

stores they contained, had to be transported between Shebandowan and Fort Alexander on Lake Winnipeg, a distance of over six hundred miles.

The Force mustered at Toronto on the 1st May. Within a week, four companies (Ontario Rifles) were sent on, *via* Collingwood and Lake Huron, to the Sault Ste Marie, where they remained about three weeks, guarding and assisting the transport over the Canadian side of the large amount of stores there gathered together. This tedious duty was entailed on the Force by the unfriendly action of the United States Government, which refused to allow transit through the canal which evades the Sault on the American side. On ours it involves a portage of at least a quarter of a mile, and there is half or three quarters of a mile of shallow water beyond. Though American churlishness and national ill-will, however, seemed to derive extreme gratification from any embarrassment it could put in our way, our relations with the United States garrison opposite were of the most friendly and convivial character, and the national animus was somewhat defeated by the sharpness of an American steamboat captain, who, preferring his owner's advantage to spread-eagleism, evaded the orders, and under some pretense, got his boat through the canal, and immediately placed her at the disposal of the Canadian Government. A first rate fellow he was, and of course he made a pile of money, as he deserved (at least from our point of view) to do. The services he rendered us were invaluable.

Reaching Thunder Bay by detachments, the whole force lay encamped there for about a month. Never did I enjoy a month in camp so much. Supplies from Canada were abundant. The trout of the streams, and the splendid white-fish of Superior, added to our many table luxuries, and the glorious scenery and ever shifting lights and shadows were a perpetual feast to a lover of nature and art. There was plenty of work, but it only seasoned the enjoyment.

About the middle of July, we began to move along the Shebandowan Road. In that region there is a thunderstorm about every other day in the summer time, and the road was "according." We were passed over it, company after company, making and repairing as we went. Great part of the country had been burned, and the heat and the flies were awful. The figures we cut after a day's handling of burnt timber, and struggles with red-clay, of which it took one shovel to clear another, were a caution. Wolseley rode up and down every now and then, and it was woe to the officer whom he found not working with his men.

On the 26th July, the leading companies of the "Ontario" Rifles embarked at Shebandowan. The 60th had gone ahead; the "Quebec" followed. A company was called a Brigade of Boats, of which there were six to the company. From that date to the 27th August, when the same leading companies landed at Fort Garry, was unceasing arduous work, loading and unloading, tracking up rapids, shooting down them, portaging boats and stores, and easing them over shallows, sometimes sailing merrily with "wet sheet and a flowing sea, and a breeze that followed fast," sometimes pulling wearily against foul winds and adverse currents. But the weather was generally fine, the service healthy, the scenery glorious, and the men willing and good-tempered. And I may here record my conviction derived from this expedition, and from subsequent service in the Mounted Police, of the advantage in every way to a campaigning force, of the absence of liquors, except for medical purposes.

The toilsome route lay through a long chain of minor lakes to Fort Frances, down the Rainy River, across the great Lake of the Woods—the scenery of which is like the Thousand Islands, tenfold magnified and beautified; then across Rat Portage into the Winnipeg; down that stream of wonderful beauty and grandeur, to Fort Alexander; then, across a corner of Lake Winnipeg, to the mouth of the Red River, up which some 55 miles, lies Fort Garry.

At Fort Alexander our ears were first saluted by that astounding chorus of dogs which breaks forth at every sound of bell or bugle, which afterwards became familiar enough to some of us, all over the N. W. Few animal concerts that I have ever heard can approach it in rampant discordance, except that of the parrot-house in the Zoological Gardens.

An officer of the Quebec Battalion, who was afterwards a Cabinet Minister of Manitoba, was said to have been scared out of his wits, *pro tem*, by a peculiar variation of canine vocalism under exceptionally favorable conditions. Of course the half-starved "huskies" and mongrels are adroit thieves, and are sure to insinuate themselves under the curtains of tents in search of spoil, especially at night. A big fellow thus got into the staff tent of the "Quebec," and thrusting his head into a large preserved meat tin, could not withdraw it. His awful howls in the hollow tin, the racket made by his frantic effort to extricate himself, and the pounding he inflicted on the hapless sleepers in the process, are said to have been a fair excuse for any one thinking the Evil One himself was among them.

The passage of the force from Shebandowan to Fort Garry occupied just a month. Col. Wolseley with the 60th, did it in about three days less, but the Militia were delayed by unavoidable circumstances, apart from which, they would have been well up, as they fully equalled the Regulars in working over the portages.

