

wuz mixed up wid men ov the right, an' ivery wan wuz scurryin' along in a "go as ye please" sort ov a way, but wid wan idea, to capture Batoche, to set the prisoners free an' avenge the poor boys who had fallen durin' the day. About four hundred yards from the village a man came out wid a flag ov truce, but the Gineril tould him that if Mister Riel wanted fer to chat wid him that he'd have fer to come out himself--an' so the fireworks goes on. We cleaned Batoche's house out in short order, an' in a few minits afterwards Captin French ov the Scouts wuz killed. New there wuz a foine soldier, if I ever seen wan, but he had to go I'spose. Jack Fox wuz wid him whin he wuz hit, an' sez he only said a few words an' thin died. The nixt house wuz where the prisoners wuz locked up. Well, sor, we soon had them at liberty an' scamperin' about fit to bate the band--an' if ye iver seen a glad lot ov min in yer loife, well, it wuz them.

"God bless yez, boys, God bless yez," sez they, "we wuz goin' to be shot to-night."

On we went, the rebels scatterin' in all directions. The camp on the bank ov the river wuz deserted, exceptin' by winnin' and children. We pushed on about a mile past the village an' halted. The half-breeds an' Injins put fer the river like the very devil, an' left the Gineril in possession, an' that ended the "Charge ov Batoche," that is if ye call it a "charge," but to tell ye the truth, sor, it wuz nothin' more nor less than a foight an' a fat race--400 men in skirmishin' order wid their baynits fixed, running', cheerin', yellin' an' shootin', all strugglin' fer first place at the finish--an' if ye call that a "charge," thin it wuz a charge, an' a good wan at that. A lot ov the poor devils got cold steel fer supper durin' the charge. Hogan's baynit got jammed in an' Injin's breast an' Hogan cudn't git it out no how, sor. So what does he do but unfix it, judgm' the toime loike, an' come on wid the rest ov us lavin' the baynit stickin' in the "good" Injin. The charge wuz a great success, sure enough, but ye know the old sayin' sor, "nōt to defeat the saddest thing is victory." Poor Liftinint Fitch, sor, he wuz shot through the heart durin' the charge an' died wid-out a word. He met his death in harness loike a soldier an' a man, if that's any consolation, an' he slapes up in Mount Pleasant Cemetery now, sor, sound enough poor bye. Captin Brown ov the scouts

wuz killed, too, an' Liftinint Kippin' ov Dennises an' a man named Fraser ov the 90th. Our "adj" got a ball in his fat that put him out ov mess fer a whoile, but he didn't same to moind it, he jist sez, "Oi wonder if that wuz mint fer me? the devil's got his windage all right but his elevation is all wrong, I guess he's shootin' wid a "V." Major Dawson he wuz hit in the ankle an' a nasty hurt it wuz, too, oin thinkin', but he wudn't give in he wuz knocked out, he jist climbs on a horse an' roides around the rest ov the day. Captin Caston got a shot thro' his cap an' another thro' his tunic, but he didn't seem to moind, he samed satisfied as long as his shirt wuz "safe an' sound." Our Liftinint got the skin took off the end ov his nose wid a spint ball an' he turns to Bill Urquhart an' he sez, sez he, "By the Lord Harry, things seems to be comin' my way at last," he sez. The Sargint Major got his shoulder strap shot off an' lots ov other fellows got hit wan place or another. Hot quarters, ye say, yer roight, sor, dam hot. It wuz about 5 o'clock whin we halted an' shortly afterwards the Gineril forms us up an' sez, sez he:

"Yez have made me the proudest man in Canada this day."

An' by Hivias he'd a roight to be, fer with 400 min he heked 600 half-breeds an' Injins, a lot ov them armed wid long range rifles, an' wuz allowed to be the best prary foighters in the country, an' thin they wuz on their own ground, too, an' knew ivery inch ov it. Durin' the four days we had eight killed an' 46 wounded, an' the rebels lost 51 and had 173 wounded, most of the half-breeds got away by swimmin' over the river, an' Riel an' Dumont wuz among the luckly wans. We got our supper as best we cud, and rolled ourselves up in our blankets an' slept an' slept.

