

P.S.—Without expressing an opinion on the contents, I sub-join the following extracts from letters lately received by me from two respectable settlers at Red River :—

I.

“It is queer times in Red River at present. Imprisonment has been carried on all winter with a very high hand. I think you are fortunate that you are not here in these troublesome times, knowing, as I do, that you are no favourite of the Hudson’s Bay Company and the Catholic priests, who are the leading parties in the rebellion ; and it has gone on, step by step, till it cost Red River two lives—one a Scotchman (a native), and the other a Scotch Canadian. The latter was taken prisoner at the same time I was taken, along with forty-six more, and it was during our confinement in prison that the brave and intelligent young Highlander was murdered in cold blood by the rebels. Six men shot at him at the same time, and four balls took effect on his body, but he was not killed outright ; then the leader (a French Canadian), seeing that he was not dead, drew out his pistol, and shot at him on the head, and still he did not kill him ; then the poor man was put into his coffin in this wounded state, and remained for some time still living, when a French half-breed shot at him in his coffin, and thus put an end to his suffering. A great many more of us came very nigh sharing the same fate as poor Scott. I heard Riel sentence Major Boulton, who was in the same room as myself. Riel came and stood at the door of our room, and we were both lying together, covered over with a buffalo robe, as we were almost freezing, when he pronounced the sentence—‘Boulton, prepare to die by twelve o’clock.’ You cannot imagine the shock this gave us both, especially the Major, who, on hearing the sentence of death pronounced on him, knelt down and prayed a most earnest prayer to God to prepare him for death. The Major was put in irons soon after we were all put in prison, and remained so till he was