

self, they and the teamsters being armed and old prairie hands.

My narrative ended in the last number at the point when my small Army was about to camp after the affair at Fish Creek. It was a terrible night, blowing and snowing hard, and we had great difficulty in pitching our camp. Posting the piquets was no very easy work, either, owing to the numerous creeks and bluffs scattered about.

However, with Melgund's assistance, I managed it satisfactorily. Besides the piquets—four in number—we had as usual a small party of scouts, mounted, patrolling round the camp ever hour. Melgund and I visited the outposts together after midnight, and found them all very alert. The morning of the 25th broke very fair. The wounded were all doing well, including the amputation cases, of which unfortunately, there were several. The dead were buried early in the day, I myself reading the service, no clergyman having joined us up to that time. I was much relieved by hearing, in the course of that day, of Otter's safe arrival at Battleford without fighting, and that he had found all its people safe. This good news, combined with the arrival in camp of a small herd of the enemy's cattle which had been "rounded up" by some of Bedson's men and the American war correspondent, greatly assisted the officers and myself in dispelling a slight gloom which had overcast the camp since our engagement, principally owing to the sudden loss of some of their comrades, a contingency of war which had been brought home somewhat unexpectedly to my untried citizen soldiers. I now determined to re-unite my force and attack Batoche on the eastern side of the river, and gave orders accordingly. Melgund had never liked my plan of dividing the force which though I believe it, as regards the enemy, to have been a good one—I now saw was more suitable for a force of regular troops than for a body of perfectly untried and almost untrained militia, however willing and plucky they might be. Once having decided on re-crossing the left column, Melgund set to work at it with a will, assisted by Capt Haig, and it was safely accomplished in two days. Melgund re-assumed his position as chief of the staff, and that night when visiting the outposts he was requested by an amiable sentry to "throw up his hands" and say who he was. On his doing the latter, he was told to advance and show himself. The sentry, with rifle at "the ready," looked him over, and turning his head said in a hoarse whisper, "All right, Bill, 's only a officer." It appeared "Bill" was lying down, close by, ready to fire if his comrade missed. Melgund mentioned that that was not the usual way to receive grand rounds, and passed on. About 2 o'clock in the morning the camp was aroused by three or four shots fired from the right piquet. I was soon out and mounted, and with Melgund and two or three scouts galloped off to the spot. The sentries declared that they had fired at two mounted men who would not answer their challenge. After patrolling all round and seeing nobody, we returned to camp and turned the force in. Next morning we found the

sentries were quite right. A man who was in charge of a train having lost his way, had halted his waggons and ridden off with one of his men to try and find the trail. When challenged, not feeling sure it was our camp, he did not answer, and when fired at they turned and bolted, spending the rest of the night most uncomfortably in a small coolee. This alarm roused one of Boulton's men who had been very badly wounded, and was in fact dying. The poor fellow rose and, calling for his horse and rifle, fell back dead. I visited the scene of our late fight, and after examining the locality I felt thankful that my scouts had been so advanced and extended as to have caused the enemy to disclose themselves prematurely, for had they allowed our main body to get well into the ravine before opening fire on us, I fear greatly that with my raw troops the consequences might have been most disastrous. And that this was their intention we afterwards learnt by a report from Gabriel Dumont, found among Riel's papers captured at Batoche.

The rifle-pits were cleverly constructed, and so situated that their defenders were quite covered from our fire, both rifle and cannon. We found our two dead untouched, and had them carried back to camp. We also found one Indian lying dead, half in and half out of one of the pits, and another lying a little in front, besides the one shot at the commencement of the affair; also fifty-five dead horses and ponies. The Rev. W. Gordon joined us here as chaplain on the 30th.

