

the territories of Great Britain in North America, except such as are now formed into British Provinces." This grant was renewed in 1842, with some new provisions, chiefly respecting the treatment of the Indian tribes.

It is to be observed, that this charter has nothing to do with the immense region comprised in the original charter of 1670. Within that district they are lords of the soil. The heirs of Lord Selkirk having retroceded to them the title to the lands upon Red river, in 1836, they have replanted the colony originally founded by him. In that remote little colony, so many hundreds of miles beyond the remotest bounds of civilization, without good water communication to connect them with it, and consequently, as we should deem, destitute of the ordinary comforts of life, there are at this time about 5,000 persons,* the largest portion of whom are *Bois Brule*, (or half breeds) the remainder of them Scotch or from the Scottish Isles. But in our conjecture as to their destitution, we should be found upon examination, greatly mistaken. They have a Roman Catholic Bishop, a cathedral, and seven or eight other religious ministers. The company sell their land at 12s. 6d. per acre, and the plantations extend for fifty miles along the river. They cultivate wheat, barley, maize, and a variety of garden vegetables. Their farms are well supplied with stock, and they purchase their dry goods and groceries by exchanging the produce of their farms with the company's posts, or, (as we have seen them do,) carrying their products a cart journey of fourteen days to Fort Mandan. And recently, they have united their means, and sent an agent to St. Louis, who there purchases supplies for them—sends them up the Mississippi, by steam, as high as the head of steam navigation, where they are transferred to *pirogues*, and finally taken across to Red river in carts. We are afraid that the worthy bishop inflicts slight penance upon them, for the half breeds are said to be the fiercest warriors of the plains; and so late as the summer of 1845, a company of dragoons, commanded by Capt. Sumner, were sent to check their inroads upon the hunting grounds of the Sioux, and we believe they are still troublesome near the border.

Mr. Irving has dilated upon the feudal state of Fort William—its splendid hospitality—the lordly grandeur of its defences—the gorgeous display of its wealth and magnificence—its bountiful banquets, at which the wines of southern Europe gave zest to the game of the forest—and many "an auld world ditty" was sung to stimulate the boisterous mirth of its guests and inmates. But he has forgotten to add to this poetical enumeration of its faded glories, that at this same Fort William, situated near the head of Lake Superior, such a congregation of ruffians, bandits, and scoundrels was assembled as the world has not seen since the days when rape, robbery, and murder were the chief occupations of the inhabitants of feudal castles, and their bastions and parapets bristled with the swords and spears of all who were most base and brutal among mankind; that the tongues which chaunted with so much feeling the glorious songs of "bra' Robin Eurns," were daily employed in instructing the ferocious and sanguinary sav-

* Simpson's Travels, chapter 8.