

6. *Song of the Métis, or McDougall at the Border*

Introduction / This song by an unknown composer marks the incident that occurred on December 1, 1869, when the Honourable William McDougall attempted to install himself as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territory. Only the footlights are missing from the comic opera scene he staged on this occasion.

The prospective governor had been waiting for a month at the international boundary, forbidden by Riel to enter the promised land, and looking in vain for official guidance from Ottawa. With his elaborate hunting equipment, sporting dogs, and mountains of luggage, he and his suite occupied two small log houses in the hamlet of Pembina, a mile or more south of the boundary. With him were an attorney-general, a minister of state, and a legal adviser for his prospective government, their aides, members of their families, and servants. The requirements of this entourage placed a considerable strain on the hospitality of Pembina, a strain that pompous William McDougall took no trouble to lessen. This attitude on his part, added to his earlier remark about being "king" of the new territory, did not make him any more popular with the Métis about him.

The closing days of November, 1869, found McDougall fuming. His money was running low and no word had arrived from Ottawa on the transfer of the North-West, which was supposed to take effect on the first day of December. But he did not hesitate as to his course in this dilemma. He intended to do his duty: he would proceed to British soil, and neither Riel's injunction nor the absence of the necessary official documents should stand in his way. So, in the crowded cabin at Pembina, with the help of his secretary, Provencher, McDougall drew up a Royal Proclamation in which he referred to himself as "our trusty and well beloved William McDougall." Copies were despatched north to the Settlement barely in time for the great day.

The night of November 30th-December 1st was dark and bitterly cold; twenty degrees below zero with a blustery north wind. Some time before midnight scouts reported the road north

to be clear of travellers. McDougall and his "court," well wrapped against the cold, bundled themselves into waiting sleighs, drew up the buffalo robes and drove off toward the border. Once across, they got out of the sleighs, unfurled a British flag, and closed ranks. They then marched to an open space a little distance away.

The nearby Hudson's Bay Company post was deserted, and the biting wind howled across the white and empty prairie. By the light of a shielded lantern, Mr. McDougall got out his Royal Proclamation. Without having been sworn in, and therefore merely as a private citizen, he then read it aloud, for the benefit of his party and the north wind. Hurriedly, benumbed fingers posted up the proclamation at the boundary, after which all hastened back to the sleighs, drew up the buffalo robes again, and returned to Pembina.

News of the ceremony travelled. Métis scouts who watched McDougall's every move carried it to Fort Garry. The customs officer at Pembina wrote a despatch "with acid pen" for the St. Paul press and the outside world. Americans rocked with laughter; the Canadian government was angry and humiliated. As for McDougall, three weeks after he had staged his little scene, he learned that the transfer had been postponed until a later date, and that he himself had written his own political death warrant.

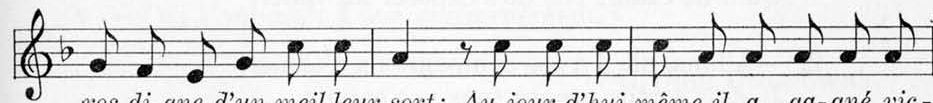
Abbé G. Dugas published this song (both words and air) about McDougall at the border in his *Histoire véridique*,¹ saying merely that it was composed by the Métis who sang it with great relish.

¹L'Abbé G. Dugas, *Histoire véridique des faits qui ont préparé le mouvement des Métis à la Rivière-Rouge en 1869*, Librairie Beauchemin (Montréal, 1905), pp. 98-101.

Chanson des Métis



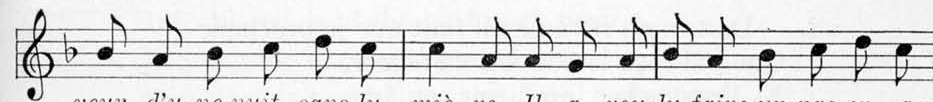
1. De Mac-Dou-gall, a-mis, chan-tons la gloi-re, C'est un hé -
 1. Friends, let us sing to the un-blem-ished glo-ry Of the great



ros di-gne d'un meil-leur sort; Au-jour-d'hui même il a ga-gné vic-
 Mc-Dou-gall who sal-ied forth In - to the wilds of the vast o-pen



