

Pork, Beans & Hard Tack



**Memoirs, Diaries & Letters From
the Men of Winnipeg's
90th Battalion of Rifles, 1885**

Ian Stewart

The Regimental March

Written by Major Lawrence Buchan

“PORK, BEANS AND HARDTACK”

When we embarked at Winnipeg as chirpy as could be,

We thought we were out for a bit of a lark, about a two week spree,

But when we got to Fort Qu'Appelle we found it different than,

*Our tents in a row, we pitched in the snow, just like the real soldier
men.*

Chorus:

Pork, beans, hardtack, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Poor hungry soldiers tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

With blistered feet and aching bones, we march along the day,

And we go and go on piquet all the night to keep the rebs away.

But when we meet the enemy we do not think of rest,

For whether we march or fight my boys we do our level best.

Pork, Beans & Hardtack

Preface

Introduction

Letters & Memoirs

1. Willy Buchanan

2. Thomas Bull

3. Kerry E. Campbell

4. Robert D. Campbell

5. Alfred F. Fisher

6. George McAllister

7. Joseph J. Watts

8. Charles J. Whitla

9. Henry A Wilkes

10. Casualties of the 90th Battalion Winnipeg Rifles

Preface:

The Royal Winnipeg Rifles Museum & Archives possess a small but excellent collection of letters and memoirs of the men who served with the 90th Winnipeg Battalion of Rifles in 1885.

Historical perceptions of the rebel leadership and the rightness of their cause has changed dramatically over time. Persons of a certain age will remember being told in school that Louis Riel was a traitor who was justifiably hung. However, now, he is honoured as the “Father of Manitoba” and protector of Indigenous rights. The Northwest Rebellion as is now commonly understood as a “resistance” to oppressive policies of the Dominion of Canada and a visit to the national Historic site at Batoche, Saskatchewan, re-enforces Metis historical claims.

Hopefully, readers will sense the spirit and determination of the citizen soldiers of the 90th Battalion who went to fight against the rebels in the Northwest territories. They have left us with vivid descriptions of the battles at Fish Creek and Batoche. They suffered great hardship, believed their cause was justified, were proud of their victories and mourned the lost of comrades and friends.

These soldiers were men of their times and often used words and expressed opinions that are unacceptable today. However, to maintain historical authenticity, their thoughts have not been abridged.

Ian Stewart

Introduction

The 90th Winnipeg Battalion of Rifles came into being 9 November 1883. Less than two years later they were called into action to serve during the Northwest Rebellion.

In March 1885 word came that rebellion had come to the Northwest territories. That same month men from the 90th Winnipeg Rifles entrained in Winnipeg for Troy (Qu'Appelle). Two days later the balance of the regiment arrived with General Middleton, the officer commanding the Canadian force. From then on it was campaigning of a rigorous nature. First the men were housed in bleak immigration sheds in the freezing spring weather. Then on April 6 they started a grueling 325 mile march through snow and blizzard with pork beans and hardtack their diet and "resting in tents in a row pitched in the snow."

On 23 April 1885 came the battalion's famous battle of Fish Creek. Here was the first real encounter with the enemy and from 5:00 am until dark of that single day the regiment fought without food or drink. To them went the brunt of the fighting in advance on the rebel trenches. It was here that captured prisoners awed by the cool steady advance of the sharpshooting riflemen said afterwards, "The redcoats we know but who were those "Little Black Devils." General

Middleton lost no time in referring in subsequent dispatches to the Rifles as “Little Black Devils.”

Later came official recognition of the name and the wearers of the collar badge with the rampant devil have ranged in name and fame with the world's most illustrious soldiers.

Two weeks after the first engagement the Rifles joined in the final four day assault on Batoche and from 7 to 11 May completed the job by driving the enemy from the little capital of their new provincial provisional government. Then to the Rifles went the tasks of forming Riel's guard when he was taken to Regina for trial.

In all the unit traveled 575 miles by foot, 325 by rail and 1000 by river and lake boat. On the unit's return to Winnipeg, the city greeted them with a triumphal arch and crowds of cheering citizens, a big banquet and ball and best of all an enthusiasm amongst the veterans and new young citizens to keep up proud traditions of the regiment.

From the *Seventy-Fifth Anniversary, Royal Winnipeg Rifles, 1883-1958*

BISHOP'S NORTH-WEST WAR MAP.

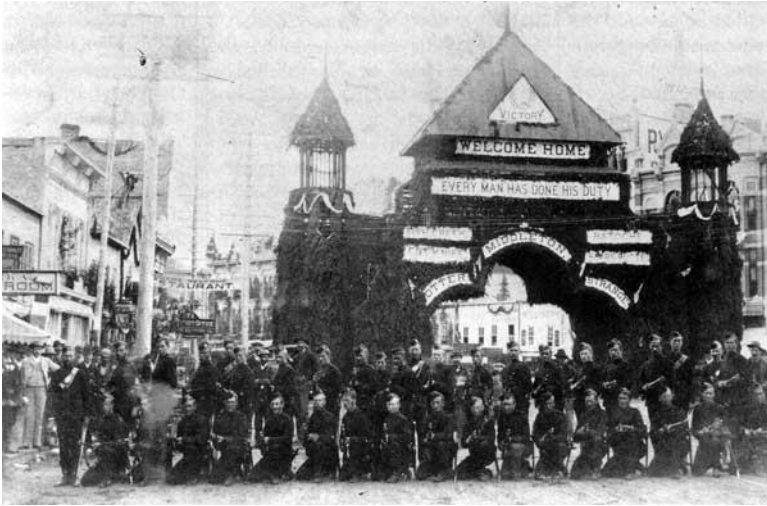


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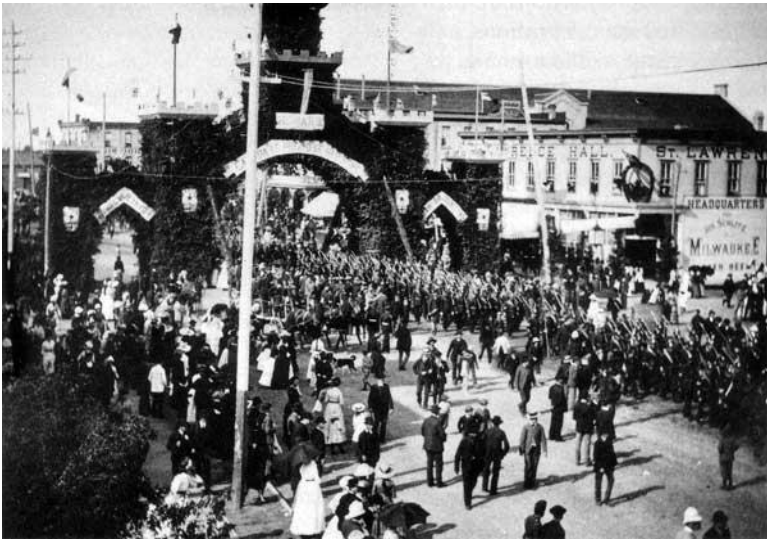




North West Canada Campaign Medal with Saskatchewan Bar, Royal Winnipeg Rifles Museum



"B" Co. 90th Winnipeg Rifles Welcome Home 1885



Returning Troops, Main St. Winnipeg, 1885



90th Battalion Memorial and graves, St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, where seven men killed in battle rest.

