent Henri Julien

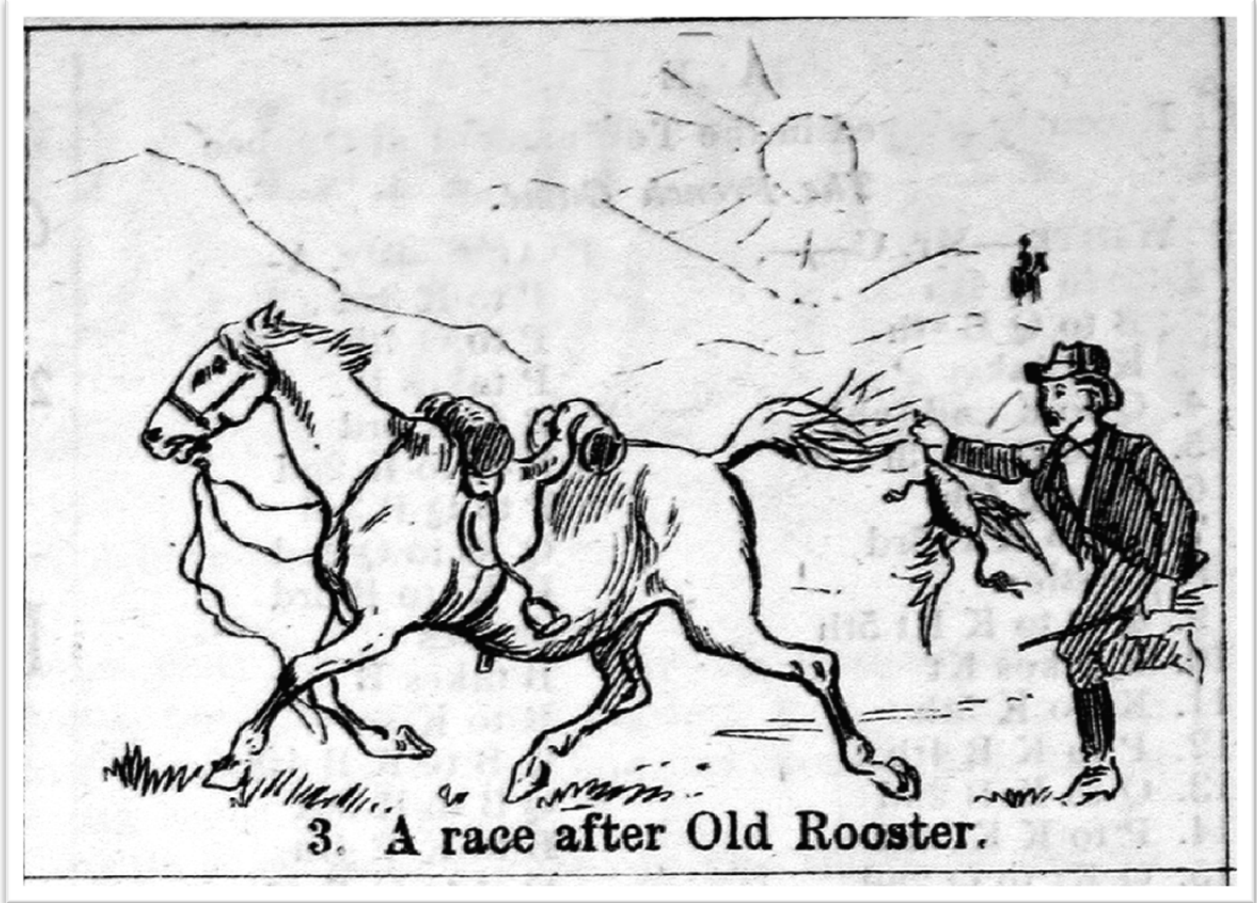
*I was bound to have my own private adventure and I had it. I started, one afternoon, with Page, one of our half-breed guides, for a duck-hunt on the prairie. About five o'clock in the afternoon, we came to a lake which, to our delight, we found covered with the coveted birds. Page had a shot gun, I had only my rifle. His chances were, in consequence, far superior to mine.*

