

heavy fire while doing so. Our force in the meantime had drawn gradually around the crest of the ravine, and were watching eagerly for a chance at the enemy in their pits, who on the other hand were laying low for us, and who on seeing the least movement of a head saluted it with a shower of lead. Here poor deManolly was killed, being shot through the head dying instantly without a word or struggle. Down in the ravine was a lot of Indian ponies tied up to the trees and our chaps not being able to see their owners were eager to revenge themselves on the poor animals by shooting them instead. As soon as the order came to shoot the poor brutes, ye gods! what a fusillade commenced, I think some of our fellows must have enjoyed the fun of making a noise more than anything else, as they did not appear to fire at anything in particular but kept at it until their ammunition was expended. There were about fifty ponies killed, and lead enough fired to have killed fifty hundred. About 2. p. m., a lull took place in the enemy's fire, and Captain Drury made some practice from his 9-pr; observing a house being made a shelter for the rebels, he pitched a shell into it, and soon the dusky crowd was seen to crawl off on their hands and knees up the furrows of a ploughed field, and make off in the direction of the bush, leaving their comrades in the ravine to do the fighting by themselves. At this stage of the days fighting it was determined to make another effort to drive the enemy from their pits and with that end in view, the ten 9-pr guns with about twenty dismounted gunners, headed by the energetic Peters made a dash over the small creek on the outside of the ravine, and galloping up the opposite bank, and after unlimbering and running the guns up by hand on to the brow of the hill, loaded up with case shot and reversed sharpnell, and fired round after round point blank against the rebels, but with little perceptible effect, for as soon as the iron shower passed over their heads they kept up a heavy fire on us fortunately without doing a great amount of damage, our only casualty being the wounding of Driver Harrison in the neck after the guns where limbered up. Here I might say a few words about what I think of the abilities of the Half-breeds and Indians as marksmen. When coming west to take part in the campaign our ears were assailed by their wonderful skill, such as shooting at five cent pieces when thrown up in the air, hitting the mark every time and a great many wonderful and highly colored improbabilities. No wonder that the "Bold Militiaman" was a little scared to tackle this army of crack shots, but what did it amount to? Nothing so great after all, for instance, had our men had the advantages possessed by the enemy in the matter of rifle pits knowing the "lay" of the country and so on, I think it would be safe to assert that more of them would have come to grief. Luckily for us at Fish Creek, at anyrate, they did not shoot any of our gun horses as a wounded horse is not a desirable companion in the shafts of a lim-

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