

The bushes had now been cut in the neighborhood of our bivouac, and we were so well protected by earthworks that the nightly fusillade did no harm. We got so much accustomed to the noise that it made no difference to our rest.

The orders for the morrow, the 12th May, were that all the mounted troops, with one gun, and the Gatling, were to make a demonstration on the right, at the open prairie, but not press home until the left attack had succeeded. As soon as the firing on the right commenced, the whole of the infantry, except a few men to guard the camp, were to advance with cheers, storm the rifle pits opposite our left, and then press home on Batoche. This programme was carried out, as far as the night attack was concerned, led by the General himself. After we had been engaged at 600 or 700 yards for some time, we were concerned at not hearing any firing on the left, and we returned to camp with the loss of one man. We found that by some mischance orders had been misunderstood, and no attack had been made. This was serious, because our night attack had drawn the enemy to that flank, and the left attack could have been easily pressed home. However, we ate our dinners, and then all paraded for the final attempt, the Midland Regiment on the left, 10th Grenadiers on the right, with the 90th and Boulton's and French troops dismounted in support. The surveyors' troop was left in charge of the camp. The artillery and the Gatling were in the centre. We had about 650 rifles all told. The men behaved splendidly, charging home with a cheer, but finding our line short, and fire coming from other pits to our right, the General sent me to get the supports up in the front line on the right. They took the rifle pits one by one in enfilade, and bayoneted many of the half-breeds in them. For a short time the advance hung, as the enemy fell back into the bushes, behind their pits, and fought well; at the same time the pits on our extreme right were taking our advance in flank. Boulton's men, and some of the surveyors, who had come up, were ordered to wheel to the right and clear the pits. This they did, and the attack swept right on to Batoche. Most of the half-breeds fled through the bushes on both flanks, but some had to take to the open, and it reminded me of rabbit shooting to see them going head over heels as they were shot. The last shot at us was fired out of a little gully, down which the trail to the ferry went, and the bullet passed through a poor fellow's mouth, who was standing next to Colonel Straubenzie and I. The next time the half-breed put his head up to fire he got two bullets in it and fell dead. Our total loss up to this we found was 18 killed and 99 wounded. The rebels had 73 killed and 193 wounded in the four days' fighting.

It was now about four o'clock, and the General ordered me to put the nouses at Batoche in a state of defence, as he intended to spend the night there, and it was possible the enemy might attack