*He took up his position at one side of the lake and plied his weapon to his heart's content. I went over to the other side of the water in quest of adventure. Sitting on my horse, hardly expecting much success, I spied a fair chance for a shot and aiming my rifle, I brought down a duck stricken to the heart with a ball. Too well pleased with my success, and forgetful of the risks which I ran, I immediately leaped from my saddle, and dragging my horse by the bridle, I turned to the water's edge.*



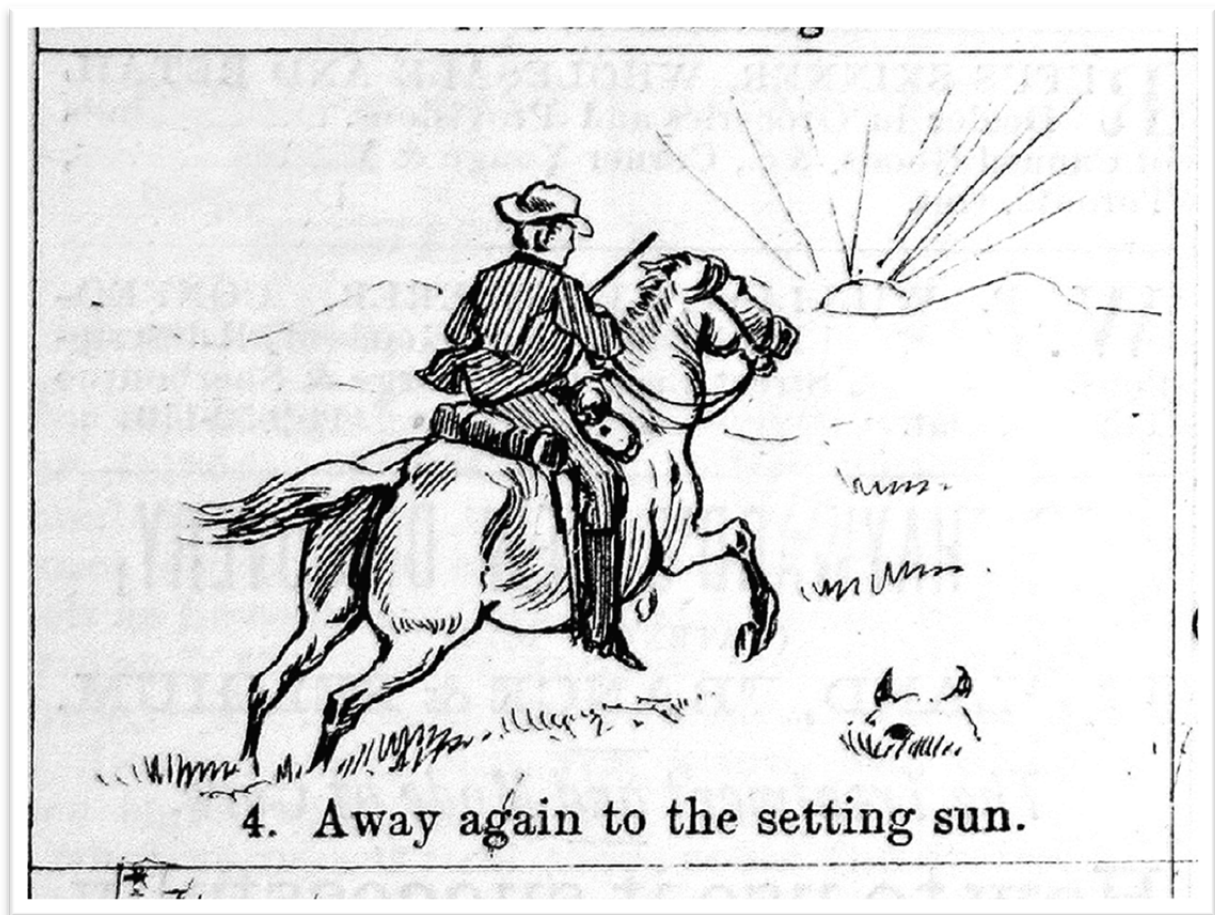
*My horse was a thorough bred mustang, with all the virtues and vices of his race. He was docile enough, affectionate after a fashion, at times dull as a post, at other times, intelligent, vivacious and proud. He knew me well, as we had been constant companions ever since the march commenced from Fort Dufferin. But like all old acquaintances, he was sometimes inclined to be too familiar.*