This tomb was erected in 1886 by the 90th Winnipeg Rifles to honour their comrades who were killed at or died from wounds received at the battles of Fish Creek (April 24) and Batoche (May 12)

The bodies of Privates James Frazier, Richard Hardisty, A.M. Fergusson, George Wheeler and W. Ennis, Corporal John Code, and Lieutenant Charles Swinford are interred here. The memorial also commemorates Privates Alex Watson and J. Hutchinson, who are buried in St. Catherine's, Ontario and St. Thomas, Ontario respectively.



Volunteer Monument, Winnipeg, erected in 1886

Selected Headlines from Winnipeg Newspapers

March July 1885

TO THE FRONT.

A Detachment of the 90th Battalion Off for the West.

The Rest of the Force Expected to Leave To-Morrow.

Col. Irvine Camped on the North Saskatchewan.

Major Crozier Likely to Hold Out at Fort Carlton.

Very Latest Advices From the Scene of the Insurrection—Advance of the Detachment—Portage Offers Assistance.

The C. P. R. depot platform was black with people yesterday morning to witness the expected departure of the detachment of the 90th Battalion for the west.

...the Dominion Government in supporting the revolt in Winnipeg. Superintendent Cockburn will be authorized to arm and equip these warriors if their services are required.

BLOOD AT LAST

Gen. Middleton's Column Receives its Baptism of Fire.

Bloody Engagement near Batoche's Crossing.

The 90th in the Front of the Battle.

THE DAILY FREE

THE STORY TOLD.

"G. A. F." Wires of the
Battle Friday Last,
Of Conduct and Bearing
of Our Men,
And How They Faced the
Bullets of Enemy.
Willie Buchanan, Brave
Drummer Boy.
Last Words of Private
Fergusson,
"My God, Captain, I'm
Shot."
Wheeler's Body Lies on
Field Till Sunday.
The White F...

...going north to join Riel.
number of In-

HURRAH!

Batoche Captured Yes-
terday.
But at the Sacrifice of
Several Lives.
Some of 90th Number
ed Among Dead.

RIEL CAPTURED

The Arch-Rebel Taken
Near Batoche.

Three Scouts Make Him
a Prisoner.

He is Unconcerned, and
Begs Not to be Shot.

Conducted in Safety to
Middleton's Tent.

Sergeant-Major Watson
Dies in the Hospital.

The Scouts Hunting for
Poundmaker.

He Gobbles Up Another
Train of Supplies.

SATURDAY, JULY 18

THE AGONY OVER.

The Biggest Day Winnipeg
Has Ever Seen.

Turmoil, Torches and Fire-
works.

The City Ablaze With Illum-
inations.

A Magnificent Procession of
the People.

A Fitting Wind-up to the Cam-
paign.

1. Drummer Boy William (Willie) Buchanan



Drummer Boy William Buchanan, a teenage drummer in the 90th band, was Mentioned in Dispatches by Major-General Middleton for his actions at Fish Creek. He became the first member of the regiment officially recognized for gallantry in action.

Buchanan made himself particularly useful in carrying ammunition to the front where the fire was very hot; he did this with particular nonchalance., walking calmly about crying: Now boys whose for ammunition.

2. Letter by Thomas Bull to his father describing the Battle of Fish Creek

Fish Creek April 25th 1885

My dear father,

I received your very welcome letter last night. We had a horrible fight yesterday. There were seven dead and about 42 wounded and the fire of the enemy was terrific. But there was no retreat by our men whatever. Charles Swinford I'm afraid we'll die, shot in the temple and lodged in his brain. The doctors say he may recover. Code who works in Akins's & Hamilton's office had both legs shot through the calves, Dr. Ferguson's son was the first killed. Wheeler, son of the architect, is killed. Jack Lethbridge whom Jessica knows well was shot in the side and inner thigh but I think he will recover as is much better today.

Two of battery were killed in nine wounded. The enemy were well hidden and would not show themselves. Captain Clarke was badly shot but the bullet was extracted and he is improving rapidly.

We have not done anything today but bury our dead and rest ourselves. We're now about 15 miles from Batoche Crossing and the Indians and half-breeds are still within a

mile of us undercover of the bush. They keep out of sight and as it is bright moonlight we do not fear them. We keep a guard of about 200 men on tonight and will all sleep with our arms beside us. I have abandoned my sword and taken a rifle which has a longer reach .

Your loving son,

Tom



Sergeant Edward Kerry Campbell in the uniform of the 90th Winnipeg Battalion of Rifles.

3. Sergeant Edward Kerry Campbell

The following letter by Sergeant Edward Kerry Campbell is to his father, the Honorable Charles Campbell, who was a member of the Nova Scotia legislature. In his letter Campbell states his views on the pitiful state of the equipment issued to the men and officers, the intelligence, spirit and martial quality of the men who made up the citizen soldiery of the 90th and, as well, he speaks with some sympathy about the rebel cause.

Many of the artifacts in the Northwest Rebellion display were donated by Campbell's family

Fort Qu'Appelle Camp

April 3rd 1885

Dear Father,

We are now in camp Fort Qu'Appelle and expect to be ordered to the front in a few days. The left wing of the Battalion (90th of Winnipeg) under command of Major Boswell came here from Troy on Monday and immediately went into camp. The right wing under Major McKeon arrived yesterday. Four chiefs held a pow wow with Colonel Houghton yesterday and were given a small present of food etc. and went away apparently quite satisfied.

Major General Middleton is quartered here for the present. I think Fort Qu'Appelle is to be made the headquarters for supplies.

The Battalion is armed with the short Snider rifles which were brought here by the Red River Expedition and you will see that we are at a great disadvantage as compared to the rebels who are armed with Winchesters, a splendid rifle for a short range, say 400 yards. I trust you will bring before the government the necessity of being supplied with Martini Henry rifles as at present we will be fighting against tremendous odds. Our equipment is also very poor. Knapsacks are very old and rotten and will not stand the campaign and then the men are not all being supplied with canteens. Officers and men have been put to a great deal of expense in supplying themselves with boots and other articles of wearing apparel for the trip. Boots are now being issued and charged to the men but in my opinion they are unfit for the work. They are only made of split leather which will not keep water out and the soles are too narrow for the prairie grasses which will cut the upper pieces, at least this is the opinion of practical surveyors who know what is required for the use in this country.

The officers and Staff Sergeants should be supplied with large bore revolvers, as at present they only have swords which are of course more for ornaments than for use and will be a very little, if any service. Most of the officers have purchased revolvers and of course have been to a very heavy expense which some can ill afford. The Major General is reported to have said , “The men I like, but their equipment is damnable.”

The boys of the 90th have nearly all left first class situations, which if they are on a long campaign, may be lost to them, I trust the government will use their influence on the employers to ease the boys so that those that return may get their situations back. Employers will look at the case in a business like for, if the trouble is in the Northwest is not soon quelled, the money invested by them in this country can be written off to profit and loss.