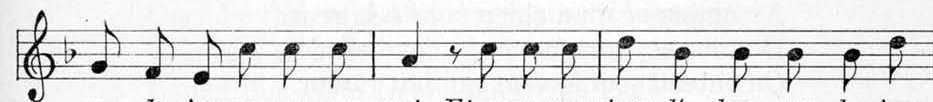
toi-re En com-ba-tant con-tre le vent du nord. A la fa-
 prai-rie, Bra-ving the chill of the wind from the North. One star-less



veur d'u-ne nuit sans lu-mière, Il a vou-lu faire un pas en a-
 night this great he-ro, un-daun-ted, Set out in spite of the dark-en-ing



vant, Et nous mon-trer là-bas sur la fron-tière, Qu'il ne craint
 trail, And to the world with this feat de-mons-stra-ted Cou-rage su-



pas de s'ex-po-ser au vent. Et nous mon-trer là bas sur la fron-
 preme in de-fy-ing the gale. And to the world with this feat de-mon-



tiè-re, Qu'il ne craint pas de s'ex-po-ser au vent.
 tra-ted Cou-rage su-preme in de-fy-ing the gale.

1. De MacDougall, amis, chantons la gloire,
 C'est un héros digne d'un meilleur sort;
 Aujourd'hui même il a gagné victoire
 En combattant contre le vent du nord.
 A la faveur d'une nuit sans lumière,
 Il a voulu faire un pas en avant,
 Et nous montrer là-bas sur la frontière, } *bis*
 Qu'il ne craint pas de s'exposer au vent. }

2. —Allons, dit'il à ses compagnons d'armes,
 Je dois sortir; prenez tous vos capots.
 Le ciel est noir, mais soyez sans alarmes,
 A l'aquilon ne tournez pas le dos.
 C'est aujourd'hui qu'à notre souveraine
 Je dois donner le plus beau dévouement,
 En me rendant jusqu'au poteau de chêne } *bis*
 Pour afficher son précieux document. }

3. —Dans mon royaume il faut que je proclame
 Que j'ai reçu le pouvoir de régner,
 Et Provencher jurera sur son âme,
 Que c'est lui seul qui vient de le signer.
 Un jour, Messieurs, nous lirons dans l'histoire,
 Que McDougall sous vingt degrés de froid,
 En plein minuit sur ce beau territoire, } *bis*
 Devant sa cour prit le titre de roi. }

4. Sur le chemin le bataillon s'élançe,
 Accompagné d'un chien pour éclaireur.
 De tous côtés règne un profond silence,
 On entend seul le vent qui fait fureur.
 Mais au moment de toucher la frontière,
 L'un d'eux propose et dit qu'il est prudent
 De boire un coup, car son humeur guerrière } *bis*
 Etait un peu refroidie par le vent. }

5. Chacun approuve un conseil aussi sage,
Et sur le champ il est exécuté.
On sent bientôt renaître le courage,
Et bravement le drapeau est porté.
A deux pieds joints on saute la frontière,
Et l'on proclame à tous les éléments,
Que McDougall a brisé la barrière, } *bis*
Qui s'opposait à son gouvernement. }

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Song of the Métis

1. Friends, let us sing to the unblemished glory
Of the great McDougall who sallied forth
Into the wilds of the vast open prairie,
Braving the chill of the wind from the North.
One starless night this great hero, undaunted,
Set out in spite of the darkening trail,
And to the world with this feat demonstrated } *repeat*
Courage supreme in defying the gale. }
2. Come, friends, said he to his worthy companions,
We must go out now, so cover your ears;
Dark be the night and the weather inclement,
We must be brave and dispel all our fears.
I must this night to our Sovereign Ruler
Prove a devotion of highest degree,
By trekking out to the far oaken milepost } *repeat*
And posting on high this Her Royal decree. }

