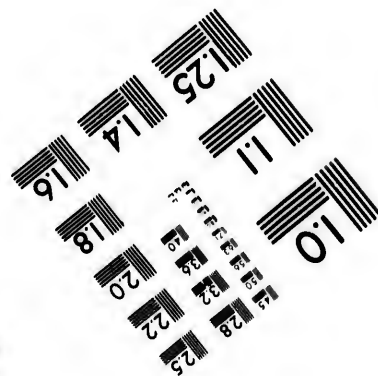
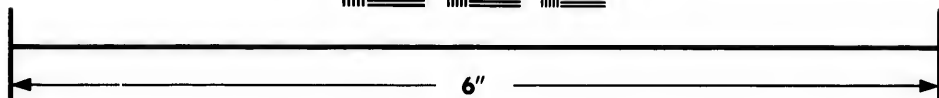
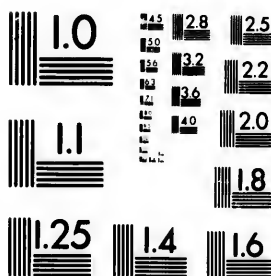


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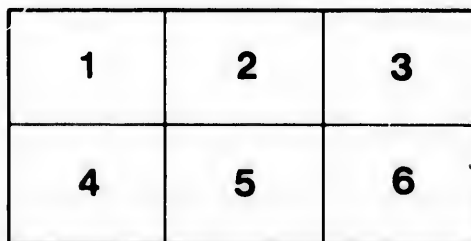
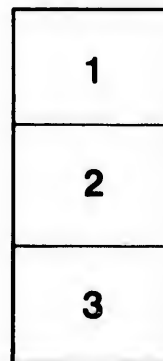
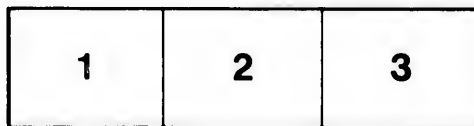
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Red River Expedition of 1870.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBA.)

BOTH before and after the Confederation of the eastern provinces, the Governments of Upper and Lower Canada, as well as that of Confederation, repeatedly sent delegates to England to negotiate with the Hudson's Bay Company and Imperial Government for the annexation of Ruperts Land and the North West Territories. The last delegation sent was composed of Sir George E. Cartier and the Hon. William McDougall, who sailed in October, 1868. They succeeded in purchasing the right, title and interest of the Company under a lease given to Prince Rupert in 1670 by Charles II. for trading purposes. The amount paid to the Hudson's Bay Company was \$300,000, it (the Company) to retain one-twentieth of the lands, and certain reservations around each fort or trading place, varying from ten acres around Upper Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, to 50,000 around other forts.

In the Session of 1869 the Parliament of Canada passed an Act to provide for the territorial government of the country, lately acquired from the Company. As soon as it was fully known throughout Ruperts Land, the populated portion of the territory, that Canada was about acquiring possession of the country, great discontent prevailed amongst the French element of the population, as well as a considerable number of the Hudson's Bay servants and employees. The former class feared that under the new order of things their religion and liberties might be interfered with and the latter were dissatisfied because they felt that their individual interests had not been provided for by the directors in London. Their dissatisfaction was intensified when they discovered that in the distribution of the purchase money their claim to participate therein was not recognised.

The French began to hold meetings, and directed by the priests and clergy, formed an organized opposition to Canada taking possession of the country. Col. Dennis, with a staff of surveyors

was sent by Canada, in advance, to lay out the plan of survey best adapted to the territory. On the 11th of October, 1869, a party of surveyors under Mr. Webb were stopped at their work by a party of French half-breeds, headed by Louis Riel. Application was made to Governor McTavish for assistance, but such was not granted by the Hudson's Bay Co. government of Assiniboia.

Hon. William McDougall having been appointed first governor of Manitoba and the Territories started from Ottawa in October, 1869, and reached Pembina with his staff on the 30th of same month. A barrier had been erected by the French half-breeds at River Salle, some nine miles south of Winnipeg, to prevent his reaching Fort Garry, behind which were an armed force of forty French half-breeds, and twenty more under command of Louis Riel stationed at St. Agathe for the purpose of turning the Lieutenant-Governor back should he attempt to enter the province. On the 2nd of November Mr. McDougall was driven out of the Hudson's Bay fort at Pembina and was compelled to retrace his steps to Ottawa.

On the afternoon of 2nd November, Riel and his followers of 100 men, took *peaceable* possession of Fort Garry. What is meant by peaceable possession is, that no resistance was offered by the Hudson's Bay Company, which was the recognised and lawful government of the province at the time, they having inside the large stone walls of the Fort thirteen six pounders, guns, Enfield rifles and large quantities of ammunition, provisions and clothing.

After having manned the artillery guns, exchanged their old brown bessees for Enfield rifles, enveloped themselves in Hudson's Bay company *chapeaux*, and more than sampled for a week or ten days, Hudson's Bay rum, Riel, with ecclesiastical aid and advice, proceeded to the formation of a provisional government. On the tenth of December following, the rag of the provisional government was unfurled over the walls of Fort Garry, on the same pole on which floated for over one hundred years the grand old Union Jack. The hoisting of the rebel rag, the annexation feeling of the members of the

provisional government publicly proclaimed, and the countenance given the insurrection by the American people, the plundering of the English speaking portion of the population, the persecutions, imprisonment and banishment of Canadians, who were known to be loyal to their Queen, amongst whom was our present Lieut-Governor, the Hon. Dr. Scholze; and lastly, the foul and deliberate murder of Thomas Scott, an Ontario Orangeman, a brave, loyal and patriotic man, for no other known cause than an enthusiastic loyalty to his Queen and country, aroused such a feeling of intense excitement and indignation, the like of which Canada never before experienced, and that to such an extent, that had the Government showed any hesitancy, or the least dilly-dallying in sending a military expedition to Manitoba to punish the insurgents and restore order, their lease of office would not last twenty-four hours. Several of the county councils of Ontario were prepared to raise and equip corps at their own expense, and send them to Red River, should the Government, through Quebec influence show any desire to procrastinate.

The Government of Sir John A. Macdonald fully recognizing the situation, determined on the opening of navigation, to send a military expedition to Red River. General Lindsay arrived in Canada on the 5th of April, 1870, and immediately placed himself in communication with the Governor-General when the number and composition of the force was agreed upon. It was decided to send one battalion of the 60th rifles, a British regiment; one battalion of volunteers from Ontario, and one from Quebec. Each of the three battalions to be composed of about 300 officers and men. Officers were appointed, muster rolls were signed, medical examinations proceeded with, and early in May the volunteer corps were ordered to report to their commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel Jarvis, of the first Ontario Rifles, and Lieut. Colonel Cassault, of the Quebec Rifles, at the Crystal Palace, in the City of Toronto. The command of the expedition was given to Colonel Garnet Wolsley, a British officer of considerable experience, and although comparatively a young man, had distinguished himself on many a battlefield.

This appointment was well received throughout Canada, and showed the wisdom of General Lindsay, for it is admitted by all military men who had served under him (Wolsley) that no more efficient officer to command Canadian soldiers could be found. He had the happy faculty of treating Canadian volunteers, not as men who enlisted for a shilling a day, but as educated gentlemen, men who prompted by a spirit of loyalty and patriotism, quit their professions for a time, many resigning good positions in banks, law offices and corporations, to join the Red River expedition. Indeed, many who held high commissions in the regular army, and the volunteer force of Canada, were to be found enrolled as privates in the ranks. Col. Wolsley scarcely ever passed an officer or private in the discharge of his duty without a word of encouragement for him. It is hardly necessary to say that an order emanating from such a commanding officer ensured prompt obedience.

The Ontario battalion, reported at Toronto filled to a man, with applications to join from ten times the number required, but the Quebec battalion arrived with about 150 officers and men, or about half the number to complete the battalion. The balance was recruited from Toronto and vicinity. This will account partly for the preponderance of English speaking people in the Quebec battalion.

It was a most difficult thing to procure commissions in this force. It required a good deal of political influence to be appointed an officer of the Red River expedition. In the composition of the force Lieut. Colonels held commissions as ensigns, and vice versa. The writer being a few days behind the proper time in reporting, and indifferent as to whether he would join the expedition or not, it was rumored that his place would be vacant on the force. When he reported at headquarters in Toronto, on 9th May, there were no less than six officers of high rank waiting to drop into his shoes. The way that some of these gentlemen acted was amusing. After dinner at the American hotel, he was interviewed by them one after the other, and told of the great dangers and difficulties to be surmounted on land and water, and through intermin-

able forests; that such a difficult and dangerous expedition was never experienced in the military annals of Great Britain, and that Napoleon's crossing the Alps, and his campaign to Moscow were insignificant in comparison; that according to the most careful calculations derived from previous similar expeditions, if resistance were offered by Riel and his force, only one man out of four was ever expected to return to Ontario again, and that having a wife and family behind, dependent on him, it was not doing them justice to run such a risk. All this disinterested advice was backed up in one case by an offer of \$300, and in another case, \$400, if deponent would return home and allow either of these philanthropic veterans to be sacrificed in his stead. The offer, however, was declined for the following reasons:

1st. That the persons desiring to go, were so much the younger men, and it would be too bad to deprive the world of their philanthropy.

2nd. That as for wife and family, I begged to inform them that my life was very heavily insured.

3rd. That my medical adviser stated to me that if I did not take a change of climate, I would be dead inside of a year, anyway.

These reasons appearing sufficient, negotiations were broken off. The writer was with the expedition through all its dangers and difficulties to Fort Garry, and, although not returning to Ontario, is in the land of the living yet, thanks to Providence and the climate of Manitoba. He has also gone through two military expeditions since, without claiming a pension, or reducing the assets of life insurance companies.

All preliminaries having been arranged and the organization and equipment of the force completed, on the evening of the 13th of May, 1870, regimental orders of the Ontario Rifles were issued for Nos. 1 and 4 companies under command of Capt. Cook and Capt. McMillan, to hold themselves in readiness to embark at the depot of the Northern Railroad at 2 p.m. next day for Collingwood, thence by steamer Chicora to Sault St. Marie.

These companies being selected as the advance guard of the expedition, and

number four being composed mainly of Toronto boys, large crowds assembled at the depot to see them off. While seated in the train the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Toronto went around and presented each officer and man with a pocket edition of the bible. Every man, with only one exception, accepted the gift with deep gratitude and this one I had the misfortune to have in my boat all through the expedition, and have no hesitation in saying that he was the worst conducted man on the force, and it was only fear of being left alone on a lonely island of Rainy Lake with a barrel of hard tack where he might not possibly see the face of a human being for years that compelled subordination on his part. The train moved off amidst enthusiastic cheers and the weeping and tears of wives, mothers, children, sisters, brothers and sweethearts. All along the route to Collingwood people, had gathered at the different stations to cheer the volunteers for Red River as the train glided past. We arrived at Collingwood at 7.30 p.m. and went aboard the Chicora which was in waiting. Here we met Col. Bolton, commissariat officer, who took command of the two companies. The boat was already laden with military stores and provisions, with horses, wagons and laborers, going up to work on the Dawson Road between Prince Arthur's Landing and Shebandowan Lake. At eight o'clock on a beautiful summer May evening the Chicora moved off from the dock amidst the ringing cheers of the loyal people of the town of Collingwood. The evening was calm; the waters of the Georgian Bay were as smooth as glass; the moon was at its full, and here and there upon the deck were small crowds of officers and men discussing the probabilities of the 1,300 miles of unknown and unbroken forests, unnavigated and unnavigable rivers, undiscovered lakes and insurmountable cataraets which lay before us. The intervening territory between Lake Superior and Red River was as little known to the people of Canada as were the wilds of Abyssinia to British troops marching on Magdala a few years previous.

So little was known of the Northwest, that in 1867 an application from one

Gingras, of Fort Garry, was made to Col. Dennison to be admitted a cadet to the Military School, Toronto. The Colonel took the application before a class of 12 cadets to find out where Fort Garry was. In this class were two lawyers, three doctors and one school teacher, and the nearest approach to a correct answer was given by the latter who hesitatingly stated that Fort Garry was situated in the Northwest Territory at the base of the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, a young volunteer on board the boat came up to me and asked what time I thought the Chicora would reach Fort Garry. This young man learned to know something of the geography of the country even before he got through making the Dawson Road.

Sunday morning, the 18th of May, was ushered in cloudless, fogless and warm, and found the Chicora about 150 miles from Collingwood, wending her way amongst numerous islands, on the north shore of Manitoulin Island: spring having just set in, the trees were covered with verdure of the richest kind, and everything looked beautiful in the extreme; while away on the north shore could be seen the Lacloche Mountains, rising about two thousand feet above the water.

Manitoulin Island had lately been surveyed and thrown open for settlement by the Government, therefore, on its shores, little villages were springing into existence. Little Current and Killarney seemed to be the most important, and these appeared to be fishing villages, containing, perhaps not more than 100 population each. Inland five or six miles, were some dozen or two settlers, who had taken up land on the island. These settlers, like other early settlers, found along the Mattawan, Rainy River, Garden River and even in the early settlements of Manitoba, came originally from Huron and Bruce.

We reached Sault St. Marie on Monday, 16th of May, and immediately proceeded to unload the stores at the wharf, on the Canadian side. On looking at the map, it will be seen that the river St. Marie, at this place forms the boundary line between the state of Michigan on the American side and the Dominion of Canada on the other; also connects Lakes

Superior and Huron. The river is navigable, except at this point where there is a canal on the American side about a mile and a half long, and through which all vessels passing from one lake into the other had to go through. On account of the unfriendly feeling existing between Great Britain and the United States over the Trent affair, and the apparent sympathy of Canada for the confederates during the American war, the American Government would not permit Canadian vessels carrying troops, stores or munitions of war to pass through the canal, although indeed, it was urged that during the southern rebellion the Canadian Government had allowed American vessels to transport troops as well as warlike materials through our canals.

The Government of Canada, however, anticipating such an emergency, took the commendable precaution of early in the season sending the Algoma through the canal into Lake Superior with instructions to remain there at anchor on the Canadian side. The wisdom of this arrangement was soon manifest, for when the Chicora arrived at the Sault with troops, she was not permitted by the American authorities to pass through the canal. The sympathy of the American people at the Sault with Riel and the rebellion was so great that they openly boasted of having blocked the expedition at the start, but the writer had the satisfaction of proving to some of them that they knew little of the military history of England, and less of British exploits. Indeed every one believed that this unfriendly act of the American people would have no other alternative than the return of the expedition to Canada, but when they were pointed out the Chicora on the one side of the rapids and the Algoma in Lake Superior on the other side they became terribly exasperated and pronounced it another of Sir John A.'s old tricks. Suffice it to say that although putting us to considerable inconvenience and delay, we set to work next morning to make a military road from the landing to Lake Superior, a distance of about one and a half miles. We pitched camp midway on a nice lawn in front of the old Hudson's Bay Co. fort at the foot of the St. Marie rapids. Next morning at the

sound of the bugle the volunteers paraded and after being served with pickaxes, shovels and wheelbarrows and a pound of hard tack each man, the first hard day's work of the campaign commenced.

(To be continued.)

The Idol of Our Great Western Home.

BY C. M. GORDON.