*I had christened him "Old Rooster," and I have since fancied that he did not feel complimented by the appellation. In the first place, he may have objected to being old, when he was probably not more than 15, and in the next place, he may not have liked being compared to the type of ridiculous, vain-glorious birds. "Old Rooster" was not much to look at, but for the jog of the prairie, I could not ask for a better horse. I kept him to the end, and when I left the Force at the end of my mission, I can honestly say that I parted from him with genuine regret*

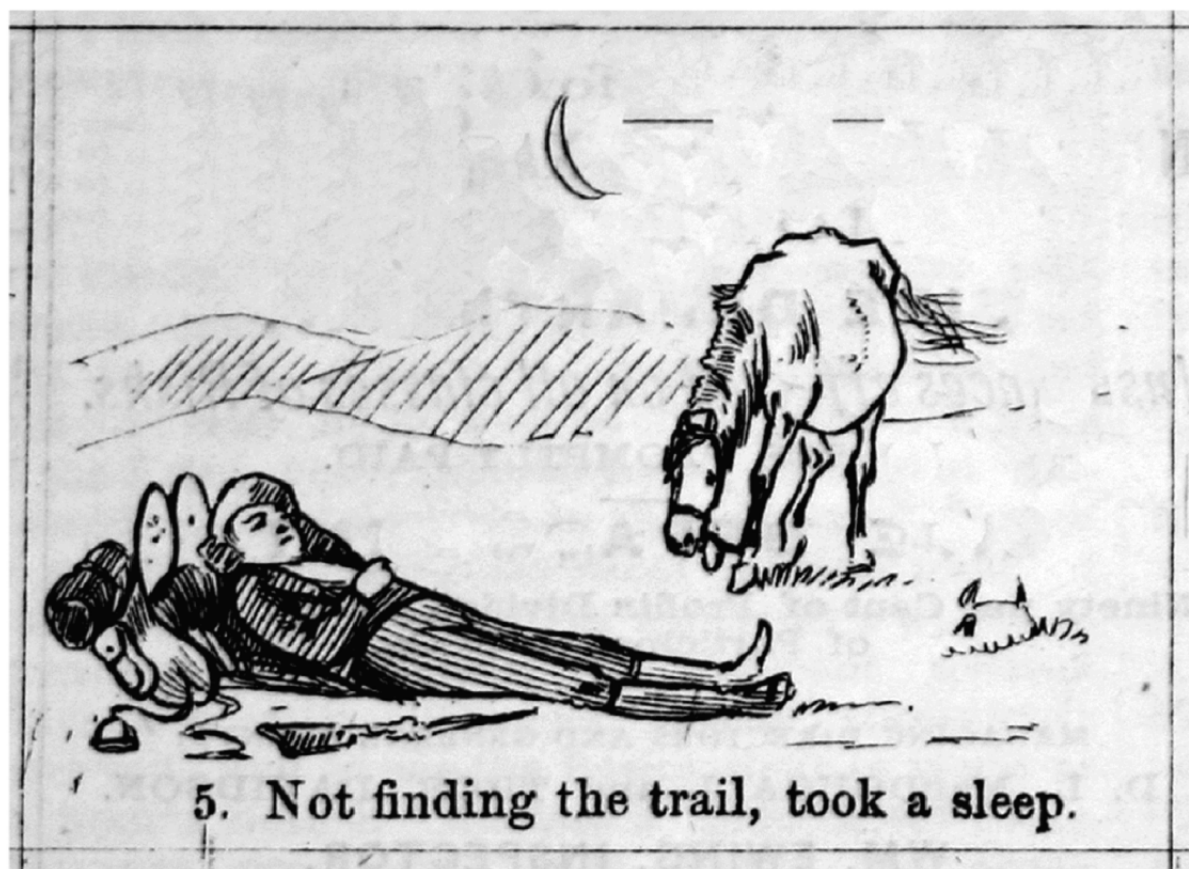


*On this particular occasion, as I stooped to pick up the duck from the margin of the lake, the horse seized his opportunity and broke away. And, of course, instead of making straight to the main body of the camp, as a civilized horse would have done, he scooted away in a directly opposite line. Nothing would do, but I must make after him.*