3. I must proclaim to the ends of my kingdom
 That I have now been empowered to reign,
 And Provencher will confirm to the people
 That he has made me the king of the plain.
 Some day, my friends, in the history books
 It will be said that one night in this land,
 As the wind howled in the shivering darkness }
 The noble McDougall took up his command. } *repeat*
4. Out on the trail the formation advances,
 Led by a mongrel to scout the terrain.
 Nothing is heard but the sound of their footsteps,
 Lost in the howl of the storm on the plain.
 But just before stepping over the frontier
 One of them makes a suggestion so bold:
 "Let's have a drink before venturing further
 To raise our poor spirits benumbed by the cold." } *repeat*
5. This wise advice meets a hearty approval
 And with great gusto the rum is consumed.
 Courage returns to the faltering heroes;
 Up goes the flag and the march is resumed.
 And as the gallant band crosses the frontier,
 With a loud cheer they proclaim to the land,
 That brave McDougall has broken the barrier }
 Which stood opposed to his royal command. } *repeat*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Translated by L. Verrault

NOTE: Speculating on the origin of this song, three possible composers come to mind. First, Pierre Falcon, but it is not in his style. Louis Riel took seriously to verse when he was studying at the College of Montreal; he could have introduced it and kept his necessary anonymity. Abbé Dugas is said to have worked on other songs, and he too needed to remain anonymous. It is possible, therefore, that he might have written this one. The composer of the music is unknown.

7. *The Marching Song*

Introduction / "The Marching Song" of one verse and chorus was composed by A. H. Murray, a retired Hudson's Bay Company officer, for a special occasion on the night of February 15, 1870.

Over and over the lusty sound of its words and rhythm broke on the frosty air, from the ranks of about two hundred excited and purposeful men, marching along the winter road on the frozen Red River. Sturdy figures in hooded capotes, with belts about their waists and scarves about their necks, they had mustered at St. Andrew's for the fifteen-mile march on Upper Fort Garry to free prisoners held there by Louis Riel. On and on they sang as they marched, "Hey, Riel, are ye wakin' yet? . . . for we're taking the fort in the morning."

Mr. Murray had parodied the familiar words of the old song "Johnny Cope," his one verse and chorus being quickly learned and easily sung.

From November 2, 1869, when Riel seized Upper Fort Garry, the uneasiness of the English-speaking population had been steadily increasing. An incident which occurred early in December added to their alarm. Dr. John C. Schultz, who had come from Upper Canada a few years earlier, was naturally the leader of the Canadians now flocking in to await the taking over of the Fort by Canada. He was also Riel's most active enemy and had won even the Indians to his side.

It was therefore with great satisfaction, when Schultz and fifty men were guarding Canadian Government stores in a building near the Fort, that Riel trained a cannon on them and took them prisoner. Schultz's young wife was also taken prisoner but was soon released.

As time went on and Schultz and the other prisoners were not freed, indignation in the Settlement grew and there was talk of storming the Upper Fort to release them. At Lower Fort Garry

eighteen miles down the Red River, English-speaking settlers and their sympathizers from the surrounding country were being drilled daily; therefore it would be easy to mobilize a force there for this purpose.

On the night of January 23rd, by the aid of his wife who had smuggled a knife in to him, Dr. Schultz escaped. Riel was infuriated: this dangerous man was at liberty again, and he threatened to shoot him on sight. Schultz realized he would have to leave the country for a time. Managing to evade search parties, he made his way through Kildonan and St. Andrew's, rousing feeling among the settlers along the way, and finally reached the Lower Fort. There, he told of the extreme conditions under which the prisoners were being held, and, going into hiding, he immediately organized a march to free them. He was to accompany the marchers as far as Kildonan, meet his wife there to say good-bye, and then go with a guide on his long snowshoe tramp to Ontario.

At Kildonan the marchers were to be joined by a contingent of sixty men from Portage la Prairie, and the combined forces would then advance on Upper Fort Garry. Mrs. Harriett Graham, now in her nineties, recalls those marching men and the tramp of their feet to the song they sang. In the misty dawn, up the river bank they scrambled and overflowed into the school, the church and the manse.

Little Harriett, aged seven, had come to the Kildonan manse with Mrs. Schultz, for whom the trip from Winnipeg was a dangerous one, having to evade the parties out in search of her husband. Harriett sat in the bottom of the sleigh at the feet of the driver and Mrs. Schultz. The plan was that if they should meet anyone on the road, Mrs. Schultz, who was a small slim girl, would get down under the buffalo robes and Harriett would sit in her place.