OUR visitors whether, they come via the Great Lakes, or round the rock girt north shore of Lake Superior, will find Port Arthur fresh, smiling and rosy, always there to open the door and welcome them, and in due course pass them on, and into the front parlor, where sits Winnipeg blythly entertaining her many suitors. Those who come via Duluth, Chicago and St. Paul, find much to interest them on the way, and were our idol less fascinating, interesting and wealthy in nature's blessings than she is, her chances of retaining all her beaux would be considerably reduced. From the west they come too. The passes of the Rocky Mountains are being made to echo with the word Winnipeg, as her many old friends return to their first love.

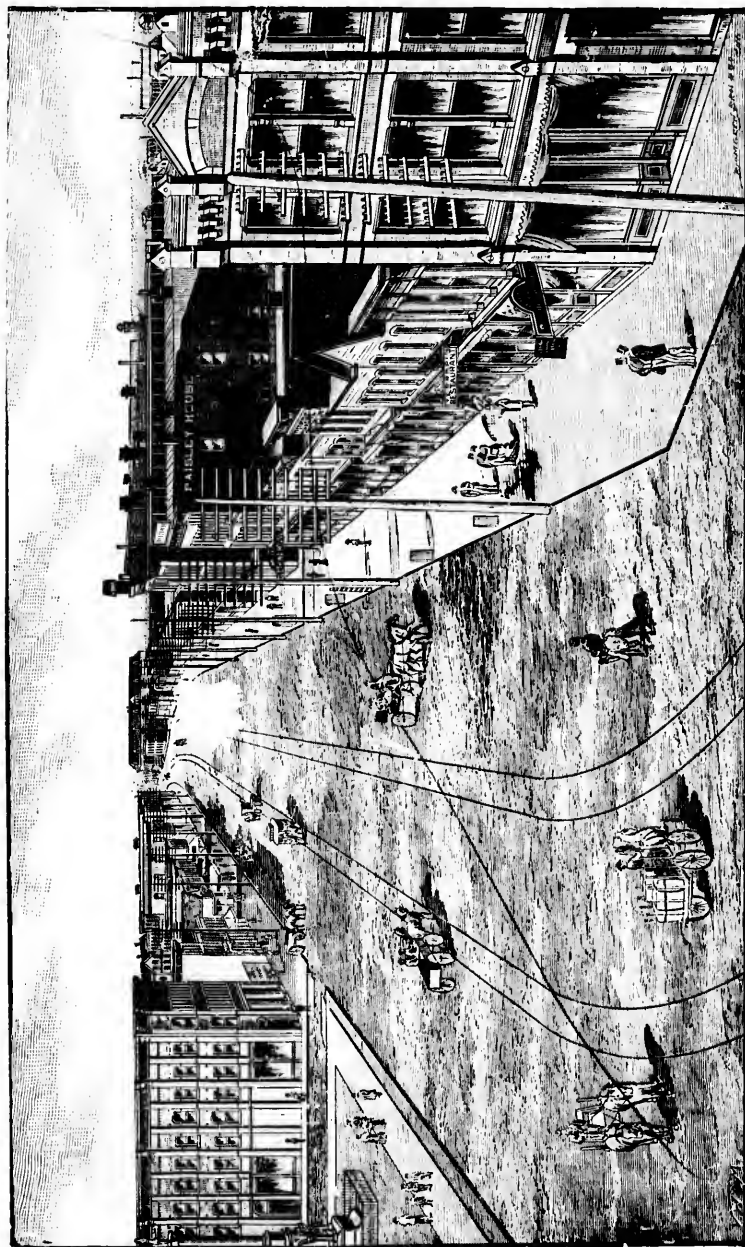
And yet, it is not long since she made her debut, only ten years since the fame of her attractions was noised abroad, and the first carriage drawn by the snorting iron race horses of the age, came galloping up the valley of the Red, and pulled up at her door. Since then the virgin prairie has been made to tremble under the clattering footfalls and the thundering impetuosity of these ebony chargers hurrying with their living burdens, and loads of treasure to the home of this fair damsel. When she took up her abode on the rim of the wide, wide western world, of which she has ever since been and ever will be the champion, she was not without detractors. Sister towns, envious of her growing prestige, spoke unkindly of her. How clamorously they pointed to their own merits, and talked and talked among themselves, and to whoever would listen, about the flatness and nastiness and the impudence of this young thing

that had set up an establishment at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine. But she had come to stay. Her friends and lovers flocked in thousands to her portals, till she was compelled to enlarge her domicile.

She began to appreciate her own greatness and call herself the "Gateway of the Great and Growing Granary of the Golden West," "The Heart City," "The Bull's Eye," etc., etc. In fact she now deems herself the unapproachable but unapproachable in one sense only, for her dozen railways render her approachable from every point of the compass. She is not put out by anything that may now be said of her. She thrives alike on calumny, persecution or praise. Like P. T. Barnum, she "does not care" what they say of her so long as they say something. How majestically she wears her coronet, and how gorgeous the gems that adorn the flashing corslet of Winnipeg.

In so far as she is dependent for her splendor on the development and wealth of the keystone province Manitoba, of which she is the capital, she has attained to it in spite of the dreamy do-nothingness of Canada's immigration department; in spite of the isolation of Manitoba with reference to all Eastern Canada; in spite of the imaginary line drawn across the American continent, shutting her people out from their wealthy, friendly and closest neighbors; in spite of the ridiculous and falacious opinions still tenaciously held by tenderfeet regarding the "strength" of the ozone charged prairie atmosphere. I say that in spite of these and unnamed disadvantages, Winnipeg has, by her innate power and by sheer force of favoring circumstances forged far ahead of all competitors in the race for prominence and power. The favoring circumstances that have in the past supported her, continue to exist and must multiply as the infant empire of which she is the head develops more and more towards a luscious maturity.

Her little sisters and cousins who were somewhat piqued at her in the commencement of her career, have sensibly subsided and some are graceful enough to join in the long and loud refrain of adulation that is now filling the world with her praises. Portage la Prairie long ago made up her mind that to be a suburb of Win-



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, LOOKING NORTH.

"You shall be obeyed," answered the girl calmly.

The Marchioness, upon receiving the money which she left with Pascaline the day before, hastened to the garden for the purpose of learning why the rose had not been sent. She was informed that Mlle. Benoit had just gone out with a white rose in her hand. The Marchioness turned and saw her walking down the street. Prompted by curiosity to see where she was going to, she resolved to follow her.

Pascaline entered a cemetery. She knelt at the grave of her mother; and after planting the rose upon it she exclaimed: "Oh my mother! accept this pledge of my remembrance; receive this flower which thou lovest so much, and which my own hands have cultivated for thee. Intercede for thy poor child, who is this day without protection or hope!" and with her tears she bedewed the wooden cross, which was the only monument that marked the resting place of that beloved mother. The Marchioness moved to tears retired unperceived. Next day Pascaline was preparing to leave.

"Where are you going?" enquired her companions. "I must leave you," was the reply. "Why?" "Because I can't pay my rent." "But your rent is paid for two years." "Is it possible?" "Yes; here is your receipt."

Pascaline was astounded; but she soon comprehended the pleasant truth. That evening a well dressed servant delivered her the following note, inclosing two hundred Louis:—

"**MADemoiselle:** I know all. I know you have given to your mother the flower with which I wished to adorn my wedding robe. I have a mother whom I adore, and can appreciate your maternal devotion. I therefore take this opportunity of expressing my sympathy with you, in such heartfelt proof of filial affection. Please accept of the enclosed as a pledge of my remembrance. I hope you will not refuse me this privilege of commencing my married life by honoring filial piety. Your sincere friend,
AMENAIDE-DE-REGENAL."

—♦♦♦—
UNDERTAKER (to youth who is lighting a cigarette): "That's right. You smoke the cigarettes; we do the rest."—*New York Press.*

Red River Expedition of 1870.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued.)

MY last communication left the advance guard of the expedition encamped in front of the Hudson's Bay fort at Sault St. Marie, midway between the landing and Lake Superior, and armed not with rifles or bayonets or ammunition but with pickaxes, spades and shovels to make about three quarters of a mile of wagon road through the bush from the old fort to Lake Superior. The troops commenced their work, but for several days could make but little headway owing to the want of scrapers and wheelbarrows. There were no scrapers and about one wheelbarrow to every twenty men so that while one man wheeled his load about one hundred yards and returned, the twenty men stood waiting. The supplies of material to work with were wanting; the arrangements throughout were bad, both on the Dawson road and on the portages, but as the Minister of Works was from a certain province it was immaterial to him whether the expedition reached Fort Garry in three months or in three years.

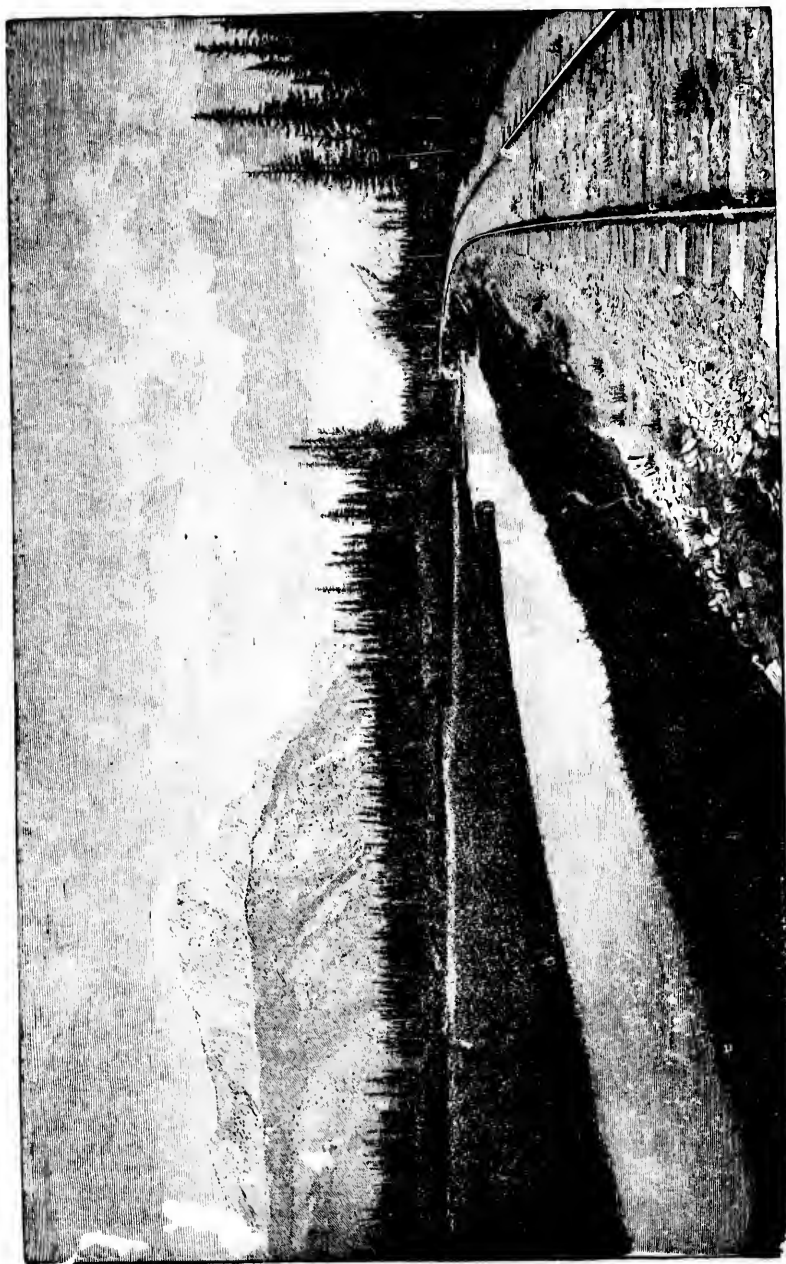
On May 23rd the Chicora arrived, bringing with her Col. Wolsley and staff, and the greater part of the 60th Rifles, the remaining companies having arrived on the Francis Smith the same afternoon.

The day was very warm, and the first of the season on which the mosquitoes turned out in vast myriads. Some of the regulars experienced the attacks of this Canadian pest for the first time, and it was extremely amusing to hear their comments on the little animal. Just at sundown and while on parade the following might be heard:—

"Jack what in h—ll are these little insects that come to whistle a jig in your ear before attacking your jugular?"

"Pshaw", replies Jack, "these are the Canadian mus-ka-toes, placing the accent on the first and last syllable."

"B—y my eyes if they're so savage in



CASCADE MOUNTAINS, NEAR BANFF.

hinfancy what brutes they must be when nine or ten years old!"

A little farther down the ranks is an Irishman evidently, who proposes the following conundrum:

"Why is the mosquito like the leader of the Conservative party?"

"Tim, I don't know."

"Because he likes to have British blood in his veins."

No doubt this regiment learned the truth of the conundrum, for before they reached Shebandowan Lake, despite the mosquito nets and the mosquito-proof oil supplied them by the Dominion Government, their own officers or near relatives could not identify some of them, they received such *marked* attention paid them by the mosquito family.

On this evening the 60th Rifles, No. 1 Company, under Capt. Cook, with Col. Wolseley and staff went on board the *Chicora* and with two schooners in tow, heavily laden with military stores, started for Prince Arthur's landing amidst the cheers of a large number of citizens and No. 4 Company who escorted them to the Lake. They reached Prince Arthur's landing on the west coast of Lake Superior on the 25th, which place was christened after Prince Arthur, third son of Queen Victoria, now known as the Duke of Cornwall. No. 4 Company had instructions to remain and push on with rapidity the completion of the road to Lake Superior. From this date every boat that arrived from Collingwood brought a contingent of the First Ontario Rifles and the Second Quebec. These corps only remained long enough at the Sault to catch the first boat departing for Fort William.

On the evening of the 23rd of June a coll and supper was given to the officers of the Ontario Rifles and Quebec Battalion by Mrs. Simpson, the esteemed wife of Mr. Simpson, M.P. for Algoma, to which the leading citizens and the American officers across the river were invited. There were some twenty-five couples present and dancing was kept up until the 'wee sma' hours. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly when about one o'clock a.m., and when all had been barely seated at supper,

a messenger arrived in post haste bearing a letter for Col. Bolton, which on being opened, communicated the intelligence that 500 Fenians fully armed and equipped had landed in the canal and were about to attack the camp. No doubt this intelligence created considerable commotion, and amongst the officers there were considerable clashing of swords and hurrying to and fro, and some female cheeks a little pale, but it was decided that one should go the dance and that the American officers, (as there were very few citizens present), should remain and wind up the ball.

The ladies with the exception of the wife of the commanding officer were considerably alarmed, and as her husband and his officers emerged into the darkness, she stood pluckily at the ball room door and called after them not to return until they made the Fenian scally-wags smell British powder.

The night was extremely dark and we had considerable difficulty in finding our way back to camp. Walking side by side with Colonel Bolton, I was not a little surprised to find that instead of advising his subordinate officers how best to post themselves in battle array to repel the invaders, he would every now and then, after a silence of many minutes, break out into violent imprecations on the head of Col. O——, followed by language not generally taught in Sabbath Schools, and all this illwill because he, in carving the ham, cut the slices too thick.