When Col. Wolseley reached the Lower Fort, nineteen miles below Fort Garry, he waited forty-eight hours for the van of the "Ontario's," and then had to proceed without them. Had it not been for this unfortunate delay, it is possible that Riel might have been surprised. It occurred in this way. The leading double brigade of the "Ontario's" had landed for the night on a point some fifteen miles from the mouth of the Red River, when a furious gale, with torrents of rain, came on with absolute suddenness. It blew straight on to the shore. Men were sent into the

boats at once, leaving supper half-cooked; some got round into a cove which the gale ought to have taken us into at first; some were driven away two or three miles to another part of the shore; two were hauled up, where they were, not having time to get off. Darkness came on at once, and till the next forenoon the commander did not know where three or four of his boats were. The storm continued without intermission for thirty-six hours, and a great deal of damage was done to provisions and stores. For that time it was impossible to stir, and the delay thus begun was protracted by a strong head wind and low water, which told heavily on the detachment all the way up the river, till it reached the Lower Fort. The wind, which lowered the water in the river, had heaped it up on the shore on which it had caught the boats, so that those which were run up had to be hauled up higher and higher all through the first night and the next day, and of course the extra work, wet and cold, told on the men.

Wolseley, on landing, endeavored to cut off communication with Fort Garry, but his force was small, and no doubt some of the Half-Breeds out-flanked him, and spread the news. He impressed all the horses he could find, mounted some of his men, and when he advanced, spread his skirmishers as far into the country as possible. But there was at that time nearly half a mile of bare prairie between the fort and the nearest houses of Winnipeg; and as soon as Wolseley's advanced guard debouched on the plain, Riel and his august government crossed the Assiniboine by the ferry at the Fort, and rode for their lives for Pembina.

When the 60th entered the fort there was dead silence. The Hudson's Bay people affected to believe they did not know Riel had left, but were not very implicitly credited. It was thought they were afraid of both sides. They had more or less patted Riel on the back at first, and he and his ragamuffins had repaid them by living at free quarters at their expense all the winter, and levying a heavy cash contribution on them nearly at the last.

In fact, the august president and his government had been pretty drunk all the winter, and it was perhaps largely owing to their state of permanent excitement that Scott met his death, and that Dr. Schultze and Major Boulton narrowly escaped with their lives. The fort was full of the furniture and effects of loyalists, whose houses had been freely raided, even to their papers and correspondence, which were scattered about the rooms in a manner which plainly showed the state in which the Provisional Government had lived.

This state of organized lawlessness ceased at once with the arrival of the troops. Col. Wolseley and the regulars left on their homeward route within a few days, and the great room of the fort, which had for some months been the scene of the orgies of Riel, became the comfortable mess of the Ontario Rifles, where from time to time, for the next twelvemonth, governor, bishop, and other magnates stretched their legs beneath a civilized table, and sipped their wine in peace and prosperity, "none making them afraid;" where the ladies of Winnipeg and its vicinity, (more numerous than might have been expected in the "Great Lone Land,") enjoyed many a pleasant dance, and where Butler himself afterwards entertained us with fluent narratives of his adventurous trip to the "Wild North Land."

For the Great West Land was to be "Lone" no longer. With the advent of Governor (now Sir Adams) Archibald it was born anew into civilization and representative institutions. Mr. Archibald had arrived before Col. Wolseley's departure, and with his resolute yet conciliatory conduct of the difficult affairs of the nascent Province its successful emergence from semi barbarism must ever be associated.

His was not so light a task as many at the time thought. It might, perhaps, have been comparatively easy for an arbitrary ruler to override the cowed native population, and there would have been ample material support; for there was much acrimonious feeling among the troops on account of Riel's outrages, particularly the murder of Scott, and fully half the Quebec regiment were Ontario men, or English-speaking men of Quebec, quite as bitter as their brethren of the Upper Province. But, fortunately for the future quiet and best interests of the new country, Mr. Archibald was a statesman of the higher stamp, and he resolutely set his face against any manifestation of that race animosity which might so easily at the time, —and with the least encouragement, or even laxity on the part of the governing power, unquestionably would—have grown into violence and oppression.

Under his mild rule but firm hand law and order were gradually evolved from the barbaric chaos, and when I was detailed to command the guard of honor at the opening of the first Legislature of Manitoba I felt it to be, perhaps, the most interesting duty I had ever been called on to perform.

"Tempora mutantur," but we do not always change our opinions with them. It happened that, as temporary commander of a regiment, I had slightly differed with the governor on a point of military duty, but the lapse of seventeen years has in no wise changed the tenor of the thoughts which occupied my mind as I sat on horseback for half-an hour in front of the legislative chamber, and it is pleasant to-day to combine with a slight record of not the least event of Her Majesty's fifty years of sovereignty, a tribute to a statesman who has since fulfilled a double term of governorship of his native Province, and of whom his native Province has reason to be proud.

The Jubilee year of the Queen is not without its grave anxieties as to the future of the empire generally, and to Canadians, as to that of the Dominion, but we may surely hope that a merciful Providence will overrule party faction and violence for the ultimate good of all. Meantime may God preserve Her Majesty till her reign shall have become the longest in the glorious English annals!