

THE HISTORY OF PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE HOUSE, BY KORN KOB, JUNR.

Thinks President Grant to himself thinks he,
As he puffed at his cigaret'te,
"There's President wanted for '78
But I reckon that President won't be me
Unless I get up and get."

So he says to Butler Ben's his name,
The chap that looks after the spoons;
"The way that these Democrats talk is a shame
We'll have to do something to spoil their game
Or, darn it, we're gone-up coons."

"I aint very much on the speak you know;
But, Benjamin, you're the mah;
With pen or with tongue you're a buster to blow;
Although, with the sword,—well—only so so,
So make out my message before you go
And put it as strong as you can."

"At home here my reign hasn't been a success
So let us go in for a fight;
A war's just the thing that suits the U. S.
And England's the nation to go for I guess,
Say, Benny my boy, aint I right?"

"Nond," said old Ben, and he frowned dissent;
"A pretty nice mess you'd cook,
Just remember that little affair of the Trent
And the message the fiery old Premier sent;
How quickly it brought us to book."

"The Lion is old, but his claws are strong,
There's an ugly gleam in his eye,
I guess if we riled him it wouldn't be long
Before he'd be into our wool, ding dong,
And then maybe, fur wouldn't fly."

We've a much safer game than that to play;
We are forty millions or more,
We have money and soldiers and stores O. K.
And there's the Canadians just over the way
With only a paltry four."

"Let's bullyrag them and demand that we
(The only free men 'neath the sky)
Shall do as we like in this wide countree,
Shall navigate their river down to the sea
And fish as we chose on their fishing grounds free
Or make them show the reasons why."

"The Canucks will cave in right off, and then
We can brag of how brave we've been,
We'll sweep all the States from Nevada to Maine
And you'll be elected to rule us again,
And who'll be your right hand supporter but Ben
And 'twixt us we'll run the machine."

The President winked, took another cigar,
And Benjamin took a horn;
"I calculate, Benny, we've gotten them thar,
Let the Democrats now try it on if they dar,
We'll knock 'em as sure as you're born."

The message was writ, and the Yanks all said
"I hat'll fetch 'em to time you bet,
Old Grant is the fellow to shove things ahead
Canadians might just well go to bed
And label their houses "To Let.""

TWO YEARS LATER.

(Grant Log.)

"O 'arnal ruin! consarn that old B.
The Republican cause is bust,
The Canucks have been one too many for me,
They read my address 71 A. D.,
Put their thumb to their noses and laughed he I he
"Don't you wish you may get our fisheries free,
And sail from Superior down to the sea
And doas you like in this wide countree—
That game, Mr. President, don't suit we—
And here's the election for '78,
And I guess that my game is all U. P.
So, Ulysses, get up and dust."

NARRATIVE OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—CONCLUSION.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

(From Blackwood for Feb.)

The leading brigades reached Fort Alexander on the morning of the 18th August, having descended the river without accident in nine and a half days instead of twenty, as the Hudson Bay Company voyagers, who were ignorant what well-led British soldiers can do, said we should take. By the evening of the 20th all the regular troops were concentrated there, the brigades of militia being echeloned along the river in rear, at close intervals one behind the other.

There was not a sick man amongst those collected at Fort Alexander—all looked the picture of health and of soldier-like bearing. Oh for 100,000 such men! They would be invincible. Up to the 20th of August it had rained upon thirteen days in that month. The work had been incessant from daylight until dark, but no murmur was heard. The men chaffed one another about being mules and beasts of burden; but when they saw their officers carrying barrels of flour and pork on their backs, and fairly sharing their fatigues, eating the same rations, and living just as they did, they realized the necessity for exertion. There must surely be some inherent good in a regimental system which can thus in a few years convert the British leut into the highly-trained soldier, developing in him qualities such as cheerful obedience, endurance &c., &c., unknown to the beer-house lounging rustic.

