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Jos. Ford. Arch.



MONTREAL TO FORT GARRY.

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JOURNAL OF A PRIVATE IN THIRD EXPEDITION



FORT GARRY, 1874.

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Thomas G. Morry.

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EXPLANATORY NOTES
Revised March 09, 2011

MONTREAL TO FORT GARRY
AND
THOMAS GRAHAM MORRY III

The text presented here under the title of *Montreal to Fort Garry – Journal of a Private in the Third Expedition* is an apparently anonymous account, evidently auto-published in very small numbers by the author, who therefore saw no need to identify himself on the cover of the document. That author, we have always believed, was Thomas Graham Morry III, my G. Grandfather. Only this week (February 2010) has evidence emerged to prove the authorship of the document beyond a doubt.

My father, Thomas Graham Morry V, was familiar with this text because a copy of it was in the library of his Grandfather, the very same TGM III . He joined the Provisional Battalion of Infantry to march from Montreal to Fort Garry in the Third Expedition in 1872, just as the author of the book had done, and it was understood that he had written down his memoirs and that these were the published result. He is the one on the right in the photograph I've included following the text. As far as my father and the other members of the family were concerned there was no doubt as to the authorship, however, the lack of any means of identifying the author from references in the text was always troublesome.

At some point over the years the only copy of the text in the possession of the family was thought to have disappeared, or at least no one was able to help me in locating it.. During the 1980s, my father decided to try and track down another copy and was somehow put onto the fact that one existed in the Provincial Archives in Québec City. Dad told me that a curator there tracked it down and sent him a photocopy. The original in their possession was in very bad condition (see the first image of the cover in this file), but it was clear nonetheless that there was no sign of authorship on the cover of the document, though Dad believes the curator told him that it was indeed written by a T. G. Morry.

In 2003, I was assisted by a very helpful archivist at the National Archives in Ottawa in tracking down a copy of this document once again. She informed me that there was a microfilm made of this book by the Canadian Institute for Historical Micro-reproductions and that copies of this microfilm were now easily available in many libraries across the country. I contacted the Institute and purchased a copy of the microfiche from them. At the same time I was informed that the original from which this microfilm was made was in a library in Québec as Dad had indicated. The one used by the Institute was to be found in the library of the Seminary of Québec. When I finally received my microfilm and printed the document from it I was impressed with how much clearer this copy was than the one obtained by Dad in the 1980s. Moreover, the covers were of the same book but clearly a different copy. The original document from which Dad's photocopy was made was clearly in worse shape than the one in the Québec Provincial Archives, although it is obviously true that the Institute had gone to great pains to make a clear image of each page. Unfortunately, there was still no indication of authorship on this copy either.

The originals from which these two copies were made may be the only two remaining copies of the original text. I hoped that at some point the one owned by TGM III would eventually show up in

some family member's library. I was prepared to give up and admit that it would never be possible to prove that TGM III was the author when I came upon a startling fact in the very first lines of the book. The author writes:

“ON SEPTEMBER 12th, 1872, I passed a doctor's examination at the brigade office, 224 Water Street, Montreal, and in the afternoon of the same day, having seen my friends, I went over to St. Helen's Island in the six o'clock boat, and was heartily welcomed by five or six volunteers who had preceded me three or four days.”

Something about that date caught my attention so I went back to check the discharge papers of my G. Grandfather to find out when he joined up (see image included after the end of the publication). Sure enough there it was – he joined up on September 12, 1872. And as the author indicates, the others there had joined up several days before, and no others joined them that day or for several days afterwards. In other words, only one soldier joined up on that day, and that soldier was none other than Thomas Graham Morry III, the author of the text!

It was most gratifying to have been able to finally set this matter to rest, at least to my own satisfaction, though some identifying information on the text would have been more persuasive. Not that the book is of any great historical or literary value. In fact it is primarily a rather monotonous series of complaints about the inadequacy of the food they were provided on the march. Obviously Napoleon knew what he was talking about when he said “An Army marches on its stomach”! But the mere fact that this is written by our ancestor makes it special and unique.

There is one more point that needs to be highlighted. When reading the text for the third or fourth time while transcribing it from the microfilmed copy, it suddenly dawned on me that these young men weren't travelling to Fort Garry for the adventure of suppressing any further uprisings by the supporters of Louis Riel. That may have been why the Government was sending them there. But their motivation was much more practical. They had each been promised 160 acres of land upon the completion of their period of enlistment and, as the text makes clear, they were taking full advantage of their trip to scout out the terrain along the way to help them decide where to collect on their land warrant.

As the other images accompanying TGM III's discharge papers make clear however, while he applied for his land grant in 1875 before leaving Port Douglas (Winnipeg) to return to Newfoundland, it was never received in time before his departure. And years later (in the 1880s) he was still trying unsuccessfully to secure it. Therefore, despite what is stated in the enclosed obituary, it seems unlikely that TGM III ever did receive his land grant in Manitoba. In effect he was gypped by an early form of bureaucratic indifference and incompetence!

In a post script to the information presented above, which was originally written in 2003/04, there is exciting news to add.

While living in British Columbia between 2005 and 2009 I came to know many of the descendants of T.G. Morry III, including his granddaughter, Mary (Morry) McKenzie. On a visit with Mary in her home in Delta in 2007, Mary astounded me by presenting the original text of the book that had come down to her from her grandfather. It turned out to be the one from which the photocopy was made in the 1980s that Dad had mistakenly thought had been provided to him by the archives in Québec. The cover was identical and the condition the same as in the photocopy. The book was in

very fragile condition and I was reluctant to even touch it. Mary noted how excited I was over this discovery.

On January 26, 2010, Mary passed away at the age of 92. She was healthy and clear of mind almost until the day she died. A few days after she died, I received an email from her daughter Mary Jo informing me that her mother had left instructions that the book written by her grandfather should be passed to me for safekeeping! I was incredibly touched by this gesture and vote of confidence. I promised MJ that I would look after it, make a good digital copy or series of photographs of it and have it restored if at all possible. I would then decide whether to donate it to the Provincial Archives of Newfoundland and Labrador, the National Archives, or retain it to be passed on as an heirloom of tremendous family significance.

On February 5 the book arrived in Ottawa by express post. While preparing it for restoration, I made photographs of the front cover, inside and out. The cover had become detached over the years. On the inside it had taped to it a newspaper clipping of the obituary of T.G. Morry, most likely placed there by T.G. Morry's son Bert. After making the photographs I decided it would be best to carefully scan the entire document for future reference. In doing this, it made sense to carefully remove the obituary so that the inside front cover could be scanned as it was at the time that the obituary was added. To my absolute shock and joy I discovered that hidden underneath the obituary, printed clearly on the inside cover was the name of the author – Thomas Graham Morry!

The mystery is now solved for once and for all.

The document was turned over to Library and Archives Canada for complete restoration and preservation. This work has now been completed (see image of restored cover above) and the document has been donated on behalf of the family to the Archives for permanent preservation as an important part of Canadian heritage.

Chris Morry
Ottawa, Ontario
March 09, 2011

MONTREAL TO FORT GARRY

JOURNAL OF A PRIVATE IN THIRD EXPEDITION

FORT GARRY, 1874

THE THIRD EXPEDITION:
OR, FROM
MONTREAL TO FORT GARRY

ON SEPTEMBER 12th, 1872, I passed a doctor's examination at the brigade office, 224 Water Street, Montreal, and in the afternoon of the same day, having seen my friends, I went over to St. Helen's Island in the six o'clock boat, and was heartily welcomed by five or six volunteers who had preceded me three or four days. The usual salute was "Red River?" and upon answering in the affirmative a hearty shaking of hands ensued. I went to the barrack-room to get my tea, and was very much surprised when I found only some bread, and tea in a large milk-pan; I soon had enough of this kind of fare, and was much more surprised when I was told that a soldier was only allowed 1 lb. of bread a day, one of meat and a few potatoes for dinner, a pint of coffee for breakfast and a pint of tea at night; but they allowed us 4 oz of cheese a day while we remained on the island. I think this was fortunate for the Government, because if they did not give us anything but bread not one of us would have gone to Red River. The Island is about three-quarters of a mile from Montreal. The St. Lawrence flows so rapidly between it and the city, that a boat rowing across to it would have to pull a mile up towards Victoria Bridge before they attempted to cross the stream. It is thickly wooded in the centre with different kinds of trees, more particularly nut and cherry trees, both fall and summer ones. There is a large magazine in the centre of the island, in a valley, and concealed from the river by a large bank and a thick grove of trees. On

the south side there is a narrow tributary of the St. Lawrence, not navigable for boats except of the smallest description. On this side, also, there is a cemetery, with only a half-a-dozen soldiers in it, and three of those were lost crossing the river; there are also several children, from two months upwards, and one or two soldiers' wives. On the east end there are one or two dwellings, and a large public store, filled with rifles, bedsteads, bedding, and different kinds of public stores; also there is a barracks, the officers living in each end of it and the soldiers in the centre. Another barrack fronts it and two large stores extend from one building to the other. On the west of the barracks there is a pump-house where we had to pump through a rubber hose from the river to the barracks, where there, were several large tanks to receive it. On the south of the house there is a fine garden belonging to Col. Baker. The landing place is at the west end, where is a kind of floating wharf which can be taken ashore during the winter. The island is about a mile and a quarter long and a mile in breadth. After tea I went out and had a look around. I slept in Sergt. Gakin's bed, as he was over at Montreal and did not come over that night. The bed was composed of a straw mattrass about six feet long, and two and a half in width, two blankets, a pair of sheets, a pillow the same as the mattrass and an iron bedstead, made so as to fold up. In the morning the bed was rolled up with the pillow in the centre, the blankets folded neatly, and the sheets folded in the centre of them so as to show each fold, and a blanket around all. "Reveille"

sounded at half past nine, and we made our beds; breakfast at 8 a.m.; dinner at 1 p.m.; tea at 5 p.m.; and "lights out" at ten. At each meal the bugle was sounded. September 13. We got up at the usual hour, washed, and having pumped water, were ready for breakfast, with an appetite sharpened by exercise and early rising. After breakfast we all went picking cherries and nuts. Saturday, 14th, we were 17 strong in the evening, and had capital sport, leaping, running, and throwing cannon balls. Sunday, 15th, got a pass to Montreal and went over in the 8 o'clock boat; intended going to church, but found when I was ready that my hat was a mile away down at my lodging where I forgot it, and as I had only 10 minutes to spare had not time to go there and then to church, so I was compelled to stay at home. I saw several friends during the day and at 6 p.m. went back to the island. The ferry boat crossed at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 6 p.m., remaining about an hour each time. Monday, 16th, at 10 a.m., all those that did not know their drill assembled and had one hour's drill in the barrack square. Nine more recruits came over in the afternoon. One of them was so innocent as to ask if they did not give us ham and eggs for breakfast and tea. Tuesday, 17th, two hours fatigue, weeding; rest of the day walking-around. Wednesday, 18th: Two hours weeding Colonel Bacon's terrace. Spent rest of day picking fall cherries on a high tree on the eastern part of the island. It was amusing to see the boys up in every part of it, throwing down branches to their comrades below, until the tree was fairly torn limb from limb. Thursday, 19th: Nothing worthy of note except a few more recruits.