Rev. John Black, minister of the Kildonan Presbyterian Church, together with Bishop Machray and Rev. A. Cowley, awaited the expedition at the manse. They strongly opposed the march to Fort Garry, fearing dire consequences to the English

population if the marchers should happen to start the shedding of blood. Instead, they counselled a parley with Riel.

The Portage contingent arrived and all day Mrs. Schultz and Harriett, from an upstairs room in the manse, could hear the hum of much heated discussion and the calming voices of the clergy below. Finally the churchmen's counsel prevailed, and the parley with Riel began.

Everything was over for the marchers. There was great disappointment among them at not being able to release their friends who were being held under such hardships by Riel. So, reluctantly laying aside all their plans, the St. Andrew's and Lower Fort people dispersed to their homes, and the Portage men started disconsolately back across the plains.

Riel did release most of the prisoners, but as the Portage party plodded along over the rough trail home, they were surrounded by a troop of Riel's horsemen and soon found themselves in the very quarters from which their friends had so recently been released.

The Marching Song

Words by A. H. Murray

Traditional Scottish Air: Johnny Cope



1. Ri - el sits in his cham-ber o' state, Wi' his stolen silver forks



an' his sto-len sil-ver plate, An a' his braw things spread out in



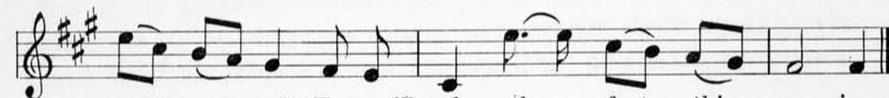
style so great; He'll not break - fast a - lone this morn - ing.



O Hey, Ri - el, are ye wak - ing yet, Or



are yer drums a - beat-ing 'yet? If y're nae wak-ing



we'll nae wait, For we'll take the fort this morn-ing.

Riel sits in his chamber o' state
Wi' his stolen silver forks an' his stolen silver plate,
An' a' his braw things spread out in style so great;
He'll not breakfast alone this morning.

O Hey, Riel, are ye waking yet,
Or are yer drums a-beating yet?
If y're nae waking we'll nae wait,
For we'll take the fort this morning.

ALEXANDER HUNTER MURRAY.

NOTE: Both words and music were found in manuscript in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company Library, Winnipeg.

8. *Song of the Métis Maiden*

Introduction / This song is in the Joseph Dubuc Papers in the Provincial Archives of Manitoba. Both music and words are hand done, and as far as can be learned the song has not been published.

The verses were composed by Louis Riel, President of the Provisional Government which he formed at Red River late in 1869. The content of the song gives the only clue as to its date, which was probably early in 1870, after Riel had captured the party of Portage marchers, and while he was still riding high at the top of his power, with the Métis in possession of Upper Fort Garry.

Words by Louis Riel

La Métisse

Composer unknown



1. Je suis mé-tisse et je suis or-gueil-leu-se D'ap-par-te -
1. I am a maid of the small Me-tis nation And with great



nir à cet-te na-ti-on; Je sais que Dieu de Sa main gé-né -
pride this he-ri-tage I share; I know that God when He shap'd His cre-



reu-se Fait cha-que peu-ple a-vec at-ten-tion. Les Mé-tis
a-tion Made ev-ry race with equal love and care. Tho' the Me -



sont un pe-tit peuple en-co-re Mais vous pou-vez voir dé-jà leurs des -
tis are not ma-ny in num-ber, Great is the des-ti-ny which they com-



rall.
tins; Ê-tre ha-ïs comme ils sont les ho-no-re, Ils ont dé-
mand; Proud of the hate that the world heaps up-on them, Yet they have



Refrain *a tempo*
jà rem-pli de grands des-seins. Ah! si ja-mais — je de -
played a great role in this land. Oh! if some day — per-chance



vais être ai-mé - e, Je choi-si-rai-s pour mon fi-dèle a -
I should be cour-ted Glad-ly I'd love with-out shame or de -



mant Un des sol-dats de la pe-tite ar-mé - e
mand A sol-dier brave from the lit-tle de-tach-ment

Que com-man-dait no-tre fier ad - ju-dant. Je choi-si-rai
So proud-ly led by our chief in com-mand. Glad-ly I'd love

un des sol-dats a sol-dier brave Que com-man-dait no-tre fier ad-ju-dant.
So proud-ly led by our chief in com-mand.