We remained encamped at Fish Creek waiting for the arrival of the steamer Northcote with supplies and a few men, which ought soon to arrive; I was the more anxious for the arrival of the steamer as I wanted it to convey the wounded to Saskatoon, a small settlement some 17 miles up the river, the inhabitants of which had kindly and thoughtfully offered their houses and services for them. I utilised this unwished for halt by practising the men at field drill, skirmishing, advancing and retiring &c., and reconnoitering daily towards Batoche. In these reconnaissances only once did we come across any of the enemy; a party of them were in a house near the river some five miles from our camp. Their outlying scout caught sight of us and gave the alarm. They rushed out and galloped off with such a start that it was useless our following. Their dinner, consisting of chunks of under-done beef, which they had evidently just begun, served to allay the appetites of some of our scouts who were hungry and not too particular. Though we did not see much of the enemy in our reconnaissances, we often saw their cattle, horses, ponies, and sometimes fowls, and always brought some of them back with us; and we must on these occasions, have looked like "moss-troopers" of old, returning from a raid. The cattle were converted into rations for the men, the horses and ponies handed over to the mounted corps, and the fowls sent to the hospitals for the wounded. The end of April drew near, and there were no signs of the steamer; so acting on the advice of Brigade Surgeon Orton,

I ordered some waggons to be made ready to carry the wounded to Saskatoon. This order was most admirably carried out by Captain Bedson, who had the hides of the captured cattle dressed and then fastened up hammock fashion, but stretched tight in each waggon. A light framework of willow wands was added, over which some strong canvas was fixed; the general result being a very fair substitute for an ambulance. On the 1st of May I received information that, owing to the lowness of the water, the steamer could not arrive for four or five days, so I sent off the wounded in the improvised ambulances, under the care of Drs. Orton, Rolston, Moore, and Willoughby—the latter being a resident of Saskatoon, who had come into camp, and had been of great service. Boulton and his scouts formed the escort. I may state here that this convoy arrived safely at Saskatoon, the waggon ambulances proving a perfect success. The wounded had borne their long journey of forty miles well, and were handed over to Surgeon Major Douglas, who had paddled alone in a canoe from the Landing, a distance of about 200 miles. Brigade Surgeon Orton and the other medical man returned at once to Fish Creek. The next day Deputy Surgeon General Roddick arrived there, and took over medical charge, having brought with him an admirable staff and medical outfit. Dr. Roddick, who had been in our regular Army, proved to be a most skilful, energetic officer. Under his care all the wounded recovered, except two who were mortally hurt. He was ably assisted by his staff, and an excellent nurse, who was as skilful as she was kind and pleasant. Nurse Miller, as she was called, was simply adored by all her patients. After sending off the wounded, I despatched Bedson up the river with fifty empty waggons to meet the steamer and lighten her of some of her cargo.

The following is a rough return of the troops at my disposal in the North-Western Territories, and where they were on or about the 2nd of May, in addition to Otter's and my own column, whose composition and numbers have already been given.

Major General Strange's command. At and about Calgary and Edmonton:—

| | Strength. |
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| Winnipeg Light Infantry Battalion, | |
| Lt. Col. Osborne Smith, C.M.G. | 336 |
| 9th Battalion (French Canadian, | |
| raised for the occasion) Lt. Col. | |
| Amyot, M. P. | 250 |
| 65th Battalion (French Canadian), | |
| Lt. Col. Quimet, M. P. | 340 |
| Stewart's Rangers (raised for the | |
| occasion). Major Stewart | 50 |
| Mounted Police. Major Steele | 67 |
| Swift Current— | |
| 7th Battalion Fusiliers, Lt. Col. W. | |
| Williams | 350 |
| Halifax Provisional Battalion, Lt. | |
| Col. Bremner | 350 |
| Midland Provisional Battalion, | |
| Lt. Col. A. Williams, M. P. | 340 |
| Land Surveyor's Scouts (raised for | |
| the occasion) ap't. Dennis | 50 |
| Qu'Appelle (Troy).— | |
| 91st Battalion (newly raised), Lt. | |
| Col. Scott, M. P. | 252 |
| Fort Qu'Appelle.— | |
| York and Simcoe Provisional Batt- | |
| alion. Lt. Col. O'Brien, M. P. | 360 |
| Touchwood.— | |
| Cavalry School Troop, Lt. Col. F. | |
| Turnbull | 40 |