The 90th was only organized for a city battalion and the boys never expected to have to leave their situations for any length of time, but when called for service by the Government they almost to a man answered to the call and of course brought into life the other battalion to protect their homes and to give help to their friends and brothers who had so promptly answered the Call of Duty. I think that to the 90th is largely

do the credit for the magnificent response to the call to arms in our country, as it was our Battalion that was first called on and we gave no uncertain round. I think there is no question but that they should receive from the Dominion government some special mark of their appreciation.

The boys have had a great deal of work since they left, the weather has been severe, and they have not being used too much exposure but I fancy they will soon harden up and be able to stand any amount of hardship.

To a small extent, I think we sympathize with the rebels but they're certainly asking what is absurd. They have now shed blood and this is sufficient to make the boys earnest in their work. Of course, our duty as soldiers is to obey orders and not to discuss the rights of the question but I think you will agree with me that is also best to have the right on our side. But, a volunteer corps is quite different from a regular army. In many ways, certainly, you cannot for one moment compare the two together and the same regulation should not govern both. In one the men are generally the scruff of the old country and in the other you have your children, brothers etc. who are generally well educated and able to look at a question as well, sometimes, as the government who ordered us to arms. I think that had Riel taken the right way about

getting the rights of the half breeds and placed the question before the people of Manitoba and the Northwest he would have had to a great extent their sympathy.

The village here is very pretty, by far the prettiest I have seen since I left Cape Breton, and in summer would be a charming spot. I see by eastern papers that there is great excitement through Canada in regard to the trouble in the Northwest. Of course, you cannot believe half of what the papers publish as telegrams from the seat of war, as the war correspondents manufacture when they cannot get news or pick up rumors that originated in some fellows versatile brain.

Knowing the spirit of the men of the 90th and the fine physique of the majority of them, I feel confident that they will never cause Canada to blush for them, but on the contrary will do credit to Canada and to the city of their adoption. Of course, we're the youngest of the Canadian battalions and being formed only about a year and having recruited nearly one third we're not well up in drill as some of the eastern crack troops. But. we have the spirit and the men, even though to use the commander's words," our equipment is damnable."

Edward

4. Northwest Rebellion Letters of Robert D. Campbell

Seventeen year old Robert Campbell served as bugler with the 90th Winnipeg Battalion of Rifles during the North-West Rebellion. His collection includes over a dozen letters to his family and one to a friend. Campbell was born at Erie Ontario in 1867 and moved to Winnipeg with his parents, in 1874. He seems to have been a sickly boy and often tries to reassure his parents that he is fine and his health is improving.

He graduated as a medical doctor from the Manitoba Medical College in 1895 and practiced in Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Troy, April 1st, 1885 (founded in 1882-1883, Troy was later named Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan)

Dear Mother,

I received a parcel from Cheapsides this morning. I was very thankful for the socks. We start tomorrow and I don't know when we will be back. Some say we will not be back for a year others say three and six months. We will only go up to the Fort Qu'Appelle till the other forces catch up to us. We

will have to sleep in tents when we get there. We have to live on pork and hardtack. The pork is all fat-not a speck of lean on it. I can eat it all right but it is tough. There is lots of transport wagons going with us but the roads will be so bad that we will have to march about 100 miles. I feel a great deal stronger since I came out here, the hard tack agrees with me. I have not had a pain in my chest since I came here.

This is a very nice little town, very hilly, and I'm sure it will be pretty in summer. They say there is 4000 troops ready to march if called upon. There is to be 1500 horses and three miles of wagon on the line of march. I did not think I was going to be stationed here as orderly for Quartermaster Swinford but the latest news I hear that I am to go on. I am just as glad for it would be very lonely here all summer. Each man receives 4 blankets and one waterproof blanket and one can be very comfortable if you like. I will write you when I get to the Fort, love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R.D. Campbell

c/o 90 Battalion

N.W.T.

Fort Qu'Appelle

April 3rd 1885

Dear Mother,

I received both your letters, one yesterday and the other today. We left Troy about 7:30 and rode in wagons all the way but did not arrive in the Fort until 12:30. It is about 20 miles from Troy.

The Qu'Appelle valley is the most lovely place I ever saw. The hill coming down is about 1/2 mile and the snow lies on the banks in streaks and gives it a wild appearance. I am sure there is nothing in Scotland to beat it. We are camped in the valley and it is on the same principle as the Pembina Valley only about three times as big and no river but in one place there was a lake right in the middle of the valley. There is very little snow and it is just in places. The grass is beginning to grow.

We had to pitch tents when we arrived and put about a foot of hay in the bottom so that we are as comfortable as possible. I went around all day without anything on my hands and my coat unbuttoned. I am as burnt as can be. They say in a little while I will do for an Indian. The skin is coming off my face and neck. When we get up in the morning, we

go to a little ditch and break a hole in the ice and wash ourselves. It is pretty tough to be a soldier but all the boys are standing it well here. There has been very little sickness in the camp. We got the *Free Press* for April 2nd and it seems that all of the Dominion of Canada is in arms. There is a report spread about today that Riel has skipped out and that his men are disbanding but the officers say it is not true.

I am in Gordy Grant's tent and we have lots of singing.

I was practicing on the bugle for two hours a day.

I did not write a letter to Uncle Peter yet but I will have to do tonight. I have not had a spot of time since I came, only a few minutes at a time, so if this letter is not very intelligent you will know the reason. Tell Tena that I did not forget the girls and boys yet. Love to all, I have to go out to parade right off.

Your affectionate son

R.D. Campbell

c/o Captain Clarke

Headquarters 90th Battalion

“F” Company

N.W.T. April 8th 1885

Dear Father,

We left Fort Qu’Appelle on the 6th; it was awfully cold and I was nearly frozen. The first day we only went 11 miles and yesterday we marched 20 miles through the water and snow. It is a fine day now. This is the nicest country I ever saw, full of hills. The battery arrived this morning. We expect to reach Touchwood tomorrow, it is about 60 miles from Fort Qu’Appelle. Many of the boys were played out in the march. I stood it quite well but I was very tired. We do not hear anymore news at all. Have not seen an Indian since we left and will not for a number of days at least. We do not intend to stop for a couple of weeks. I am as well as can be.

R.D. Campbell

Humboldt April 15th

Dear Mother,

We have been making forced marches and we have at last reached the noted place called Humboldt. We marched 21 miles to the salt plains and they are a terror. It is full of marshes and pools of mud and water. We are 130 miles north of Troy.

We don't know anything at all, the general does not tell anything not even to Colonel Houghton. We intend to meet the Queen's Own at the crossing as they will come down from Medicine Hat in boats. It was reported that Riel skipped out but it is not believed. I have not seen a paper since the 4th. I've been expecting a letter from you for some time.

Rabbits are as thick as grasshoppers. They are running all along the road and the boys go out with long sticks and kill all they want very easy. I only got a ride two afternoons. The captain was very anxious about me at first, he would ask me about three times a day how I felt and if my feet were standing out all right. My feet are a little sore today. They're blistered on the soles and it makes it hard to walk.

