

the world, which occupied him about a year and a half. Although his despatches were models of composition in their way, he had no skill in book-making. Like all the other North-west travellers, he lacked that scientific turn of mind, which is necessary to success in the present day.

He was well known in Montreal for a period of forty years, and had, I believe, many personal friends there. At Lachine, where he always resided, he was quite an institution in himself. Everybody knew him in his daily rambles through the village; he had a kindly greeting and a kindly word to say to everybody. In the Indian country he was generally popular with the officers, with the men and Indians decidedly so. When he was seen approaching one of the trading stations, there was a signal for a general exodus from every house, lodge and Indian encampment, to meet the Governor as he stepped out of his canoe. "How are you, Sir George," "Bon jour, mon Gouverneur," were heard on all sides; and, as he shook some old Canadian voyageur by the hand, who, like himself, had grown old in the service, and said, "how are you, my old friend," one could not help feeling the truth of the saying that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The scene was now about to close upon him. Some years before the Prince of Wales' visit in 1860, he had been failing rapidly, and was far from well at that time; but he exerted himself to the utmost, gave a magnificent entertainment to His Royal Highness and suite, at his residence on Isle Dorval, near Lachine, which was followed by canoe races on the river. There can be little doubt that the inhabitants of every town through which the Prince passed, did their best to shew their loyalty; but it was pretty much the same thing that he had seen before, whereas the display made by Sir George Simpson was quite new to him; and when the late Duke of Newcastle took the old man by the hand, on leaving, and complimented him in his own name, and in the name of all Her Majesty's ministers, for the able manner in which he had administered the affairs of one of the largest dependencies of the empire, he was greatly moved, and within a week after that, he was dead. The excitement was too much for him. He sleeps his last long sleep in Mount Royal Cemetery. Of the crowd who followed his remains to the grave, few were aware that for a space of about forty years, his word was law over half a continent.