We reached camp, however, to find it utterly deserted, as the troops had already turned out and took up position in a corner of the woods on the Canadian side about three hundred yards from and facing the canal. Entering the woods we had to grope our way through the darkness to discover the position of our men; every moment expecting to be welcomed by a stray bullet from some of our sentries who might possibly mistake us for the enemy.

At that particular moment, bang goes a rifle followed by another and another, and then a dead silence. From these we learned the exact location of our force, and I must say of our Canadian non-commissioned officers, that when we reached

them we found them in as effective position as if they were placed by Col. Wolsley himself.

After remaining for some time, and daylight approaching, and no signs of the appearance of an enemy (save a harmless quadruped fired at by the aforesaid sentry, and who suffered for his temerity, of course, not the sentry, but the pig), the main body returned to camp, to discover that the cause of alarm was a body of five hundred ^{men} armed with pickaxes, spades and shovels, passing up to work in the mines at Marquette.

No matter how unfriendly the relations between the two governments at that date it is only due to Col. Artley and the officers and men under his command to say that a more hospitable body of men could rarely be found. Nothing that they could do was left undone to contribute to the wants of our little force while at Sault St. Marie. They crowned their hospitality by giving a ball on the evening of the 7th of June in honor of the Canadian officers, at which all those stationed at the Sault attended, and a more enjoyable entertainment could not be desired. It was indeed a most magnificent affair and a credit to the American town of Sault St. Marie.

The troops, stores, voyageurs, etc., having been pushed ahead, the time came for the last company of the First Ontario stationed at the Sault to report at head quarters at Prince Arthur's Landing, consequently on Sunday, June 12th, 1870, the last company boarded the Chicora, in Lake Superior.

Having remained so long at the Sault from the 16th May to the 12th of June, nearly a month, quite an acquaintance sprang up between the troops and the citizens, and the whole town turned out en masse to see them off. At 11 o'clock a.m., the Chicora got up steam and moved out into the blue waters of Lake Superior, while, on the shore, there were cheering and waving of handkerchiefs as long as the Chicora remained in view.

Thunder Cape appeared in view at an early hour in the morning of June 13th, and at 2 p.m. same day we landed at Prince Arthur's Landing, and found our mails awaiting us. The landing, now

Port Arthur, contained then two houses and a store, one of the former being a stopping place for the superintendent of the Dawson Road, and the other a small grocery, containing more agreeable specimens for sale than groceries.

(To be Continued)

Humorous Tit-Bits.

OF GOOD REPUTE.—"your husband," said the caller, sympathizingly, "was a man of many excellent qualities."

"Yes," sighed the widow, "he was a good man. Everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to six lodges."—*Chicago Tribune.*

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.—

Life insurance men remind us
We can make our wives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Widows worthy of our time.

We can give them such a send off
On the life insurance plan,
That when we, departing, end off,
They can hook some other man.

—Selected.

THE following is said to be true:—A preacher "out West," Mr. H., was a good man, but very rough in his way, and very much given to chewing tobacco. One time he was riding on horseback through the country, when there came up a shower. Riding up to a cabin he hastily hitched his horse, and knocked at the door. A sharp looking old lady answered the summons. The preacher asked for shelter.

"I don't take in strangers—I don't know you," replied the old lady suspiciously.

"But you know what the Bible says," said the preacher: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

"You needn't quote Bible," said the old lady, quickly. "No angel would come down from heaven with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, as you have!"

The door was shut, and the preacher unhitched his horse and rode away in the rain.—*Ec.*

come to pass within the last 25 years that young Methodist professors read papers on Biblical criticism, that not long ago would have lead to their classification with Colenso, if not, Tom Paine. The heretics of a quarter of a century ago are the leaders of to-day. Says Prof. Simon, "Few things are more significant than the fact that Tennyson's lines, the quotation of which in my student days was almost enough to stamp a man a heretic:

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, oh Lord, art more than they."

Now form part of the "New Congregational Hymnal." Still, underneath this appearance of audacious criticism there is a good deal of healthy conservatism and common sense. A man's view of English religious thought will depend largely on the point from which he makes his approach. Let him go to it from Princeton or Hartford Seminary, and he will hold up his hands in horror saying, "Good heavens, is nothing left?" Let him come to it from some of the seats of German scholarship, and he will throw up his hands in ecstasy and say "Thank God, there is nothing lost." Passing on to look for a few moments at the men who come under the second division as leaders in the application of religion, to the questions of the time I shall confine our attention mainly to a group composed of the following men: W. T. Stead, Hugh Price Hughes and General Booth. These stand for the Gospel of Social Reform, by means of the application of religious truth to the actual life of the people. They are often found together on platforms where the moral side of social and political questions is under discussion.

W. T. Stead was famous as editor of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, and is now more famous as the projector and editor of the *Review of Reviews*. He is a man to whom journalism is a passion. If you accept him as a sincere man he has certainly a very lofty purpose in life. In his sketch of Lowell in the September number of the *Review of Reviews*, he tells of his early ambition and of its threatened blight through blindness. Then he goes

on to speak of the influence that a certain poem "Extreme Unction," had exerted upon his career. "This poem changed my life," he wrote on the margin, so changed it that in his own words "The idea that everything wrong in the world was a divine call to use your life in righting it, sank deep into my soul, and then in the darkness and the gloom of that time of weakness and trial, I put away from me as of the Evil one all dreams of fame and literary ambitions on which I had fed my boyhood, and resolutely set myself there and then to do what little I could, when I was among those that surrounded me to fulfil the trust for such high uses given. It was one of the decisive moments in my life. Since then I can hardly say that I have never regarded literary or journalistic success as worth a straw, excepting in so far as it enabled me to strike a heavier blow in the cause of those for whom I was called upon to fight." Now the man who possessing unquestionable abilities writes in that vein, is either a noble or a scamp, either one of God's elect souls or a magnificent humbug. He leaves you no alternative. I had the pleasure of hearing him speak at a social purity meeting, and must confess that I would rather read his articles than listen to his speeches. His style is somewhat labored. He gives you an idea of striving after an effect, as posing in the attitude of an Elijah or Isaiah of the 19th century. But, from what I have learned from men who know something of his inner life, he is thoroughly honest, a genuine man; and being that he must wield an influence in England both unique and mighty. In almost every line of life there have been cases of divinely consecrated genius. Poetry has had its Lowell and Whittier; the pulpit its Beecher; music has had its Haydn and Jenny Lind; the army has had its Stonewall Jackson and General Gordon. Now what these were in their respective spheres, Stead seems to be in his own sphere of action—a man whose genius is given of God sitting on that throne of modern civilization—the editors chair.

Belonging denominationally to Methodism but becoming more and more the property of the British people at large is Hugh Price Hughes. He is a compara-

tive young man, not much over forty. He is slender of build, has a full beard, the removal of which would, I imagine, reveal a very determined mouth and chin, and dark eyes that have a certain tigerish glitter in them when he is roused by opposition. Some ten or twelve years ago the onward march of Methodism in England seemed to have stopped. The ranks had apparently come to a halt and there were even whispers of a falling back. But now there is a forward movement, and of that movement Price Hughes is the white-plumed leader. What his theology is I don't know. So far as I can learn he is on the liberal side, a man with a born distaste and contempt for things that claim attention simply because they are old. But if he is broad he is not latitudinarian. Whatever he believes about heaven or hell, he acts as if they were tremendous realities. Realities, however, of an ethical rather than a topographical character. He looks upon them both as beginning here and now. He preaches with direct reference to the present life. Salvation is salvation from present rascality, cruelty and misery. On all public questions he keeps himself well informed. When Parnell's immorality was brought to light, he was among the first, if not the first, to turn upon the offender the scorching fires of the "Non-conformist Conscience." Of the Dilke case he seems to know quite as much as the lawyers themselves, and has no hesitation in declaring with passionate zeal that Sir Charles must either clear himself or clear out of political life.

There is a cartoon somewhere which represents Gen. Booth saying to Leo XIII, "I'm a bit of a Pope myself," and there is truth in the cartoon. Gen. Booth is to be counted in as one of the great forces in the field of practical Christianity. There is no single man in all Britain, unless it be Gladstone, that can call out such a hurricane of enthusiasm and loyal devotion as Booth. I was in the Crystal Palace at the anniversary of the Salvation Army. Between 60,000 and 70,000 people passed the turnstile that day. Four hundred bands were gathered from different parts of England. About 3,000 instruments were crowded into the Handel orchestra, and yet they seemed only as

large choir to the vast multitude that had gathered under the rounded roof. There was bustle and confusion for a time; then a growing quietness; then, when on the platform that "good gray head that all men knew" appeared, the myriad eyes were lighted with joyous fire, and from 5,000 instruments and 50,000 human throats, there rolled out a volume of sound compared with which the thunder of Niagara was hushed to a whisper. No doubt this Peter the Hermit of a new crusade against the Turks and Infidels of modern sin and wretchedness, this Gen. Booth is one of the leaders of applied religious thought in England.

I must now close, sorry to seem by my silence contemptuous in reference to other names. In all the unrest and discontent of the old land, all the shifting of old theological land marks, in all the novelty of method that is elbowing out old customs, a hopeful eye can see hopeful things, and a hopeful heart can believe that He who has come again and again through the centuries with glorious gifts for mankind is drawing near once more with some fresh and startling display of His inexhaustible grace.

Red River Expedition of 1870.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBA.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued.)

THE morning of the 14th June, 1870, found the 1st Ontario Rifles, 2nd Quebec Battalion and the 6th Rifles, encamped on a nice green plot sloping down to the water's edge, on the shore of the lake, and now the most settled portion of the town of Port Arthur. The morning was beautiful, with a hot sun and clear blue sky. Away across an arm of the lake could be seen Thunder Cape, a large precipice, rising 1,350 feet above the water, and on the southwest, McKay's Mountain, rising majestically above the surrounding country and which appeared to be a few miles distant, but before it could be reached one would have to travel at least seven. The country around Prince Arthur's Landing appeared one scene of desolation, no green

tree appearing in view, nothing but rocks, everlasting rock, and a forest of pine trees burned black by a fire which devastated the whole country some days previously. The Fenians at that time were giving no little trouble to the Canadian Government, and on account of a reported Fenian cruiser on Lake Superior, it was considered necessary to provide against a sudden attack. A stockade for the protection of ammunition and stores was consequently erected on the shore of the lake, and at high water mark. Some 100 men were employed at this work for nine or ten days, and a more nonsensical employment could not be found. Whoever was the author of this work deserves little credit for his judgment and still less for his generalship, for in case of attack, it offered a premium to the enemy to come and take possession. Had it been built 500 yards further up from the water's edge, on the slope of the hill, a few men could have protected it against as many hundreds. The waste of labor of so many men for so many days was apparent to every private in the ranks, and created great dissatisfaction amongst the troops, because every one believed the time and labor wasted on building such a stockade, if used on the Dawson road, would hasten the expedition on its march some eight or ten days.

Here on the Dawson road commenced the first great difficulty of the expedition. The commanding officer, before he left Ottawa, was led to believe that the 46 miles of road between Prince Arthur's Landing and Shebandowan Lake would be ready for the conveyance of troops, stores and boats, but to his great astonishment, when he arrived on 26th of May, he found only some ten or twelve miles passable for horses or wagons, and the bridges of this distance burned down by a fire which raged a short time previously. For the first week the weather was fine. Two companies of the 60th were sent forward to work on the road. On the 28th of May the first wagons loaded with stores were started for Kaministiquia Bridge, and some boats also forwarded by road. So far all was going well until early in June it commenced to rain, and continued rainy for some ten or twelve days. The road became impassable to

empty wagons, the horses began to play out, and to such an extent that before the end of the first week, out of 130 horses only 60 were able to work.

There were some 30 miles of road and bridges to be made through the wilderness of rocks and swamps; the horses fagged out and the rain poured down day after day almost incessantly. All of the bridges that were left by the late fire were carried away by the rapidly swollen torrents. This was rather a blue outlook, seeing that all our stores, ammunition and 120 boats were lying at Prince Arthur's Landing, and no immediate prospect of being able to transfer them to Shebandowan Lake. Rumor has it that at this time Col. Wolseley seriously contemplated advising the Canadian Government to abandon the expedition for the season. After consultation with some of the Hudson's Bay officers and Indians, who had navigated the Kaministiquia in birch bark canoes, it was determined to try the experiment of hauling the boats up that river. The Kaministiquia is about one hundred miles in length, and runs from Shebandowan Lake into Lake Superior at Fort William. It has a fall of some 1,000 feet between the two lakes; and one fall, known as the Kakabeka Falls, is 125 feet in height.

At this place the first portaging of boats occurred. They were taken out of the water on the lower side of the falls, dragged up the precipice on stringers, and again launched in the river at the head of the rapids. The cut on the next page is from a sketch taken at the time by Sergeant Douglass, late of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, and presented to the editor of the MANITOBA by Capt. Swinford, of the Northern Pacific freight department in this city.

Capt. Young of the 60th, with his company and a sufficient number of voyageurs, was ordered to try the experiment, and after being supplied with a sufficient quantity of provisions for two weeks started on the perilous task. After eight days work of the hardest labor ever experienced by British or Canadian troops, he succeeded in landing safely at the Mattawan bridge his six boats, a distance of forty-five miles by river from the landing and twenty-five miles by road. The ex-

periment of transferring the boats by river proving successful, the troops were mainly engaged in the wearisome task of tracking, hauling, carrying and portaging up the Kaministiquia, until the last of the 150 boats were landed on the 6th of July with comparative safety on the waters of Shebandowan Lake, there to undergo the necessary repairs before embarkation on the amphibious march onward to Fort Garry. All the boats which left Fort William did not reach their destination, for many came to grief on

ed all got a shore, with the exception of the voyageur who steered the boat. The crew took the tow line block and tackle ashore and walked on the river's brink, through brambles and thorny brake, hauling the boat after them. Whenever the strength of the men was insufficient to haul the boat over the rapids, the block was attached to a large tree, and by means of pulleys the boat was hauled to the head of the rapids.

As a general thing where rapids existed the banks of the river were very steep,



MAKING THE PORTAGE AT KAKABEKA FALLS, (SEE PAGE 87.)

the rapids, and it is said that their relics may be seen at this day on the banks of the Kaministiquia near Port Arthur.

Each boat was supplied with 60 fathoms of tow line, and when it was found necessary to track them, which had invariably to be done in rapids, the crew were divided into two parties of five soldiers and one voyageur each. These two parties were to relieve each other every two hours, and each boat was to be in charge of an officer or N. C. officer. While in smooth water all was well, but when rapids were reach-

sometimes extending 100 feet high from the water's edge, and, when a bend in the river took place and the boat caught the rapid current, woe betide the man who was hauling and pulling on the side of the rope next the river. At the straightening of the tow line, I have seen men lifted bodily and thrown full fifty feet into the river, to be picked up by some of the boats bringing up the rear. Where the water was shallow and no danger of drowning, it was very amusing to see some careless young fellow picked up by the

rope and thrown into the river. After the plunge and he appeared at the surface again, it was laughable to perceive the astonished look on his countenance. Scarcely a day passed without a dozen of some such ludicrous disasters, some of which may be related further on. From the first portage at Kakabeka Falls until Shebandowan was reached, the men and officers were most of the time up to their necks in water. After the boats had been landed at the lake the troops again returned to Prince Arthur's Landing to be distributed along the Dawson road to aid in its construction. There were 21 miles west of the Mattawan bridge on which the trees were not even cut down, but the woods in their natural state.