1. Je suis métisse et je suis orgueilleuse
D'appartenir à cette nation;
Je sais que Dieu de Sa main généreuse
Fait chaque peuple avec attention.
Les Métis sont un petit peuple encore
Mais vous pouvez déjà voir leurs destins;
Être haïs comme ils sont les honore,
Ils ont déjà rempli de grands desseins.

Refrain:

Ah! si jamais je devais être aimée,
Je choisirais pour mon fidèle amant
Un des soldats de la petite armée
Que commandait notre fier adjudant.
Je choisirais un des soldats
Que commandait notre fier adjudant. } *bis*

2. Quand ils ont pris Schultz avec sa phalange,
Le sept décembre au soir, il fit bien beau;
Notre soleil couchant, beau comme un ange
Veillant sur nous, retira son flambeau
Seulement quand Schultz eut rendu les armes.
Le lendemain fut splendide pour nous:
Le huit décembre, entouré de ses charmes,
Vit les Métis triompher à genoux.

3. N'ai-je pas vu, moi qui suis jeune fille,
Le Fort Garry plein de soldats métis?
Huit cents Métis dans le fort et la ville,
Je les ai vus défendre le pays
Avec autant d'amour que de vaillance.
Que c'était beau de voir ces hommes fiers,
Courbant le front, prier la Providence
De leur aider à garder leurs foyers.

4. Un saint pasteur, un prêtre inébranlable
Partit un jour du côté d'Ottawa;
On l'entoura d'un bruit épouvantable
Mais pour passer le Bon Dieu l'appuya.
Il s'en revint avec notre Province
Heureusement faite en six mois de temps,
Et McDougall, un moment notre prince
Resta confus de tous ses mauvais plans.

LOUIS RIEL.

Song of the Métis Maiden

1. I am a maid of the small Métis nation
And with great pride this heritage I share;
I know that God when He shaped His creation
Made every race with equal love and care.
Though the Métis are not many in number,
Great is the destiny which they command;
Proud of the hate that the world heaps upon them,
Yet they have played a great role in this land.

Chorus:

Oh! if some day perchance I should be courted
Gladly I'd love without shame or demand
A soldier brave from the little detachment
So proudly led by our chief-in-command.
Gladly I'd love a soldier brave
So proudly led by our chief-in-command. } *repeat*

2. When on that night, the seventh of December,
They captured Schultz and his troop all in one,
The fading sun, like a guardian angel,
Hung in the sky until the task was done.
Then morning came on the eighth of December,
One never saw a day so bright and fair;
And the Métis in their moment of triumph
Fell to their knees in a heart-warming prayer.

3. Have I not seen, I, a timid young maiden,
The Métis troops in the Fort and the town,
Eight hundred strong in defence of their country,
Risen as one with no thought of renown?
Oh! wondrous sight to behold our proud soldiers,
Sons of the plain where man is free to roam,
With their heads bowed in a most humble gesture
Praying for help to save their land and homes.

4. Then a fine priest, a brave and saintly pastor,
For Ottawa set out one morning bright
At every turn he met with disaster
But he had God aiding him in his fight.
Six months of toil had given us a Province
Happily wrought of his faith and his dreams;
While McDougall who envisioned a kingdom
Had to forgo all his devilish schemes.

LOUIS RIEL.

Translated by L. Verrault

9. Capture of Fort Garry, or Riel's Retreat

Introduction / Finally, after continuing turmoil, Riel overstepped the mark, and completely alienated the English-speaking population as well as a number of his own followers. On February 15, 1870, he captured the Portage party as it set out on its return home. Then, on March 4th, he executed a prisoner, Thomas Scott, one of the Portage marchers, for being troublesome and refractory.

Scott was not long out from Ontario and there, too, feeling ran high. Newspapers carried headlines, "Murder of Thomas Scott," and immediate action was demanded of the government at Ottawa.

