

phy, or topographical knowledge is most at fault, but the powers he asks from Congress for suspending the operations of the boming system would, if granted, be the greatest possible benefit to the Dominion, as it would inevitably lead to the opening of new routes, and that at once for ourselves, by which we would be independent of the courtesy of the United States, and at the same time deprive them of a very lucrative branch of commerce "the carrying trade." Those powers are, however, asked with far different objects. President Grant desires to drive Canada into annexation. That game is played out—it failed when the Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated. It will fail when transit is closed—we shall retaliate and prohibit the use of our waters to Americans altogether; nor shall they have part, parcel, or portion of the fisheries without a full equivalent.

General Grant is doubtless a great man in the United States, but of very small account in Canada; he threatens and bullies without the power of carrying out his fulminations, as is very well known to every man in the States. In another column will be found what his capacity for mischief really is, and we can afford to despise his threats, treat his opinions with contempt, and set his power at defiance. He can't get any of the fisheries, nor shall he have the free navigation of the St. Lawrence. If his people or himself are spoiling for a fight the Canadians are ready to accommodate them. In fact, this speech is like the Russian note, rather premature. Both were designed to coerce England into a policy which would inevitably ruin her. Earl Granville's reply spoils the game, and President Grant's cock adoodle-doo is but the puny echo of the Russian dunghill rooster's clarion. It is very lucky for us that the Yankee fillibusters are such donkeys. They tried to coerce us in trade and ruined their own commerce; they tried Fenian conspiracy and it gave Canada the best military force on the continent,—let them try threats and it may give us an opportunity of retifying boundaries without the aid of a joint commission.

We publish in another column a synopsis of the "Official Report of the Fenian Ex-President," relative to the last Fenian raid, and we do this the more readily because of the fact which the so-called General O'Neill has put so prominently forward, that the "military prestige" Canada has acquired is due to those invasions which the wisdom of General Grant's predecessors, and American statesmen generally allowed to be organized in the United States for the purpose of coercing the people of this country into annexation. Not satisfied with the result the present President resorts to threats. He had better take O'Neill into his councils and he will learn a thing or two as to the probability of success at that game, which might make him hold his hand in time. The only

real fact of value which the Fenian Ex-President seems to have learned in the utter hopelessness of a successful invasion of Canada, and if his strategy is a fair sample of that of his brother officers in the United States army Canada has very little to fear from the efforts of those conquering heroes, which, at the utmost, might result in the plunder of a hen roost or two. The Ex-President may rest satisfied that Canada will do her part in the defence of the honor and integrity of the British Empire, and will back old England against all comers. If President Grant, the other President of the United States, wishes to back up Russia's quarrel he will first have to speak to the Canadian people.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FORT ABERCROMBIE,
November 12th, 1870.

The Stone Fort is twenty miles below Fort Garry by land and about forty miles by the river. There are a series of gravel shoals in the bed of the stream dignified with the name of rapids, otherwise the navigation is unobstructed, so that Red River under its various names of Otter Tail, River Rouge, and Assiniboine is navigable from Otter Tail Lake to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of over 1100 miles by the river. On both sides of the stream the country is well settled, with good, substantial farm houses and many neat residences. Towards the Stone Fort the timber becomes more valuable and of greater depth: the river banks are higher and the country has the appearance of being under cultivation for a long period. The road is very good and level.

The Stone Fort is a parallelogram, 350 feet wide by 400 feet in length; the walls are twelve feet high, of yellow sandstone, with large circular bastions at the angles, the height of those being about fifteen feet, flat roofed, and used as magazines and storehouses. There are two gates, one facing the river on the eastern face, the other in the western wall. There are a large number of buildings in the area, some of stone and the remainder of wood. The site is commanding. The area of the parade is covered with sandstone chips and gravel. It is garrisoned by the 2nd, or Quebec, Battalion, under the command of Major A. Irvine. A fine body of men, splendidly disciplined, and a credit to Canada. The officers' quarters are far more comfortable than those at Fort Garry. The men's barracks are rather crowded, but they are comfortable and clean. The routine of garrison duty is strictly carried out. The officers are a very gentlemanly body of young men, with a very commendable *esprit de corps*, desirous of keeping their own battalion ahead if possible, and in this they are encouraged by the example of the officer in command—it would be hard to find in any service a finer looking set of fellows or better soldiers.

My duties at the Lower Fort did not detain

me more than a few hours, and I left it with regret, but with the satisfactory assurance from actual observation that in the garrison at Red River Canada possesses a military force of which no country need be ashamed. The moral effect produced by officers and men cannot fail to be highly beneficial to the best interests of the Dominion. The return drive by moonlight will be long remembered for the real enjoyment and amusement it afforded.

The 1st of November was occupied in making the necessary preparations to leave Fort Garry, on my homeward journey—those consisted of hiring a French Metis named Godin Marchand to convey myself and party across the prairie. His equipage was six Indian ponies, a spring waggon with a tilt, and two Red River carts—this gave a fresh horse every day, as the vehicles were all single horse, and the baggage waggons were always in front. I had to lay in a stock of provisions sufficient for a seven days' march and to make all necessary preparations for rough work. A Red River cart is a cunningly constructed machine, but wonderfully well adapted to the work it has got to do. It is entirely of wood, no iron profanes the structure; the wheels are about five feet in diameter, very much *dished*, with wide felloes, they have no tires. The theory of circular motion moving on straight lines receives unconscious elucidation by the construction of the wheels of a Red River cart, the spokes and hubs being the nearest possible approach to a perfect cone. The axle is also of wood, on which the shafts are fixed and a few rude pieces makes a narrow cart capable of storing, with some effort, about 500 pounds of ordinary baggage. With this under ordinary circumstances a Red River horse will make a march of thirty miles per diem. The wheels are well adapted to the roads on which the vehicles are used; with iron tires they would cut into the tough prairie sod, and soon render the road impassable in wet weather, but the broad felloes barely level the sod, and if the mud sticks to them, especially in frosty weather, the driver carries a *draw knife*, with which he pares it off.

Before starting from Fort Abercrombie on my downward voyage I had purchased a quantity of camp equipage, but nearly every morning there was a report that a portion had been lost overboard, and by the end of the voyage nothing remained but a bowl, one plate and a fork, it became a matter of some anxiety to procure another supply, which was effected at Fort Garry.

My party on starting consisted of two officers, the Agent of the Hudson Bay Company at Pembina, an English gentleman doing the American continent, *a la Dilke*, and myself, and when it is known that one of the officers was partially insane some idea may be formed of the composition of my train, and what material it afforded for amusement and study.