Friday, 20th: Four hours' drill; more cherry picking. Saturday, 21st: Two hours' fatigue weeding; the rest of the day picking cherries. Sunday, 22nd: Pass to Montreal. As the wind was blowing strong from the west, and the first boat could not take us all over, I was forced to wait for the last boat. and it took us nearly two hours to pull across, so I was too late for church: I came down in the 4 o'clock boat and my cousin accompanied me, but when I got to the pier I found the boat did not cross till six, so I waited there for it. When I got on the island there was a fellow got over there some way who had not been sworn in; he was abusing every one as he got nothing to eat, but we reported him and he was sent back to Montreal. Monday, 23rd: Parade at 10 o'clock. At 1 p.m. we were told to get ready to leave at four o'clock for Red River; accordingly everything was bustle and confusion. Each man took his bedding to the public store and we all made a parcel of our plate, tin cup and other things, and at six o'clock we all assembled, and Col. Bacon addressed us with a few simple word's and gave us some very good advice, and told us what a fine place we were going to; and that this would be the last grant of land given by the Government to volunteers. After he concluded we gave him three as hearty cheers as ever were heard in Montreal. Then we marched to the wharf and having got into our respective boats crossed the river. The boat I was in got across first; great excitement prevailed on account of it, as the other and larger boat had a sail and more oars than we had. When we landed we found several more recruits waiting on the pier. Having

called our names we were marched off four deep. On the way we heard a voice commanding us to form two deep; we instantly obeyed it, but the order was countermanded at once; it was one of the rabble gave the first order. We marched to the Quebec gate barracks, and each one served out with as much bread and cheese as he could eat and put away. Some fellows took two or three loaves of bread and a huge piece of cheese with them for the road. It was amusing to see them pressing on the men that were cutting the bread and cheese until they were almost crushed to death; in fact the excitement rose to such a pitch that the noise of those in the thick of the crowd, cursing and crying, "Oh! my toes!" and sundry other exclamations, (I tried to force my way in, but was soon glad to get out again, and wait till last) could be compared to nothing else but a lunatic asylum. We then marched through Notre Dame street, and from that along Bonaventure to the depot where, contrary to our expectations, we were placed in a first class car. I was placed as sentry on a door to keep the boys in, but it was useless, as they got out at the windows, but the officers, seeing them out, ordered them all in again and severely reprimanded me for letting them out. One woman came into the car where we were and sat down. All of us were gazing at her as she was very good looking. One decent sort of a fellow told her that it was a soldiers' car and she said quite curtly that she was not going to leave it, as she had been in three others and had been told that they were all for soldiers. At ten o'clock we started, and at different times during the night a man came along selling apples, books

and other things. The boys rolled about the seats and some put their muddy boots on the cushions. We stopped several times during the night, while the train got wood and to allow passengers to get in and out. Tuesday, 24th: We arrived at Cobourg at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and the train waited half an hour while we got breakfast, as we were tired and hungry. A large tin can of tea was brought into the train to us, and a plentiful supply of bread and cheese. The train started before we were well commenced, and, what with the tea being hot and the shaking of the train, it was some time before we were done; for my part I was sick and giddy, not being accustomed to the motion of the train. On arriving at the next station we sent back the tin cans and cups. At 1 p.m. we arrived at Toronto, and were taken to an inn where we got an excellent dinner, after which we all lounged about, as the train did not leave for Collingwood until 4 p.m. So we marched off at the time appointed, and after stopping at several stations, we arrived at Collingwood at 10 p.m., and were taken to an inn near the station, where we were even better treated than at Toronto. After tea we were marched on to the camp, where we found the Ontario boys. Then we were told off into squads and marched off to our respective tents, and having been served out with blankets, notwithstanding the dampness of the ground were soon fast asleep. Wednesday, 25th: At six reveille sounded, we all turned out, and the orderlies brought water to their respective cooks, and we soon had breakfast ready, but we were served out with a scanty allowance of bread owing to the inability of the

baker to supply it on such short notice. At ten a.m. we took our stores out of the train, and were served out, with serges, trowsers, two shirts, two pairs of stockings, one pair of drawers, forage cap, rifle and accoutrements. Soon the camp changed from a, disorderly and motley crowd (at least some of them were and that gave to the whole a bad appearance) to a bright scarlet. In the afternoon we paraded with our arms and accoutrements, to see if we had them together in a soldier-like manner. We were soon dismissed, and an old soldier was appointed to show us how to put them on. After tea we all went down town. Collingwood lies on the shore of the Georgian Bay, part of Lake Huron; the streets are sandy and not macadamised, and the houses are irregular and scattered. The soil is sandy but exceedingly fertile. Thursday, 26th: The Quebec boys and Artillery joined us at 1 p.m.; several men in the guard room. Went down town in the afternoon; raining heavily; came back early; two men in our tent drunk, and we were nearly all night, lying on an inch of mud and water. Friday, 27th: Parade in the forenoon; piquet paraded the town to bring back any soldiers as there was an order for every one to stay in camp: Civillians were not allowed inside the camp, and the fence around it was like a pawnbroker's shop, as everyone was trying to display his clothes for sale to the best advantage, but it did not avail much, as splendid suits of clothes, only worn a few times, were sold for four or five dollars, and good boots from one dollar to twenty-five cents. At six p.m. we marched down to the steamer Frances Smith, and having put our rifles down in the hold, each man tried to find the

snuggest place possible to make his bed, for we all had to lie around, some on boxes and bales and some between them, and others all along the passage on both sides. I lay down by the gangway and about 12 o'clock was awakened by having a large cask rolled over my feet. This soon brought me to my senses, and I got up and walked the deck for two hours while they landed goods and took in wood and water. This place was called Owen Sound. At 7 o'clock we got our tea, bread and butter and meat; at first they did not give us half enough, but we all turned out and soon got as much as we could eat. This was the only time while we were on board that we got enough. At two o'clock I lay down in the passage next, the engine, and slept until after the roll was called next morning although we stopped again during the night. At 9 o'clock on Saturday morning we commenced serving out breakfast, and it was 11 before they were all served. We got a slice of bread each, a small piece of meat and a tin "tot" of bad tea. as the cook was not able to cook for so many, and the coppers were too small. This day some of us got nothing scarcely, and some plenty as there was no discipline and those who were able to work their way through the crowd came off best for supplies. We got tea without sugar, and a slice of bread each; this was not half enough, and nothing but discontent prevailed. At 4 p.m. we arrived at Killarney. It is a narrow passage of water, a few houses and a couple of Indian wigwams. The country around the shore of the lake is one mass of rock and a few trees between. Sunday, 29th: Raining; heavy sea in the morning. Arrived about 10 a.m. at Bruce Copper Mines and landed some cargo. Then we passed through the Sault Ste. Marie

canal in the afternoon about 4 o'clock: we were all ordered to keep out of sight; as if the Yankees saw us we would be made to go back, and have to march and portage everything six miles overland on a bad road. This kept us a little back, but some of them went right out abreast of the gangway, going through the last lock. We could see the Yankee soldiers walking about in their blue jackets. After we got through we all got up on deck, and some of us on the paddle boxes, and shouted and hurrahed; if the Yankees did not know, we were on board when we passed through, they could not but know it then. After going on for an hour we stopped at Point aux Pins, as the wind was too high on Lake Superior to cross. On this day we got our meals more regularly, as we were told off in squads and each company served in its turn; still our rations were even shorter than before, and everyone was grumbling and discontented. Monday, 30th: I was on guard; the rest, of the boys were out enjoying themselves, some in boats, others on shore picking blueberries, which were found in abundance, and others shooting squirrels. They all came on board early in the afternoon. This afternoon, on our making a complaint about the rations being short, they told us that if we did not start on the morrow we should all have to go back and bring it overland, and also not to complain as it would be only for a few days. Tuesday, October 1st: About 8 a.m., having weighed-anchor, we started to cross Lake Superior. We saw several vessels on our way out on the lake, waiting for a time to cross. About six in the evening we saw the last sight of land:

the air was cold and frosty and the lake perfectly smooth, as there was not a breath of wind; and one old tar told me that he had crossed the lake at all seasons that it was possible to cross in, and he never saw it as smooth before. This was fortunate for us, as they did not give us half as much bread to-day as they used to and some of us got such stinking corned beef that we were compelled to throw it overboard; but as we were in their power now we had to put up with what we got. I went to the fore part of the ship in the forenoon, and seeing a crowd there went to see what they were doing, but I soon found they had opened a box of plums and were making them do instead of bread. In fact if we did not do something we would be half starved. Of course the captain, if he knew, could not blame us (though he might have us punished,) for how could he blame us when he did not fulfil his contract made with the Government to give us plenty to eat, and not leave Collingwood with only half enough. A barrel of sugar and a box of sardines were broken open in the after part of the ship; being on guard there I discovered it and reported accordingly, and there was a sentry placed there at once; but I think if he did not let others take it he helped himself frequently to both sugar and sardines, putting the latter in his breast and the former in his pockets and stomach. This I can say was true, as I could speak for one sentry, and if they all were alike they would not save the sugar much. Wednesday, 2nd: Nothing occurred to-day only the usual complaints. We arrived at Silver Islet at 10 a.m. Where they get the greatest quantity of silver is a small red