We had pork and beans for dinner and it was excellent, we had nothing but hardtack after tea on the march. The captain

bought us a sack of oatmeal for \$12.00 (150 pounds) and we got a keg of syrup for \$8.00. There is only two little shanties here and everything is very dear.

We marched all day Sunday. The general was praising us very much as we are going to relieve men and women as we are doing forced marching.

I was washing my socks today and I washed myself, which I don't do more than once a week, I am as well as can be hoped. I hope you're all well. When we are on the march I have not time for anything for we march from daylight to dark. I will write Pat and Tina another time. Love to all

Hope you won't be anxious.

Your affectionate son,

R.D.C

Clark's Crossing April 19th

Dear Mother

We have been delayed here for a day. We are to start tomorrow for Batoche Crossing. We will stay on this side of the river while the Grenadiers go on the other side and we will march along the river simultaneously. We have had very bad weather but it is a little better today. I was down to the river and had had a wash. My chest is all right since I came out here. We have potatoes for dinner and porridge for supper and we are to have fresh meat tomorrow. Three Indians were caught, supposed to be Riel's spies. Church parade in the morning and drill this afternoon. All the boys are in good spirits.

Your affectionate son,

R.D.C.

Hope you are all well.

McIntosh Crossing

April 23rd 1885

Dear Mother,

I received two letters from you last night dated 7 & 11 of April. I was glad to hear from you away out in this wild country. We marched through a lovely country today. I have no time to write to anyone. I have not looked at my books since I left. I'm on guard every fourth night. In the morning I blow the reveille at 5, breakfast at 5:30, and march at 6.

I saw in the papers that the Home Guards got new straw to sleep on every day. They will have to stop that if they come out here. We just spread out blankets on the ground and get up quite refreshed.

I hope you will not send anymore clothing because I will not be able to carry it. We are to march about 14 miles tomorrow and then we will go into Batoche Crossing early the next morning. They expect that they will resist us there if any place. All the boys are anxious to get a shot at the rebels. Our oatmeal is all done, the bag only stood five nights. We heard that it was reported in Winnipeg that we had a fight but it is all nonsense. We have not seen any of them yet besides the three Indians that were captured. We are on one side of the

river and the 10th Royals on the other. It was a beautiful day but it is a little windy tonight. I have not written anywhere but home yet because I have no chance. I suppose you see lots of soldiers now but I don't think that there will be any use for them out here. I stand the walking very well. The captain says I am a brick. This is all the paper I have. It is very scarce out here. Love to all the folks.

Your affectionate son,

R. D. C.

Batoche May 12th 1885

My Dear Mother,

I received your letter last night but it was so dark I could not read it until this morning. On Friday we were within six miles from Batoche and we struck out for the open land so as to come in on the other side of Batoche but I think we missed the trail and when we encamped for night we were as far away as when we started. The order was given that every man was to sleep with everything on and be able to start at a moment's notice.

We were up at 4:00 and started for Batoche at 4:45. The first shot was fired about 8:35 and was kept up all day. The 10th Royals were sent in on in advance and the 90th in reserve. The rebels were soon driven back of the church and schoolhouse. We found four priests and six nuns and a lot of half breed men and women. In the evening, the order was given to retire for the night. We were soon marched up to the wagons but the Indians followed and sent many bullets over our heads and we had to start to dig trenches all around the wagons. On Sunday, the Royals went out again and none of her men were hurt until we had to retire for the night, when one was shot in the head and I think he is dead today. He is one of the Egyptian voyagers (Richard Hardisty). He is the

first of the 90th killed. I do not know what will be the next move.

Thank God that I am not wounded. I do not carry a rifle but I'm always with the company. Don't be anxious. I will write again if I am spared tomorrow.

Your affectionate son

R.D.C.

Batoche

May 13th 1885

My Dear Mother

I am still in the land of the living and I am thankful that I am not wounded. We made a charge yesterday and the rebels being alarmed at the shouting of the boys retreated from their pits and were quickly followed by our boys who shot many of them and wounded others.

Poor Alex Watson is very badly shot and is not expected to live. The general in his speech said, "I am the proudest man in Canada today." He is very pleased. There are five of our men killed and several wounded

Your affectionate son

R.D.C.

Batoche May 13 1885
My dear Mother
I am still in the
land of the living
I am thankful that I
am not wounded. We made
a charge yesterday and
the Rebels being driven
at the shooting of the
long rifles from the
pits, and were quickly
followed by our troops
who shot many of them
and wounded others.
Poor old Watson is very
badly shot and is not expected
to live. The English in his
speech said "I am the proudest
man in Canada to day".
I am yours
Robert Campbell

Robert Campbell letter from Batoche dated 13 May 1885

18 miles north of Batoche

May 15th 1885

Dear Jim,

I received your letter while at Fish Creek and I intended answering it long ago but I have been rather busy this last week. We left Fish Creek on the 7th and marched within six miles from Batoche. The next morning, we struck tents at 5:00 AM and had breakfast over in 15 minutes and at 5:45 we were ready to march. We did not continue the trail but struck out for the open land so as to come in on Batoche endways and take them unawares. We marched all day and camped 8 miles from Batoche and we were not able to find the trail we intended to come on.

I'm a bugler for the day so I was up all night with the guard. I sounded the rouse at 4:00 am and the fall in at 4:45. For the first hour we walked along without meeting any obstacle but after that the land became very rough and hilly, when we had to proceed for another hour. We heard the boat whistle and it was supposed to be captured by the rebels and the general ordered one of the big guns to fire a shot and in a few minutes more of the guns to order to advance at full speed and the sharp battle of Batoche had commenced. The 90th was in support and we were not in it at first. In a short time, the

Martini Henrys were called out to fire across the river. I went along with them with some ammunition. While we were standing up on a little knoll looking at a lot of wigwams across the river, thinking that Batoche was taken already, when all of a sudden there was a rustle in the bushes and not 50 yards ahead of us a shower of bullets came whistling past our ears. Everyone dropped at full length on the ground but what was almost a miracle no one was shot. The gatling gun came up at this point and in a short time they were all out of that place but were stationed in pits only a short distance away and kept firing away all day. The bullets were flying like hailstones but none of our boys were hit until the order was given to retreat for the night when Kemp was shot in the head. No one else was hurt until we reached the wagons then several of the Grenadiers were slightly wounded. As soon as we reached the camp we were ordered to build trenches and everyone set to work with swords and pieces of sticks anything we could lay our hands on. It was almost 10:00 o'clock at night before this was done. During most of this time bullets were flying around pretty lively, I laid down behind my hole and was sound asleep in no time. I did not think I was lying down anytime but along came an officer and made me, gave me a kick in the foot and said, "Get up, got to go on picquet, right off." So, I had to hobble off again

and if anybody wished he was home it was me. The next morning at daylight we came into camp and was as hungry as bears. We were only in a short time when we were ordered to finish the trenches. We worked till noon and then we were allowed a little sleep. I woke up about 4:00 o'clock and I heard Sergeant Watson saying that Reverend Mr. Gordon would hold service and this was the first time I knew what was Sunday. We had supper and then fell in for church we were only there a little while when very heavy fire came from the enemy so the sermon was shut cut short in the middle.