Towards the end of June the Indians around Fort William paid a visit to our camp. As usual, they were accompanied by their band, composed of some seven or eight instruments, including a couple of small drums, a tom-tom and some penny whistles. After entertaining our men with their martial music and grotesque dancing, Col. Wolsley, in response, called out the beautiful band of 60th Rifles, composed of some 30 instruments. When the band struck up the first tune, really the Indians jumped some 12 inches from the ground, and as it was a calm evening and the loud music of the band reverberated from hill to hill, and died away echoing in the valleys, the Indians gazed around in astonishment, uncertain as to whether it was the music of one band or of many. Judging from their fallen and astonished countenances, never in the history of Indian valor and Indian greatness did their band and its members feel so much their own insignificance, as they did on this occasion. Suffice it to say that after the usual presents of tobacco, pork and black tea were dispensed, the Indians took their departure, fully satisfied that the band of 60th Rifles would compare favorably with their own, and if beaten in martial music they certainly came off victorious in the war dance.

First of July, 1870, found the troops and voyageurs scattered along the Dawson road, between the Landing and the Mattawan bridge. Some were engaged in road making, some in the conveyance of stores and some in tracking boats. The

company of the Ontario Rifles, to which the writer belonged, left Prince Arthur's Landing at 3 o'clock a.m., on the morning of Dominion Day. The company was in heavy marching order. Each man carried his knapsack, overcoat, blankets, water bottle and canteen, rifle accoutrements, together with 60 rounds of ammunition and one day's provisions, in all about 70 lbs weight. The day was exceedingly hot, the thermometer ranging about 100° in the shade, and the rays of the sun beaming down perpendicularly upon us. The perspiration rolled off the men to such an extent that the dusty road over which we travelled looked very much as if a small shower had fallen. Having reached our destination for the day (20 miles) at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the bugle sounded its welcome notes for the halt. We unburdened ourselves of our traps, and as the wagons were a long way in the rear with our tents and camp equipage, we stretched ourselves at full length on the roadside to rest our wearied limbs, and some of the more tender to examine their blistered feet and sore shoulders, caused by the chafing of that cumbersome and oft cursed knapsack with which British troops on the march and in the field are uselessly encumbered. Indeed, the following description of the Duke of York's army in Flanders would be very applicable: "They were overloaded with head-gear and heavy accoutrements, and their uniforms were so ill-fitting, tight and stiff, that one might have fancied that they had been dressed on purpose to check all easy motion and to injure health, if not to give the men attacks of apoplexy."

In the neighborhood of Thunder Bay heavy showers are frequent at any hour of the day, and seldom, if ever, give any warning of approach. So we were scarcely seated enjoying a hard earned repose on the road side when suddenly the thunder rolled from hill to hill above our heads, the lightning flashed from rock to rock and the rain poured down in torrents, drenching us completely through to such an extent that the water poured out of our boots. It is no unusual thing in this region of hills and rocks and thunder and desolation to see the sun shining brilliantly around you, and on the next



hundred acres behind the hill, the rain keeps pouring down incessantly. However, far in the night the rain ceased, we lit a fire, made a hot cup of black tea, which was eagerly drank without sugar, wrapping ourselves in wet blankets and on the wet ground for a mattress, and a knapsack for a pillow, we retired not to sleep, but to fight the beastly mosquitoes for the rest of the night. Next morning, at an early hour, we awoke from our disagreeable slumbers, lit a huge fire, made some black tea, dried our clothes and blankets and started in to work on the road.

Each company was divided into two working parties, commanded by the subaltern officers. The road was made by drawing logs about sixteen feet in length and averaging from eight to twelve inches in diameter, out of the woods close by, and depositing them crosswise on the road bed. Another party was engaged in wheeling clay and gravel and depositing it over the logs. When this was done a very fine passable corduroy road was built, and one which became very useful to the Government afterwards, for the conveyance of immigrants to Red River, through what was known as the Dawson route.

Sunday, July 3rd, was ushered in a most beautiful morning, and after breakfast we were ordered to parade for work on the roads. Perhaps, during the whole campaign no order was more reluctantly obeyed than this one, to work on the Sabbath day.

In the company which the writer had under command, there were no less than three Sabbath school superintendents and six Sabbath school teachers. Owing to the logs they were drawing being lately burned, the faces and hands of the men were so blackened that, like the woman of a certain village in Connemara, who had to wash the faces of all the children in town, before she could find her own; non-coms could not be distinguished from full privates, until all were washed.

While hard at work the conversation generally turned on Sabbath school work, and the propriety of keeping the Lord's day, even on a military campaign, and that the expedition would reach Fort Garry just as soon, if the fourth com-

mandment were scrupulously observed. Some wondered how the Rev'd Chaplains of the different regiments were engaged, when a religiously disposed non-commissioned officer from Toronto, one of the Sabbath school superintendents above referred to, confidently stated that he had observed two of them early that morning fishing in a lonely bend of the Kaministiquia river. Indeed, salmon trout were so numerous in the rivers and streams surrounding Port Arthur twenty years ago, that it is no wonder that preachers of the gospel should be tempted to become fishermen, even on the Lord's day, when in a lonely place.

The mosquitoes and black-flies were terribly bad the whole of the afternoon and evening. Several mosquito stories were told around the camp fire. One told by the correspondent of the *Hamilton Spectator* overshadows them all. He said that while writing a correspondence this afternoon for his paper, in an arbor made of green boughs, situated on the edge of a large swamp, an able bodied mosquito lit upon a vein of his left hand, he laid down his pen and watched its movements. There it remained until it had gorged itself to three times its natural size, when it took its departure towards the swamp. In less than three minutes deponent affirms that the same mosquito returned, followed by about ten millions of others, which completely filled to suffocation the said arbor. This man is a firm believer to this day, that among the mosquito tribes in the neighborhood of the Mattawan, there is some kind of entomological language by which they can communicate to each other the presence of an intended victims, particularly that of newspaper correspondents.

On the 5th July the headquarters were removed to the Mattawan river, to which place the stores were being removed by teams. The road west being still impassable and many miles not even underbrushed, it was considered necessary to make a detour of some seven or eight miles to a place called Brown's Landing, on the Mattawan river, where the stores were being conveyed, filled into boats and tracked up the river to a place 14 miles distant, called Oskondego Bridge. The troops at the time were chiefly employed

in making the road west of Mattawan, in trailing the boats laden with stores up the river to the bridge and opening the road from thence to Shebandowan Lake. The troops were stationed at Brown's or Calder's Landing for several days, during which time we experienced some of the most terrible thunder storms imaginable. We were encamped in a corner of the woods, in the midst of huge pine trees, and about 12 o'clock on the night of July 17th, it rained and thundered incessantly, the lightning shattered the trees in all directions, the crash of falling of which awoke the troops who hurriedly dressed and vacated their tents for places of greater security. Next morning found the river strewn over with fallen trees, and navigation considerably impeded, the woods for miles seemed as if struck with a Dakota cyclone. Luckily, however, no one was injured, and next morning found all engaged in removing the obstacles to navigation of the river, and before 12 o'clock noon the boats were loaded, and the shouts of the men and voyageurs were heard towing them over the dangerous cataract, some miles above the landing. While in camp at Toronto, Thunder Bay and Prince Arthur's Landing the daily rations allowed the troops were not nearly consumed, but when they settled down to hard work on the river, portaging the boats; kept drenching wet during the whole 24 hours of the day; up at 3 o'clock a.m., and working hard sometimes until 12 p.m., the allowance of rations, viz: 1 lb of biscuit, 1 lb of salt pork, 2 oz. of sugar, 1 oz. of tea, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of beans and one-thirty-sixth oz. of pepper, were consumed by some strong and healthy men before 12 o'clock in the day, and who then had to work and fast until the issue of rations on the following day. Many a time I have known officers to violate the regulations, break in the heads of barrels to procure a biscuit each for some hungry men. I think one of the mistakes of the expedition was the smallness of the rations allowed. It appears the scale allowed to British troops on field service was the one adopted, while those in authority failed to recognise that seldom, if ever, in the history of military expeditions, were men compelled like those on the Red River expedition to work like beasts of burden,

carrying heavy loads, and working by land and water, sometimes twenty hours out of twenty-four.

When the horses reached Thunder Bay they were allowed the rations of horses in the British service, with the result that in less than two weeks, as before stated, one half the number was laid up, unfit for work. There is no doubt where men and horses work 20 hours a day, they will require a far greater quantity of food than when working half the time, and the long hours and hard work seemed to be overlooked, when the military authorities in Toronto, on 14th of May, 1870, after dinner, adopted the daily rations of the men and voyageurs of the Red River expedition.

The first detachment or brigade of boats left McNeill's Landing, Shebandowan Lake, on 16th of July, and from this date up to the 4th of August, embarkation was pushed rapidly ahead day by day, under the command of Col. McNeill, V. C., chief commissariat officer, until the latter date, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the last boat was launched on the placid waters of Shebandowan Lake. The great delay of the expedition took place between Lake Superior and Shebandowan Lake. The men worked willingly and cheerfully during five weeks of as hard labor as was ever performed by British troops: not a solitary case of insubordination during all this time, and no wonder they hailed the arrival at the lake with pleasure, believing, justly, that it was the real starting point of the expedition. The whole number of men embarked at Shebandowan Lake, according to the returns of Deputy Commissary Meyer, was 1,431: including 92 officers, 1,051 non-commissioned officers and men, 274 voyageurs and 14 guides.

(To be continued in April number.)

¹ In former communication, on page 54, 12th line from top, by some sleight of hand known to compositors, "500 miners" in the manuscript was printed "500 miles," which change considerably affected the sense of the narrative.

AT THE THEATRE.—*Young husband* (between the acts)—"Excuse me just a few moments, my dear, I want to go out and see a man."

Young Wife (rising)—"I believe I will do the same."

Young husband sits down.

An Arctic Landscape.

BY ZAN THORNE.

(Concluded.)

NELLIE was accompanied by a brother and sister, pleasing acquaintances, and such as would be well received in any drawing room in New England.

But in my opinion they were in no respect so distinguished as in being closely connected with Nellie Grattan. How the memory of that evening moves me! Blessings on the rare Nellie Grattan. Blessings on thy real loving heart, with warmth enough in its depths to set aglow the soul of the veriest cynic that ever sneered at human affection. During that evening Helen Harper gave herself up to gayety with child-like abandon. Her rippling laughter thrilled me through and through, like a strain of strange music from a master hand, heard unexpectedly, where neither instrument or player is visible. I had never heard her laugh before. I began to comprehend how all this might be, while her heart must have been starving for companionship, for love. Could Mr. Gilroy ever supply this need? He was away from home that day, and I saw the cloud come back upon Helen's face only once; that was when Nellie Grattan inquired when he was expected to return.

He reappeared next morning at the breakfast table, and so did the icy repose of Helen's manner. But Nellie Grattan was not there to see it. Would the change have come if she had been? I think it would. Some days later I was waiting up town for the sorting of the evening mail, and stood before a cheap engraving in the gentleman's parlor of the hotel, when a pair of arms were thrust around me with a bearish grip, and before I could utter a word I was lifted from the floor and placed standing upon a tall office stool, facing my assailant.

"Lieutenant Cafferton!" I exclaimed, surprised. "How are you, my boy?" said the cheery voice of my friend. You know me I suppose, as one would a bear, by the peculiar force of my initiatory hug.

Can you find room in your den to stow away a brother cub for a day or two?"

"For a score of days if you like. Come along and see." He took my arm, and we went out together. As we walked along, talking tumultuously as old friends will, he stopped, with the abruptness that characterized all his movements and said, "St. Joyeuse, I am going to be married." "Very likely. I wonder you never thought of it before." "Perhaps I did. I may have had my romance in real life, and my heart tragedy as well. But now if God wills, I shall be the happiest man alive." "And who will be the happiest woman alive? Who will be Mrs. Cafferton?" "Nellie Grattan." "God bless you, my friend: you would be the veriest ingrate living, if you had won rare Nellie Grattan, and were not the happiest man alive." I had to explain then, of course, how I came to know Nellie Grattan, and with mutual explanations and confidences we prolonged our walk until a late hour.

There was a light in the parlor of Mr. Harper's when we returned, and as we stood in the front door a moment, looking out upon the glory of the moonlit night, we heard the indistinct murmur of voices. Presently the parlor door was opened, and Mr. Gilroy's voice, harsh and angry, arrested Helen Harper as she was about to leave the room. "You shall consent, Helen Harper," said Mr. Gilroy. "You think if you refuse me, that Mark St. Joyeuse will take you for the sake of your property. But I know him better. He has told me himself that I am welcome to you if I like. It would take more than twenty thousand dollars, he said, to reconcile him to union with a snow bank." "You do well to guard your friends confidence with such chivalric honor, Mr. Gilroy," replied Helen, coldly. "Be as sarcastic as you please, Helen Harper, but I tell you you shall consent. Refuse me, and before one week all whom you value most, Mark St. Joyeuse, Nellie Grattan, your father, proud in the unspotted purity of your family name, shall know that Lucy Harper, later Mrs. Gilroy, was a false wife." "Scoundrel!" cried Cafferton striding into the room hurriedly, "unsay that of Lucy Harper, or never speak again." "Did you know Lucy Harper?" asked Helen, without showing any sur-

Conducting her to her home in almost absolute silence, broken only by her attempts to awaken him to his usual brilliancy of speech, he early absented himself from her company on reaching the city.

Next morning on sitting down to breakfast she found on the plate a letter, which she instantly recognized to be in the handwriting of Mr. Helmore.

Perceiving his absence, and concluding that the letter contained the old, old story, with a prayer for hope, she hastened through her breakfast, and retired to her room there to peruse her note.

Imagine her feelings when instead of the expected prayer she read the following:

To Miss Beatrice Cameron,
Winnipeg.

Miss Cameron:—

I am departing for Brandon this morning and leave the following for your earnest consideration. Your father is acquainted with the business I go to transact, and will give you my address if you so desire.

YOURS TRULY,

VANE-HELMORE.

Three weeks ago I fought for you
When you were pointed out to me
As a lover of coquetry
Because I thought you pure and true.

But still the scorner would persist
In saying you were one of those,
With kindly look who always chose
To lead poor fellows by the wrist.

I longed to know the truth of this,
And with anxious footsteps sought
The friendship now so dearly bought—
The very opposite of bliss.

It was not long before you tried
To draw me in your deadly net,
That oft hath been so surely set
To catch the victim of your pride.

Did I say pride? Yes surely so,
For pride and coquetry are one—
And you had thought "I have now run
Once more to death a stupid heau."

Two weeks have passed, your fancy pleased,
You tell your victim you have now
Another fool who'll to you bow:
Till two more weeks have come and ceased.

The words you use to mark his fate
Are hardly apt for one so fair;
But with sarcasm you declare
That love has been o'er-powered by hate.

To me this poor excuse was brought,
And one that I can hardly hold;
If I may make myself so bold,
I should have said "A sinful thought."

From this day out no more we meet,
Or recognize each other's voice,
For if I ever have the choice,
I shall escape with flying feet.

I bear no other feeling than
The son of a good man's estate,
And know I enter by the gate
Of blunder to the field of man.

