

Mackintosh's Farm. Bolton's Mounted Infantry, pushed well to the front, had been suddenly fired on. The trail crosses Fish Creek, and it was probably the rebel intention that his column should descend into the Creek before it was attacked; but our scouts, in extended order, had turned each copsewood as they came to it, and the hidden enemy, probably not liking to allow men to pass his flanks, fired too soon and let the cat out of the bag. The General had time to get up his infantry and guns, and though attacked on both his flanks, he drove them back. But immediately to his front, in a deep hollow of the wooded ravine, were rifle pits commanding the trail, and from these the rebels never budged. Our men lined the crest of the ravine, and fired into the pits. We sent our two nine-pounders across, and took them in reverse with case shot, but in vain. And all day long almost entirely concealed the rebels picked off our men. The General was shot through his fur cap. Both his aides-de-camp were wounded, one having two horses shot under him. And my orderly's horse was shot. Evening was coming on, and we had lost heavily. The General decided that to rush the pits would entail a heavy loss of life, which the advantage gained would not in any way repay. And he decided to pitch his camp. We chose a place half a mile from the Creek, near the Saskatchewan, on a fine open piece of prairie. Two more companies of the 10th Grenadiers and the Winnipeg Field Battery had joined us late in the afternoon; but all the transport of the western column was still on the other side of the river, and with it were only fifty scouts and one company of the 10th.

Night came on with pelting rain. None of us are likely to forget the dark wet night of the 24th close to the deep ravine, still holding, for all we knew, a concealed enemy, and with us nothing but raw troops, totally unaccustomed to night work, and hampered by wounded men, or the bright moonlight and the false alarm of the 26th, when Darcy Baker, of the Scouts, lying badly wounded, sprang up, called for his rifle and his horse, and fell back dead. We thought we had come out for a picnic, and it was impossible to help feeling that war's hardships are doubly cruel to the civilian soldier.

On the 25th we did nothing. We wanted breathing time. On the 26th a strong party went to the scene of the fight, and recovered two of our men whom we had left dead. They were not scalped, and had not been touched. We found two dead Indians, and fifty-five dead or dying rebel ponies. The enemy had evidently left the neighbourhood. Our own loss was ten killed or died of wounds, and forty-seven wounded, out of about four hundred men engaged. The rebel loss, as subsequently ascertained, was, I believe, six killed and about fifteen or sixteen wounded. The main body of their whole force had probably been brought against us.

Late in the afternoon our half-breed interpreter Peter Houri had called over the edge of the ravine to the men in the pits, 'Is Gabriel