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when we met at Fort Garry. Poor man, his cup and saucer rattled together as he attempted to take a cup of coffee, but he was mum and un-demonstrative. Here the stage people wanted to put us all together into one coach, I would not assent and insisted on my rights as having hired mine as an express. I managed to have the "regular," with Goldie and Mr. and Mrs. Latham start first, followed immediately by my vehicle. While waiting in Robertson's O'Donnahoe sat at one end of the stove, I at the other—thanks, however, to my precautions and our stage arriving 2 days ahead of time. no suspicions were aroused as to my being there: few were astir, as it was only 6 a. m. We were now in the crisis of our danger, and excitedly apprehensive and watchful, for a couple of men on horseback armed with repeaters could have made us an easy prey.

Coming in view of the post which conspicuously pointed out what was then assumed as the boundary line, we felt as if nearing home, as coming under the aegis of neverfailing British protection, forgetting, or casting aside all fears as we passed the welcome post, our pocket pistols were drawn and the remaining drops of inspiring bold John Barleycorn were quaffed to the toast of "The Queen," and cheer after cheer testified to our loyalty and returning confidence and courage. Changing horses at the Marais, at Kline's (here a dinner characteristic of the route and needing starvation sauce, a little going a long way) next in St. John Baptist, then at D'Lorme's we arrived, the two conveyances always within hail on the south bank of the Assiniboine. About sunset Fort Garry was reached safely on Monday the 2nd day of October 1871. The river was very low the crossing narrow, the ramshackle old scow in use lay on the north side, and the halfbreeds in charge made haste at great leisure, and more time than was at all necessary was consumed in bringing us over; down what is now Main street, then an open prairie road, we were driven with a dash up to the door of the Davis hotel. Nothing inviting, everything forbidding—dirt, discomfort and whiskey abundant. What few houses there were, mean and insignificant in appearance, and as if dropped down here and there at random, without order and at haphazard.

A room could not at once be allotted to me although I proposed that my son and myself could room together. Davis was the autocrat of the whiskey ranch and we must wait his will to eat and sleep. It may be readily inferred that having come in from St. Paul's in 4½ days, and with less than four hours sleep, I stood greatly in need of the latter, and of the former, seeing the kind of food we had on the way "It goes without saying." Supper announced, I entered a room with a table running lengthwise in the middle of it—every seat filled with occupants some with

coats on, others without. Several who thought it no breach of law: etiquette to eat with unwashed hands. I managed to hustle into a seat and satisfied my stomach pro tem with a fried gold eye, a boiled potato, in his jacket fortunately, and a cup of tea. I was not allowed to enjoy even this undisturbed, for Capt. Villiers, the chief of Provincial police, in gold lace and spangles, introduced himself to me and said the Lieut.-Governor had heard of my arrival and was anxious to see me; that it was now dark and he would wait and see me up to Government House. He needed not to wait long; we walked up and I entered the vice regal hall, begrimed with the black dust from the burnt prairies, which the Red River water could effect little in the way of cleansing power. Shirt and collar in keeping with the color of the epidermis—having been donned at Grand Forks 36 hours before—I felt my outward appearance had little to recommend me to a favorable reception, but the Lt.-Governor, Mr. Archibald, received me with demonstrations of gladness. I apologized for my appearance and on not having letters of introduction, as I had left all but as I appeared before him at Grand Forks. He said I needed no introductory papers for he had heard from headquarters and otherwise of me and was indeed very glad to see me.

We entered at once into conversation upon the state of affairs. I told him exactly how matters stood with the Fenians and assured him the report of a large gathering at St. Joe was a baseless rumor; that O'Donnahoe and O'Neil could not possibly muster over 70 men at Pembina, and probably not half that number. He had nothing to fear from outside forces; all would depend on how it stood with the Metis and others within the Province. He said there was every reason to apprehend a rising; that he was doing what he could to operate on them through Fathers Dugas and Ritchot, but they insisted as a condition that he would give them a satisfactory assurance that the promise of a full amnesty would be fulfilled at once. Without this they could exercise no influence upon their people; that Riel had their hearts and he would not yield unless the amnesty was granted forthwith. After some discussion upon the state of affairs, Mr. Archibald having told me of the unpleasant state of feeling between the Canadians, as they were called, and the Halfbreeds; that it was bitterly hostile on both sides, and towards himself personally as Lieutenant-Governor, the former as a whole were malignantly antagonistic. His Honor then said, Mr. McMicken, you have had large experience in circumstances of this kind, and I have had none. What would you advise me to do? Without hesitation I advised the issue of a proclamation calling the whole body of the people to arms, and this without a moments