My trust in woman as the beam,
Or rather, as the sun of light,
That shineth out upon the night,
In rushing down the maddening stream.

O maiden, maiden, steer your course,
To brighter realms of peace and love,
And trust in Him who reigns above—
Not in the slave of Dean Swift's Horse.

Devote your time to study well
The many climes of joyful life,
And learn to be a goodly wife,
And free from that infernal Hell

Whose fiery gleams scorch man and maid,
When borne by sin to his foul dale,
Where every hill and every vale
Are clothed in red and dingy shade.

And now good-bye, O maid, for aye,
For know I bear you no ill-will,
But trust that you will strive to kill
Your coquetry from out this day.

(To be Continued.)

Choose.

BY MADALENE LANG.

Bad Luck stands in dolorous mood,
Condemns the world for ingratitude;
Says that it owes him meat and wines,
And looks for their coming, while he whines.

With hands in pocket, and pipe half out,
He looks what he is—a spiritless lout—
Who casts his eyes in the distance dim,
And waits for the mountain to come to him!

Bad Luck reckons without his host,
And will miss forever his buttered toast.
While his voice keeps ringing that helpless note,
He will see it go down some happier throat.

Good Luck speaks by, whistling a tune;
Accepts he life as a grateful boon;
His strong, rude muscles are brown and bare,
And shows what their owner can do and dare.

With sleeves rolled up, comes he down the road,
His shoulders ready for any load;
And king of a wide domain is he,
Nor afraid of the gaunt wolf—Poverty.

Bad Luck is a fellow one hates to meet;
His inert moanings cloud the street;
But Good Luck sweetens the air we draw—
Renews our faith in the well-known law.

That "God helps him who helps himself,"
Who lays his grievance on the shelf,
Nor stops o'er a humble task to flout it,
But braces up, and sets about it.

And thus one winneth respect and bread,
While the other gets scorn and a crust instead;
And Bad Luck storms at the world's ill handle,
And damns the light from Good Luck's candle!

—The Great Divide.

facilitate the transport of stores to Fort Francis. When a brigade arrived at a portage and deposited its cargoes, the instructions were to return again across the lake to the nearest portage the rear, and again load each boat with three tons of stores or fifteen tons for each brigade and return to the portage which they left. After reaching Kasha-bowie Portage this return trip was considered unnecessary on account of some information received by the commanding officer that the expedition would be "one of peace," the Bishop of St. Boniface being at Ottawa urging on the Government the necessity of granting a general amnesty to Riel and his followers, who were interested in the murder of Scott.

The following are a few of the orders issued, and to be observed after starting from Shebandowan Lake:

(a.) As a rule the reveille will sound at 3 a.m. every morning, and the boats will start as soon after that as possible, the men to have some hot tea before starting. The boats of each brigade must keep as near together as possible, the captain with his bugler being in the leading boat, the senior subaltern and a sergeant in the rear boat.

(b.) A halt of one hour to be made at 8 a.m. for breakfast and another halt of an hour at 1 p.m. for dinner. Officers commanding companies may of course depart a little from these hours for meals, but under no circumstances is more than an hour to be allowed for each meal. They will always halt for the night at least one full hour before dark, so that there may be ample time to establish the camp for the night. When on the move it is not advisable to pitch tents except when it rains.

(c.) Officers commanding detachments from the time of their embarkation at Shebandowan will keep a journal of their route, entering the exact hour they start each morning, the hours they halt for meals and start again, the time they reach their halting place for the night, giving the name of the place, the state of the weather, whether they used oars or sails during the day, and all irregularities committed by the men to be recorded.

The expedition from Shebandowan Lake must have been spread over a distance of at least one hundred and fifty miles, so that it is impossible for one writer to give a true record of the sayings and doings of other than the brigade with which he was connected.

After having embarked at Shebandowan Lake on the evening of Sunday, 24th July, we rowed along the north shore of the lake. Night came on but we could

not find a suitable camping place, the shores being swampy and full of bullrushes for miles. We kept on rowing until 12 o'clock at night we discovered some tall willows ahead of us; at this time it commenced to rain heavily, and thunder and lightning set in. We pulled ashore, and each man found a bush of green willows, into which he threw himself rolled up in his waterproof sheet, and rested the best way he could for the night. Early next morning the bugle sounded, at three a.m., took to the boat, and at eight o'clock found a good camping place where we made a fire, had some hot black tea and hardtack for breakfast, and reached Kasha-bowie Portage about 10 o'clock p.m. Here we met Captain Mac-Lene's and Captain Scott's companies, which had arrived the previous day.

As soon as the boats were unloaded we commenced to carry the cargoes over the Portage, which, to our astonishment, we found to be 1,850 yards in length, or a little over a mile. This being the first portage, here it was arranged the division of labor amongst the men. It was agreed that each man in the boat should carry a barrel of pork, a barrel of hard-tack, a barrel of flour, a bag of beans, and that the weaker men of the crew and officers should carry the smaller packages of ammunition, tea and sundry other things. Here we first found the use of the portage straps. These were large strips of upper leather, about ten feet long, four inches wide in the middle, and tapering to a point at both ends. The portage strap was tied round the ends of the barrel between the hoops, and the package was then raised horizontally on a man's back, the wide portion of the leather band was placed on the forehead, and in a stooping posture each man trudged off with his load across the portage.

The pork barrels were made of heavy oak staves, about an inch and a half in thickness, which with the pork and brine must have weighed over two hundred pounds, a pretty heavy load to carry a mile and a quarter. This carrying of heavy loads tried the mettle of our men to the utmost. It did not take long to distinguish the muscle and endurance of the man brought up to manual labor and on the farm, from the school master, book-

keeper and the bank clerk. In passing through the bush, oft-times the load struck against a tree, when load and man came to grief. Indeed, I have many a time seen such a calamity occur on the brow of a steep hill, when barrel and man rolled alternately over each other until they reached the base. Such a spectacle could not help provoking the risibilities of the most sober and taciturn, but there was no little danger in indulging freely in too much laughter if the party in distress happened to be stronger than the onlooker. It was at the west end of Kashabowie portage that the writer was following Major McLeod, who was groaning under a barrel of hard-tack, when the end of the barrel struck the stump of a tree and sent the Major and his load into an entanglement, which if assistance had not been quickly forthcoming in all probability the bench of the North-West Territories would have been deprived of one of its ornaments. Seeing that he was Brigade Major of the Red River Expedition, it would have been dangerous, particularly in subordinates, to indulge in too much fun at his expense.

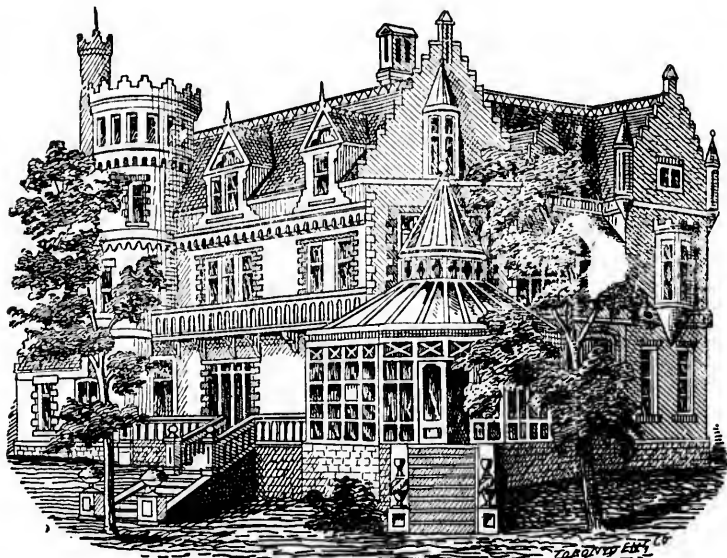
After the stores had all been transferred to the west end of the portage the different crews returned and doubled-up for the purpose of taking over the boats. They were pulled out of the water, placed on stringers, and drawn by the aid of several men, on each side, to steady her, while a goodly number pulled on the tow-line. It took 24 hours on this portage to carry across the stores and boats.

On Tuesday morning at 4 a.m., loaded one boat and rowed out on Kashabowie Lake, after a few hours, the wind being favorable, we put up sails and steered northwest, entered a narrow pass or straight about eight or ten feet wide into a smaller lake. The water was so shallow that all hands had to get out and haul the boat with its load along through rushes and mud. We arrived at the Height of Land portage at 12.30 in the afternoon. The boats being numbered there was one of unusual size, under the control of Major McLeod, and as her number was 100, she was afterwards known throughout the expedition as the "old hundred." She was steered to the wrong place on the portage, and it was some

time ere her crew discovered the proper landing place. The Height of Land portage was 1850 yards long, and is situated between Kashabowie Lake and Lac de Mille Lac. It is 1000 feet above the level of Lake Superior, and is the highest point of land between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean. Up to this point it was up hill and up stream, but after crossing the portage we had the current with us all the way to the mouth of Red River. Half way across this portage might be observed, in the space of 100 yards, the water running in two opposite directions, one portion emptying itself through the mighty St. Lawrence to the Atlantic, and the western through Rainy River and Winnipeg, into Lake Winnipeg, and thence through the Nelson into the Hudson's Bay. It took our brigade eighteen hours to carry across this portage 45 barrels of pork, 36 barrels of flour, 46 barrels of hard tack, 16 chests of tea, 5 barrels of sugar, 5 arm chests, 6 boxes of potatoes, 9 bags of beans, 10 boxes of ammunition, six large boats with all the other paraphernalia belonging to a company or brigade. After passing this portage it was found a great relief to us all to know that we would have no more rowing or tugging up stream although, indeed, we discovered afterwards, that there was far more danger in running rapids than in surmounting them. After moving out from the Height of Land we put up sail and steered due west amongst countless multitudes of islands, which Lac de Mille Lac contains. The scenery was grand, and it was delightful to perceive such a large number of boats under sail gliding over the smooth waters of the picturesque lake. After several hours we steered northwest, and must have touched the northern shore or near where Savanne on the C. P. R. now stands. Here we camped or rather bivouacked for the night, and the rising sun next morning found our brigade wending its way westward until towards noon, we entered Baril Bay, which is an arm of Lac de Mille Lac, when the brigade bugle sounded the landing for dinner. We reached Bruile Portage at 8.30 p.m. On either side of the narrow approach to the portage could be seen some pine, maple and some cedar trees. This

to the detours made by the expedition, another 100 miles can safely be added, making the distance traversed 308 miles in 17 days, or on an average of a little over 18 miles a day. In this distance there were 17 portages, aggregating nearly four miles, or an average of one portage for each day, over which boats and stores had to be carried or hauled for an average distance of 400 yards. No wonder that our men were tired and

chronometer had been invented, and Mary had had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past five o'clock, a.m. Matthew says it was the dawn; Mark says it was at the sunrising; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for the gardener. What



THE LATE HON. A. G. B. BARNATYNE'S RESIDENCE, WINNIPEG.

weary, and with good fresh food for the evening meal, and a fine night's rest, the bugler forgot to sound the reveille until the sun was 30° above the horizon on the following morning.

(To be Continued.)

The First Easter Morn.

Another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight, writes Dr. Talmage in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. If the

does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry; she could not see to the other end. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead; neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh! if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Red River Expedition of 1870.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBA.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued from April number.)

TAKING into consideration distance traversed, time engaged and labor performed, the route from Toronto to Fort Garry might be properly divided into four sections, namely, from Toronto to Port Arthur 670 miles, from Port Arthur to Shebandowan Lake 46 miles, from Shebandowan Lake to Fort Francis by route travelled 308 miles, from Fort Francis to Fort Garry by way of the Winnipeg River 380 miles, or a total distance from Toronto to Winnipeg 1,400 miles.

As before stated the sun was high upon the heavens when we launched our boats below the falls on Rainy River on its whirling, eddying, foaming waters. The banks of the river are high at this point, with gravelly brinks, and the bed lined with huge boulders, which no doubt gives the water this whirling, rotary motion. Sometimes for 200 yards or so the boats would glide along rapidly and then all of a sudden they would come to a standstill, and for some minutes it would require all the united exertions of the crew to extricate them from the whirlpool in which they found their boat.

Rainy River contains a very large volume of water and is about 300 yards wide. The current is so swift that at times rowing was considered unnecessary. We reached the rapids about 30 miles from Fort Francis, towards evening, and as certain preparations had to be made for the running of them, it was considered desirable to camp for the night.

The cooks set to work and in a short time had an excellent meal prepared of fresh fish, milk and new potatoes, with which we replenished our stock at Fort Francis. On the left bank or American side, part of the State of

Minnesota, no sign of cultivation or civilization could be observed, the land inland as far as the eyes could reach was an endless forest covered over with large elm, soft maple, poplar, and an odd pine tree extending down to the water's edge, but on the Canadian side all the way from Fort Francis there were some nice Indian houses, surrounded by clearances, varying from two to ten acres, on which were flourishing crops of corn, potatoes, wheat, oats and other cereals and vegetables. It being the middle of August these crops seemed to be farther advanced in maturity than the crops in Manitoba.

There are also some circular mounds of earth on the Canada side used as Indian houses and which seemed to be but recently inhabited. When the decaying logs which apparently supported the heavy clay roof gives way, and that the latter falls in filling up the deep excavation even with the surface and burying the contents, it would not be surprising if in a hundred years hence a farmer from Huron and Bruce digging his cellar would come across some Indian tomahawk, clay pipe or metal pot and would correspond with the Historical Society of Winnipeg when we would have the members of that body hastening to the scene with spade, shovel and pickaxe to unearth the relics of pre-historic times.

In all probability when the science of geology and the investigations of antiquated antiquarians are brought to bear the relics will be pronounced as belonging to a race which existed anterior to the time when Adam and Eve seated under their favorite shade trees first began to throw sheep's eyes at each other. Some will even go farther back and by the science of geology endeavor to prove that the race must have existed about the time when the angel mentioned in the epistle of Peter, with Napoleonic ambition aspired for universal empire and was punished by being cast out and compelled to take that ethereal

voyage so graphically described by Milton in his *Paradise Lost*.

At or near the rapids of Rainy River several Indian families were camped. As it seemed these are favorable resorts for fishing, particularly in the winter time as the water seldom if ever freezes there.

Sunday, August 14th, the revelle sounded right early and after breakfast at 5 a.m. we were on the water and with the aid of a strong current and oars we were hastening rapidly towards the Lake of the Woods.

The day turned out lovely and warm, and when tired rowing, the men with the exception of the man at the helm lay down in the boats and had a comfortable rest, and some a refreshing nap. We made 25 miles when the bugle sounded the welcome and familiar notes to go ashore for dinner. We started again at 2.30 p.m. and towards evening reached an Indian camping ground two miles from the mouth of the river. The place has been known by the immigrants who passed over the Dawson route as "Hungry Hall." Here we had our Sunday evening's meal.

We were only a short distance from the lake, and being surrounded by swamps, the mosquitoes and flies proved an intolerable nuisance. Here is a description given by one who had experienced their attacks a few days afterwards:

"As the sun went down a dense mass of curious looking flies came streaming and buzzing up with the gentle, cooling easterly wind. They were of different sizes, large, small, and middle aged. They flew in regular column closely formed up without any stragglers to the right or to the left. The only time they seemed to break ranks was when they met with the smoke of the camp fire. Their attack upon us seemed to drive all hands into the performance of extension motions—a drill which was performed without the aid of a drill sergeant."

