

broad Ottawa are greater, how much more are they not so on its tributaries the Gatineau, Madawaska, Coulonge or Petewawe. Hundreds, I may say thousands of adventurous lumbermen yearly find their way to the high regions drained by these rivers with boats and half a year's supplies besides.

The St. Maurice is, perhaps, one of the most difficult rivers on the continent, running down, as it does, directly across the strike of rock from a plateau fifteen hundred feet above the level of the St. Lawrence, and it forms a case in point as regards comparison for by this route a French Military Expedition passed, in former years, to the Moose and down that River to Hudson's Bay, with artillery and munitions of war. Two of their field pieces still remain on a portage at the sources of the St. Maurice and history tells of their doings at Hudson's Bay, where they took and held forts, one of which was well mounted with artillery. Although no doubt greater things have been done in other ways, still this is of its kind a feat as yet unparalleled in military annals.

The Chevalier de Troyes had no boats such as were supplied to the Red River River Expeditionary Force and in his day the birchen skiff was alone used on the inland waters, between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay.

As compared with the route by York Factory, the line followed by the Expedition has many evident advantages, and, in this regard, I may refer to a journey made from York Factory to Fort Garry by Col. Crofton in 1846. That gallant soldier whose clear and comprehensive evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons (England), in 1857, did so much to remove the veil in which an exclusive monopoly had shrouded the regions of the North-West, came by York Factory to Red River, with 347 soldiers, 17 women and 19 children, in all 383 persons. Among his munitions of war were three 6-pounders and one 9-pounder field pieces. In his evidence, speaking of the Fort William route, he says:—"I would undertake to take my regiment by it;" and, on being further questioned, replied as follows:—

"I did worse than that, for I took artillery from Fort York, in Hudson's Bay, to Red River, 700 miles, by the compass, over lakes and rivers, and that is a *much worse route than the other.*"

"Do you mean to say that under present circumstances (this was 13 years ago,) the route from Fort William to Fort Garry is a better route for military to go than from Fort York?—I am quite sure of it for I have gone both."

"Question by Sir John Packington—Did you say you took artillery from Fort York to Red River?—I did."

"What distance is that?—It is about 736 miles."

"How did you convey it?—We carried the guns in canvas, we took the guns off their carriages, we had rope handles and carrying straps, and between them so carried the guns."

At the time the gallant Crofton formed the opinions to which he has given such forcible expression, steam had not reached Lake Superior, and the Thunder Bay road had not been dreamt of; still, with experience of both routes, he considered it (the Fort William road,) vastly better than the route by Hudson's Bay.

One cannot but be struck with the marked difference in the circumstance, under which he made his journey by the one route, and those attending the advance of the Expeditionary force by the other. In the one case were the ever frozen shores of Hudson's Bay, and soldiers, with artillery, and women with children to bring forward to an unknown land by a route till then untried by a military force. In the other, light boats, fitted with everything that could be conceived to be useful, and manned with active men in the very prime of life.

Women and children had to be protected from the chill blasts of autumn, as Col. Crofton's band came upwards from the sea.

The soldiers of the Expeditionary force had to work hard enough at times, no doubt, on the portages, as they came to the successive falls of the Winnipeg, but they were soon again on open lakes with the soft winds of summer in their sails.

A quarter of a century ago, Col. Crofton's soldiers could have had nothing to cheer them save a consciousness of doing their duty, as they advanced, The land before them