*He did not go fast, being intent upon teasing me, rather any thing else, so that I ran along side of him, but whenever I reached out to seize the bridle, he would shy his head, kick up his heels, and look around me, as if to say, "O no, not if I knows it." I ran about eight miles, dropping my duck in disgust on the way.*



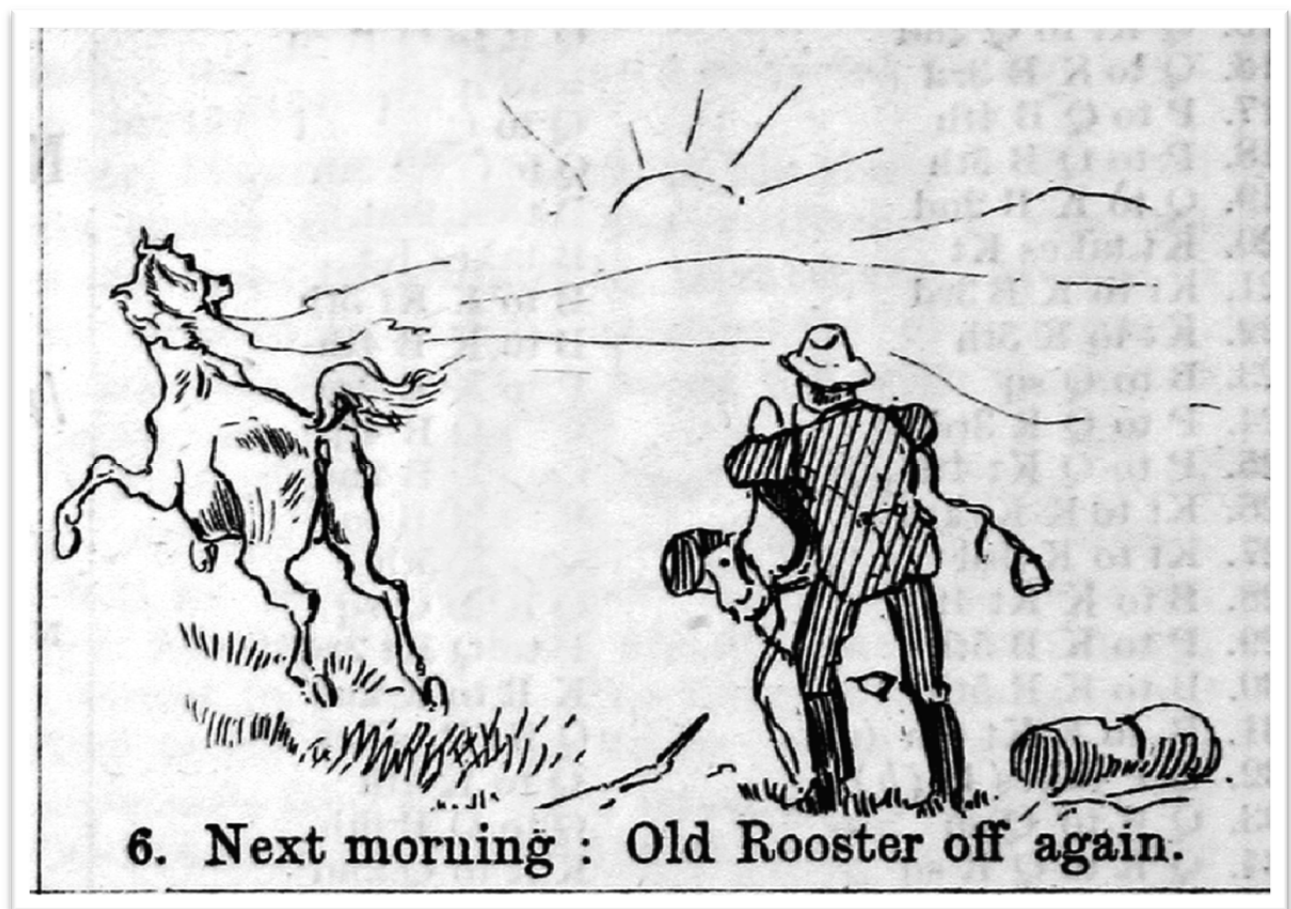
*I was amused at first, then I got vexed, then I swore, but all was useless. At last, I resolved upon being philosophic and employing strategy. I got ahead of "Old Rooster," and got up a conversation with him. I promised him all sorts of things, and talked to him like a father. He was actually fooled. He turned his head to make sure that I was in earnest, when I made a desperate plunge and seized the bridle. He had sense enough to see that he was fairly caught and he fairly capitulated.*