From Fort Francis to where

Rainy River discharges its waters into the Lake of the Woods is a distance of 70 miles. It runs in a westerly direction, and with almost uninterrupted navigation, and its park-like clearances, its beautiful shade trees on the Canadian side, presents a picturesque appearance. It is acknowledged by tourists to be one of the most beautiful rivers in America, and only that the lands suitable for agriculture are so limited, confined to a few miles on either side of the river, this locality would long ere this be one of the most populous and prosperous settlements in the Dominion.

In every part of the river fish abounds. Sturgeon weighing from 20 to 60 pounds are not considered extraordinary. This fish is a staple food amongst the Indians, and no doubt in early days attracted the attention of the red man to this part of the country.

Next morning at a very early hour we started towards the lake. The wind was blowing strong from the south-east and knowing that we had a broad and stormy expanse of water between us and the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, we started without breakfast, put up sails and took advantage of the favorable gale.

Like most other lakes in the North-west, the approaches were low and marshy, and from small ponds and bullrushes on either side of the river, rose up clouds of wild duck, which had been disturbed in their morning's meal while feeding on the wild rice, with which this neighborhood abounds. This seemed to be a paradise for sportsmen. After running over a stormy arm of the Lake with waves as high and more dangerous than on the Atlantic, in a northwesterly direction for a distance of thirty-five miles, we landed on a rocky island in the Lake of the Woods, where we partook of the first meal for the day, and the last also, as all being tired and hungry, the whole day's rations of each man was consumed, and nothing left but the consolation

of being told that we might go hungry until the issue of rations the following day. Crossing the Lake of the Woods was fraught with more danger than in any other place since we left Toronto, and it is almost a miracle that with such small boats and so badly equipped, some of them were not swamped. We camped on an island, not very far from the northwest angle, and the next morning was exceedingly calm and warm. We wended our way amongst innumerable uninhabited islands where no sound was heard but the dip of the oar in the waters at regular intervals, no sign whatever of man's handy-work anywhere. The surface of the water appeared to be covered over with a decomposed vegetable substance of a dark green color of convolvuloid growth, and which seemed to abound everywhere. When boiled it resembled pea soup. Before use we had to strain it through towels and such as had no towels used pocket handkerchiefs. Notwithstanding the straining process, the water was totally unfit for use and jeopardised the health of the troops to such an extent that its effects were felt for several days. Several of the boats got lost though the islands, and it took some time before all were brought together at Rat Portage. On the route from Shebandowan Lake the trees in the different islands, capes and projections were deprived of their bark, so that it was an easy matter even if there was no guide, for any one with a field glass to discover the proper route, but as it was originally intended to disembark at the northwest angle and march to Winnipeg, a distance of 110 miles this precaution was neglected. On the northern portion of the Lake of the Woods, it is probable that the barking of the trees was considered unnecessary. On account, however, of the Lake of the Woods road being impassable, the troops had no alternative but to make the detour by Rat Portage and the Winnipeg river.

The Lake of the Woods drains an immense area of country and its waters

flow into Lake Winnipeg, through Winnipeg river, whose outlet is some three miles from Rat Portage, a Hudson's Bay Company post, of some importance and managed by a Mr. McPherson. We were some time before we could discover the entrance from the Lake of the Woods into Winnipeg river. After considerable explorations, we came to a very high ridge of rocks, through a cleft of which, about 50 feet wide, water was running with great velocity. Through this narrow pass we propelled our boats and soon found ourselves in a broad expanse of lake or river about one mile and a half wide. Some few miles down the river were the falls of Rat Portage, which we approached with caution, believing that if Riel ever intended to oppose the progress of the expedition, this point would most likely be selected. And, indeed, if Riel had placed 200 men here under command of such a man as Dumont, of Batoche, Christmas day would likely have found the Red River expedition manœuvring around some island in the northern portion of the Lake of the Woods. Under such circumstances if an advance were successfully accomplished it would not be without a decimation in the ranks. Should ever war be declared between Canada and the United States, or trouble arise between the eastern and western provinces of this Dominion, Rat Portage, on account of its location, would be considered an important military point. By a glance at the map, it will be perceived that here communication may be maintained, or connection cut off between the eastern and western provinces of Canada. Whether peace continues to prevail, or war ensues, the writer predicts that before many years our military authorities will see the necessity of spending some money on fortifications and making Rat Portage a military stronghold. In case of an invasion of eastern Canada, possession of Rat Portage by the enemy would cut off communication with the great granaries of the prairie provinces.

Towards evening as we neared the fort the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so during most of the night. The reception accorded us by the officer in charge of the fort was of a most hospitable nature. Nothing which could be done to contribute to our wants and comfort was left undone by Mr. McPherson, the officer in charge, or by any of his officials. The post consisted then of a few log houses surrounded by wooden palisading. It stood on a bank some ten or fifteen feet high, and when viewed from the river seemed pretty.

As you approach the fort, one is met by some half-dozen of the leanest, hungriest looking dogs imaginable, always quarrelling amongst themselves and with an uninviting wolfish countenance. We learned, however, that those were the camels of the northern deserts, particularly in winter, in conveying the mails and supplies from one fort or trading place to another, and where horses could be of no earthly use for want of roads and supplies. In winter while travelling they are fed upon fish, and in summer they are let loose and live in vagrancy.

From my diary. "Rat Portage. August 17. Out of bed this morning at 3 a.m.; put on wet clothes, and still raining, proceeded to load up the boats before breakfast. We procured milk, potatoes and corn at the fort and had a comfortable breakfast. In lifting a barrel of flour into the boat, it fell into the river and I fell in after it. It was only six feet deep at this place. I sank but the flour did not. Both were hauled out of the water, the flour less injured than I was. A good glass of brandy procured at the fort, lent great relief to my dampened and drooping spirits. Here we met a few men from the Red River settlement to act as guides down the Winnipeg River. Being told that Winnipeg River was 168 miles in length with 47 portages and that it would be necessary to

more, making 94 changes of stores, together with the carriage across the portages was rather discouraging. We were informed that if we reached Fort Alexander at the mouth of the river in 21 days we would be doing good work. We would have to run chutes and rapids without end, in some places exceedingly dangerous and in others pleasant. For the first 50 miles we will meet numerous islands, so much so, that it will be difficult to distinguish it from a succession of lakes. Sometimes dividing itself into two or three rivers running parallel with each other, and uniting again at the first cataract so as to present to the eye of the voyageur a more majestic appearance. We were told that great danger threatened us upon this dangerous and deceitful river, that the first false movement of an oar in the hands of an inexperienced man, would send boat and crew over falls of great magnitude, to be engulfed in whirlpools from which there was no possibility of escape. These and similar narratives of the difficulties to be met with on the Winnipeg, made many of the more nervous feel not a little uncomfortable. During the day we run a rapid about one mile in length."

The nearest approach to the pleasure of running a rapid is that experienced in a toboggan running down the slide on the Assiniboine near Main street bridge. The boats in running the rapids were kept 300 yards apart, and as soon as they approached the head waters the rowers were ordered to pull with all their might and the man at the stern kept constantly shouting "pull, boys, pull," and not a whisper made or word spoken by the crew until after running at the rate of 20 or 25 miles an hour we find ourselves again in smooth waters below the rapids, where after rowing a mile or two we pulled ashore and camped for the night.

(To be Continued.)

face, and restored once more its handsome color.

"I must delay no longer," she muttered, "but to the hateful ceremony. Etiquette has *some* virtue, it teaches us to hide our feelings."

The people in the church were meanwhile growing restless. The organist was almost tired of transmitting melody to the wind. The minister was wandering to and from the door with clouded countenance. By turns the members of the choir uttered a growl at the long protracted absence of the couple.

"I wonder what's keeping them," queried one.

"Delirious pair," exclaimed another.

"You bet, I wouldn't be so slow if I were to be married to-day," remarked a third, "*married life is too short.*"

But listen, is that the sound of carriage wheels? The general turning of heads announce that it is. The principals of the ceremony have at length arrived. A solemn silence now pervades the church, broken only by a direction from the choir-master, who with his subordinates stand at the door, puffed with wind, with music, destined ere long to enrapture the hearers and transport them to the seventh heaven of delight, or *bliss*.

Now they come! First the groom and his men, two, four, six, seven, eight in number. But the bride, who is following with her father. Oh! Ah! How pretty! How lovely! Charming! Such are the exclamations which burst spontaneously from the lips of the on-gazers and floated audibly through the church. And no wonder.

Beatrice was robed in a dress of spotless texture; silk by nature; cream-like in color; magnificent in manufacture. Her neck was surrounded with a band of lace of priceless value, old, so old, that its counterpart could scarcely be obtained. Woven in the looms of India from the web of the renowned silk spider, only by the greatest care could its delicate beauty have been preserved. Her tresses of raven hue hung curling down her back, while finer ringlets adorned her forehead:

the pride of herself; the admiration of all beholders. Nor must the bridesmaids be forgotten. They were all robed in white, the dazzling brightness of which (if a spectator is to be believed) reminded him of angels of Heaven, clothed in their spotless robes of innocence. The perfume of roses, a cluster of which was borne by each and every one, filled the air with sweetest fragrance.

Now they are before the altar. The bridegroom is at the right hand of his bride. Mr. Cameron stands behind ready to deliver over his daughter. Close by also is the principal bridesmaid in a position of perplexity, waiting to withdraw her lady's glove at the proper moment.

Then did the clergyman begin "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this Man and this Woman in Holy Matrimony"—All proceeded well. Charles presented the ring; Beatrice received it upon *the* finger; their hands were joined together, the priest had come to the words, "Those whom God —" when there rang through the church the one word *stop*.

Then up the aisle came a corpulent constable, followed by a worthy gentleman in black; up, up to the very altar he advanced, then laying his hand upon the shoulder of the bridegroom he exclaimed in a deep roaring tone *James Burton, counterfeiter and forger, I arrest you for your crimes.*

A deadly silence filled the atmosphere for one brief moment, then a scream like the engine's whistle as it approaches a tunnel resounded and resounded again, the thrilling words, "*Vane, oh Vane, indeed I'm lost forever.*" were heard by the excited congregation, and Beatrice Cameron fell before the earthly sanctuary of the Almighty Maker, broken in heart and in life.

(To be Continued.)

Those in want of first-class articles will do well to watch our advertising pages in future.

Red River Expedition of 1870.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBA.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued from May number.)

NEXT morning we were again on water at 4 o'clock a.m., and in about one hour from start we reached a tremendous rapid, which was approached with fear and trembling on the part of our voyageurs, who knew better than we, the dangers attendant on running this rapid, the river being filled with huge rocks in places ten feet above the water. We reached Pine Portage in time for breakfast. This portage is 110 yards in length, and after going through the ceremony of portaging stores and boats for the fiftieth time since we left Shebandowan Lake, we launched our craft below the falls and the wind being favorable we hoisted sail and made great headway down the river. Captain MacLem, of No. 3 Company, had his boat injured. The writer's boat was nearly filled with water on account of running a *chute* some eight feet in height, she struck sideways and was very nearly capsized. Sergeant Fraser's boat was touched in the stern by a falling tree, and boat and crew had a most miraculous escape. Lieut. Kennedy's boat had broken a mast, and Lieut. Walker's was driven up high and dry with her load and crew, upon a rock in the middle of the rapids, while the wind blew a hurricane and the rain poured down in torrents. This day's experience on the Winnipeg river was discouraging and very severe on boats, officers and men.

Towards evening, on the 18th of August, while two brigades of boats, or some ten in number, were sailing down the river, the crew of the first boat in turning a bend, arose and cheered vociferously, the cheer was taken up by each boat in succession, when it was discovered that Islington mission

appeared in view and on the river's bank was a white woman, waving her handkerchief, the first we had seen, with one exception, (the wife of the *Globe* correspondent), since leaving Fort William on the Kaministiquia. For several day's, on the Winnipeg, we were compelled in overcoming the numerous water-falls, to load and unload and carry over our boats several times during the day. A little below the junction of English river into the Winnipeg is a portage called in French Pointe aux Tres, about 200 yards in length. At this place the first serious accident of the whole expedition occurred. Private Butcher, an Englishman by birth and a boat-builder by trade, was one of the crew in the boat under the command of the writer, and as soon as the boat struck the rock, the latter jumped ashore, and Butcher standing on the gunwale, threw his knapsack to one of his comrades on shore. The knapsack fell short and struck against the rock, an explosion from a revolver took place, and the owner, standing on the gunwale, received the ball in the right breast, passing completely through his body and lodged alongside the backbone, completely dislodging the rib from the bone. He was carried ashore and a tent pitched over him, and every care possible bestowed on him. Private Robinson, of Toronto, volunteered to remain with him and see him buried, if wound proved fatal, that is, if enough clay could be procured within a radius of ten miles to cover the body, which was unlikely. After settling his worldly affairs, a barrel of hard-tack, some pork, tea and sugar, a pick axe and shovel were left with the dying man and his attendant. Capt. McMillan, with that kindness of heart which has always characterized him through life, and to whose company he belonged, called a meeting of the officers, when it was decided that the cargo of the lightest boat should be divided amongst the five others, and that eight picked men of the brigade should be sent back to bring up Dr.

Codd, who was three days behind with another brigade of the Ontariobattalion. The returned men worked like beavers, and on the second day after starting, Dr. Codd arrived, extracted the ball, had a bed made for him in the bow of the boat: and these eight heroes, some now living in this province, carried sick man and boat, without moving him, over all the portages which intervened between the place of the accident and Fort Alexander. He overtook his company four miles above Fort Alexander. He was placed in the house of Rev. Mr. Phair, Church of England minister, at that place, who took the greatest care of him, and a few days before Christmas, he arrived in Winnipeg as sound and healthy as he ever was. He afterwards built the second house on Notre Dame street east, between Main street and the river, where he kept a boarding house, made money, and sold out to return to England to take possession of a legacy of £1,000 left him by a relative.

After passing over several portages and running rapids of a very dangerous nature, where many hair-breadth escapes occurred, we reached the seven portages at 7.30 p.m. On Sunday, 21st August, transferred our stores and rested on the first portage for the night, preparing for next day's work, which was expected to be the most difficult of the whole expedition. Winnipeg river has a fall of about 400 feet between Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg, and the fall of waters at the seven portages must have been at least one half of the whole distance. These falls must have occurred in the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. So that they resembled a stairway with the steps about a mile in width. We passed over the seven portages in one day which involved the loading of our boats and unloading seven times.

The work was hard and wearing upon the men and very severe on our boats. Great damage was done the latter at these falls. About this time we were daily threatened with so many dangers that everybody began

to look anxiously toward Fort Alexander, believing that once there the expedition would be at an end and easy sailing from that point to Fort Garry. At first running rapids on the Winnipeg appeared to afford an agreeable sensation, but as we continued on from day to day, having many narrow escapes, in being carried over the falls and engulfed in the foaming waters below, men and voyageurs began to get more timid, and as we approached the mouth of the river, we began to realize the dangers when all pleasures ceased.