island about 100 yards long, 50 broad, and about 4 feet above the level of the lake. On the shore where there is a settlement, the land is one mass of cliffs rising almost perpendicular 200 feet above the level of the lake. There are a few fine houses here, and a lot of others just building. When we came along side the wharf crowds collected, I suppose it was to see the red-coats; and one man crossed from the other side of the lake on a plank, with a piece of board for an oar. In this primitive way he arrived safely across. The women and children hoisted aprons, red cotton handkerchiefs on poles, and one displayed the remnant of a union jack. After about half an hour's delay we cast loose, and at once proceeded on our way. This part of the lake is narrow and the land high and rocky on both sides, but thickly wooded where there was scarcely any soil. About 11 a.m. we cast anchor at Thunder Bay, and at once proceeded to land our baggage. This we managed to do in four trips, on a large barge pulled backward and forward by a rope. Most of the baggage and ammunition went ashore in the first boat; each man got his rifle again and carried his knapsack and accoutrements. Colonel Smith sent ashore and got some fresh bread and we were all served out with a piece; this is all we got for dinner. I paid for a meal in the cook-house, and those who had not the means had to fast until 7 o'clock at night. Thunder Bay is a nice little place; several fine houses and some decent white people, the first we saw for some days. At 4 o'clock I, being on guard, landed in the last boat; we were marched into a field, and three sentries placed with orders to let no civilians in nor soldiers out, and not

let them even speak to any one inside. I being placed on sentry at one of the gates, was just getting acquainted with some nice people when I was taken off, and we all marched off to Six Mile Creek; the main guard marched about 50 yards in the rear, and at 7 p.m. we arrived tired and hungry, but we at once set to work and pitched our tents, and were soon busily engaged in lighting fires, and at once proceeded to cook our supper. This did not take long as the wood was burnt and dry, and lying around in abundance. Some few were fortunate enough to get fresh beef, but the rest of us had only dry bread and tea, without sugar ; still we made a hearty meal, for the old saying is, "Hunger is sweet sauce." I was on sentry on the road and it being very dark, and not expecting any horses, I was very near being run over by two. This proved to be two artillerymen, who ran away for a ride with a couple of jaded horses. When they came back they let them go at the edge of the camp, thinking to get clear that way but as we knew their names they were taken up at once, and put in the guard tent and released next morning, as it was their first offence. The soil between Six Mile Creek and Thunder Bay is not very good, and the wood is burnt. There are a few settlers along the road. One was digging potatoes and another cutting oats. Prairie fowl abound here; one of our boys shot one. I was startled in the night, on my post, by hearing some one stealing along the road. This proved to be two fellows who had gone back for whiskey, but as I had no orders to challenge them I let them pass. Two men were sent back from this place. not being able to proceed further. The greatest comfort we enjoyed on the march was an abundance

of water on both sides of the road. Thursday, 3rd: Started at 8 a.m., and after we had marched a few miles met wagons coming to meet us. This was welcome to all of us, because those that did not ride had their rifles carried for them and this was a great relief. When we started we had only a piece of bread each; this was all (so we were told) we were to get for the day, so at noon we arrived at Fifteen Mile Shanty, hungry and tired; imagine then our surprise when we found an abundance of bread, pork and tea, without sugar; however, as it was the first time we had pork, we made a hearty meal notwithstanding the draw-back of having no sugar. Those that rode in the wagons got some good soup; some of them were better able to walk than many that were walking. Dicks also rode: only for the wagons I think he would have died. "I feel faint," he would say, "and I think if I got a ride I would be able to walk tomorrow." He used to lose all his traps, and would ask so innocently, "Has any one got my things? if they have I want them, please," and a host of other innocent questions. In fact, any one that did not mind his own things ran a good chance of losing them all. This a great many did. The forest, between this place and the creek, is magnificent; white birch to the height of 50 feet, and no branches except on top. There being no underwood the scene was splendid, with here and there a squirrel bounding about. An English lord's son was shooting here: with his clothing torn and ragged he looked not unlike a railroad navvy. At 2 p.m. we started again, under the rays of a scorching hot sun. Some of us got paper over our eyes to keep off the sun.

The first few miles the forest was tall and straight spruce pine, and very slight. At 5 p.m. we arrived at Matawin river, and I must say I never felt more fatigued in my life but we had no time to rest ourselves as we had to pitch our tents, and this was no easy task, for we could not find a dry place, and at last were compelled to pitch them in a wet marsh. Then we went to a house that was there and were served out with fat pork, bread, and tea without sugar, by a good looking girl; but we did not take much notice how she looked -- that is those that had walked, but those that came in wagons were as busy as bees running about; but as soon as morning came then began the usual limping. There is a fine bridge across the Matawin, and also a very good house. A party of Indians on their way to Thunder Bay, camped here for the night: the chief was dressed in a ridiculous manner; his coat, was red and white -- that is, one side, from the seam in the centre of the back, was red and the other white; a row of small bells went down each leg of his trowsers; he wore a band around his head with feathers sticking up. They told us that the Indians were fighting at Fort Garry with the Riflemen; this proved to be an untruth, as there was no fighting at all. I gave one fellow a knife and he appeared delighted with it. Friday, 4th: Reveille sounded at 6 a.m., and we turned out weary and dispirited and, having struck our tents, all went to the house for breakfast, and got the usual fare -- by this time we were tired of it. Some of the fellows went four times, and what they could not eat they put in their haversacks; this left the rest of us short,

as some got too much and others not half enough. When we encamped for the night the work commenced, hunting for our knapsacks, each one trying to get his own, and some, more particularly those that had empty ones not finding their own, took the first that came to hand. This caused nothing but confusion, because those that had full knapsacks would not take an empty one, and were eventually left without any. I was very fortunate in always getting mine; I never lost anything on the road. Dicks lost his and was going around asking every one for it. One or two men never got them; I cannot account for this in any other way than that they fell off the wagons in the bush and were so lost, because the rear guard picked up several articles along the side of the road. At one halting some men who had carried their rifles out of bravado, left two of them on the road, and although Colonel Villiers called out and asked those that had them to take them again no one answered, and two of us had to carry them. although for my part I was scarcely able to walk my boots being load enough: (but as no one else would I had no alternative) mine were elevens, and a larger or clumsier pair I never saw; but I was fortunate in getting such a small pair, some of the fellows being served out with thirteens.-- I imagine they were intended for canoes, for if anything happened to the boats in running the rapids, every fellow could paddle his own canoe. Serges, pants and overcoats were issued on this principle, the tallest men getting the smallest and short men the largest sizes, and each one seemed so eager to keep what he was served out with it was impossible to change them. Thus you would see big fellows with pants

above their knees and serges up to their elbows, whilst the others were vice versa, and walked about like babies dressed in long clothes. At 8 a.m. we started, and gave three as hearty cheers as our wind and faded condition would allow us. The sick and lazy started a little ahead of us, but we soon overtook them and arrived, except the rear guard, at Oskondage at 12.30 ; the wagons with the sick overtaking us just as we got there. Here we were served out with pork and beans, and the usual tea. There is a fine stream here and a pretty good bridge over it. There was a barrel of very bad treacle and it was given to us, you would laugh at the fellows, each one trying to get the most; however, we were all satisfied at last, and some that put it in their canteens were made very uncomfortable by it running down their necks. The rear guard did not come in until we started at 3 p.m. We arrived at Lake Shebandowan at 5 15, the rain falling in torrents. Here we found our tents pitched and after the usual work with knapsacks were at last safely lodged in the guard tent. Rear guard did not arrive until 10, as Orlando Dicks could not walk, he said he felt "so faint" he could not, and the wagons were not able to carry him, as they were all full. The only way they could get him, along was frightening him about the Indians, telling him they would have him if he did not hurry up. The timber along this part of the road is tall spruce, white birch and pitch pine, all of an unusual length, though not a large size. I was on guard, and the sergeant of our tent not providing for us, we got no tea, but I went in the bush and seeing some, dipped in my canteen and got it full, and a man of A Company, to whom it belonged caught

hold of me and told me to let it drop; but he let go of my arm for an instant and I dug out, he cursing while I was in sight, and too tired to follow me. After tea, as our tent was not able to hold us all, the sergeant sent three of the guard to their tents, and the rest of us were going to have a comfortable night of it as there was only one post, and so most of them took off nearly all their clothes and went to sleep, except two Frenchmen, and as they could not speak English they were appointed to keep watch and watch in the tent, holding a candle in one hand and a watch in the other, with instructions to relieve the sentry when his time was up. Just as we had it all settled the officer of the guard came and called out "Guard, turn out!" so out we turned some in shirt-tails, others with pants on, and others with boots off. Not one of us was properly dressed, but each one seized a rifle, and I think we made as good a sight as could be looked at with the shirt-tails blowing in the breeze and the rain pouring down in torrents. The sergeant was at once put under arrest, and the rain having ceased by this time, we made on a fire before our tent. I was placed sentry on the tent door, one on the wagons, and one on the government store, making in all three posts. I had been at my post about an hour, and was warming myself at a fire which I had made when I saw two Indians as I thought talking to the sentry on the wagons, and then came towards me. When they got near one darted around the tent and the other came stealing towards me. I was just going to turn out the guard when I saw their faces were white so I laughed at them and told the fellows in the

tent to look out at the squaws. This they did, and nothing would persuade them that they were not Indians -- in fact no one could tell them in the night from Indians, as they had feathers on their heads and blankets around them. They went up to the other sentry, who never saw them until they had hold of his rifle. When they began to mutter he called out, "guard, turn out!" at which they began to laugh and he saw that they were disguised. Then they went to the tent where Orlando Dicks was and pulled him out of it and brandished a knife before his eyes, when he began to cry out and beg them for God's sake to spare his life. At last they went to their tents, and I being relieved wrapped my blankets around me and went to sleep by the fire; and never awoke until daylight. I was then placed on the store with orders to let no one in or out without the countersign (which was "ship" and the password "friend"). I was not long there when I heard the fellows inside trying to get out, but as I had orders not to open the door I would not let them pass. They opened a window to jump out in spite of me (as they were the engineers of the tug) when I placed my bayonet on, and this being too sharp to jump on they gave it up until they were relieved. An officer came along soon afterwards and I halted him in broad daylight with my bayonet down to the charge; but it was my orders so I was not to blame. He soon sent a corporal to tell me to unfix my bayonet. Here I was kept for more than three hours before I was relieved.

