

## LETTER FROM PAUL CRANE.

*To the Editor of the Montreal Grinchuckle.*

Buffalohump, Nov. 24th. 1869.

OUR POSITION—POSITION OF THE RED RIVER REVOLUTIONISTS—UNITED STATES AGGRANDISEMENT—GOV. MACDOUGALL—WHAT WILL THEY DO AT OTTAWA?

A full history of this rebellion, still in its infancy, must be left to the pen of the historian. At least it requires the pen of an impartial writer, and it is fortunate that there are several American gentlemen here who are well qualified for such a duty. They are thoroughly posted in the business of war correspondence, having acted in the capacity of correspondents during their little difficulty with the South. I shall confine myself to a few observations—fuller particulars you will obtain from the United States press.

Our position is one of extreme simplicity. It may be described in three words: "We got chased." We are lying at the present, with a large accumulation of baggage, a little to the south of 45° N. Lat., under the protection of the American Eagle. In short, here we are, a Canadian Lieut. Governor and party, fugitives from the fury of our subjects, and finding shelter and safety beneath the Stars and Stripes. Alas, the words of our unhappy Governor, when, years ago, he said he "would look to Washington," were prophetic. Our position at this moment is embarrassing. A man's position always is so when he doesn't know what to do. There is one point, however, on which we are unanimously of one opinion; that is, what we *won't* do. We won't march further into the promised land at present; so an intelligent American reporter told me yesterday; our position is without a parallel in history; that at no previous time in the history of the world had a Canadian Governor been chased out of the Red River territory by an army of half-breeds,—and I suppose he is right.

The position of the Red River army is also very simple. They are a little to the north of 45° N. Lat., and why they will not allow us to go on to Fort Garry, and govern them, causes our party considerable disquiet. Their manner of removing us from our snug quarters at the Hudson Bay post, was quite unfriendly—I might say unfeeling. The scenery in this portion of Canada is very fine, but I do not appreciate the sentiments of the half-breeds. They did not treat us like gentlemen. Notwithstanding, these half-breeds appear to be accomplished linguists, as one of our party who understood the French, Gaelic, and Cree dialects assured me that he could make out from their conversation, that whatever small quantity of hair most of us cultivated on the top of our heads was in danger of being lifted, if we ventured north of the boundary line.

The Governor, I am sorry to say, seems to feel our position with much bitterness. Our rapid march back to neutral territory has affected all our spirits in a manner not to be guessed at by people who

have never been Governors. We were all ready for a nice little entry into Fort Garry, with arches, and cheering, and addresses, &c., and we had our replies all ready, cut and dry. Unfortunately, we had no reply ready for the address of the insurgents who ordered us the other morning to leave the colony. And, these half-breeds, irritated by grass-hoppers and a scarcity of buffaloes, act, moreover, as if they had a personal quarrel with the Governor. One fortunate circumstance for him is this: the rebels have not heard how he sold the Reform party in Ontario, and joined the Coalition with all his might. If this should come to their knowledge it will be the last of us.

In our bewilderment, we are asking each other, what will they do at Ottawa? If Sir John A. is not *unwell*, we expect the Dominion Government to take prompt steps to send us on, or order us back to Canada. If something is not done very soon, the rebellion will have *fizzled* without any exertion on our part, and no credit to us. John Brown is at Fort Garry, and declares that he shall be Governor. I suppose he forgets the flour and money he got last year when the grass-hoppers had nearly gobbled him. And you know we must get out of Pembina, for the U. S. Government will be having a nice sum to add to the Alabama claims, for protection to Governor Macdougall and P. Crane, during the rebellion. My carpet bag is packed, ready for a start. Whiz! the wind out here would blow the pimples off a man's nose. I would give all my chances of becoming a half-breed—I wonder how long it takes to make a half-breed—just to hear the whistle of a railway engine.

I remain, in great despondency, as well as the Governor,

Yours,

PAUL CRANE.

## HEATHER AND HAGGIS.

We are astonished to find that the occupants of the *Herald* office are so easily upset, as appears from the report of a recent runaway, with two prominent city officials, on St. Andrew's day. The report says: "the horse attached to their sleigh took fright, and running away, came into collision with the lamp-post opposite the *Herald* office, upsetting its occupants." Why they should be upset by the running away of a horse in the street, even when that endangered the lives and limbs of the city officials, must be a matter of surprise to most of their readers. "Mr. McQuisten's head struck the lamp-post—being somewhat cut." We know McQ. to be painfully Scotch, but doubt if his patriotism would permit of his getting cut so early in the day, even when that day happened to be St. Andrew's. Perhaps the reporter to the *Herald* may have been hobnobbing with St. Andrew over his haggis, and he—not the worthy City Surveyor,—may thus have been slightly cut.

Why is it ladies love to behold the falls of Niagara? Because there they see their ain beau (rain bow.)