The next morning the 90th were again at the front. We started at 6:00 o'clock and we were under fire till 6:00 o'clock that night, without dinner or anything. We drove the breeds back quite a piece that day but I don't think any of them were hit. While retreating that night one of our men was shot in the head and killed. The next morning passed off very quiet, all the officers wanted to charge the pits but the general would not allow it. The general was out taking a cruise around and was fired on by the rebels and the men made a rush at them and in this way the charge was started. The 90th fell in and four companies went to their assistance and with cheers and firing the breeds turned and fled leaving

many dead and wounded on the field. The priest buried 81 half breeds and Indians.

The next day we had a rest and all the boys went off on expeditions of their own and went into every house for miles around. We left Batoche the next morning. It was very hot but in the afternoon it commenced to rain and we pitched tents for the first time since the 8th. We are to cross the river at this point. I think we will be there for two or three days

The scouts captured Riel this afternoon and brought him into camp. I do not know what they will do with him but it would not take much for the boys to take it in their own hands and put an end to him. Alex Watson is very bad; the doctor says he cannot live more than a few weeks at the most. It is a pity as he was a nice fellow. All the wounded have gone to Saskatoon. I suppose you will know before this reaches you if you have won the scholarship or not. Remember Me kindly to all your folks and all the boys and girls at school,

I remain yours truly,

R.D.C.

Write soon and send me all the news.

5. Alfred Francis Fisher 1859-1943

On the 11th of June 1864, he arrived in Quebec on the sailing ship "Tweed". He was 11 years old, accompanied by his parents and their five other children, he was quarantined at the point of entry for three days. The family boarded a train at Montreal bound for Toronto, however, the train caught fire near Cobourg, Ontario, and the family lost all their possessions. His parents and most other immigrants bought wagons and continued their westward journey but Alfred was taken in by two old maids named McDonald. They were fine people and gave him a home for three years on their beautiful place about one mile out of Cobourg, Ontario. Cobourg was a Catholic community, Fred was a Protestant and was not allowed to enroll at the Catholic school so he got no schooling, The nearest Protestant school, at the time, was some miles distant. He earned his keep working for the old maids McDonald and whatever he could put his hand too.

He left the McDonald home in Cobourg and went with another family to live on a 100 acre free land grant 150 miles to the north where he worked for his room and board until he was 16 years old. At that time, he left and walked over 100 miles to Toronto where he worked as a wiper on the

Credit Valley Railroad. It was at this time, he heard of the great CPR project, One day while walking along Queen Street in Toronto, an elder man asked if he was looking for a job. He replied that he wanted to work for the CPR and get to Port Arthur. It turned out that the man was a Mr. Ginty of the contracting group Percival, Orion, Ginty and Marks. He went along with Mr. Ginty as a handyman and worked on the contract for a section of the rail development. This was just before the government turned the railway project over to the syndicate which was to become the CPR.

He stayed in the Port Arthur district until the coming of winter and the close of Great Lakes navigation when the men were laid off. Along with other men laid off in Port Arthur-Fort William area he moved a bit farther west and worked on a section of the line building tunnels and rock cuts, followed by the winter cutting of right of way through muskeg swamps. When this work was finished, Alfred along with 40 others set out to walk to Winnipeg. By the time they reached Rat Portage the spring break-up had started and rail contractors started working again in Section 3 between the lakehead and Winnipeg. Alfred Fisher and his companions decided to continue on to Winnipeg and arrived there, snow-blind about the middle of April in 1881. They were taken in by the sisters of the Cottage Hospital in Saint Boniface just

across the Red River from Winnipeg and treated for their snow blindness. The hospital consisted of four rooms and some old outbuildings. The men remained there for about one week. Shortly after he met Archdeacon Matheson who gave him a job as a gardener at his cottage home on the banks of the Red River on the grounds of St. John's college, which at the time was a simple one story building. He later also worked as a gardener for Father McDonald at a convent in Brandon, returning to Winnipeg after only a few months in Brandon, He worked for Sanders and Grant, a firm of painters.

Again, he came into contact with Father McDonald who suggested that he joined the Mounted Police. Alfred agreed that the idea sounded great and Father McDonald took him to Fort Osborne barracks and introduced him to his good friend Sergeant Major Sam Steele. Steele and the other NCOs made fun of Alford because he was just a kid of 18. In answer to Steel's question, he claimed to be a good rider but when they put a horse under him the horse proved otherwise and Steele and the other NCO's and the good father enjoyed a good laugh at his expense. However, Steele offered to sign him on as a wagon teamster so he joined the force.

After aboutⁱ three weeks with the force at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, he headed west with a contingent of ten officers 124 men and 12 teams, four of which were ox teams. Their first major stop was at Rapid City from where they proceeded on to Fort MacLeod where Colonel McLeod was in residence. From Fort MacLeod the detachment moved on to Calgary, building several posts along the way.

Leaving the Calgary area, the group headed for Athabasca Landing where they operated from on regular duties for over two years. During this time, they built posts at Fort Smith, Rat River and other posts. Well at the Athabasca post the unit was joined by a Captain Dickens who was the grandson of the author Charles Dickens, also by an Inspector Dickens who was a nephew of the Captain Dickens. The inspector was named “Lizzie” but soon proved to one and all that he was all man and no “Lizzie” at all. Alfred stayed with the force a teamster using horses, oxen and dogs until he took his discharge on the 6th of March 1885. He, along with others, leaving the force, were transported through Regina to Winnipeg, making as much as 75 miles at a time between rest stops. They arrived in Winnipeg the last week of March 1885. Two or three days later the Riel Rebellion broke out. Fisher immediately joined the 90th Battalion and left for

Qu'Appelle (Troy) where they joined with a group under a Captain Swinford.

The first major contact with the rebels was made at Fish Creek. In this encounter the army's reconnaissance unit Bolton's scouts missed spotting the rebels who were well prepared for battle in a row of rifle pits. The rebels caught the army completely by surprise when they opened fire on the column. The defeated the army column retired with the loss of some of their guides and a small number of men from the ranks. Reinforced by A and B artillery batteries from Quebec and Kingston, the army again sought out the rebels and soundly thrashed them and cleared them out.

Following the second Fish Creek engagement, the column rested for about a week then proceeded to Batoche where they again engaged the rebel forces. At Batoche, the rebels fortified themselves in a church but produced and waved a white flag of surrender, However, when army officers rode up to accept the surrender they were fired upon by the rebels and a Captain French was killed. Albert Fisher was part of the burial detail for Captain French, who was laid to rest on a hilltop on the south side of the valley. In the final engagement at Batoche, the army column charged like a lot

of mad men and fought fiercely in retaliation for the white flag incident at the church.

