

I galloped off with my *aide-de-camp*, Boulton, and a few scouts after two mounted men who were watching us on our right. They got away in some woods, and on our return we captured a man on foot coming out of a small wood close to us. He was unarmed and declared he was the priests' man, and, though an Indian, was in European clothes. He was sent to camp, and turned out to be a full-brown rebel. We also captured some cattle and ponies which we took back to camp with us. After continuing our fire on the pits for some time we returned to camp. On going to the front I found we had more than regained our lost ground, my reconnaissance having drawn most of the enemy to the rifle-pits in our front. A party of *Midlanders*, under Lt. Col. Williams's command, finding the fire blacken from the Indian's post below the cemetery, had, led by him, gallantly rushed it, the Indians boiting and leaving behind them some blankets and a dummy which they had used for drawing our fire. A battery shelled the cemetery and the rifle-pits below, and the *Winnipeg Battery* shelled a house on the opposite side of the River which was flying Riel's flag. In the evening the advanced parties retired unmolested, not even a long-range shot being fired into the camp. Our casualties for the day amounted to only four slightly wounded, including one officer, Captain Manly, 10th Grenadiers. Our men were now beginning to show more dash, and that night I came to the conclusion that it was time to make our decisive attack.

The next morning, the 12th of May, I left with all my mounted men, one gun of A Battery, and the gatling for the plain. Before starting I arranged with Van Straubensee that as soon as he heard us well engaged he was to move off, and having taken up yesterday's position, push on towards the village. I should, as soon as I had drawn the enemy to the rifle-pits, gallop back and join his attack. I took the same route as yesterday, and on reaching the plain dismounted some of the scouts, and with them, the gun and the gatling engaged the rifle-pits which were soon filled with the enemy. In the middle of all this we saw a man riding furiously towards us, waving something white. I rode forward to meet him, and found it was one of Riel's white prisoners, Mr. Ashby, a civil surveyor. He handed me a letter, which he said Riel had written and sent to me. I opened it and found it was to the effect that if I massacred his women and children he would massacre the prisoners. As I supposed he referred to our shelling the houses, I at once wrote in answer that we were most averse to injuring women and children, and that if he would put them all in one place, or house, and let me know its exact locality no shot or shell should be fired at it. Just then another prisoner, a Mr. Jackson, came up on foot, having been sent by Riel with a duplicate of the letter brought by Ashby. The latter, in a few hurried words, told me that the prisoners were all, at that moment, in a dark cellar in one of the houses, the trap-door of which was kept closed by heavy weights, and that Jackson and himself had been taken out specially to carry the letter, and that they were being rather roughly treated. He then described the position of the house, and honourably and gallantly went back with my answer, fearing, if he did not, his comrades in misfortune might suffer. The other man declined to return. I now proposed to retire, first pouring in a heavy fire with some dismounted men and the gatling, while the gun and the mounted men withdrew, covered from the enemy's sight by the ridge. The dismounted men held on for a short time, unfortunately losing one of their num-

ber, Lieut. Kippen, of the Land Surveyor's Scouts. When the whole party was mounted we went as rapidly as possible back to our camp. Then I found, to my intense surprise, and annoyance, that, owing to a strong wind blowing towards us, our firing had not been heard and the infantry had not moved out of camp. I am afraid on that occasion I lost both my temper and my head. I hurried off alone to the church to try and see what the enemy was about. Just as I got near it a fire was opened on me from the ravine, which soon pulled me up. I saw I was in a fix and turned about to walk back, but the fire grew so hot that I had to run for it, the bullets swishing about me in grand style. Luckily I managed to reach one of our rifle-pits, into which I thankfully dropped. The Brigade Major, Capt. Young, who had luckily seen the affair, advanced with some men and I got back safe and sound. By this time the men had had their dinner, and I directed Van Straubensee to take up our old positions at once and push on cautiously, while the rest of us had something to eat. Straubensee moved off and extended two companies of the *Midlanders* on the left moving up to the cemetery. The 10th Grenadiers, under Lt. Col. Grasett, prolonged the line to the right beyond the church, the 90th being in support. The *Midlanders*, gallantly led by their Colonel, swept on through the wood, driving the enemy out of the rifle-pits at the cemetery and between the cemetery and river. The 10th, under their gallant chief, Grasett, now advanced, driving the enemy out of the ravine, the whole giving vent to a rattling cheer, which brought myself and staff speedily to the front, where I found the whole line, which had been splendidly led by Lt. Col. Straubensee, in the wood facing the village, the line being perpendicular to the river; the *Midlanders*, on the left, the Grenadiers in the centre, and the 90th on the right, commanded by Captain Buchan, Major Mackeand having sprained his leg early in the day, and Major Boswell being left in the *zareba* with a guard. The guns were now up, and commenced firing from their old position on the village and on the ferry, by which some of the enemy were escaping. The 90th were now quickly extended on the right of the Grenadiers, the extreme right being taken by the scouts, dismounted. About this time Ashby again appeared, having run the gauntlet of the fire of both sides to bring another letter from Riel—who, by the way, he said was in a blue funk—thanking me for my courteous reply, &c., but outside the envelope was written, "I don't like war. If you don't cease firing the question will remain the same as regards the prisoners." Of course no answer was sent, and soon, with the officers well to the front, a general advance of the whole line was made with rousing cheers, the place was captured, the prisoners released, and the fight was over, except for some desultory long-range firing, which was soon put down by two or three parties sent in different directions. About 6 p.m. the steamer *Northeote* appeared towing another steamer. We were all delighted to see them, and found that except two or three very slight casualties the *Northeote* people were all safe, but they had a long story to tell. I sent for our blankets and food, and bivouacked in and about the houses in the village, having, however, sent the scouts back to strengthen the guard I had left all day in the *zareba* under Lt. Col. Houghton, consisting of a party of the 90th, under Major Boswell, and a gun of A Battery. We posted our piquets, and were all glad to get to sleep after our successful day's work.

FRED MIDDLETON.

To be Continued.

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