



CHAPTER III.

FROM FISH CREEK TO PRINCE ALBERT.

Farewell Fish Creek, thy memories gory
 Shall aye live in Canadian story!
 Our country's wives and babes are weeping
 For loved ones in thy prairies sleeping.

In the last chapter I mentioned that the rebels opened fire from a bluff upon our advanced men who were instantly ordered to dismount and loose their horses, which being done they returned the fire with interest and held them gallantly in check. Orders were then sent to hurry up the advanced guard and the main body which on arrival extended and took cover in the bluffs, the enemy coming out of the ravine and firing until forced back by our fire into the creek. Meanwhile "A" Battery guns under command of Captain Drury got the order to come into "action front" and they commenced shelling the ravine where the rebels had their stronghold, owing to the intervening bush we could not see the full effect of our shell fire, but were afterwards told that our gunners had calculated the range correctly, and the shells fell among the enemy as if they had been fired from a mortar. Here at this point, might I not offer a suggestion as to the use of hand grenades in this kind of warfare; both at "Fish Creek" and "Batoche," the enemy had taken up positions below us in places where the judicious use of hand grenades would have had great effect—as there are lots of that ammunition lying rusting around the different shot yards and stores in the Dominion, the cost would be nearly nil,—and as the hand grenade fulfils nearly all the conditions of common shell it could be used with great effect. To resume, after firing a few rounds from this position our guns were limbered up and emerging from behind a clump of bushes we came out upon an open prairie ground, where away in our front could be seen the log houses of a Half-breed settlement. Being at this stage of the proceedings sent to the rear to assist in filling shell, I did not have a chance of appearing on the scene for some time again. Shell filling under fire was a new thing for me, and as there was no funnel for the powder or any key or screw-driver to extract the plugs from the barrels of Hamilton powder, a paper funnel had to be extemporised and our sword bayonet used for unscrewing the plugs; filling shell is not a desirable occupation at any time, but

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