Saturday, October 5th. -- Nos. 1 and 2 squads of B Company and artillery left just after daylight,

in spite of wind and sea. Some of them had to leave without their breakfast although it was all ready, and consequently great discontent prevailed. The manner in which we crossed the lakes was in small boats (the largest next the tug), with about twenty five men in each boat. This formed a beautiful scene, especially when we had to pass through narrow and snake-like channels - to see them all going in and out and yet keeping so fair in the centre of the passage. This detachment took four boats. Shebandowan is a long narrow lake, very rocky, and with very little wood growing about it. There are a couple of stores there, a few houses, and several Indian tents. The Indians seemed very friendly, and we gave them several little trinkets and some bread which seemed to please them well. We amused ourselves, some fishing in canoes, some bathing, although it was extremely cold, and others shooting with bows and arrows which they got from Indian boys. One fellow pushed off in a little Indian canoe, but had not gone two yards when he overturned and took a bath against his will. He tried to get into it again but was soon compelled to give up and get to shore the best way he could. At 2 p.m. the tug came back and the remainder of the B Company, except twelve men, and half of A Company prepared to start, but were unable to do so on account of the wind until 7.30 p.m. The rest of us were served out with a liberal allowance of beef and biscuits, which was quite a treat to us, and having cooked a hearty supper we prepared the remainder for breakfast, as we were warned to be ready at 3 a.m.

Sunday, October 6th. - Reveille sounded at 3

a.m. and we quickly turned out, and having cooked our breakfast, struck our tents and carried them to the boats, we started at 6 a.m., to go a distance of twenty-two miles in four boats and a canoe. The forest round this lake was a bright yellow owing to the recent frost, and to us, gliding along over the smooth water, it presented all that was picturesque and beautiful. At 9 a.m. we arrived at Height of Land portage, and having disembarked, quickly portaged our baggage by means of a team of very fine horses, and a cart drawn by men, a distance of half a mile. We also got over the white boat, and having carried over our knapsacks embarked again at 1 p.m. and were towed a distance of nine miles across the lake and landed at half-past 3 p.m. The scenery about this lake was magnificent; in some places it was so narrow that, the boats touched on each side and as it was dammed by beavers the trees appeared in several places to be growing out of the water and in crevices of rocks where you could not see one particle of soil. Here also there was a fine team, and while it was taking the heavy baggage we got two loads ready for portaging, then we of B Company took over a cart load of light baggage to the next lake, a distance of a mile and a quarter. Here we were served out with pork and bread, and having made a fire on a hill we quickly prepared a hearty meal, which we enjoyed very much, as it was about thirteen hours since we halted to eat anything. Day very cold and misty on the lake, fine on the land. Here we waited till 7 p.m. for the tug and half an hour after it arrived we started to cross the Lake of a Thousand Lakes. The night was very cold, so we lay down in the bottom of the boats whilst we

were pulled across in the usual number of boats, when suddenly the tug stopped and all got up thinking that we were across, but we soon discovered¹ that it had gotten stuck in the mud in a narrow channel, and they were trying to push it off with poles. - This they succeeded in doing after some delay, and once more we proceeded on our way. This lake, by what I could see in the night, was lined with islands like blocks of houses, water forming the streets between them, from which the name is derived. We arrived at Baril portage at 11.30 p.m., and all got into an old shed, where we were just comfortably settled for a sleep when we were ordered out by Col. Smith - for fatigue, as we thought. We tried to sham sleep, but as it did not answer, two or three being made prisoners, a number of us turned out and found that instead of fatigue the colonel had given orders to give us as much bread, meat, tea and sugar, as we wanted to cook. This we were nothing loth to do, as our appetite was sharpened by the cold night air. We at once set to work, and having taken a couple of quarters of beef near the fire each man cooked his own meat, and having taken what bread we wanted drank our tea, and as soon as one kettle was emptied another was replenished; and this lasted until reveille, as some of them never appeared to have enough to eat. A lot of the fellows were too tired to come out so they slept till daylight.

Monday, October 7th. - Reveille sounded at 5 a.m., and having at once got up, strapped on our knapsacks, we marched across Baril portage, a distance of half a mile. Some of the men that had slept all night cast longing eyes at the beef that was left by the fire for the first that chanced to come along. Here we at once set off in four boats across Lake Baril towed by a tug two horse power. Colonel S. went a mile ahead in an Indian canoe, and after four hours we arrived at a portage at 1 p.m., and having taken our knapsacks and baggage half a mile across this portage we cooked our dinner, having been served out with lots of everything, and made an excellent repast. Tug came in at 3 p.m., and we left at 3.30 and passed Windigostigon Lake without any incident worth mentioning. It is like the others, very narrow channels, only on this one they were very crooked. This hindered our progress, as it was very difficult to keep the boats from running ashore and becoming entangled in the bushes,

¹ Editor's Note: Here the text in the original printing had left out 18 lines which were inserted as an erratum page, inserted as appropriate in this transcription.

which would be certain destruction to us as there was a, strong current flowing with us and would be the means of entangling us all so as to render it impossible to clear us. The water is raised ten feet by a dam across the river, made of wood on the outside, shored up and filled in with stones, and a place in the middle made of single ties of timber trestled together and three feet lower than the rest to allow the water to pass through. On the south side there is also an embankment of clay made to stop a small stream. At 6 p.m. we landed at a small wharf fifty feet above the dam, and having pitched our tent on an eminence overlooking it, we were soon busily engaged in cooking our supper. This was a sight well calculated to stir up an enthusiastic spirit, to see each man preparing his own meal, and there being an abundance of wood cut all ready, the immense fires lit up the lake and dam, whilst the tents looked like snow-capped mountains peeping through the mists (of smoke) which enveloped them. We soon cooked our supper, and after it was eaten silence reigned supreme, save now and then by the challenge of the sentry when the relief went round.

Tuesday. October 8th. — Reveille sounded at 5 a.m. We struck tents, and having eaten our breakfasts had about an hour to ourselves before we started. There is some fine sand there for building purposes. At 8 a.m. we strapped on our knapsacks and marched across French Portage, a distance of three miles; and after an hour's delay started in four row boats, the white boat rowed by six picked men with Colonel Villiers, one of our officers and lady, a canoe with Col. Smith;

and after four hours rowing we arrived at the next portage, a distance of sixteen miles. The boat I was in started third, and after an hours row two boats passed us. We caught one, and just as we were passing them the men in our boat rested on their oars to see how near we were. By doing this we fell behind and were unable to catch them, as it took us at least ten minutes to get a stroke once we had stopped. However we were catching them again, when we ran on a rock in the middle, from which we called it Lake Danger, and stuck fast for at least a quarter of an hour. The rock being flat one of the pilots had to get out and push it off. We came in second last, and after ten minutes delay we strapped on our knapsacks and walked around a little lake, a distance of four miles, through a dense forest without any track, and the most of it soft swamp. On one part of the way those that were in the van fell over a cliff some ten feet in height, and the rest of us got down the best that we could. Most of the boys sent their knapsacks and accoutrements in two bots which we had carried across a short distance; but I with a few others carried ours over as we would sooner do it than risk losing them. This made us very tired, as the captain never halted the whole distance. However, when we got around those that had knapsacks were allowed to march on and pitch their tents. This was an advantage, as it was nearly night. This portage is half a mile across, and there is a fine bridge in the middle. We called it Pork portage, as that article was to be had in abundance. After we had our tents pitched I went back to look for a camp kettle, and

on going up to the shanty I spied a barrel of pork, cooked ready for use. I took a couple of pieces, which was a treat, for none of the men in the other tents had any until next morning, when each man got as much as he wanted. After supper we were soon asleep.

Wednesday, October 8th. - Reveille sounded at 4.20 a.m., and we all turned out shivering, as it was blowing smartly from the west and bitterly cold. We crowded around the fire, but soon had to leave it on account of the sparks that blew in every direction. After breakfast we were standing around the fire thinking we would not go that day; but at 7.30 we started against the wishes of the boatmen in four boats, canoe and the white boat to cross Sturgeon Lake. The boat I was in started third. We were ahead the first four miles, as it was a narrow channel, but the boat we had being the largest and heaviest all soon passed us except one and though it was the best boat on the lake to row. I was in the same boat every day but one, so I was always in last or nearly so. After a hard pull we landed at 11.30 a.m. on the lee of an island sixteen miles from where we started. There was a sign nailed to a tree telling us to stop. The men in the white boat had a fire and were just done dinner and ready to start, so having boiled a kettle of tea we eat a hearty lunch of bread and pork, and by this time the other boat had arrived, and having partaken of some of our tea, as they had none themselves, we started again, both together, and at 1 p.m. were forced to land, being unable to proceed against wind and sea. The boats behind us tried to pass us, but were unable, though several times they got half the length of the boat ahead; but

then we used to pull harder and so pass them again. They tried this four or five times when they saw us passing-them again so quickly. After letting them ahead they thought we were fooling them and that we could leave them behind if we chose, though I am certain if they persevered they would beat, as we used to be out of breath and tired when they gave it up. I think the way we cheered when we passed discouraged them more than anything else. After rowing about two miles we came to a rough part of the lake owing to its being more exposed to the wind. We saw the white boat and canoe in which the officers were landed in the lee of an island our bugles sounded the advance for them; but they laughed, thinking we would not, be able to go farther, but we pulled on. Soon the boat behind us gave up and went under shelter. We went a mile farther under the lee of an island and seeing smoke, approached cautiously and landed, at first thinking it might be Indians, but we found it was an encampment of one of the first detachments, as some of them had cut their names on the trees in several places. Before we landed we put it to the vote whether we should proceed or land, but to one that was going ahead there were six for landing. Some of the fellows were frightened when they saw a little water come in, and predicted we would be swamped if we did not land; and one Scotchman in particular said, "Ye dinna ken, we'll be all lost, mon, if ye dinna land." An Irishman spoke and said, "Arrah be aisy; do ye call that a say? I often saw more on my mother's duck pond in ould Ireland when they washed themselves; and if there was no more than that on the Atlantic ocean I'd paddle across it in a wash-tub."