A fresh batch of news from Fort Garry was here obtained. Riel had summoned together his followers, who had assembled to the number of 600, and had endeavored to organize a force to resist but had not received the support he expected. He had also called a council, who met in secret conclave, no English-speaking man being admitted. Of course it was not known what had passed on that occasion; but when the council broke up, an order was sent to the Hudson Bay Company forbidding any further sale of gunpowder or bullets. This was done, our correspondent alleged, to prevent the supply of ammunition running short should they require it. Riel had been told that the governor would not go into the settlement with Bishop Tache, as the rebels had hoped, and to accomplish which had been one of that prelate's objects in going to Canada. Riel's mind was still much troubled on the subject of amnesty, which the Canadians did not seem in any haste to grant. All letters received ended in the usual strain, "come on as quickly as you can; we are in momentary dread of our lives and property." The general tenor of the news proved two things—first that there was every possibility of resistance being offered; and secondly that should our advance be opposed, the number we should have to meet would be small compared with that at Riel's disposal during the past winter. It was therefore determined to push on at once with the 60th Rifles, the detachment of Royal Engineers and of Royal Artillery with their two 7-pounder guns.

We waited half a day in hopes that the two leading brigades of militia, which were known to be close behind, might come up; but as they did not do so in that time, we started without them, for the wind was fair and when foul it is often impossible to get round the point at Elk Island in Lake Winnipeg for days together.

There are numerous clearances in the vicinity of Fort Alexander where some half-breed farmers have established themselves. There is also a very fine farm belonging to the post in a good state of cultivation. The land is very rich for about half a mile or a mile back from the river, beyond that being a succession of swamps impassable during the summer, but travelled over when frozen in winter. The Fort is like the others already described, but on a larger scale, and has a less decayed air about it. It stands on the left bank, which is about twenty feet above the water, and is two miles from the mouth of the river. There is a Protestant mission here, and much good is done by its schools, in which English is taught. The 21st of August being Sunday, there was a parade for divine service in the morning, at

which the servants of the Hudson Bay Company, and a few half-breed farmers in the neighbourhood, joined us in prayers for the success of the operation we were about to undertake.

The afternoon was lovely with a bright warm sun shining down upon us as our fleet of fifty boats hoisted their sails, and started with a light wind from the S.W. It was a very pretty sight, and a subject well worthy of an artist. As we rounded the point of Elk Island, eighteen miles N.W. from Fort Alexander, evening was falling fast; so we halted for the night in a bay with a wide sandy beach between the water and the high overhanging bank, which was covered with timber, chiefly birch. The boats drew up in a line side by side, with their bows on the beach. Fires were soon lighted and a tents pitched here and there. As one looked down from the high bank upon the busy scene below, where all was cheerful bustle, the hum of voices, the noise of the axe chopping wood, and now and then the crashing sound of a falling tree, one realized how quickly the solitude of the forest is transformed into life, by the presence of man, endowed as he is with so many wants. The climate was that of the south of Europe; and as the sun set beyond a horizon of water; one might have imagined one's self in some Grecian island looking out upon the Mediterranean, the beach covered with the crews and boats of a corsair fleet.

Reveille sounded next morning ere it was light; and after a hurried breakfast, we once more embarked, steering about S.W. for the mouth of the Red River, Lake Winnipeg is 264 miles long, by about 35 miles in breadth, and has an area of 9,000 square miles. It drains about 400,000 square miles of country. Its average depth is not more than from 6 to 8 feet; and those who have navigated it for many years say it is filling up more and more every year. Owing to this shallowness, a little wind soon raises a vrey heavy sea, the waves being so high at times for days together that no boat can venture on it. Many of the detachments in rear were thus detained at Fort Alexander and in the neighbourhood of Elk Island.

As we approached the mouths of Red River, the water became so shallow at places that many of our boats grounded; but as the day was calm and the bottom was muddy they did not suffer any damage.

The scenery is extremely dreary as one nears the river—not a tree to be seen, and only a few bushes at places where the land seemed to be somewhat higher than elsewhere. Great flats of alluvial deposit stretched out into the lake, all densely covered with rushes, a fitting home for the flocks of wild ducks that quacked out a greeting to us as we approached them.

Where the left bank terminates there is a little firm ground, upon which a few Indians were encamped, who fired their guns off as a salute as we landed to cook dinners at about 1 o'clock. A few presents soon made us friends; and they consented to man a canoe to take up a loyal half breed whom we had with us to the Lower or Stone Fort, as it was considered desirable that we should communicate secretly with the Hudson Bay officer in charge of that post. Dinner over, we lost no time in pushing on; but the wind, unfortunately was blowing down stream, so that pulling against the current was laborious work. We advanced in three lines of boats, the guns in the leading boats of one line, and kept ready for action at a moment's warning. We had hoped to have reached the Lower Fort by evening; but night coming on when we were still about