After the battle and a week's rest, the column sent off in pursuit of Big Bear and Poundmaker. Poundmaker and Big Bear were taken into custody about 60 miles northwest of Prince Albert. The column returned to Prince Albert, rested for about a week, and then began the long journey back to Winnipeg in flat bottom boats, via the Saskatchewan River. However, members of Alfred Fisher's company were held back and preceded as guard escort with prisoners to Regina. In Regina, Alfred's company mounted guard over the rebel leader Louis Riel. After about five weeks Riel was tried and hung in the barracks square. He was buried in the prisoner area but his remains were later removed to Saint Boniface, Manitoba. Following the trial, hanging and burial of Riel, Fisher's company was sent to North Battleford to witness the signing of surrender papers by Poundmaker and Big Bear.

After returning to Regina, Alfred Fisher was among a group of 40 volunteers recruited to travel to the Mackenzie River District to investigate and bring under control an outbreak of smallpox amongst the Indians, Eskimos and Hudson's Bay staff. This took place during the latter half of the year 1885. All the volunteers were survivors of earlier outbreaks of

smallpox in the west. At the Mackenzie River Post there were two schools, one French the other English and a community of white HBC staffers, Indians, Eskimos and mixed blood families all under the jurisdiction of the chief factor, a half-breed gentleman named Malcolm Mackenzie. The outbreak of smallpox claimed 30 lives at the post before being brought under control. The volunteer group arrived back at Fort Osborne a few days before Christmas 1885.

During the Rebellion and other skirmishes, Albert was wounded three times, twice severely. On one occasion a number of wounded were piled like cord wood on a hay rack to be taken for medical treatment to Moose Jaw where it turned out there was no hospital and no medical help. In any case, most of the wounded died enroute, including two of Alfred's friends Corporals Code and Captain Swinford. Well recuperating from wounds, Fisher was returned to light duty which at the time meant being teamster and gunner for a gatling gun.

The major benefit of his wounds was in meeting a nurse who cared for him while injured. Her name was Emma Johnson and she married Albert Fisher March 14th 1888. Following his discharge, he was granted title to 320 acres of land which he later sold for the princely sum of \$40. He and his wife

move to Perley, Saskatchewan, in 1888 and later to Saltcoats Saskatchewan, where they lived out the remaining years of their lives. Alfred died in Winnipeg while visiting the home of a daughter but was returned to Saltcoats and lies buried beside his wife Emma who predeceased him.



6. George McAllister, 90th Winnipeg Rifles "A"
Company



Fort Du Appelle
Sunday 5/4/15
Dear Annie
It is Easter Sunday
and we are getting over it,
fine have been to Church twice
and going again this evening
after I get my kit packed
up as the right half of the
90th and the whole of the
New Field Battery are under
Orders to move forward at
5 O'clock tomorrow morning
6 of the 90th arrived here to
day from Winnipeg. I hear there is
a report abroad that we have
had a Regiment and several
men killed & wounded this is
wrong as we have had no
engagement yet, may have
a little trouble north of here
on our march to Moose Jaw
on good train at present.

Fort Qu'Appelle

Sunday 5/4/85

Dear Annie,

It is Easter Sunday and we're getting over it fine having been to church twice and going again this evening after I get my kit packed up as the right half of the 90th and the whole of the Winnipeg Field Artillery are under orders to move forward at 5:00 o'clock tomorrow morning. Six of the 90th arrived here today from Winnipeg. There is a report about that we have had a straitening out with several men killed and wounded. This is wrong as we have had no engagement yet. May have a little trouble north of here on our march tomorrow. I am in good trim at present.

Your Bro,

G Mc

Headquarters 90th Battalion

God Forsaken Fort Pitt, June 26 '85

Dear Annie,

I have no doubt you are all making great preparations for the reception of the 90th which will according to the city dailies be in Winnipeg on July 1st. According to officers and commanders out here it will be about Christmas or later, so that there will be plenty of time to get up a regular howling spree. Allow me to suggest an idea, that is, make preparations for receiving 91st and 92nd Battalions before the 90th, as from what I can gather the 91st have started for home the 92nd is going in three days while we are to wait for General Middleton. There is no telling what peak he may take into his head; he may make a start from here and try to find a trail to the North Pole or some of their unknown regions. Well, no matter what way it is, so long as we get on the move again as if we stay here much longer we will go sick.

By the way who put you onto the racket about Billy McRobie. I guess he is well chuffed about it. You will probably remember the ladies sending up a lot of stuff for the 90th which the 90th have not received but which has been stolen by the battalions through whose hands it has passed.

The only thing we received was under clothing and haversacks. There was also about 50 gallons of whiskey sent up and all that reached here was about 15 gallons, just enough to give the boys one drunk. It is generally believed the Midland Battalion were the thieves, so that everyone is down on them. The McLean family are still here waiting for the steamer. Lieutenant Campbell and Laurie left for Battleford this morning.

We had a little horse racing yesterday. We have foot racing today and rifle shooting tomorrow so that we are having a little fun, no doubt. We're trying to get the Opera House for two nights to bring on a little play called 90th on the March or something of this. We expect to place this in the boards about 10 days after our return. This takes a little of our time of each day as we have commenced rehearsing.

We have yet heard nothing more of Big Bear but expect Strange get in on Sunday so that we may likely start for Battleford on Monday. As of yet, we have received no orders about getting ready. You might ask Jack to keep his eyes open for anything stirring around town, as if I can't get anything to do in Wpg., I intend going on to Toronto with the Grenadiers. I must now close with love to yourself and all. From your affectionate brother, George McAlister

7. Journal of Pte. Joseph James Watts Describing
the Battle of Fish Creek 24 April 1885

The Battle of Fish Creek - Friday - 24/4/85
Came off quietly at 6 a.m. we started
on the march at 7. marched about
6 miles. 7 Coy were the advance
guard and we were near guard on
the ammunition. At 9 o'clock the mounted
Infantry who were in the advance came
upon an ambush and opened fire
upon them. 7 Coy opened out and
retreated to the left. The Infantry
School to the right and ~~remember~~
A Coy of the 90th as support to 7 Coy.
The Battalion advanced and opened
out on them in the meantime rapid
firing was the order of the day.
The (A Coy) were next ordered out
to support the School on the right
and so on; for six hours there was
a perfect rain of lead from both sides.
The enemy were entrenched in a
creeper and we could not get at
them but at last they were driven
off with the exception of some
who were in rifle pits in the

Cooley whom we could not get at
we kept them there and the field
was ours with their one exception
we tried to shell them out but could
not. Paul was supposed to be there
and Gabriel Dumont was -

We shelled all the houses around
and set them on fire - Our loss was
very heavy 8 killed and about 45
wounded among the killed were poor
Alley Ferguson one of the boys in the
tent & Capt I belong to Hutchison in
our Coy. Lewis in number four killed
in number 2. ~~Robert~~ School of
~~Engineering~~ & 3 others whom I did not
know among the wounded were Capt
Clarke mortally wounded in the back
Lieut. Swinford in the head - Billy
Matthews who is also in our tent in
the armory Chanley Kemp, Theaker of A
Coy & Carruff and others I did not
know - we retired ^{to the river a mile or so} from the scene
of action about 6:30 we were no some
off in field than the rebels came

up out of the Cooley & made off in
the opposite direction and were out
of sight before we could do anything
The 10th managed to get across the
river and came in at the finish
they were put on picket till 12
and the 90th was on for the balance
of the night it was a wretched night
snowing & cold, in the afternoon it
had hailed and rained and after night
it turned to snow - The whole of Pule's
force were said to be there but we
could not see or find out how many
they were - It is supposed that they
killed a great deal of our men
but we cannot tell for sure -

Saturday 25/4/85

Came off picket at 6.30 very quiet
all night we saw nothing of the
enemy. We buried poor Allen this
morning along with the rest of the
dead and Watson of the Infantry who
who died during the night they
were all put in one grave -

8. Letter from Fish Creek, Charles J. Whitla



Charles James Whitla, Man Hist Soc.