5. Not finding the trail, took a sleep.

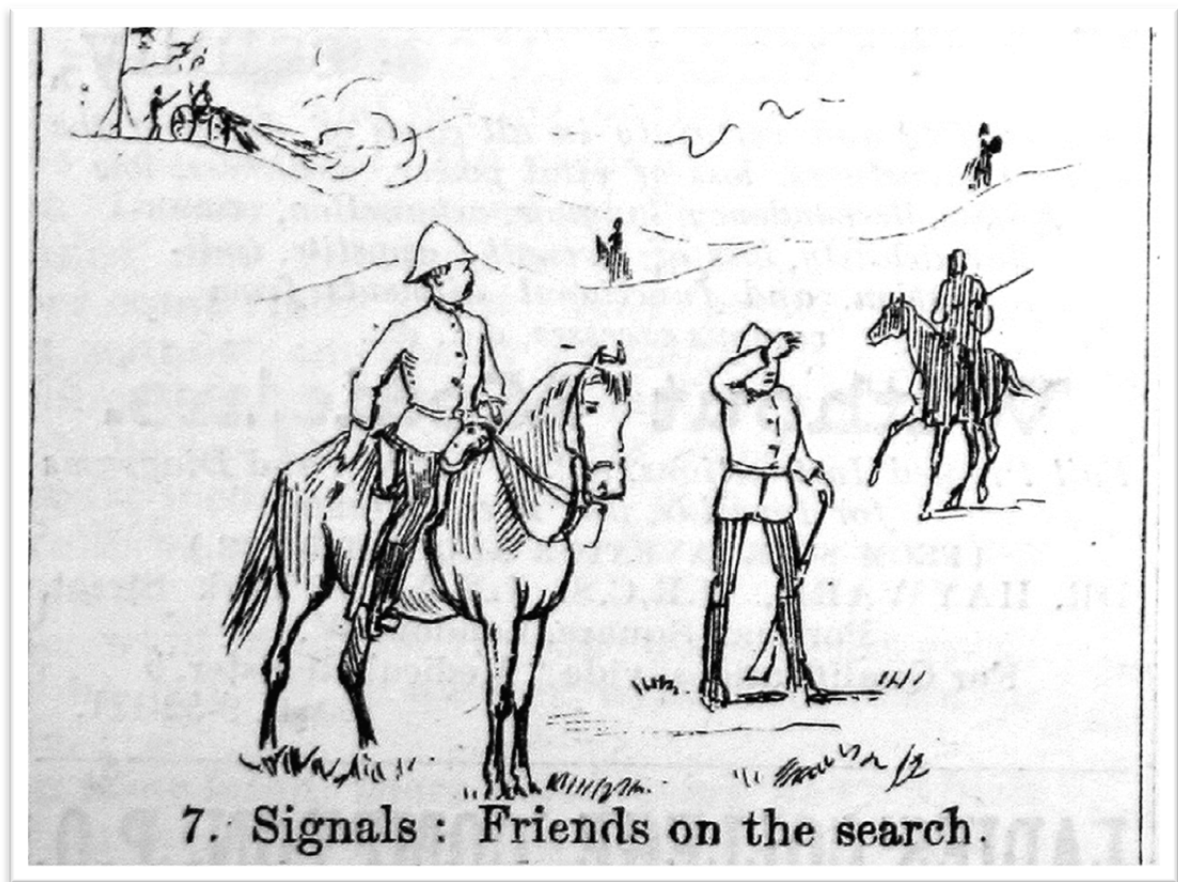
*I got on and struck for the line of march. But here another disappointment presented itself. Instead of continuing the direct route mapped out for the day, the caravan had deflected at an acute angle, and after several hours' ride, I failed to come up with it. It was now far past sunset, night was gathering in its shadows, I was tired and I made up my mind to give up the pursuit for the evening.*

