

THE SERGEANT'S STORY

By MAXWELL DREW.

A BIT OF HISTORY

Concerning the North-west Rebellion.

1885.

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Things were gettin' purty dam hot fer the noblered man, ye'll notice. Well, sor, after goin' a bit he thinks mebbe he'd better go on widout the infantry, so he sinds thim back to Fort Pitt an' he takes the rest ov the outfit on to Loon Lake. But Big Bear he manages fer to keep out ov the way, an' as the Gineril cudn't git a sight ov him he turns around an' goes back to Fort Pitt on the 12th ov June. Whoile all this wuz goin' on some ov the whoite prisoners had got away out ov Big Bear's clutches, an' they comes into Fort Pitt too. Thin the Gineril he starts out agin on the 14th wid some ov the mounted men an' makes straight fer Cold Lake, where Big Bear an' his tribe wuz supposed to have retreated to. Whin he gits as far as Beaver River he hears that the Wood Crees had cut loose from Big Bear's band, an' that they had took the prisoners wid thim an' let thim go free. He wuz tould that Big Bear wuz in a divil ov a pickle—that his braves wuz desertin' him loike anythin', an' that his grub wuz gettin' moighty scarce. The Gineril he sees that it wuz jist a matter ov toime now, so back he puts to Fort Pitt. Kurnel Otter an' Kurnel Irvine an' Gineril Strange wuz still kapin' their oies skinned fer the inimy. So what does Big Bear do—the tricky ould divil—he smells a big mice loike, an' seein' that he wuz gettin' hemmed in on all soides by the "Police," as they called all souldiers wid red coats on thim, he crosses the Saskatchewan at Carlton an' gives himself up to Inspector Gagnon, ov the Mounted Police. Jist a day or so befoore he surrendered he sinds a message to the Gineril sayin' :

"You brought 4,000 troops into this country, you've done nothin' yet. I give you four days to leave, fer those ov your men I don't kill the musketos an' bull dogs will. You can't reach me." The cheek ov the ould divil.

Whoile all this wuz goin' on we wuz in camp at Fort Pitt, doin' a bit ov drill, a bit ov "sentry go," a bit of "fatigue," an' in fact a bit ov everythin', not forgettin' the kickin'. At nights we used to gather round a big foire—fer the noights is always cold in thim parts—an' havin' "sacred concerts," wid boxin', wrestlin', singin' and story tellin'. Ivery wan did somethin', from the Gineril himself wid his song about "Old Virginny," down to little Price, the "drummer," wid the strawberry hair, who used to do a clog dance, an' a good wan at that. Captin Buchan, the "adj." of the 90th, used to sing "The Day I Played Baseball." Liftinit Hay wud sing "Annie Laurie" an' Scotty Murdison "The Forty Twa." Than thim stories that wuz tould wuz fairly killin'. If I cud only remimber some ov thim sure an' ye'd fairly split yer soides wid laffin'.

THE SUPPLIES FROM HOME.

"All things comes to thim that wait," as folks sez, an' sure enough on the 18th thim long looked fer "supplies" from home arrived. An' sure an' there wuz great rejoicin' that day. Oi don't spose

there wuz a man in the whole outfit but got a box ov somethin', barrin' meself, an' sure an' I got two, so oi did. An' thin such a toime as we did be havin', poor divils that had been wrestlin' wid "pork and beans" an' hard tack fer nearly three months wuz fairly stuffin' ourselves wid all the delicacies ov the sayson. The only man that "kicked" at all wuz the surgin, an' small wonder, fer he wuz nearly run off his two fate, so he wuz, day and night lookin' at tongues. We had slathers ov atin' fer days an' days, an' good stuff, too, only ye see, sor, we wuzn't used to it, an' by hivins, sor, it kind ov got the best ov us. It made me awful sick, somethin' terrible. Oi thought fer sure oi wuz goin' to die, an' 'pon me sowl, sor, its dead an' buried oid be now, oim thinkin', only fer Doctor King. Sure an' he saved me loife that toime an' no mistake. Ye see, sor, it wuz jist loike this. Oi wuz awful sick, groanin' loike the very divil wid me in-soides, an' "Bob" Hazleton he gives me a dose ov midicine, but it didn't do me no good, sor. So he wint over an' got the surgin, an' he gave me some stuff but I only got worse. Thin Doctor Whiteford ov the 90th, who wuz over in our lines, he came an' looked at me an' tould thim to give me somethin' else, but oi only kept gettin' worse an' worse; thin they sent fer Doctor King who wuz out there wid the Field Hospital Corps as a dresser or somethin' an' had come up to Fort Pitt from Saskatoon, an' 'pon me sowl, sor, there's the man that saved me loife an' no mistake. What's that? how did he do it! Why ye see, sor, whin they sint fer Doctor King he wuz off fishin' an' he niver came at all at all an' so oi got better agin. By Hivins, sor, he saved me loife that toime an' oill niver fergit him fer it.