Born in County Monaghan, Ireland on 22 April 1846, he came to Winnipeg in 1879. He served as a Captain in the 90th Regiment during the 1885 North West Rebellion.

In a letter dated 30 April 1885, describing the Battle of Fish Creek. Having just faced death, Capt. Whitla wrote out his will and sent it in the letter. He added a post script telling of the death of his friend Lt. Charles Swinford, who was shot in the head during the battle.

On the Bank of the Saskatchewan

Fish Creek April 30th 1885

My dear friend,

Many a time since I left Winnipeg I have thought of your brotherly kindness to me. As you knew well, we were in for a hard time. At first all in our tent were laughing at me because I argued we would have a fight.

But when it did come, it was like a flash as we did not at the time expect it. We were all marching at ease and the boys were whistling to keep the step when we heard the sharp ring of the rifle a few 100 yards ahead where the scouts were. All were at work in a few minutes and the bullets showered over the field like hail in a storm. I had been in the advanced guard two days before and near the head of the column. As the companies were in succession ordered to advance, I was ordered with the right half of my company to guard the ammunition, in fact, the boys were so plucky that they all left me and joined the fighting line leaving one with only few men to defend an attack on the ammunition and the shooting going on in the adjoining field. At first I was kept out of the hottest part of the fire, something to tell you, the honest truth I had no objection too but later on every disposition to be sent to the forward but had eventually to stick to my post.

The 90th did nobly, every man did his duty and never for a moment flinched. The boys that fell were found with their face to the foe.

I have no doubt but you have heard all about it and I only write to let you know I have felt it a duty to make out a little memo and put my things very hurriedly into shape. I have mentioned you as one of the dear friends who I would like to be in a position to look after my dear wife and child in case anything should happen to me. Just now Riel and his scouts are in great numbers and God only knows where we shall all be before morning. I have not time to say a word. I would not like Mrs. W to know I have written you. You will find enclosed my will drawn out by Wilkes.

RJW

PS Keep this document private until the time comes that it may be required. Poor Charlie Swinford has just breathed his last, 4:30 p.m April 30th .

RJW

P. S
Keep this document
private until the time
comes that it may be
required. Poor Charlie
Swinford has just breathed
his last, 4.30^{p.m.} April 30th
R. J. W

“PS Keep this document private until the time comes that it may be required. Poor Charlie Swinford has just breathed his last, 4:30 p.m April 30th “

RJW

9. Active Service In The 90th Battalion, 1885

As seen by a lad of seventeen

By Henry Aston Wilkes, late of "B" Co.

Fernie, B.C.



Henry Aston Wilkes in uniform wearing Northwest Canada medal

I propose only telling the story of that spring of 50 years since when I marched with the “Little Black Devils.” Just a simple story, not a history of those days, as I remember them for I'm using no notes. So if you want the yarn. I may perhaps be able to interest you for awhile. So here goes!

I was born in central Ontario (26 August 1866) but was raised in Montreal. One of my earliest recollections is of the stories of an uncle in the far West, who had been a cell mate of Scott in Fort Garry. Louis Riel was painted in pretty dark shades in those tales of the rebellion.

I came to Winnipeg in the spring of '83 and this uncle and I became great tillicums. Many were the cracks we had and he told me of his adventures while in the boundary survey, on which he had run part of the line. He afterwards married and settled at Headingley and when the settlers wanted their farms laid off on the Assiniboine he started to run lines for them. Naturally, he started on his own which was some 12 miles from the Fort and that is why no doubt the last principle Meridian is so situated. He was in the Dominion Land Office in Winnipeg for many years because of the survey etc. This is by way of an introduction.

As a boy I had hated Riel as the bad man who ill treated Uncle Herbert, so that when the trouble started and he was again the leader, I just naturally got restive.

During the early months of 1885, there were mutterings of the coming storm in the West and those grew stronger early in March. The press gave news from day to day. These came to a head with the Duck Lake affair.

I was living in Saint Boniface near the cathedral at the time. On the evening of the 25th, I think, the bugles of the 90th sounded an alarm and boy-like I had to find out what for. I crossed the Red River to the city to see what it was all about and found that the men were to go out in the morning for the Saskatchewan, as the Indians were up in arms. Having had a diet of Beadle's Dime Library and the heroes of that delectable set of books with the tales of Buffalo Bill, Custer and Calamity Jane etc. in mind, I was of course wild to be in the scrap too. So next morning, I was at the CPR station to see the last detachment off. Asking a friend, Captain John Allen, what he thought of it all, I remember his answer, "Just a picnic." Well I went up to the drill hall on Hargreaves Street near the Central Congregational Church and joined up at once. Captain Ruttan asked me if I knew drill. I said, "No- but I can shoot" a fair countersign I could- a shotgun. The

90th was only a skeleton of less than 150 men, so there was plenty of room for even me.

How well I remember the scene in the old building. The outfitting of uniforms and greatcoats and bearskins was simple, as these had been issued to the regiment the year previous when they had been formed into a unit of the militia. But the knapsacks canteens, belt straps and pouches were another story.

These were piled in a heap in the centre of the room in a massive confusion and each man had to sort out his own outfit from the pile. As the nigger in the story of the fall of the angels has it, “An de dark Angel, he flung down a lot od horns, hoofs and tails, and sez he, sort them out and suit yer selves.” The knapsack was a square box of canvas, spread by four thin pieces of wood. One had to find these first, next the canteen, three pieces, cover, straps of various kinds and a belt. These were mildewed and many broken relics of the Wolseley Expedition. A job that reminds me of the late lamented jigsaw puzzle to put together. But at last it was done and I was outfitted. Home I went with a list of what was needed for the campaign: shirt, socks, towel etc. to be packed and to return in two hours for my first recruit drill.

My mother's face when I marched in must have been a study, for she was quite unprepared and I, boy-like saw nothing of it. She came of the fighting stock of England. Oh mothers of Britain how many sore hearts have been hidden from the thoughtless sons of time of war! I never knew till afterwards of her feelings. She kept them well hidden from me. I was her eldest son and she was a widow.

The hours sped and we left for Qu'Appelle at noon the 28th of March having but little enough drill to keep step to the train. These were the "Little Black Devils to be in the rough. Portage la Prairie and Brandon turned out to greet us and finally at Troy we disentrained and made the Immigration shed, our quarters for the next few days. We got lots of drill now. Major Watson took us in hand and thanks to him we soon got wise to many things of a new kind of life. I'm not going to give dates with exactness, my memory is too hazy for that, and this is only the story not the history of those days but we were so actively engaged in the past time of war from the first day. Ammunition was issued on the first parade at Troy and we were in earnest, not knowing what to expect next.