Having made a huge fire by felling trees across it, we got some tea, and biscuit. Then we saw the canoe coming up to us, and soon after the white and the other boat. Col. Villiers landed a few hundred yards from us, and having made a fire the men pitched his tent. The other boat joined us, and soon we were engaged -- some felling trees in every direction, making us about the fire run for our lives, as a huge tree fell in our midst. This was rather too dangerous to be pleasant and we were soon wandering around in exploring parties of two or three together, and we saw the smoke of other camp fires where the other boats were landed. One fellow went to gather moss to sleep on, but when he had got a sufficient quantity could not find the way back, so he left it all in his fright, and when he returned we had our tents pitched, and wouldn't let him in, as he had not helped us, and we made him almost crazy when we told him he would have to sleep in the bush all night. About 4 o'clock it began to snow, the wind being as high as ever and whistling through the bare trees; the yellow leaves covering the ground fast disappearing beneath this white covering, and the shores of the lake covered with icicles, made quite a gloomy scene. Having cooked and eaten our supper of biscuit and tea without sugar, as what we had was used up, we were soon fast asleep in spite of the weather, and never woke until reveille sounded at 5 a.m., October 10th, when we quickly turned out, struck our tents and smarted again, the white boat and canoe first, the other boat and together. They tried to pass us again but were unable, and we soon left them

behind. After we had rowed about a mile, as the wind was fair, we hoisted something they called a sail, but I could compare it to nothing but a piece of cotton torn almost to pieces. The three miles we had to go were soon passed over, and we were once more landed safely -- an inch of ice on the boats' sides -- and crossed Sturgeon portage, half a mile wide, and found one of the three boats had not arrived. Another one just came in before, us and the first one the night before, but they soon came and the pilots ran them down the rapids into the next lake. Having eaten a hearty breakfast of soft bread and pork, we rowed 10 miles down the Malign river to Island portage where we found the second detachment, our boat coming in fourth. In some places all had to get out but the two oarsmen, while the pilots ran the rapids. I was cooking, and having got some flour made sweet slapjacks. I had one pan just done when, at 2 p.m.

the bugle sounded for us to fall in; but I was determined not to lose them, so I put them in the camp kettle and took them with me. The rest of our squad got into the other boats and I had them all to myself. After we landed they came to me for some, but I laughed at them for they were not five minutes in the boats when they were all eaten up. A fellow would have wanted the eyes of Argus, to watch. We crossed the Malign in nine boats pulled by a tug, and after traversing a distance of 25 miles arrived at the next portage at 8 p.m. We called it Weary portage, as it was four miles across. It was bitterly cold. Having landed our baggage and strapped on our knapsacks we shouldered our rifles and marched across the portage in a

stragglings band and some of us arrived an hour before the rest. It, was laughable to hear them complaining about the length of the miles (this warmed us), saying if their land was measured like that they would have 300 acres instead of 160. Here we expected to have our tea all ready, but soon found our mistake; and having cut tent poles and pitched our tents, went to sleep supperless about 12 o'clock. This portage is nearly all corduroy, which made it difficult to walk on.

October 11th. - Reveille sounded at 5 a.m. We turned out, and having struck tents and eaten our breakfast loaded our boats and fell in at 8 a.m., in poor spirits, as we expected to row about 25 miles across Lac la Croix. There being no boiler in the tug, and it being cold, and blowing a strong breeze against us, it was no easy task. Whew ! Suddenly we heard a shout which made our ears tingle, and as it echoed from hill to hill it appeared to us that the whole forest was alive with human beings, but we were not left long in suspense as one of our comrades came running from the boats and told us they were getting the tug ready. A team had been sent across the portage to fetch the boiler from the other boat, and we would not leave until noon. Having piled arms we amused ourselves in various ways - wrestling, shooting, and some sleeping. The officers amused themselves firing at a target with revolvers. Several squaws came round after dinner and gathered up the dirty bread lying about. This surprised me at first, as they appeared to be in a miserable plight; but before I was one week at Fort Garry, I used to see them with their babies on their backs, rooting the

refuse heaps with sticks, and taking everything in the shape of food, even though encrusted with the most disgusting filth. When we killed dogs that did not belong to us and were a nuisance they would take them away and cook them by throwing them into a fire hole. They always had dog feasts on great days or when they had a pow-wow. I have seen the squaws take "poux" out of their heads and eat them as we would some rare delicacy. At 6 p.m., the tug being ready, we started in nine boats, and after a tedious passage of nine hours, reached the next portage, which is a quarter of a mile in length. The night was very fine and calm. I went with the first lot that crossed to pitch the tents, while the rest stayed to unload the boats. Our squad took possession of an old shanty without a roof, and I being cook remained up after tea to boil some pork for breakfast, when the sergeant-major came and said he wanted one man out of our squad for guard. I was told to get ready, although it was not my turn, and the pork was left on cooking with no one to watch it. It soon boiled dry, and having caught fire was in danger of burning the shanty, when the sentry saw it and put it out. This will show the incapability of the non-coms, to do their duty on the road up, and this was the cause of all the trouble.

October 12th. - Reveille did not sound till 10 a.m., so the boys had a good sleep. Breakfast at 11. We had the usual work looking for knapsacks. One would say, "who has my knapsack?" & another, "my rifle?" and the replies were invariably most tantalizing to the unfortunate loser such as, "I saw the sentry present arms to it;" and, "I saw

it." On your asking "where?" the reply would be, "there's where I saw it," or "that's so." The boys caught some fine fish here. One fellow broke a paddle that a squaw was using, and she made signs that her husband would beat her for breaking it. We got a lot of fresh fish in exchange for pork and other food that we did not want ourselves. The tug had not arrived at noon, owing to an accident that happened to a boat belonging to the first detachment, that was lost in the rapids just above Fort Frances. There was nothing lost but the boat. We started at 1 p.m. to row across Rainy Lake, 45 miles; but owing to the high wind we were forced to camp on an island two miles from where we started; and it soon commenced to snow and freeze. We at once pitched our tents, but the island was so bleak that even then we were nearly frozen. Two men belonging to A Company were put in the guard tent for stealing tea and bread, but were released soon after. Large flocks of wild geese passed to the south all afternoon. It seemed as if all the geese in the world were passing at once.

October 13th. — Reveille sounded at, 6 a.m. and those who were fortunate enough to have bread got breakfast. Bread was not to be had -- no, not even flour -- nothing but pork and tea. We slept sound all night in spite of the cold. A tent belonging to A Company was burned, together with half the men's accoutrements, knapsacks, and some of their serges were burned, on them. One of the sentries discovered it first. After breakfast we were all paraded. At first we thought it was to have prayers read as, it was Sunday, but we soon found to the contrary as the colonel addressed us very stiffly about wasting

provisions, and used some very strong words to us, saying he would have to go to St. Paul in an open boat for more. This was poor consolation for us who had nothing to eat. He said he would not say a word to any good man if he knocked down anyone he saw wasting provisions; also, that some non-coms, who had not punished the offenders would lose their stripes when he arrived at Fort Garry. About 10 o'clock he started in the jolly boat, leaving us on a barren island with a biscuit a man. About 11 o'clock several men could be seen washing their clothes -- the only chance since we left the Bay -- and had just hung them out to dry when the bugle sounded for us to start, as the wind had lulled; so we had to put them in our knapsacks, and at 1 p.m. started to row across the lake. Our squad was turned out to search for a towel that was missing, belonging to A Company, that was in a haversack that was in our tent. The search proved unsuccessful.-- We rowed about six miles when we met the tug. They told the leading boats to row on, and when we came up told us to go on also. One boat went ahead with axes to chop wood for the tug, but we took our time, and the tug soon caught up and took us in tow, whilst those that went on first rowed nearly as fast as the tug could steam, consequently we didn't catch them till we came to the mouth of Rainy River, where we waited to take in wood. When the tug had wooded we had some delay owing to two of the large boats getting aground, and we had some difficulty in getting them off, when we discovered that tug was gone and was nowhere to be seen. In the

excitement of pulling off the last boat we had not noticed her steaming away. This was a nice predicament to be in -- twenty miles of a river to row without anything to eat. After a few moments we saw the colonel serving out biscuit to the men in each boat. He gave us five each, and as they were of a better quality than we had been using they were quite welcome to us half famished soldiers. This gave us some courage to row, but we soon saw the tug coming back, and our shouts of joy might have been heard for miles. The fact is they wanted to get up steam. We started once more, and about 10 o'clock landed three miles above Fort Frances, as it was too dark to run the rapids. We soon lit several fires, and were in danger of burning the place as the flames ran along the brushwood and it took us some time to put it out; and after we had done so we were all right, there being no danger of its catching again. We were served out with flour, pork, tea and sugar, and having fried slap-jacks all were soon asleep around the camp fires, as we did not pitch any tents.

October 14th. -- Reveille sounded at 6 a.m. -- After breakfast at 8 a.m. we started. Tug towed us to the rapids when we rowed down one after another, the men not rowing lying in the bottom of the boats. No accident worthy of note befel us. We found the first detachment and artillery waiting for us there. Having landed our tents and baggage we at once pitched tents and were served out with four crackers and a piece of pork each. This was not a taste for us hungry chaps; but we traded the pork with the Indians for fish, and had what the boys called a square meal. One of the artillery had been

astray for three days. Soon after we arrived the Indians found him in a swamp. quite in despair and almost dead with hunger. They would, not look for him until a reward was offered, when they found him at once. Our camp was on a beautiful plain close to the Indian cemetery, which consisted of coffins placed on posts about four feet high. Here they leave them till they fall down with old age, when they bury them. They are very particular them and it would be more than your life was worth to touch them. When an Indian dies, his bows and arrows, tomahawk, and other trophies are placed in the coffin with him, together with an abundance of game and other food, to feed him on his journey to the happy hunting grounds. Fort Frances consists of a few houses, a couple of stores, and an Indian encampment. The woods around are small and stunted, and the land very swampy. This place could be greatly improved by making a canal, which would obviate the portage here and afford a stretch of nearly 200 miles unbroken water communication, and would save the government a considerable sum of money as well as much time. I saw the first painted Indians here, and they even had the partings of their heads gaily painted, as well as their arms, legs and faces in various hues. About 6 p.m. the tug arrived from the North-West Angle with the riflemen, who had a rough time of it crossing Lake of the Woods, and narrowly escaped being swamped. The fires were washed out in the tugs, and the boats scattered amongst the islands that abound here. However, they all collected next day and arrived safely; They gave us a poor account of Fort Garry, and said there was

nothing there but parades and fatigues, and in wet weather you could not stir without getting mud all over, and that of such a gluey nature that it requires a knife to scrape it off. Some of them gave us a good account of the country, while others said quite the reverse.