A force of 1,400 men was organized to proceed to Red River. On May 21st Colonel Garnet Wolseley (later, General Sir Garnet) set out from Collingwood with the 60th British Rifles and Canadian militia. On June 25th they left Port Arthur for Red River to make what proved to be one of the most arduous military expeditions on record. Wolseley, with 438 British regulars, arrived at Lower Fort Garry on August 23rd, and the contingent of Canadian militia arrived a few days later.

Wolseley now learned that the Manitoba Act had been proclaimed on July 15th, and that Adams G. Archibald had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor to proceed at once to Red River. But he had not arrived and Riel was still at Upper Fort Garry.

On reaching Lower Fort Garry, Wolseley reorganized his men and pushed on eighteen miles up the river to the Upper Fort. Scouts were sent ahead on each side of the river and Wolseley proceeded with the rest of his men by boat. They battled a fierce wind, which was followed by a heavy downpour of rain, so that near St. John's Cathedral they had to make camp for the night.

Next morning it was still raining and the country was a sea of mud. Any thought of proceeding by land had to be abandoned, so that at dawn they pushed off again in the boats. Early in the forenoon they landed at Point Douglas, north of the village and the Fort.

Scouts reported that Riel had issued ammunition to his men, loaded the Fort guns, and closed the gates. The troops were now jubilant at the prospect of a fight to gain their objective and started their march toward Fort Garry. One detachment skirted the western edge of the village, the other plodded ankle deep in the mud of the road that today is Winnipeg's Main Street.

On the way up the river from Lower Fort Garry, cheers from the river banks had greeted the long-looked-for soldiers. Now, the only sound was that of the drenching rain; the only moving objects were a drunken man lurching toward the shelter of a doorway, and farther along a bedraggled cur slinking furtively to cover in a shed.

Approaching the Fort, the troops expected each moment to see the flash of guns and to hear the whizz of cannon shots. But nothing stirred. To their astonishment, the gates were open and they marched into an empty fort. There, drawing out the guns, they fired a royal salute as a new Union Jack was run up the mast to replace the tattered one used by Riel.

The Métis leader and his aides had been sitting at breakfast when news was hurriedly brought in that the troops were almost upon them. Jumping up and leaving their breakfast on the table, they hastily quitted the Fort. Riel went southward to American territory, and his supporters returned to their homes.

The insurrection of 1869-1870 was over, and the peaceable formation of Manitoba soon followed.

Alexander Hunter Murray, evidently jubilant at this finish to Red River "Troubles," expressed his feelings in the song which follows, "Capture of Fort Garry" or "Riel's Retreat." He worked over "The Marching Song" he had composed the previous winter, using the first verse as the beginning for this new song, and the second verse as a refrain to be sung between its verses. Also, he used for it the same air, "Johnny Cope."

[Sung to the Scottish air, "Johnny Cope";
see "The Marching Song," page 50.]

1. Louis Riel sat in his chamber o' state
Wi' his stolen knives and forks an' his stolen siller plate,
An' a' his braw things spread out in style sae great,
For a breakfast tae the Bishop that mornin'.

Refrain:

- Hey, Riel, are ye waking yet,
Or are yer drums a-beating yet?
If ye're nae waking we'll nae wait,
For we'll take the fort this morning.
2. On a sofa sae grand—an' that was stolen too—
Sat that double dyed villain an' sneak O'Donohue,
His stolen watch and chain exposed there to view,
His Fenian breast adorning.
 3. Two lazy sentinels stood smoking at the gate,
Wi' the strictest orders frae their President elate,
When they saw Bishop Taché come walkin' on in state,
Tae gie Louis Riel timely warnin'.
 4. Says Riel to O'Donohue, "I think it is nae crime
Tae say that our Bishop is far behin' his time,
It's mair than half an hour sin' our bells they did chime,
The hour he appointed this morning."
 5. Sae Riel gat up an' gaed into the street,
But instead o' the Bishop, wha' think ye he did meet,
But a man rushin' up, wi' his face as white's a sheet,
Cryin': "Run for yer lives this morning!"
 6. "As I was comin' home, I swear tae you I saw,
A regiment o' sodgers a-comin' in a raw,
An' now while we are talkin', they can't be far awa'
An' ye'll get yer farin' this morning."