No length of time can erase from the memory of the writer the narrow escape of our boat being carried over one of the largest falls at the Seven Portages. Running down the rapids at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, just above the falls, through some false paddle of the man at the helm the boat took the right hand side of a little island in the rapids instead of taking the left. As quick as thought the voyageur who had turned pale as death shouted "My God, pull for life boys, or we're all lost!" While the men at the oars strained their muscles to the uttermost, others began to divest themselves of their clothing ready for the fatal plunge, when with clenched teeth the man at the bow aided by the helmsman succeeded by some providential stroke to send our boat high and dry upon a rock in mid-water, on the other side of which was shallow water. At this moment those on shore raised a deafening cheer which was answered from the rock. At first thought it would appear anomalous, when within 300 yards of the brow of the raging foaming cataract the spray of which evidently darkened the sun to be told to pull towards it with all one's strength: but this was afterwards explained by the voyageur that unless the boat was rowed faster than the current, his oar would have no control in the waters, and she must in such case have inevitably gone over into the yawning abyss below. In that infinitesimal fraction of time -- one

minute and a half—between certain death and providential escape, round the little island what multitudes of thought must have crowded the brain. While the writer was divesting himself of a heavy overcoat, and ammunition boots, myriads of ideas of home and family and friends chased each other with electric rapidity, the memory of which after 22 years is as fresh as on the afternoon of the day on which the thing occurred. For a man to fall in stemming and opposing the tide of battle would be an honorable death and his body would be found; but getting into the tide of Winnipeg river between the seven great cataracts, was inevitable destruction, no hope, no discovery of the body and no funeral obsequies.

For several days after passing the seven portages it rained considerably. While on Grand Bonnet Portage, getting over our stores and boats, to our great astonishment, Sergt. Doidge, now Capt. Doidge of the Winnipeg Field Battery and his brave little crew arrived with private Butcher who, it will be remembered got accidentally shot through the body by his own revolver, a few days after we entered the Winnipeg River. It afforded us the greatest satisfaction to find that he was still in the land of the living, and his boat was carried over the portage amidst the cheers of his comrades. Many a mother in Ontario and Quebec would have slept more soundly and many a sister would have rested more content, had they known that those who were near and dear to them, many of whom left their homes for the first time, were committed to the care of such Christian and kind-hearted officers as McMillan, Scott, Kennedy, Walker, Mulvey, McLeod, McDonald and the great majority of the others, who were in command of the Ontario and Quebec battalions. Indeed, from the day that they first met at Toronto until the force was disbanded, the men and officers composing the first Red River expedition were like members of a great family. The officers when off parade treated the men as their

equals in every respect, and indeed, in many cases recognized some of them as superiors, altho' placed by force of circumstances in subordinate positions. Whenever any little friction occurred it was generally caused by some old army officer, who, ignorant of the education and intelligence of the men under him, attempted to treat them like men who had enlisted at a shilling a day. Such commanding officers soon discovered, however, that Ontario volunteers, while willing to hew their way 1,400 miles through wood and mountains to replace the Rebel rag that floated over Fort Garry by that of the glorious old Union Jack, were made of a poor material for slaves.

The bugle sounded at 3 a.m. on the morning of the 25th of August. Preparations were made to portage our boats and stores over Pettit de Bonnet. It rained all night during the preceding night, and continued to rain as if all the waters of the Winnipeg had been turned into a broad sieve above our heads. The mosquitoes and black flies were very numerous. Dr. Codd and Captain Beamish tried to sleep in one of our boats but was awakened by the rain, and found themselves in two feet of water. We moved off from the portage at 11 a.m. in the midst of a pelting cold rain. The men were scarcely able to move with the weight of wet clothes. Several complaining that they could stand it no longer, being 36 hours in wet clothes and compelled to sleep under wet blankets. The writer procured a pair of dry socks and in company with Mr. K. went down to the river to have a wash. We left our clothes on a rock, and while engaged in taking a bath a swell of the waters took place and carried our clothing out into the huge whirlpool immediately below the falls.

We pushed on to Silver Falls, the last one of any importance, and the most beautiful on the Winnipeg River, or on any other river we passed on the route. They are about 40 feet in height and surrounding them is the most beautiful scenery. We had very

little time and were in no mood to examine them, but their magnificent grandeur will long remain impressed on the memory, illustrating the power of running water. The river runs down the steep incline just above the falls, at a wonderful rapidity, until lost in the great chaos of foam, spray and astonishing whirlpools below, and owing to the immense volume pouring down, a rotary motion is produced, the water rising at intervals to a height of some six to eight feet like the tide on the sea shore. It was for want of the knowledge of this peculiarity that the two officers afore mentioned had all their clothing washed away.

The banks of the Winnipeg River are but very sparsely wooded, the prevailing timber being stunted birch, spruce and poplar. On each side are huge granite rocks rising to a perpendicular height in some places of 100 feet.

Several large-sized rivers join the Winnipeg, amongst them being English river, which drains a large area of country, and Whitemouth, running from the south and rising near the western portion of the Lake of the Woods.

After crossing the portage at Silver Falls we loaded up our boats for the *last time* and at a rapid rate we glided down the river, ran the rapids at Manitou, and after getting into smooth water to our astonishment we both saw and heard the first sign of civilization since we left Sault St. Marie, namely, five cows grazing on the river's brink, and the merry jingle, tinkle of the cow-bells. Fort Alexander in a short time appeared in view, and after ten days of as hard work as ever man or beast performed, since leaving Rat Portage, we went ashore for the night and was hospitably entertained by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

(To be Continued.)

88 [In order to the better understanding of what the following pages will tell, the writer may state that he does not, in any way, refer to the present condition of the people about whom he writes, but as he found them many years ago, and from notes and observations taken then, the present account of a race little known is given. In consequence of this, language may occasionally be used as if speaking of the present time when the long ago is really indicated.]

W. D.

See Oct
Wagon

of the waters. Fires were soon lighted, the good things purchased at Fort Alexander, were produced and in a very short time an excellent and luxurious meal was provided. It was now past mid-day, the wind increased and blew from the south a heavy gale, and put an end to the use of sailing gear for the rest of the day, and in fact for the rest of the expedition. Having now only to cross the south arm of Lake Winnipeg, we waited several hours, thinking that the wind and waves might abate, during which time we took a stroll inland through the woods. The land on the eastern shore is rocky, and in places thickly covered with birch and poplar. Unlike most other lakes in the Northwest, the shores of Lake Winnipeg on its eastern and western sides are high and gravelly, with a beautiful sandy approach to the waters edge, and the waters very transparent. The wind kept on increasing till late in the afternoon, and as there was no sign of a calm our guide would not permit us to venture, as he said Winnipeg was a most dangerous and treacherous lake at this season of the year.

Next morning we made a start at 8 a. m., and rowed all day against strong head winds and heavy waves, for a distance of thirty miles to the mouth of Red River, where we reached at 9 p. m. It was agreed on all hands that this was the most difficult rowing day of the expedition, the blisters on the mens hands bearing testimony to the statement.

When we reached the southern end of the lake we found the water in places very shallow, and as the night was dark and cloudy, it took a long time to discover the channel leading into Red River. The boats went aground in many places, miles out in the lake, and got separated from each other, the men having to get out into the water, and up to the waist in slush and mud, and

minute and a half—between certain death and providential escape, round the little island what multitudes of thought must have crowded the brain. While the writer was divesting himself of a heavy overcoat, and ammunition boots, myriads of ideas of home and family and friends chased each other with electric rapidity, the memory of which after 22 years is as fresh as on the afternoon of the day on which the thing occurred. For a man to fall in stemming and opposing the tide of battle would be an honorable death and his body would be found; but getting into the tide of Winnipeg river between the seven great cataracts, was inevitable destruction, no hope, no discovery of the body and no funeral obsequies.

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coat rejoices in two tails, one short in front shaped like a large flattened out table spoon reaching nearly to the knee, the other tail, at the back, of the same shape reaches almost to the ground, and when the wearer is busy at any stirring work or traveling, this latter tail is usually tied up in a neat loop to the waist. The hood of the woman's coat is of an extraordinary size, and appears at first sight as if fashion had in this instance run away with convenience, but such is not the case, the hood is portmanteau, work basket, cradle and general receptacle for the odds and ends of Esquimaux women's work or amusement, and it is not a little interesting some times to see what is brought out of this unique store room. A baby's head generally peeps from the hood of a full grown Esquimaux woman, for this is baby's natural place of abode with these people for the first two or three years of its life, and when the little one has been taken out, perhaps several pairs of boots will be brought to light, then a bunch or two of sinews and several fox skins for trade, then powder horn and shot pouch, a knife, needles and sinew thread, some moss, tinder box and flint and steel, fish hooks, a whale bone snaring net for ducks or the white grouse, and the inevitable pipe and tobacco, if the worthy matron is the happy possessor of such inestimable blessings, and other *et ceteras* past belief. The women spend much time and exhibit a great deal of good taste in the making and ornamenting of these deerskin garments, and when new and clean they are often very pretty. In summer when the weather is warm the outer coats and trowsers are taken off, the deerskin boots discarded for others of seal skin, and the summer attire is complete. Coats and trowsers are often made of sealskin for both summer and winter use, but are neither so neat looking nor, at least for winter wear, so suitable as the dry and soft reindeer skin. The Esquimaux of the islands in Hudson's Bay make clothing, especially coats,

Red River Expedition of 1870.

(Written for *The Manitoban*.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Concluded). *

AFTER having a good night's rest and comfortable sleep at Fort Alexander, the *Rereille* sounded at 3:15 a. m., and after a hearty breakfast on the good things purchased at the Fort, we launched our little flotilla again on the river, and in less than an hour we found ourselves out on the rolling swelling waves, of Lake Winnipeg. Fort Alexander has improved very little now from what it was then. It is nicely situated on the left bank of the Winnipeg River, about five miles from its mouth. The banks of the river are high at this place, and on account of the numerous clearings and nice thatched cottages of the Half-Breeds, it presents a very fine appearance. There is also a good farm, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, which is kept in a first-class state of cultivation. The land is good in the immediate vicinity of the Fort, but a few miles back from the river it loses itself in a succession of small lakes and swamps—unpassable in the summer season. There is a Church of England Mission here, as in most other Forts throughout the Northwest, where the Half-Breeds and Indians receive an excellent religious and secular education.

The morning was warm, bright and clear, the hot sun beaming down on our little fleet under sail. It presented indeed a pretty appearance, and was well worthy of a preserved photograph. As we rounded the Point of Elk Island, the waves seemed to increase to such a degree, that it was deemed advisable to put into a nice little sheltered harbor, with a beautiful sandy beach, on the east shore of the lake, where we had dinner and awaited the calming

of the waters. Fires were soon lighted, the good things purchased at Fort Alexander, were produced and in a very short time an excellent and luxurious meal was provided. It was now past mid-day, the wind increased and blew from the south a heavy gale, and put an end to the use of sailing gear for the rest of the day, and in fact for the rest of the expedition. Having now only to cross the south arm of Lake Winnipeg, we waited several hours, thinking that the wind and waves might abate, during which time we took a stroll inland through the woods. The land on the eastern shore is rocky, and in places thickly covered with birch and poplar. Unlike most other lakes in the Northwest, the shores of Lake Winnipeg on its eastern and western sides are high and gravelly, with a beautiful sandy approach to the waters edge, and the waters very transparent. The wind kept on increasing till late in the afternoon, and as there was no sign of a calm our guide would not permit us to venture, as he said Winnipeg was a most dangerous and treacherous lake at this season of the year.

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When we reached the southern end of the lake we found the water in places very shallow, and as the night was dark and cloudy, it took a long time to discover the channel leading into Red River. The boats went aground in many places, miles out in the lake, and got separated from each other, the men having to get out into the water, and up to the waist in slush and mud, and

through reeds and bulrushes they were compelled to haul them along. At last a deep channel through the rushes was discovered, which was followed, and brought us to a high spot on the left bank of the Red River apparently used as an Indian camping ground. As soon as tents were pitched, searching parties were dispatched to discover and bring to camp the missing boats. Indians of St. Peter's Reserve met us at the mouth of the river, and informed us that it was better to have all our men landed, for if the wind changed to the north which was likely at any moment, it would prove dangerous to men and boats, as in a few hours the water might rise to a height of five or six feet.

However, about 12 o'clock midnight, we found all our boats and crews had been piloted into camp, when all retired and enjoyed a hard-earned repose.

An early start next morning up the river enabled us to reach the residence of Mr. Joseph Monkman, a loyal Half-Breed, and one who had done good service to the loyal people during the rebellion, and where we had dinner. He supplied us with plenty of potatoes, milk and butter, and refused taking anything in payment therefor. He it was who piloted the Hon. Dr. Schultz from Fort Alexander to Duluth, through some 500 miles of mountains, rocks and forest, when he escaped for his life from prison, in mid-winter, in 1869. The hunger, miseries and hardships endured on that journey by the doctor, laid the seeds of serious illness, from which he has never fully recovered.

After passing through the populous settlement of St. Peter's, with its neatly thatched and whitewashed houses lining the left bank of Red River, and a few chains apart from each other, we reached Stone Fort at 7:30 p. m., where we were heartily welcomed by the officers and the loyal people from the sur-

rounding country, who had assembled to extend a hearty greeting, and to intimate the joy they felt at being able to breathe the atmosphere of freedom again.

Lower Fort Garry or Stone Fort (so called, because built of stone) is situated on the left bank of the Red River, about 20 miles north of Winnipeg and the same distance from the lake of the same name. Here was a steam gristmill, the first and only one in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories. At this place, and indeed all along both banks of the river, the people turned out of their houses and cheered with the greatest enthusiasm. Many of the Indians and Half-Breeds shooting off their flintlocks and firearms, as we passed up the river.

Early on the morning of August 29th, 1870, at 5 o'clock a. m., the *Reveille* sounded for the last time on the route, and after an enjoyable night's rest the brigades started on their last day's march, and reached the St. Andrew's Rapids, which were overcome by 3 p. m. We camped for dinner along the side of St. Paul's Church, better known as Middle Church. After dinner we again started on the last twelve miles of the route, passed through Kildonan parish, rounded Point Douglas, and reached the junction of the Assiniboine with Red River at 7 o'clock p. m., and disembarked where the old freight shed of the Hudson's Bay Company now stands, near the Main Street bridge. We pitched our tents outside the walls of Fort Garry, on what is now known as the Hudson's Bay Flats, near the present Hudson's Bay Company's mill. About a mile of prairie then intervened between Fort Garry and the village of Winnipeg. It took only a few more days to gather in all the companies of the Ontario rifles and Quebec Batt., which were coming on behind. No 7 Company of the 1st Ontario

Batt. under command of Capt. Scott, and which was left at Fort Francis, brought up the rear, and reached Winnipeg over the Lake of the Woods road on September 14th.

