

who, of course, were in an awful fright, but were soon reassured by us. From them we learnt that Dumont and Riel had fled together as soon as they saw the day turning against them, and the further remarks of some of those ladies concerning those two gentlemen were, to put it mildly, the reverse of complimentary.

I sent out scouts at once to try and find out what they could about them, as from what I could learn they had not crossed the river. On going over the ground we were astonished at the excellence of the construction of the rifle-pits, a good idea of which can be gained by reference to the sketch of one of them by Captain Haig, R.E., A.Q.M.G. We found blankets, trousers, coats, shirts, boots, shoes, food, oil, Indian articles of dress, a few rifles, and some damaged shot guns in and about these pits, with recesses made in the sides to keep their blankets, etc., from the rain. Detachments of the enemy had evidently lived day and night in these pits safe from our fire. They were most judiciously placed to repel an attack from the large plain, but by attacking their right we had turned their entrenchments, and thus avoided a heavy loss. One or two of the pits showed signs of a hurried attempt to reverse their defence. Riel told me afterwards that our two reconnaissances to the open plain had confirmed them in their idea that we intended attacking from that side, and that the main part of their force was consequently posted there the last two days. I sent off one of Boulton's scouts to Humboldt with a telegram to the Minister of Militia, announcing our success, and the messenger returned during the night with a congratulatory answer. The next day brought us telegrams of congratulation from the Governor General, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Wolseley, then in Egypt, which were both published in general orders, to the great gratification of the whole force. The story of the steamer Northcote was as follows: Having anchored about two miles above Batoche, she moved at 7.40 a.m., and was soon after fired upon from both banks, the men on board returning the fire. Luckily, the man at the wheel was well covered, but the captain, pilot, and most of the crew lost their heads, and the boat swept on, the wire ferry rope carrying away her smoke-jack and steam whistle. The enemy's fire was kept up for nearly two miles, but with little effect, only three men being slightly wounded. The steamer was then brought up, and finding it impossible to steam back with the two heavily-loaded barges she had in tow, it was reluctantly resolved to continue on to the Hudson Bay Ferry, repair damages, leave the barges there, take in more firewood, and return at once to Batoche. Unfortunately they were delayed some hours before reaching the Ferry by running on a sandbank. They found the steamer Marquis at the Ferry, and a party of mounted police under Superintendent White, and it was determined to strengthen the steamer, put the police on board, and take them with the Northcote to Batoche.

The two steamers started on the morn-

ing of the 12th, but again the fates were against them, as the Marquis broke down and had to be towed by the other steamer, and they did not arrive at Batoche until 6 p.m., too late, to their intense regret, to share in our victory. Though the Northcote was unfortunately prevented from taking part in our attack on Batoche, I have little doubt that the probability of her returning with reinforcements tended to disturb the enemy, and Major Smith and his party deserved great credit for the resolute way in which they met the difficulties with which they were beset. Major Smith reported highly of the conduct of those with him, especially of my aide-de-camp, Captain Wise, Derbyshire Regiment, who, in spite of his wound, persisted in taking up a position with a rifle in the most exposed part of the boat and joining in the defence.

May the 13th was devoted to sending the wounded to Saskatoon by steamer, and to getting ready to move off to Prince Albert.

A great number of halfbreeds came in, vigorously waving white flags, and gave themselves up with their arms. I had a list of the worst of the rebels, and those not in it I dismissed; I received news during the day that Riel and Dumont were certainly on our side of the river.

The next day, May 14th, we marched for Lepine's Crossing, but during our midday halt I received reliable information that Riel was lurking in the neighborhood, so I made for Gnardepuis Crossing, which was close at hand, and camped for the night. The halfbreeds continued to come in in great numbers with their white flags. The next morning, May 15th, we commenced crossing the river, using one of the steamers for that purpose. I sent Boulton off with nearly all our mounted scouts to scour the woods as far back as Batoche. While he was beating the covers, the principal game was driven into the hands of three of my courier scouts, Hourie, son of the interpreter, Deal, and Armstrong, all good men and true. They being well acquainted with the country, had detached themselves from Boulton's force, and came across Riel, who, fearing to fall into the hands of the troops, gave himself quietly up to them and begged to be taken at once to me. He had in his possession a letter which I had sent out, at the request of Mr. Ashley, by a halfbreed the day Batoche was taken. This letter guaranteed his life, if he surrendered, until handed over to the civil authorities. I sent off to recall Boulton, some of whose men it appeared had caught sight of Dumont, but he was too well mounted and got away from them. I may as well add here that Dumont eventually succeeded in making good his escape into the United States. As soon as Riel arrived in camp he was brought to my tent while one was being pitched for him next my own. I found him a mild spoken and mild-looking man, with a short brown beard and an uneasy frightened look about his eyes, which gradually disappeared as I talked with him. He had no coat on, and looked cold and forlorn, and

as it was still chilly out of the sun I commenced proceedings by giving him a military great coat of my own. He spoke English perfectly, and I had a long talk with him. He told me that he had intended escaping to the United States with Gabriel Dumont, but finding troops all about in the woods he had given up the idea of doing so, as he felt he could not bear the hardships and privations he would have had to undergo in trying to escape, not being accustomed to a hunter's life as Dumont was.

After conversing with Riel a good deal for two days, I came to the conclusion that he was sane enough in general everyday subjects, but was imbued with a strong, morbid, religious feeling, mingled with intense personal vanity.

After giving him some dinner I sent him off to his tent, and placed him under the personal charge of Captain Young, the Brigade Major, who never let him out of his sight until he had handed him over to the police authorities at Regina, even sleeping under the same blankets with him. Whatever duty I assigned to Captain Young I could always depend on his performing it thoroughly and well. Sentries were posted about Riel's tent, and he was very anxious that they should receive orders that none of the soldiers were to be allowed to enter his tent, as he was sure they wanted to kill him, though I assured him such was not the case. Lieutenant Colonel Houghton left that day for Winnipeg, and I gladly appointed Major Smith, of C Company School Corps, to succeed him as Assistant Adjutant General, and Captain Harston, of the 10th Grenadiers, to succeed Captain Young as Brigade Major. Captain Harston had served in the Royal Marines, and was a most zealous, intelligent officer.

May 16th we were still engaged in crossing the troops, which was nearly completed by night, the second steamer having arrived from Saskatoon. Received news that day of the capture on the 14th of May of a supply train of twenty-three teams with their teamsters, on the Swift Current trail, about fifteen miles from Battleford, by Poundmaker's Indians. This was the only instance, during the whole campaign, of an attack being made on our trains. The same Indians, a few hours afterwards, attacked and drove back a patrol of nine men of the Mounted Police, who had one man killed and one wounded. The next day, the 17th, was Sunday, and we had divine service as usual. The Rev. C. C. Whitcomb, Church of England, joined the 10th Grenadiers that day. We finished crossing the teams, which was laborious work. The steamer Baroness arrived in the afternoon with supplies from Swift Current, bringing also two more companies of Midlanders under Major Harry Smith. Four rebels were brought in as prisoners, one of them having been Riel's secretary. Large quantities of arms were brought in by halfbreeds, who, after being warned, were let go. The next morning, May 18th, the Northcote steamer was despatched up the river with Riel, under charge of Captain Young, and some other prisoners, who now numbered twenty-