7. Louis Riel's face turned the colour o' a clout,
An' wi' a fearfu' aith, he turned him right about,
An' for the river crossing, the way that he did put
Was a caution tae a' that morning.
8. O'Donohue sprang up an' he put for it too,
An' Lepine followed suit wi' his dirty ragged crew,
The Deil tak' the hin'maist, the way that they flew,
Cow'd a' that I saw that mornin'.
9. Then up cam' in order our gallant riflemen
Expectin' tae nab a' the rebels in their den,
They marched roun' the house an' they searched butt an' ben
But they found they'd a' skedaddled that mornin'.
10. They lookit in the stores, an' they hunted everywhere,
Not a sign o' a rebel could be discovered there.
They had sunk intae the groun', or vanished i' the air,
Like Macbeth's weird sisters, that mornin'.
11. The Officers walkit in an' sat roun' the breakfast board,
An' feasted on the best Riel's stealings could afford,
An' after bein' satisfied, gave thanks untae the Lord
For the jolly good breakfast that mornin'.
12. Then Hey! Louis Riel! Hoo's a' wi' you the noo?
Hoo's a' wi' yir Mither and yir Mither's auld coo,
That ye took frae her an' sauld, we a' ken it's true,
For a coat, sark an' breeks ae mornin'.

ALEXANDER HUNTER MURRAY.

NOTE: The manuscript of both words and air is in the Provincial Archives
Manitoba.

III. MANITOBA'S FIRST TWO YEARS

10. *The Idol of His Party*

Introduction / Dr. J. C. Schultz is without doubt the subject of this song.

As head of the Canada Party, he had led the strongest opposition to Riel in his struggle for power in Red River. This, together with his opposition to the fur trade monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, made him many enemies. Nevertheless, these activities, added to his wide variety of business interests and his medical practice, made him a man of importance in the Settlement.

Schultz was born in Upper Canada of an Irish mother and a Norwegian father. In person, he was a large handsome man of powerful physique, with a ruddy complexion and a thick reddish beard. He was "a fighter by choice," but not belligerent by nature. Nothing changed the evenness of his well-modulated voice, nothing shook his self-control.

After he left the country, early in 1870, events soon led to the end of Riel's régime and that gentleman's departure for the

United States on August 24th. Manitoba was then peaceably formed, and under Lieutenant-Governor Adams G. Archibald, who arrived on September 5th, law and order were restored.

Schultz returned to Red River in 1871. Finding himself barred from Provincial politics as a partisan in the recent troubles, he successfully contested a seat in the federal election of that year. It was a riotous campaign and the following song, which appeared after the election in the organ of the opposing party, *Le Métis*, Winnipeg, on November 23, 1871, clearly shows that feeling against him was not dead.

The Fenian raid of September, 1871, referred to in the song, was in reality only an alarm. At the time, Schultz was in Ottawa seeking indemnity for personal losses he had suffered in the Riel uprising, hence the reference to his absence and his return with full purse. As for the Métis part against the Fenians, mentioned in the song, they were so late in presenting themselves for service, that, by the time they were accepted, the Fenians were already dispersed.

It may be of interest to note that, as a member of parliament, Schultz entered upon a useful public career. Later, he became Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and was honoured with a knighthood.

Le Dieu du Libéral

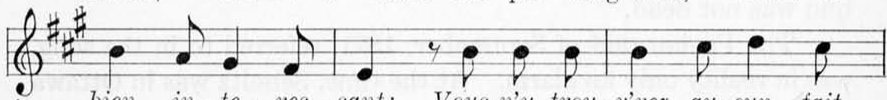
Air: Cadet Rousselle



1. *Peuple, é-cou - tez dé - vo - te - ment, Peuple, é - cou - tez dé - vo - te -*
1. Now lis - ten care - ful - ly, my friends, Now listen care - ful - ly, my



ment, Un ré - cit bien in - te - res - sant; Un ré - cit
friends, To — a most sur - pri - sing tale; To — a



bien in - te - res - sant; Vous n'y trou - v'rez au - cun fait
most sur - pri - sing tale; You'll find in it no feat of



d'ar - mes; Vous ne ver - se - rez pas de lar - mes, Ah!
arms, Nor need you shed a sin - gle tear. — Ah!



Ah! Ah! mais vrai - ment C'est un ré - cit bien sur - pre - nant.
ah! ah! but tru - ly It is a most sur - pri - sing tale!