October 15th. -- Reveille sounded a 4 a.m., and at half-past we struck our tents and rolled them up. Immediately after breakfast I was detailed for a fatigue to carry them to the boats. When we had them all down we were ordered to carry them back again, much against our will. As we did not know when we would start we amused ourselves by sticking up coppers and five cent pieces on the end of a stick for young Indians to shoot at with arrows, and they scarcely ever failed to knock it off the first time, though they stood fifty yards off; and one in particular never missed it. Orlando Dicks was sent back with the riflemen, scared almost to death by the Indians. He lost all his accoutrements and kit except his knapsack. One would say, such a one has your blankets, another has your mitts (or whatever he might be looking for); and he would go to them and say, Mr., please give me my mitts; and of course they knew nothing about them, as he was always sent to fellows that didn't have them. He died in the lunatic asylum in Toronto shortly after he got back. At 3 p.m. we started and went 20 miles down the river and camped on the left bank. - We gave Col. Villiers three cheers when we left the wharf, as he was going to take the others back. He was a general favorite. After pitching our tents we got a lot of straw to lie on, as there was an abundance of it ready for us. At 6 p.m.

I was detailed for guard, and my beat was on the boats, so close to another sentry that our beats joined. About 12 at night he and I were startled by hearing an arrow pass over our heads. This put us on the alert, but we neither heard nor saw anything until daylight, except the owls hooting to each other. We passed several Indian encampments, and they all seemed to have a good supply of fish and game for winter consumption. The fish are saved by sticking them on small saplings and placing them in the sun to dry. Land on each side of the river rich, and timber better than any we have yet met with.

October 16th. -- Reveille sounded at 5 a.m., and having struck tents and eaten breakfast, started at 8 o'clock, in twelve boats. The land is low on each side of the river; very little wood; several parts of it having been cleared by Indians. The river is nearly of one breadth all along. We ran down two rapids, the men that were not working as usual lying in the bottom of the boats, and landed at noon on the right bank at a place with a sign on the board with the word "hotel" on it. I being on guard had no dinner, and when I complained about it got a piece of raw pork and four small crackers, and had to eat it raw as I had not time to cook it. Guard put in a leaky boat fifteen guards and five prisoners, besides some others that, were in the boat in the forenoon; and as it rained in torrents we were drenched, blankets and all, as they were covered with water in the bottom of the boat. We arrived at Hungry Hall at 10 p.m. Some of the foremost began to land, as there were a couple of shanties there, but they were at once ordered

on hoard again, and we had to row five miles to an island at the mouth of the river and camp there. Being relieved of guard at 11 p.m., I stayed cooking dumplings. The rain ceased and the moon shone out brightly.

October 17th. Reveille sounded at 5 a.m., and we at once struck our tents and prepared to eat breakfast, when groans and curses arose on all sides. The cause was soon explained. Being camped on an island of sand of the finest kind, our dumplings and slap-jacks were half sand; and so was the tea, as sand pervaded everything. Still we made a hearty breakfast in spite of the sand. The wind being too high we could not start. Prairie hens came round in myriads, and a brisk fire was kept up by the officers and others who had guns or revolvers; but they only killed a few compared with what they should have done, as they actually came faster than we could drive them away and some even lit on and between the tents. About 10 o'clock a comrade and I went to a shady part of the island and fell asleep, but were not left long in the arms of Morpheus. When I came to my senses I found an officer and a file of men standing near me. The sergeant asked my name; I told him, and he said to the officer, "his name is not down;" "but," he said, "make a prisoner of him." So I was taken with twelve others to the guard tent. Our crime was being absent from parade; but as we had gone before the order was given for it, we were released at once. Every one was soon engaged in frying slap-jacks in canteens, tin plates, and everything they could find adapted for the purpose. This island is composed of fine sand, and is fast increasing in size

by the sand and drift wood washed on its shores, and will no doubt soon be covered with vegetation. At present there are only on it a few small vines and shrubs. The east shore is swampy and swarms with ducks, geese and other wild fowl. Several Indians came in the afternoon, and we gave them pork for prairie chickens. One of our boys, a soft kind of chap, about six feet two and built in proportion, known amongst us as "the baby elephant," went to try his skill in a canoe, and as he did not know the least thing about paddling, he soon went adrift and was in imminent danger of upsetting, owing to his frantic efforts to get back. A boat was sent to his assistance, and when it reached him, although pale with fright, he said, "I could come back with out your help". At 6 p.m. the tug arrived, and as the wind had fallen we at once started, and at 10 had crossed the widest part of the lake. Though the tug was towing us we had to row, and as very few knew how, each one had a stroke of his own and knocked the breath out of the man before him by hitting-him in the back with his oar. Then they would stop and some one would say, "go on boys, that's right altogether, one after another." This trouble was greatly increased by the speed of the tug, the roughness of the lake, and the darkness of the night. The rest of the lake is covered with islands, and fields of weeds growing in the water swarmed with wild fowl.

October 18th. -- Landed for breakfast at daylight, and at once proceeded on our journey. Most of it lay through tortuous channels full of long grass. We raced most of the way. I was in a Hudson's Bay boat, and by making across through places in the reeds, which were frozen

over, we got first; but getting entangled, in a narrow place, one boat passed. The last mile lay in a narrow channel or river. We were getting on first-rate by the help of a pole used in crooked places by one of the officers, to keep the boat in the centre, which greatly aided the steersman. In some places the river was so narrow that it was utterly impossible to get along without this help. He lost it, and we were then compelled to pole along with the huge sweeps we had for oars. This was tedious and tiresome work; but at noon we arrived, and having unloaded the boats and carried the baggage up to the wagons, we set to work cooking, as we got some beef and biscuit, which we enjoyed as much after the salt pork and slap-jacks as the epicure would the daintiest viands. We saw several muskrat houses in the swamps but did not see any of the inmates. At 2 p.m. we started and marched six miles to our camping place, where we arrived at 5 p.m., tired from having rowed the night before. The wagons carried all our rifles and accoutrements, so we had nothing to carry but our knapsacks. The last night on the lake we passed several Indian villages. In the morning we saw a large village, and the people seemed pleased with our red coats. North-West Angle consists of several log houses and Indian huts. There were also a lot of horses, mules and wagons there. The first six miles was sand up to one's ankle, both sides of the road lined with spruce, fir and cedar. We encamped at an uninhabited shanty, and I being cook at once prepared supper, after which we had a good wash and went to sleep.

October 19th. — Reveille at 4 a.m. After the usual

routine the "fall in" sounded, and we were drawn up in line and had to wait an hour before we started. This tired us more than if we had been walking. Marched 13 miles in the forenoon and halted for dinner where the wood was dry and water easy to get. After dinner I went on with the cooks, and arrived at our halting place at 4 p.m. — half an hour before the main body; and having made a fire and drawn rations, had tea ready when they came, the tents being already pitched. We always detailed a corporal and a dozen men to go with the tents with a couple of the best teams; and so we always had them pitched when the men arrived. Part of the main guard did not come up till 10 o'clock, having been delayed by stragglers from the column. In the afternoon we passed quantities of spruce, very slender and tall, and in some parts burnt wood of the same description. Crossed a corduroy road over a swamp two miles long, the rest of the way being over your ankles in sand, which made it very tiresome. Having eaten a hearty supper of biscuits and pork, were soon fast asleep. From Six Mile Creek to this station is 27 miles. This is the first house we saw since we left the Angle. There are also a couple of out-houses.

Sunday, October 20th. — Reveille sounded at 4 a.m. The cooks quickly got up, drew rations, and fried pork for breakfast. About 6 I started ahead (the cooks being allowed that privilege) with an old man. We marched 12 miles in three hours; then we met a man with a covered wagon drawn by mules, with hay for the men; but being told they did not want any, but to give us a ride, he did so, and at 10 a.m. we arrived at White Mouth river, a

distance of 17 miles, the country being much the same, we passed the previous day. There is a station here consisting of a couple of dwelling houses and a stable. The road was level and skirted with young tamarac and cedar, about 3 feet high where the bush had been burned and as the first was yellow and the latter green it looked magnificent. We saw numbers of prairie chickens along the road, and a wigwam in the shape of a half moon with a hole in the end, with Indians painted in the most hideous manner squatting around. We also passed a party of surveyors and 20 teams of oxen. Main body arrived at 11.30. By that time dinner was ready, and as the boys were tired and hungry, it soon disappeared. One comfort of this march is, we had plenty of tea and sugar. About 1 p.m. we started again before the advance guard. I had got a mile on the road when I heard some one shouting to stop, and I saw a French officer, with a gun running and almost out of breath. He made me fall behind the advance guard. The baggage guard had to send two men on for rations, as the teams could not get in for dinner without a rest. I wore pieces of cloth wrapped on my feet, being unable to get my boots on, and my feet looked more like those of an elephant than a human being's. About 3 o'clock we came to the camping ground and found our tents pitched by some of the Riflemen from Fort Garry who, with an officer, had come to meet us. We also found a pile of wood, for each tent. The column arrived at 5 p.m., black with dust (on hot days the dust was almost suffocating). The afternoon march was mostly through pitch-pine wood. Marched altogether 27 miles. At 6 p.m. the bugle sounded

for parade, and we fellows to the lee of the cooks' fires had to stay there for an hour till we were like smoked herrings, while they were looking for a great coat and 60 pounds of beef that was stolen, although they knew very well that they had eaten it themselves; and so the sergeant-major made us parade so as to put the blame on us and screen himself. A sergeant of my tent was put under arrest for taking a prisoner on a sick wagon and turning away the guard in charge. We had to go an unusual distance for water, owing to the boys washing in the wells. Guard came in at 8 p.m., with the baggage guard.