I well remember my first sentry go, along the CPR track, opposite the station. I had one car on the side track to guard

that night. I was told that I need not load my rifle but what boy could resist. I don't know how to this day what was in that car. I expect it was hay or oats but woe be to the rat that came near it --that's all! but I did no harm.

Next the wagons were assembled for the long trek over the plains. These came from the Bell farms at Indian Head and others were commandeered with their teams and drivers from the farmers far and near. the snow was 10 inches between the CPR and Qu'Appelle when we started out and the 90th had to ride that far, about 10 to a team.

I may say that our washbasin, while at the immigration shed, was the snow banks outside. Soap and some rubbing melted the snow and, if we did not get very clean, we had hardened quickly and rubbed off on our towels.

Well, off we set to the Fort on the Qu'Appelle River some 18 miles. I think by the trail. The snow was thawing fast when we arrived and we had our first experience of pitching camp. We got up the tents some how. Many pegs were broken in the frozen ground, over which the water was running. We dug some sort of trench around each tent and spread out our oil sheets on the mud puddles instead of feathers and so made our beds for the night. Somehow, in fact, as our marching song has it, "Our tents in a row, we

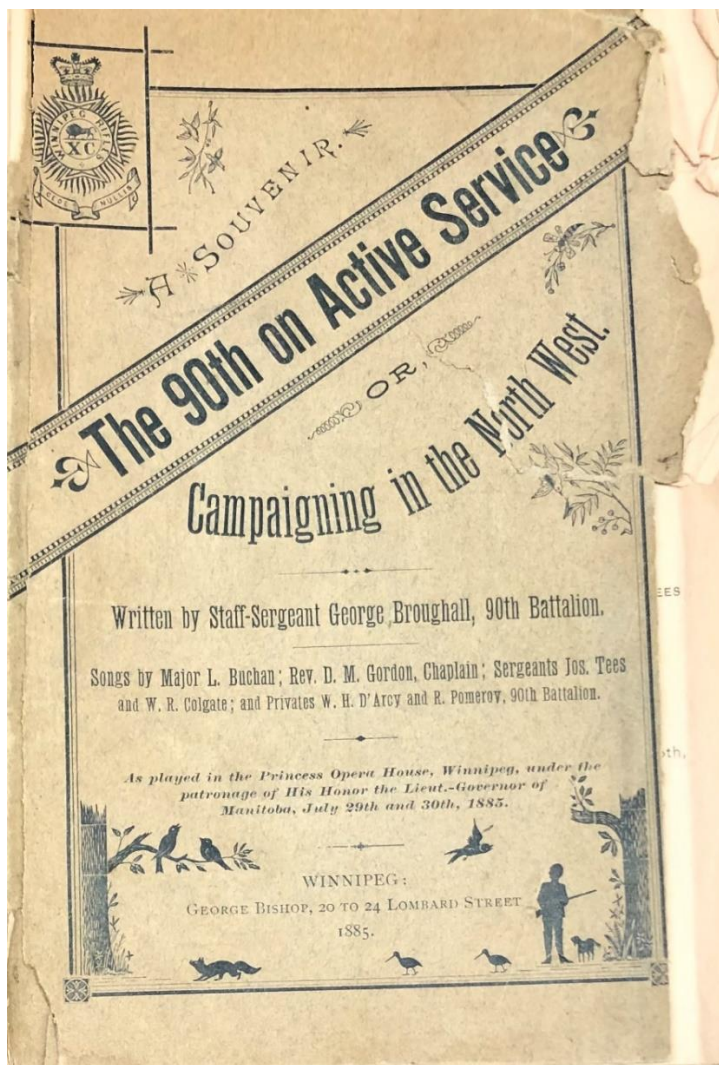
pitched in the snow, just like real soldier men; pork, beans and hardtack tra la la la; Poor hungry soldiers, etc.”A couple of days of this and more drill and away we went up through the Hutchwood hills and across the salt plains where we had to carry fuel for miles for the next night's camp.

On through sloughs and across creeks, in the full of the spring thaw, breaking through the ice in the first part of the day and pulling the guns and stuck transport wagons out of the mud holes later in the afternoon. This for a week. The grind was sure rough for many bank clerks and office men, as many of ours were, and boots suitable for city pavements were pretty soon in bad shape. To those who make the trip from Regina to Saskatoon in a sleeper today, things look somewhat different. In one thing alone is the great difference to be noted; there were a few small houses at the Fort. The next we saw was at Humbolt, the telegraph station house; the next at Clark's Crossing a log hut. Humbolt was a two story building.

The thing that remains in my memory is the line of small telegraph poles stretching along the side of the trail at time and then 'way ahead into the distance 'till lost in some dip of the prairie afar.

I do not seem to visualize the back trail at all, nor would it meant to us, our connecting link with home. All we wanted was to press forward to Prince Albert where we believed the settlers to be in danger of an attack from the Crees. Some of us pictured a massacre, such as the tales of the western states had given us an idea of. And it might easily have been so, had not prompt action been taken by the Northwest Mounted Police when they had the opportunity.

After crossing the plains things went better. The Prairie dried quickly and in the evenings we sometimes gathered around a big campfire for a singsong and pow wow. I well remember our Quartermaster Sergeant and his song, "Green grows the rushes, Oh!" I recollect Lieutenant Harry Arnold telling us that in years to come we would be recounting these things to our grandchildren. Well in part he was right, but I have none, and he sleeps his long sleep where he fell at Paardenburg, South Africa.



The 90th On Active Service or Campaigning the North West a burlesque written and performed by members of the 90th Battalion in July 1885. Mentioned in George McCalister's letter to his sister.

10. Casualties during the Northwest Rebellion

90th Battalion Winnipeg Rifles



Camp flag 90th Winnipeg Battalion of Rifles c 1885. This repurposed flag was Canadian flag from 1869-70 as it includes Manitoba but not British Columbia

Killed at Fish Creek 24 April 1885

Pte. W. Ennis

Pte. A. Fergusson

Pte. J. Hutchinson

Pte. G. Wheeler

Died of wounds at Fish Creek

Lt. C. Swinford

Cpl. J. Code

Wounded at Fish Creek

Capt. W. Clarke

Cpl. H. Bowden

Cpl. J. Lethbridge

Cpl. J. Swan

Cpl. W. Thacker

Pte. A. Blackwood

Pte. C. Bouchette

Pte. M. Canniff

Pte. J. Chambers

Pte. D. Hislop

Pte. M. Jarvis

Pte .M. Jones

Pte. C. Kemp

Pte. H. Lowell

Pte.W. Matthews

Killed at Batoche 10-12 May 1885

Pte. J. Fraser

Pte. R. Hardisty

Pte. A. Watson

Wounded at Batoche

Maj. A. Mackeand

Sgt-Maj .J Watson

Sgt. J. Jackes

Cpl. J. Gillies

Cpl. W. Kemp

Pte. R. Barrow

Pte. W. Erickson

Pte. ? Mack

Pte.? Rolph

Pte. A. Young