1. *Peuple, écoutez dévotement,* } *bis*
Un récit bien intéressant;
Vous n'y trou - v'rez aucun fait d'armes;
Vous ne verserez pas de larmes,
Ah! Ah! Ah! mais vraiment
C'est un récit bien surprenant.

2. *Un docteur de nos bons amis,* } *bis*
Qu'a les ch'veux rouges, non pas gris;
Quoiqu'il soit sot comm'une borrique
S'est lancé dans la Politique;
Ah! Ah! Ah! mais vraiment
C'est un récit bien surprenant.

3. Il se dit un bon citoyen! } *bis*
Et ne recule devant rien!
Et pour monter au pinacle
Marcherait sur un tabernacle,
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui vraiment,
C'est un homme bien surprenant!
4. Il est membre du Parlement; } *bis*
Si vous voulez savoir comment;
Volontiers je vais vous le dire,
De dégoût n'allez pas sourire;
Ah! Ah! Ah! oui vraiment
C'est un homme bien surprenant!
5. Se présentant comme candidat } *bis*
Beaucoup de rhum il acheta
Si bien qu'ses amis dans sa lutte,
D'hommes qu'ils étaient devinrent brutes!
Ah! Ah! Ah! mais vraiment
C'est un homme bien surprenant!
6. Depuis ce temps le cher Docteur } *bis*
A vingt fois changé de couleur
Si bien que Garet son compère,
Voudrait le voir cent pieds sous terre!
Ah! Ah! Ah! mais vraiment
C'est un homme bien surprenant!
7. A la dernière invasion } *bis*
Des Féliens, pendant qu'nous étions
Tous en masse sur la frontière
Il n'était pas sous not'bannière,
Ah! Ah! Ah! mais vraiment
C'est un homme bien surprenant!

8. Lorsque d'Ottawa il revint }
 Sans danger était le chemin } *bis*
 L'invasion était finie
 Mais d'or sa bourse était fournie,
 Ah! Ah! Ah! oui vraiment
 C'est un homme bien surprenant!
9. Ses amis désillusionnés }
 S'aperçoivent qu'ils sont lésés } *bis*
 Que le Docteur est une saboche,
 Mais qu'il n'oublie jamais sa poche;
 Ah! Ah! Ah! oui vraiment
 C'est un homme bien surprenant!
10. Aussi malhonnête que roux }
 Il se moque de leur courroux; } *bis*
 Malvat dont la poche était vide,
 Lui prête sa plume stupide;
 Ah! Ah! Ah! mais vraiment
 C'est un homme bien surprenant!
11. Enfin, et pour tout terminer }
 J'ai quelque chose à proposer } *bis*
 Au risque de froisser la canaille,
 Qu'il s'ôt' de là, ou qu'on l'empaille;
 Ah! Ah! Ah! car vraiment
 Cet homme est par trop surprenant!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The Idol of His Party

1. Now listen carefully, my friends, }
 To a most surprising tale; } *repeat*
 You'll find in it no feat of arms,
 Nor need you shed a single tear.
 Ah! ah! ah! but truly
 It is a most surprising tale!

2. A famous Doctor friend of ours, } *repeat*
 (Whose hair is red, not gray)
 Although he is a great blockhead
 Rushed headlong into politics.
 Ah! ah! ah! but truly
 It is a most surprising tale!
3. He calls himself good citizen, } *repeat*
 Will gladly attempt anything;
 And to reach the top of the heap
 He would trample what is sacred.
 Ah! ah! ah! yes truly
 He is a most surprising man!
4. He is Member of Parliament; } *repeat*
 If you wish to know how it happened
 I will gladly tell you the tale—
 But do not show your loathing!
 Ah! ah! ah! yes truly
 He is a most surprising man!
5. Presenting himself as candidate } *repeat*
 He bought a great deal of strong rum,
 So much, that his friends in the fight
 Changed from men into raving fools.
 Ah! ah! ah! yes truly
 He is a most surprising man!
6. Since that time the famous Doctor } *repeat*
 Has changed sides about twenty times,
 So that now his crony Garet
 Longs to see him deep underground!
 Ah! ah! ah! yes truly
 He is a most surprising man!