October 21st. - reveille sounded at 4 a.m. - Marched 13 miles before dinner; the road very sandy, and huge boulders lining each side of the road, and very little bush. Dinner being over, at 12.30 we started, and at 5 arrived at Point du Chene in a blinding snow storm, cold, tired, hungry and wet; and we had no chance to dry ourselves, as the snow almost extinguished our fires, and the cooks could with the greatest difficulty get our suppers. But all things have an end, and so we got it at last. Having got some hay to cover the snow in the tents, and carried water for breakfast half a mile, I was just in bed when a sergeant came and bade me prepare to mount guard. I had to dress again, and as I had marched all day in my stocking soles, owing to my feet being sore, I was unable to put on my boots and had to go on guard, in my stocking feet, although it was freezing bitterly. But we soon had a large fire, and were as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. The officer that inspected us said if we mounted guard like that at Fort

Garry, we would be severely punished. Several men did not come in till late at night, and two who stayed all night at a farm house had to pay a dollar each next day. The night was fine and frosty, and as we had only one flying sentry, were quite comfortable. We had nine prisoners, but sent most of them to their tents till morning. Point du Chene is a nice place, with two or three stores and several fine houses - I mean fine for a place like it. There are also several farm houses scattered over the prairie. Here we saw the first of the prairie, and the poplar wood which is usually found on it. In walking it is vary deceitful. A light would appear quite close though four miles distant.

October 22nd. - Reveille sounded at 4.30, and we started at once after breakfast and marched 16 miles, to Little Point du Chene for dinner. As the sun was shining the snow had all vanished, and the prairie once more wore its usual appearance, and looked like a vast field of ripe hay. Nothing worthy of note on this part of the road, save here and there a clump or island of trees, or a swamp. Guard did not go on after dinner until two hours after the column, though we had to go nine miles. The prisoners were tried, and all released except two. One of the guards shot a rabbit. We did not see the camp fires until 10 o'clock, having been delayed by stragglers; and after we did see them, it took us an hour to get to them. When we arrived, we got a potatoe and a half and a small piece of pork and half a cup of tea. Then four of us made our bed on the prairie, as we had no tents, and slept without fires, there being no wood. The horses having

given out, were left at Point du Chene. Several of the boys from the Fort met us here, as could be plainly seen by the staggering gait of some of our fellows who had imbibed

October 23rd. — Reveille sounded at 4.30 a.m., and having nothing to eat or drink but a cup of tea, were soon ready for a march of 10 miles to Fort Garry. After a weary tramp, mostly through swamps, we arrived at the outskirts of Winnipeg about 10 a.m. We halted, and every man roiled his overcoat and put it over his shoulders from right to left. Having done this, we marched to the bank of the Red River, where we crossed the river in an old pontoon, which was only able to take over one-third of us at a time. The band was waiting, and played us to the Fort, where we paraded, were told off to our respective companies, and dismissed. But we would much rather have had something to eat. I was told off to No. 4 Co., No. 1 mess. At 3 p.m. we had dinner, and it being well cooked we made a hearty meal. The fort is surrounded by a stone wall 300 by 200 yards. The Hudson's Bay houses, the barracks, and the Governor's house are inside the walls. -- There are four bastions -- one at each front corner, and one at each side. It has two gates, one looking south towards the Assiniboine, beside which is the guard-room; and one in front of the Governor's house, facing the north, towards Winnipeg. There are about a dozen stores and 50 houses in Winnipeg. Red River lies to the east, the Assiniboine to the south, and the prairie to the north and west. The population is about 3,000.

October 24th. — Parade at 10 a.m. for inspection to see if we were deficient in anything. In the afternoon we

washed our belts for pipe-claying. I saw a half-breed fight. After a great deal of talk, one fellow took off his coat, ran after the other and passed him about 100 yards, and danced and shouted like a lunatic; the other then took off his clothes, and they advanced, each shaking his fist at his opponent, retreated again, and finally went at it in earnest. Soon one of them was knocked over a bank ten feet high, which put an end to the fight. They swing their arms in a circle, catch each other by the head with the left hand, and strike with the right. They can do this easily, as their hair is long. Guard mounts at 10 in winter and 9 in summer, and remains on 24 hours, sentry staying on post two hours at a time, and four off. There are three men for each post. The adjutant takes the cleanest man for orderly, but as several men mount clean, and only one is called out by the adjutant, many have to do sentry-go. The orderly's duty is to stay at the orderly room and run errands for the adjutant, and to light the fire and clean out the orderly room in the morning. He is dismissed at 4 p.m. until 9 next morning, when he remains until relieved by the new orderly. Orderly room at 12, and then all the prisoners were tried by the Major or by the next officer in command, and punished according to their crimes and offences. Marched out once a week during winter. Doctor's and kit inspection on Saturdays, when every man shewed the articles he had been served out with by laying them on his bed according to a rule given by the adjutant. Room orderly once a week, whose duty it was to see that the men in his room on guard or prisoners got their meals, and also the men in his mess. He had to keep the

room clean and see that nothing was lost, and also to draw the rations and whatever the room required. He had to stand up at meal times and when the officer of the day came to see if there were any complaints, answered for his mess. Breakfast bugle at 7.45, when he had to be in the cook room to take the coffee to his room and serve it out. At 8 he had to parade the meals for the men on guard and prisoners, after which he took them to the guard; or was marched there by a corporal told off daily for that purpose. Dinner at 12.45, when the same thing was done over; and tea at 4.45, thus leaving a quarter of an hour for him to serve out the dinner and be ready when the officer came to enquire if there were any complaints. Reveille in winter sounded at 6.30, and half an hour after every man had to be up and have his bed made; in summer at 5, and if in tents, had to have the curtains rolled up at 5.30. Drill three times a day -- from 6 to 7.30 a.m., sergeant-major's parade; commanding officers, 10 to 12; adjutants from 12 to 4. Skirmish every Wednesday. Sentry at No. 1 post had to turn out the guard at retreat (sunset), reveille and tattoo, which went at 9.30 in winter and 10 in summer, and to the officer of the guard once by day and once by night, when he went to visit the sentries to see if they were on the alert and had their orders correctly. Picquet once a week; they had to mount with the guard in review order, and were then dismissed and remained in their rooms until retreat and tattoo, when they mounted with waist belt and sword. There were also several fatigues, such as assistant cooks, who had to get wood and water for the cooks;

regimental fatigue, which had to do the same for the garrison; and fatigue for other purposes, such as shovelling snow, keeping the skating rink clear, etc. Any one who had a good character could get a pass any time, but one who had not could not get it for one month after his entry in the defaulter's book. No one is allowed to speak or make a noise after lights out - 15 minutes after tattoo. At Christmas all prisoners were released, and no one was confined on that day except for a very serious offence. The men generally subscribed towards a dinner, and the officers also contributed. Canteen opened at 8 for half an hour for the sale of groceries; and at 12 it opened again, when all kinds of groceries and spirits might be had at the cheapest rates, till tattoo. The canteen fund went to buy cricket balls, bats, etc., for the battalion. Sergeants are not allowed in the canteen, but have a mess of their own, in which they can get what they want, the same as in the canteen, except that it is open from reveille till 11 p.m. Two corporals attend the canteen to see that there is no disturbance - one going for the first half of the time, when he will be relieved by the oilier. Defaulters have to drill three hours a day in heavy marching order, answer their names every half hour after retreat, and are confined to barracks. In winter they do fatigue instead of drill. For severe offences you get cells, and your pay is stopped during confinement, and instead of drill you have to work nine hours a day, after which you are confined in your cell. You are not allowed out of barracks before noon unless on pass; but when there is no parade you can go out at 2 and stay until tattoo. In the winter time, when there is no

duty, you can amuse yourself in the recreation room. Everyone was glad to volunteer for any expedition that promised a change. And now I will conclude, and I hope the reader will remember that on the march and in the barrack-room are not the places one would choose in which to write a diary; and so overlook all mistakes.

NOMINAL MUSTER ROLL.

Ensign Street; Ensign Taillefer. Sergeant-major F. W. Harnett; Quarter-master Sergeant Horner Deering, Color-sergeants James Butters, John McPherson; Sergeants Emanuel Berubie, John L. Brodie, Charles Jas. Brown, T. Desjardin, T. J. Hosken, H. King, Geo. H. Larwell, T. G. Pierce, A. P. Stuart; Corporals C. Bissonnette, J. S. Connolly, Geo. Halloway, James Kearns, Chas. Minkler, Eneas McKay, Samuel Naylor, John A. Platt, George Smith, Amos Taylor, Wm. Wilson; Buglers James E. Burns, Daniel Cosgrove, John Hart, Wm. Keats; Privates John Allan, Daniel Armstrong, John Aston; Anthony Beasley, Henry Boscoby, Wm. Blackley, Wm. Bradley, Edward Brennan, Chas. Brissette, Frank Brown, Edward Corvuss, James Calder, Donald Campbell, Robert Carroll, Geo. Chard, Thos. Coleman, Thos. Collins, Alexander Cooper, Mervin D. Corey, Ed. Crossfield, Henry Cox, Jos. Chartrand, Wm. Deering, Denby, James Dickson, Orlando Dix, James H. Dobson, Wm. Downs, Dennis Duffy, John Talby, Wm. Ferguson, Geo. Fitzgerald, H. Fortier, Geo. H. French, Owen Gee, James Gerrard, Torrance Glazier, Henry Goodwin, T. R. Gosselin, T. J. Gosselin, John Graham, Donald Grant, John Gray, Michael Greeley, Alexander Hamilton, Matthew Hamilton, William Hall, Geo. Horne, Lewis Hewin, Thomas Henderson, Joseph Hinds, Thomas Hitchcock, Martin Hitherman, Robert Hodson, Geo. Holdgate, Benjamin W. Hughes, Elias Ingraham, John Jackson, Henry E. Jones, Henry T. Jones, William Jones, Fred. Jones, John Keith, T. C. Kelly, James Kerr, Wm. Kilby, Arthur Laroche, Wm. B. Little, Wm. Lucas, J. B. Moore, Thomas Madden, F. A. Maffrey, Ed. Martel, John A. Martin, Chas. Melville, Ed. Metcalf, W. H. Mills, Chas. Moody, David Morrison, Thomas Morryy, T. G. E. Mastyn, George Muller, Jas. McCrae, Donald McAskill, Roderick McDonald, James McDonnell, Kenneth McGinniss, G. S. McKay, J. L. G. McKinnon, James McLeod, Thomas McPherson, James McGrath, Henry McDonald, Thomas Newmarsh, Thomas Oram, George A. Owen, Wm. A. O'Dell, Peter O'Hare, James O'Neil, James Pappilon, Wm. Patterson, David Petrie, Robert Pringle, Emile Temcoind, Wm. Reddy, D. H. Reid, Frederick Rennick, Hamilton Riedaby, Archibald Robertson, James Robertson, Wm. Scott, Frederick Seymour, Francis Seymour, James Senior, Thomas Shedden, C. W. Shepherd, A. W. Shepherd, John Simpson, Roger Somerville, George Somerville, Osmand Smith, W. T. S. Smith, Jacob Smith, Wm. Smith, Wm. Smyth, Robert Stanton, Charles Stanton, Thomas Stephenson, Robert Stone, Fred. Swire, Amos Taylor, Wm. Terry, Charles Thompson, J. W. Thomas, Wm. Thurston, Wm. Treckle, Thomas Timony, Henry Tomlinson, John Tracy, Frank Waldin, Wm. J. Wales, Allan Walker, R. G. Walkinton, John Walkinton, Geo. Ward, R. Waters, Henry White, Geo. Willoughby, Wm. Willoughby, G. W. Willoughby, Fred. Worthington, W. Yates, V. Yates, Jos. Yeon.