On the 19th the sick an' wounded, at last thim that had got well agin, wuz brought back from Saskatoon an' they joined us agin. They brought up some great stories about the hospital down there. Sure an' oi don't know whither they wuz true or no but oi'll jist tell ye wan of thim, an' sure an' ye can judge fer yerself. "Turkey" Grogan tould this wan an' he sez "by Hivins," sez he, "oid sooner be first man in a baynit charge any day than be livin' in an hospital, 'pon me sowl oi wud as far as real danger goes."

"Down there at Saskatoon," sez he, "there's a man named Cassidy belongin' to the Midland, he wuz in cot number wan roight fernist the doore. Well wan day the surgin wuz away all day loike an' befoore he goes he sez to wan ov the "dressers," a doctor named King fer to look after the sick an' wounded fer him till he came back, an' gives him instructions about each case. Well it wuz purty late whin the surgin got back, an' much to his surprise he he foinds Cassidy all swelled up an' groanin' fit to bate the band."

"Hello, Cassidy," sez he, "yer lookin' very swell this evenin'" kind ov jollyin' him loike.

"Oh, doctor, dear," sez Cassidy, "don't be jokin' wid me, it's dyin' oi am." "Dyin' nothin'" sez the surgin, "you're all roight,

an' we'll have ye on yer fate in less than no toime. Wan wud almost think ye had water on the brain fer to hear ye goin' on loike ye are."

"Water on the brain," sez Cassidy. "By Hivins, I only wish it wuz on me brain," sez Cassidy, rabbin' his stummick. Thin he sez, "Say, doctor," sez he, "whin ye wint off this mornin' didn't ye say oi wuz to be kept quiet, an' not be excited loike." "Yes, that oi did," sez the surgin, "an' didn't it have the desired effect?"

"Desired effect?" sez Cassidy. "Not on yer loife, it didn't—that dam dresser King has bin pumpin' Saskatchewan water into me all day, quart after quart, till oim narely burstin' wid indignation an' soap suds."

"Well, well," sez the surgin, "that's very strange. I don't understand it at all. Oi must see about this," he sez, an' off he goes an' hunts up King, an' gives him a dressin' down fer interferin' wid the treatmint.

"Don't git excoited loike," sez King. "Sure an' oi only carried out you're instructions," sez he. "My instructions," sez the surgin. "Oi niver gave any such instructions in all me loife. Show me yer book."

So King brings out his book, an' pointin' to somethin' wrote in it sez, "There ye are, what did oi tell ye?" "What did ye tell me?" sez the surgin. "Why there it is in black an' whoite: Number one doin' nicely, keep quiet; give one injection to number twelve."

"Well, by the Lord Harry," sez King, "an' if that isn't too bad. Oi tuck that to be 12 injections for number one," sez he, "an' oi niver put in such a busy day in all me loife." Oi suppose you'll think this story ain't true, sez Hogan, because the Gineril niver said nothin' about it in his report, but thin ye see the Gineril he didn't know nothin' about it, fer he wusn't there at all. Oi spose you've heerd that story befoore, sor, an' so have oi many toimes since the rebellion an' always about a different doctor an' a different place, but 'pon me sowl, sor, oi believe Hogan wuz tellin' the truth that toime. Thin there wuz Martin that got shot thro' the breast at Batoche. Well, whin he wuz brought back to the hospital tint the surgin sez to him in a cheerful sort ov a way, kind ov jollyin' him loike :

"Hello, Martin, me poor boy, so you're hit, eh? Well niver moind, you've done your duty, anyhow. "Tell me," sez he, "what did you do to help win the foight, besides git hit?"

"What did oi do?" sez Martin. "Sure an' oi walked up to wan ov thim red divils an' oi cut his fut off." "Cut his fut off," sez the surgin, "an' whoi didn't ye cut off his head?" "Oh!" sez Martin, "sure an' his head wuz off already." "Good boy," sez the surgin, "you're all roight, a man wid your spunk and spirits is sure to pull through. Now," sez he, "oim goin' to give ye chloryform an' see how badly you're hurt. You won't feel the probin' a bit. You'll go roight off into insinibility an' won't know nothin' ov what's goin' on till oim through."

"All roight," sez Martin. Thin he puts his hand in his pocket, an' brings some money an' things he had, an' begins countin' it.

"Sure an' yer not goin' fer to offer me money," sez the surgin.

"Oh, no, sor," sez Martin. "I wuzn't thinkin' about that. I wuz wantin' to see how much I had in me pocket befoore ye chloryformed me, that's all."

An' Martin got better, an' he's walkin' around this day.

A GREAT "BLOW OUT"

On the 20th ov June the officers ov the Granideers celebrated the arrival ov the "luxuries," as they called thim supplies