*So I halted in a sheltered hollow, dismounted, made a pillow of my saddle, tied down my horse with the bridle to his pastern, and stretched out to sleep, supperless, buzzing in millions. I wrapped my hands in two handkerchiefs, thrust them in my pockets, covered my face, and still they pestered me beyond endurance*



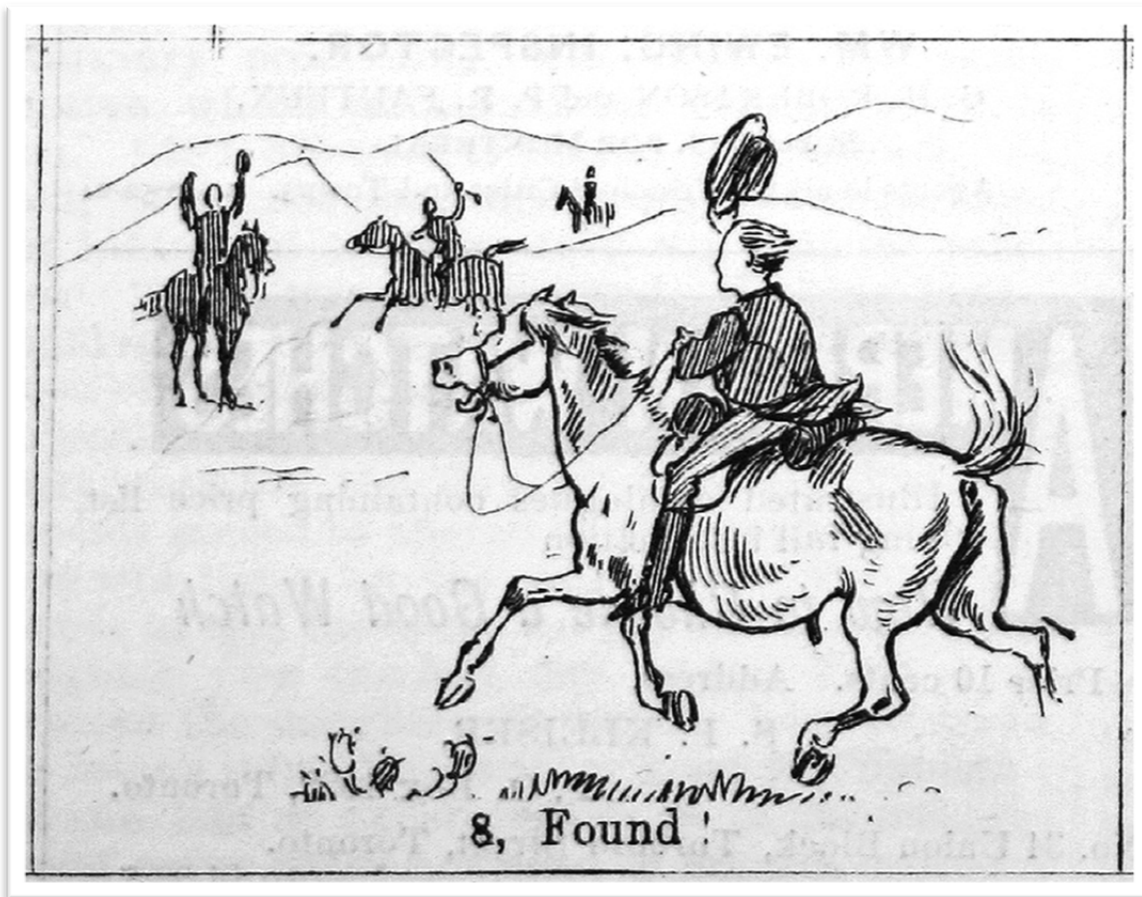
*The next day, hands and face were all blistered. I slept thus as best I could, till about three o'clock, next morning, when I awoke to find that my rascally horse had broken from his fastenings and had scampered off over the prairie. Another chase and another series of vexations. At last, I caught him about six or seven miles from the place where I had left my saddle.*





*Meantime, my friends in camp were kind enough to be alarmed at my absence. Captain Brisebois was detached to the rear with the wagons in order to pick me up.*





*Early in the morning, Dr. Kittson, Morin of 'E' Troop, and Wright of 'D' Troop, went forth in search of me. About six o'clock we met, and my return to camp, I am proud to chronicle, was received with general manifestations of joy.*

