

filling them under fire with stray bullets flying round makes it more mixed up than ever. During this time Captain Peters calling out "this way 'A' Battery" had with Lieut. Rivers pluckily led about twenty men of the battery down into the ravine, and supported by a party of the 90th tried to dislodge the enemy out of their pits, in this rush Mahoney our Sergt.-Major was twice severely wounded, being struck in the right arm by the first shot, and having his right thumb shattered by the second; Cook was killed, being at the time within eight or ten yards of the enemy's pits—poor fellow, he put his hand to his heart exclaiming "My God I'm shot" falling dead the next instant. Taylor received a flesh wound, and had it not been for his canteen which received the first full force of the bullet it would probably have gone hard with him. Armsworth and Mousion got severely wounded; Langelie one of our old soldiers got wounded in the arm and on being told to fall to the rear by Captain Peters, coolly insisted upon just having one shot at the enemy for revenge before he went, at the same time proceeding to staunch his wound with a piece of rag torn from his clothing. Mellor got slightly wounded, a bullet grazing his left forearm; Ouillet got struck on the shoulder, and Asselin one in the same place. It will therefore be seen that it was lively times for the battery men and the whole of the foregoing casualties occurred in less time than it has taken me to write this. To have driven the enemy from their pits would have entailed a heavy loss of life, and as the number of men were not considered sufficient, a retire was ordered and the men ran up to the brink of the ravine, depressed and fired to cover the men while retiring, here driver Turner and Wilson were wounded, the former slightly the latter having his arm shattered with a bullet making amputation necessary. As he scramble down into the ravine by our fellows was of course not without some laughable incidents; not knowing the ground, some of them rushed over the wooded crest and soon found themselves falling through space to the bottom of the ravine, among the latter was the redoubtable Matt Coyne, who plunged into the brook which runs through the bottom of the place. In his scramble to get upon his feet some bushes caught his "toque" and upon seeing which some of the rebel marksmen opened a fusillade. Matt on telling the story came to the conclusion that it was well his head was not in the "toque." Lieut. Rivers on descending the side of the ravine finding that his sword was anchoring him to the bushes, coolly unbuckled his waist belt and left the "toasting fork" among the trees, whether he got it back again or not I can't tell, if not I suppose it has been captured by some of our relic hunters, as having been in the "Custer Massacre" or else adorns the wigwam of Chief "Strike him up in a gum tree" somewhere in the far west. About noon the prairie was fired by the enemy, but was put out by the teamsters who were exposed to a