#### CAPTURE OF RIEL.

The nixt day there wuz white flags flyin' from ivery house, wagon an' buckboard round Batoche, an' lots an' lots ov Injins an' half-breeds came into camp to surrender, ivery wan ov them carryin' a white flag, jist fer to show that they wuz frindly loike, an', much to our disgust, naither the "Talkin' Chief" nor the "Fightin' Chief" wuz among them. The wounded wuz sint off to Saskatoon, "a temperance colony in a temperance land," as it wuz called, an' where a field hospital had bin established, an' the settlers had

gave up iverythin' fer the comfort ov the wounded soldiers. Wan man who wuz hit purty bad, an' had to be carved up a bit, he refused fer to take chloryform, sayin' to the surgin, "No, sor, no chloryform fer me. If I'm goin' to be cut up, I want to see what's goin' on." There's good spunk fer ye, eh, sor? All the time the carvin' an' cuttin' wuz goin' on he wuz watchin' the operation, wid his teeth set as firm as a rock, an', what's more, came out ov it all roight in the ind. Whin they wuz sindin' him off to Saskatoon the surgin wuz jollyin' him a bit, an' sez to him, sez he, "Me man," he sez, "sure, an' ye ought to have bin a surgin. Blood don't seem to have had no effect on yez at all at all." "Sure, surgin," sez he, "I wuz the nixt bist thing to wan before I came out here." "An' what wuz that?" sez the surgin, koind ov interested loike. "Sure an' I wuz a butcher, sor," sez he. An' the surgin he jist laffed, an' didn't say nothin' but "Ha-ha," jist loike that.

The nixt day we marched to Gardapuis' Crossin', an' camped fer the noight. I wuz jist gettin' off to slape whin Mac gives me a poke in the ribs an' sez, "Oirish," sez he, koind ov whisperin' loike, "did ye hear how 'Mud' Hambly came to be made company cook?" "No," sez I, "fer why?" Jist thin Sargint Jack calls us down fer talkin' and kapin' the min awake, an' we had to shut up, an' I niver thought fer to ask him agin till it wuz too late, an' I niver heard the raison. Bill Urquhart he knows, but sure an' he won't tell.

On the 15th ov May, while he wuz at Lepine's Crossin', two ov the scouts brought Riel into camp, a prisoner, an' turned him over to the Gineril. They had caught him in a bush a few moiles out. He wuz put in the guard tint till the nixt day an' thin sent off to Regina fer to be tried, an', sor, an' he got all the tryin' he wanted, cim thinkin', fer he wuz hung high an' dry on the 16th ov November. As fer Riel's looks, my, but oi wuz disappointed in him, an' no mistake. Oi expected fer to see a "Pirate King" sort ov a devil, wid theatre close on him such as they have in story books, but he looked fer all the world loike a plain, ordinary tramp. He hadn't been in camp long befoore he sed he wuz feelin' sick, an' I guess he wuz, purty dam sick. The surgin perscribbed a dose ov somethin' or other fer him an' sint "Wanderin' Spirit," I mean Sargint Hazleton, over to the guard tint wid it. Riel looks at the medicine an'

# Dominion of Canada Rifle Association

## PRIZE MEETING 1895.

On MONDAY, August 26 th, and following days.

RIDEAU RANGES, — — — OTTAWA.

About \$7000 in Cash Prizes for Teams and Individuals.

The Martini-Henry only will be used. Reduced railway fares have been arranged.

Tents will be supplied to competitors—marquees at \$5.00 each, beil tents \$1.00. Entries for the matches included in the Grand Aggregate must be made before 4 p. m. on Wednesday, 21st August, upon forms to be obtained from the Secretary.

THOS. BACON, Lieut.-Col.,

Dep. Militia and Defence, Ottawa.