Thus ended the Red River expedition, and one, which for endurance, for hard work of an unusual character and hardships suffered will compare along with any military expedition in which Britain has been engaged during the last quarter of a century. The following is an opinion of a writer in *Blackwoods Magazine*, supposed to be from the pen of Col. Wolsley himself, an officer loved and respected by those under him, and than whom no living man, was better qualified to command an army of Canadian volunteers:

"The expedition is an undertaking that will long stand out in our military chronicles as possessing characteristics peculiarly its own. The force which landed at Massowah in 1867 had to march about 400 miles inland through an uninhabited country, where supplies were obtainable, to relieve some British prisoners, held captives by a sovereign half tyrant half madman. Europe was in profound peace at the time, so all eyes were turned upon its doings. Although there can scarcely be said to have been any fighting as we had not even a man killed, still our ministry was glad to have an opportunity of attracting so much general attention to a military operation, entirely English, and may think that for the millions spent upon it, we as a nation received an equivalent in proving before the world, that we were still capable of military enterprise. The force sent to Red River for the purpose of crushing out rebellion there, had to advance from its point of disembarkation more than 600 miles* through a wilderness of water, rocks and forests,

where no supplies were to be had, and where every pound weight of provisions and stores had to be transported for miles, on the backs of the soldiers. Happily its object was accomplished, as in the expedition to Abyssina, without any loss of life. A great war was raging in Europe, whilst the expedition was forcing its way over and through the immense natural obstacles that lay in its path. All thoughts were of affairs upon the Rhine; no one could spare a moment's reflection for the doings of this little British Army. No home newspapers (or Canadian) cared to record its success, nor to sound one single note of praise in its honor. By the careful administration of General Lindsay and the officers he had selected to carry out his orders, the total expense of the whole expedition, was under £100,000, one quarter of which only is to be paid by England. There was no reckless waste, either in material or in money. Such a careful economy was exercised in its organization and in administering to its subsequent wants, that it may be safely asserted that no such distance has ever been traversed by an efficient brigade, numbering about 1,400 souls in any of our numerous little wars at such a trying cost."

Never in the military annals of any country was there a little army, who worked harder in wending their way through rocks and mountains, forests, and lakes, for a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, than the men of the first Red River expedition; and never, did any country treat their soldiers with more coldness and indifference, not to say base ingratitude, than did the government of Canada and the Canadian people. Officers and men of that expedition worked like beasts of burden, carrying loads upon their backs, from 3 o'clock a. m. until 9 p. m., oftentimes hungry and almost naked, their clothes torn from their backs through forests

*Should have said 734 miles from Thunder Bay by Winnipeg River.

and tangled shrubs, to make the first real Canadian military campaign a success, and an honor to Canada. On the statements of the best British and Canadian authorities they did so, and after twenty-two years have elapsed, history inquires, what was their reward?

Early in 1869, the British flag that had been floating for half a century over the walls of Fort Garry, had been torn down, and a rebel rag, that had been specially worked for Riel, by the men of St. Boniface, who were attracted to the cathedral across the river, was raised in its stead. Aided and abetted by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Manitoba, Riel raised the standard of rebellion, he turned back the Hon. Mr. McDougall, the lately appointed Governor, erected a barrier across the road at St. Norbert, behind which he posted some twenty or thirty of his long-haired soldiery, and in a few days afterwards, unresisted, took possession of Fort Garry. English speaking people who denounced the outrage, and manifested a sympathy for British and Canadian connections, were compelled to flee, their homes and country; others were wrested from their families, and in the dead of night, by men under arms, and officers of French Half-Breeds, and crammed into dirty, cold, vermin and polluted, cells, inside the Fort, in the middle of a Manitoba winter, and there unlawfully imprisoned, deprived of proper food or clothing, while the thermometer ranged 45 degrees below zero. The property of English-speaking people who refused to give adherence to the organized robbery, was confiscated and their lives or liberties not safe for a day.

The perpetrators of these crimes believed that the impassible barriers which separated Ontario from Red River would be insurmountable by troops, and that a just punishment or retribution could not possi-

bly overtake them for years at least, but little did they reckon the stuff that Ontario volunteers are made of or the daring and intrepidity of British and Canadian troops.

Only insult and indignity that could be cast upon a people, those loyal people of Red River who resisted, the tyrant Riel and his poor misguided *metis* were subjected to. The Hudson's Bay Company people who were the recognised government of the country at the time, turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the English people, for the preservation of law and order. There are many who believed that the Hudson's Bay officials were in a great measure responsible for the rebellion of 1869 and 1870, and there is no doubt their conduct throughout the whole of the rebellion justified the belief.

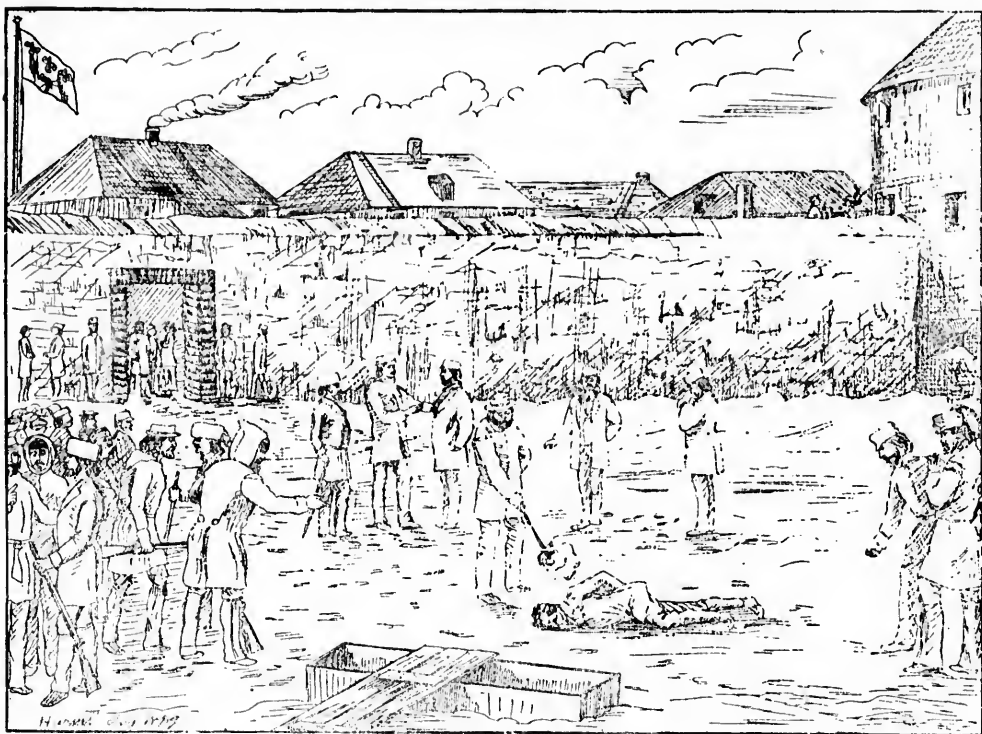
Everything that could be done to embarrass the Canadian Government was not lost sight of. Efforts were made to create trouble between Canada and the United States, so as to afford the Fenian element their opportunity to raid this country, but through the rapid approach of the troops from Ontario, such was prevented. The Fenian plans were not ripe for action before the fall of 1871, when they raided the Hudson Bay Company's Fort at Pembina, and when the notorious O'Donohue the secretary of Riel's rebel government, was taken prisoner by American troops from Fort Pembina.

From the time that Riel and his Bauditti took possession of Fort Garry, down to the arrival of the troops, in August, 1870, it was not safe for an English-speaking resident to profess loyalty to his Queen or to Canada. Things grew worse in the settlement from day to day. The attitude of the Canadian Government, or rather its masterly inactivity emboldened the rebels to greater crimes, till on the 4th day of March, 1870, Thomas Scott was foully and brutally murdered, for



no other crime, than loyalty to his Queen and country. He was tried by a mock court martial, and in open day (and in the presence of the Rev. George Young, Wesleyan Methodist minister, who was the only Rev'd Gentleman who interested himself in the saving of his life), he was brutally shot outside the

ing of Riel's men undertook to put an end to his groaning, by cutting his throat with a jack-knife. The question naturally arises were these men ever punished for their crimes? To the everlasting discredit and natural shame of Canada and Britain, the perpetrators were allowed to roam the country, unpunished,



THE SHOOTING OF SCOTT.

walls of Fort Garry. He was then placed in a square box, made of pine boards, and placed in the stone bastine in the south-east corner of the Fort. The butchery was not completed, and the groans of the dying man in his rough box or coffin were heard all over the Fort. At last primed and maddened by Hudson Bay rum some of the more dar-

unmolested and unhung. More than that, with the liberality which the department of militia, under the administration of Sir George A. Cartier was never known to extend to its own volunteers, influenced the Government of Canada with the Hon. John A. Macdonald at its head, to make a free grant of 240 acres to all who were enrolled under

Riel's command, even to the shooting party, who reddened the snow outside the walls of Fort Garry with the blood of poor Scott. I do not mean to convey the idea that this free grant in lands was given for their services as rebels; they got it however notwithstanding; and in addition their leader Riel, the president of the provincial government and commander-in-chief, under the aforesaid hierarchy, received six hundred pounds sterling, from Sir John A. Macdonald, through Bishop Tache, the duly appointed agent of the government for the iniquitous purpose, on condition that he, Riel, should take a leisurely trip out of the country, and politically save

land to the officers and men of the Red river expedition for their valued and patriotic services to the Queen and country. Officers and men were treated alike. It appears to have been the policy of the militia department then as it undoubtedly is now, to bring the officers down to the level of the men, instead of bringing the men up to the level of the officers. How thankful must have been those officers, many of whom wore out more clothing on the route, than would purchase 500 acres near Winnipeg, at the price land was then, to find themselves so handsomely rewarded. How thankful must have been those lawyers, doctors, teachers and bank



HOMESTEAD OF LOUIS RIEL.

the government from the wrath of its Ontario supporters; but after he pocketed the money, Riel and his associate murderers preferred to remain in the province and the former became the unanimously elected representative of the French country of Provencher in the House of Commons of Canada.

The government was also induced to bestow a free grant of 160 acres of

clerks, who gave up permanent positions to join the Red River expedition, to suddenly find themselves through the liberality of the government, the owners of real estate of 160 acres, the market value of which, in those days ranged from the price of a ham of American bacon or a sack of flour, up to ten or fifteen dollars cash. The writer knows one volunteer who offered

his scrip, covering the aforesaid 160 acres, for a ride in a Red River cart from Winnipeg to White Horse Plains, a distance of 26 miles, and back, and the offer was refused. True, had the men of the force been prophets, or the descendants of such gentlemen, and held on to their scrip, no doubt in 20 or 30 years, it would have become valuable. According to the rules of political economy, which then existed, anything which could be procured for nothing was valueless, therefore according to the old Assiniboine lands; and the New Dominion land regulations, all that was necessary was for a man to take his team and plough a furrow round whatever quantity of land he wanted and his title was held to be good consequently the men who composed the Red River expedition, did not go into ecstasies over their land grant.

Any man could get then all the lands he wanted for nothing. All that was required was to take a team and plough around, a reasonable number of hundreds of acres, or if no team could be procured, to put a stake up at the four corners with the persons name on it, and the number of acres, and under the Government Land regulations of 1871, and the Assiniboine laws then in force, the title would be held good.

This much may be said of the men composing the Red River expedition, they never joined the force in expectation of receiving any suitable remuneration or reward. They were prompted by a desire to protect the rights and liberty of the loyal people of Red River settlement, and to restore the Union Jack to its proper place over the walls of Fort Garry. In accomplishing this, they expected to meet in honorable combat, the scoundrels, who insulted our flag, robbed and plundered our fallen subjects, and hunted like wild beasts, the sturdy English-speaking

pioneers, who composed the bones and sinews of the settlement, and lastly without provocation, dyed their hands in the most diabolical butchery of a fellow-being torture, in a manner that *Nena Tahile* in his palmiest days, could never think of. The perpetrators of this horrible murder, strange to say, with one exception remain unpunished.

It is only a few days ago since we have seen the Minister of Militia, and the General commanding the forces in Canada, passing through Winnipeg to the west, with the object of erecting defences on the Pacific Coast. Let me urge on the Dominion Government, not to squander too much money on stone and mortar and contractors, that the most effective defences of our country rest in the hearts and patriotism of young Canadians, and the proper treatment accorded to the officers and men of the volunteer force of Canada.

Arm strongs are of little use, without men to man them;

Earthquakes are a waste of money, without patriotic hearts behind them.

Shooting Prairie Chickens in Manitoba.

AN INCIDENT.

TO sportsmen, perhaps the most enjoyable time is that of spring and fall, when ducks, prairie chickens, grouse, plover and other game are in season. In the fall, early in the morning, several buckboards with their occupants may be seen winding their way in and out over the numerous trails, that lead to and from the city, accompanied by their dogs, and with their guns resting securely between their legs or lying lightly in the hollow of the left arm, ready for any birds that might rise across their track.

It is on just such a day as we have in September or October, that you can salley forth and have a real

good shoot, not returning at night with a couple of crows and red squirrels, like they do in Ontario, but with several brace of plump prairie chicken and grouse, which make your arm ache to carry them. All one wants is a good dog, a good double-barrelled gun and a quick sight; as the birds are nearly all killed on the wing as they rise from cover, you need to be quick or you will miss them.

Many are the stories told and experiences related by local Nimrods, after their day's outing, but the one which was related the other day, in confidence, beats them all, and as it will bear repeating, we venture to tell it again:

Two or three well-known Winnipeg sportsmen, wishing to bag a few of the coveted chicken early one morning, drove out to the country, until they reached the cultivated farms, where they made a start after their game through the wheat fields. They passed over several farms, the owners of which objected in very strong language to the Winnipeggers trespassing on their premises, either for shooting or anything else. To this the city gentlemen paid no attention, but continued bringing down their birds which were very plentiful; at last they reached a farm, occupied by an Englishman, who strongly insisted that they should at once take their departure, but as plenty of game was to be seen, the gallant sportsmen refused to go, which brought forth a torrent of abuse from the proprietor, and words interposed with several choice epithets were hurled back and forth, "at any rate," said the farmer, speaking to the leader, whom we shall designate as Mr. C. "you are no gentleman or you would not wantonly disobey my orders." "But" said C. "I am I assure you as much a gentleman as you are" with a look of disgust at the farmer's clothes. "Well," said he of the overalls "if you are, where's your card,

gentlemen usually carry their card you know." "Why," said C. "I don't usually carry my card when I go out shooting or camping, I leave them home," but" said he, in a tone of derision, "as you are such a gentleman perhaps you can produce yours." In reply, the farmer, to the amazement of the others, slowly put his hand in his pocket and brought forth his card, which he handed to C, at the same time saying, "there it is Mr." To say that they were startled would be putting it mildly, for the whole thing seemed so ridiculous that a good fit of laughter was indulged in. When they had ceased their merriment, with which they had nearly exploded, the farmer said "There is no use hanging around here any longer, there is only one man in Winnipeg, who would be welcome to a shot here, and that is Dr. C. If he should come he would be welcome to shoot all he wished." "Why, confound you man" said C. "I am Dr. C." At this announcement they all laughed, until their sides ached, and the crest-fallen farmer turned on his heel and said no more. After this the party ceased with no more resistance, and returned home the next day with full bags, joking about their adventure.

Literary Notes and Reviews.

The special edition of the *Montreal Times*, Canada's foremost trade journal, recently calls for more than passing notice. It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound in an embossed cover with gold lettering, and is a credit to Toronto. An excellent picture of E. S. Clouston, Esq., is given away as a supplement, while the contents, especially the notes and comments on the leading questions of the day, are admirably well written. The *Times* is to be congratulated on the enterprise of its management in giving its readers such an excellent paper.

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We have received a copy of J. T. Stoddard's famous views and "glimpses of the world," and must say it is a handsome work. Next to going around the world it is the best thing you can see. The views are