ARTILLERY:

Major Taschereau, Sergt.-Major Jas. Barwis; Corporals Rd. Chapman, E. Pelletier,; Andrew McDermott, Bombardier; Charles Allan, Jean Dalliar, Orleanus Cheney, A. Gauvreau, Thos. Gilchrist, Ed. Gribbon, John Hoyan, John Johnson, Wm. Kearley, N. Laquee, Geo. Lebrux, Henry Minty, Chas. Murry, Fred. Neva, Phillip Picard, H. Poulioit, Wm. Power, Geo. Vallé, Ed. Vaughen, J. E. Willis.

The Hard-Working Army

Oh! I'm Private C. of the P. B. I;
 To learn my drill I never try ---
 Of course you know the reason why:
 Oh, this is the hard-working army
 Chorus---The pioneers, they all did shout,
 They all cried out, they all did shout:
 The pioneers, they all did shout,
 "Oh, this is the hard-working army."

When first that I went out to drill,
 With shovel and pick I got my fill:
 One moment I could not stand still
 In this hard-working army.

And then I had to carry and pile,
 And chop wood in regimental style--
 If I did not a Corp'ral and file
 Would take me to the guard-room.

In summer time we go to camp.
 Altho' the ground be cold and damp;
 In mud to our knees we have to tramp,
 For this is a hard-working army.

Last year we had a Balaklava scout,
 Who sounded the "charge," and then dug out,
 And now this tall and slender sprout
 Has been reduced in our army.

For I'm Private C. of the P. B. I.;
 When I leave this army I will cry;
 But then, you know, 'twill be with joy,
 And not for leaving the army.

In spring I will contrive a plan
 To go and visit Uncle Sam;
 Of course they'll catch me, if they can,
 And bring me back to the army.

And then no more I'll hear "Eyes right!"
 Or camp out on a frosty night,
 Unless my fancy takes a flight
 And I dream that I'm back in the army.

My comrades will join me, one and all;
 'Tis better to go than wait till fall--
 Oh, who will answer "defaulter's call,"
 When we dig out of the army?



DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR
DOMINION LANDS BRANCH
HEADQUARTERS CORRESPONDENCE
1871-1946

MINISTÈRE DE L'INTÉRIEUR
DIRECTION DES TERRES FÉDÉRALES
CORRESPONDANCE DU QUARTIER GÉNÉRAL
1871-1946

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2647 (1874)	HERBERT LACHLAN SABINE, CLERK, DOMINION LANDS OFFICE, WINNIPEG OFFICIAL SURVEYOR OF ASSINIBOIA REPORT ON DOMINION LANDS OFFICE ORGANIZATION	1874-1899
2666 (1874)	WILLIAM MILLS, AS ACCOUNTAIN OP THE DOMINION LANDS BRANCH AND INCREASE OF SALARY	1871-1895
2796	D.F. JONES, ENCLOSURES DISCHARGE OF PRIVATE GEO. MCINTYRE AND REQUESTS SCRIP	1875-1881
2804	H.B. SMITH'S REPORT OF SURVEY OF THE ASSINIBOINE RIVER AND CANAL ROUTE FROM THAT RIVER TO LAKE WINNIPEG ALSO CANAL ACROSS MEADOW PORTAGE BETWEEN LAKES MANITOBA AND WINNIPEGOSIS (MAPS)	1874-1881
2808	LETTER FROM DUNCAN SINCLAIR, DOMINION LANDS SURVEYOR, WITH DEED OF SALE FROM JOHN LINKLATER TO HIMSELF AND CLAIMS TO LANDS BY HUGH KERR, ROBERT PITHER, S.H. FOWLER (MAPS)	1874-1881
2823	PRIVATE THOMAS MORRY, DISCHARGE PAPERS AND LAND WARRANT	1874-1886
2857	W.J. MACAULAY, TIME FOR SELECTION OF TIMBER LIMITS ON LAKE OF THE WOODS ON RAINY RIVER	1875

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~
GENERAL

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
COMMISSION LAND OFFICE

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Thomas Morrey
Paul Douglas
Custody his discharge
and asking for Lieutenant

13) 5/8/86 Deputy Assistant of Marine Enc: Letter from Thomas & Morrey for information re Grant of land made to him in 1875 on his discharge from Active Military Ref 196519

14) 18/2/87 Smith Deputy Minister of Marine Returns papers to claim of Thomas & Morrey for land under land warrant issued in Jan'y 1875 and asks for a speedy settlement Ref 1140315

14) 22/2/87 To Above :- Returning Morrey's Warrant also papers enclosed with file enclosed copy of B. L's list & explains the nature of Mil Bounty Warrants

12) 2/9/87 D.M. of Interior Dept. ltr. to D.M. Marine stating Warrant of Thos & Morrey has been located same cannot be duplicated Ref 127111

20/11/87 Wm Smith Deputy Minister Encloses a copy for Thos & Morrey his discharge & other papers relating to same and asks for views of above therefor - Reference 146505

Ref 127111
Ref 146505

140315

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ACTIVE MILITIA

CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE.

OTTAWA
FEB 20 1875

RECEIVED
FEB 18 1875

This certifies that No 714 Private Thomas Murray

of Montreal County of Hochelega

Province of Quebec Dominion of Canada, aged

Twenty Four years, served continuously in The

Provisional Battalion of Infantry

of Active Militia of Canada, from the 12th day of September

1872, to the 17th day of November 1874, and is

now discharged therefrom. in cessation of service.

Dated at Winnipeg
the 17th day of November
1874.

Anderson Captain,
Commanding Regt of Infantry
Winnipeg Lieut. Colonel,
Commanding Provisional Forces in Regt

N.B.—The second signature is only required when the Corps is in Squadron, Brigade or Battalion.

documents after you have
perused them.

Yours truly -

H. Smith

H. Smith
MARINE DEPARTMENT
CANADA



Deputy Minister of Marine

Ottawa 25th August 1886

Dear Mr. Burgess,

I enclose you a letter which I received from Mr. Thomas G. Morry of Ferryland Newfoundland, asking me to obtain certain information for him relative to a grant of land which was made to him in 1840 on his discharge from the Act of Militia Force in Manitoba and I would feel much obliged if you will kindly give me the information and return me the enclosed.

A. M. Burgess Esq.
Deputy Minister
of the Interior
Ottawa



1875

Point Douglas
Feb 2nd 1875-

Air

Having received
my discharge in the late reduction
of the Forces serving in the North
West I respectfully apply for my
Land Warrant as I intend to locate
and settle on it. I have written
to the Minister of Militia and Defence
and have no doubt he will place it
at your disposal. Please acknowledge
the receipt of this as I will enclose
my discharge. If it is allowed
I would like to have my discharge
back with the warrant -

I remain

Your Obedient Servant

address

Thomas Crossy,
to be left
till called for
Winnipeg

Former Soldier Called by Death

NFLD. VETERAN PASSES AT
VICTORIA, B.C.

(L.O.M.)

"And now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its mood
Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt."

A touch of melancholy was felt in the beautiful Summers evening of Saturday last, when a drooping flag in the grounds of the Morry home at Ferryland, announced a death in that well-known and highly respected family.

Thomas Graham Morry, aged 86, had passed to join the 'Silent Battalions!'

Deceased was born in Ferryland, and in 1872 went to Canada, where he enlisted in the Canadian Militia, serving with them from Montreal to Fort Garry, and remaining with that unit for some three years. Returning to Newfoundland, following an honourable discharge from the Army for which service he was allotted an area of land in Winnipeg, he was subsequently married to Miss Katherine White, another of the well-known families in the Seat of Baltimore. From this happy union, there came one daughter (Mrs. Dr. Giovanetti, of Placentia,) four sons: Albert C., at whose home in Victoria, B.C., he died; Thomas Graham, in Boston, Mass., Howard and John at Ferryland; and five sisters, Mrs. (Dr.) Carey, Miss Florence, Mrs. A. Ellis, Mrs. W. N. Gray and Miss Frances, all of whom are residing in the City. Two of the sons are Veterans of the World War—Albert, who joined up in 1914 with the Canadians, and was retired with the rank of Sergeant Major, and Howard, who also enlisted the first year of the conflict, and went overseas with 'C Company of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment.

His wife died about eight years ago, and a short time later deceased went to British Columbia. About three weeks ago he was taken ill, and the end came peacefully. Interment was at Victoria on Saturday afternoon.

His few old friends of the former days speak touchingly of his vigour and industry; the rising sun found him out looking over the rugged coast he knew so well; the shades of evening found him working in his fields. He was a welcome addition to any gathering, because of his cheery manner, his never-failing courtesy and his kindness at all times.

To those who survive, we offer our sincere sympathy in the passing of another Newfoundlander, who felt the call of his Country and responded to the colours, when the need came!

NOTE: The obituary below appeared in the newspaper (likely the St. John's Evening Telegram) at the time of the death of Thomas Graham Morry on July 24, 1935. The copy of the newspaper clipping from which this was transcribed was taped inside the front cover of his personal copy of the book that he wrote – *Montreal to Fort Garry: Journal of a Private in Third Expedition*. The original obituary had been held together with a piece of tape that obstructed a paragraph, making it illegible. By careful scanning, that area has now become legible and is included in the transcript below.

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(L. C. M.)

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