

is situated at some distance from the inhabited portion of the city, and could not be reached without wading through mud and water from two to four inches deep. The little Methodist Church was well filled in the evening, it being the most convenient to the places where immigrants were stopping. In the evening I strolled by myself along the banks of the Red River, and had occasion to remark the doings of a ferryman who was busily

"PADDLING HIS LIGHT CANOE"

near the opposite shore. The water in the river having lately risen between three and four feet, had borne up the ice in the centre of the river, leaving the sides, which were attached to the shore, submerged to a distance of from fifty to sixty feet from each side of the river. Both oxen and horse teams were crossing back and forth. On the eastern, or Emerson side, a couple of planks served as a bridge for foot passengers, while on the other side the licensed ferryman for five cents took travellers across the small strip of water between the ice and the river bank. He was kept quite busy, while I was watching, and as the canoe would carry four persons and had to go only a few lengths of herself, the trips were speedily performed, although the craft frequently took in water over the side, when the passengers, from fright or other cause, did not keep perfectly still.

On Monday morning, the ice near the opposite shore had risen in broken pieces to the surface, so that the canoe could not be used; but the ferryman had taken his station at

THE END OF HIS PLANK

and still collected five cents fare from every passenger, for crossing on the plank, leaving the unfortunate travellers to pick their way, at the risk of their lives, over the floating chunks of ice near the opposite shore. It a woman carried a child in her arms across the plank, she had to pay ten cents, and if a man carried a moderately sized bundle, he too was mulcted in double fare. A man carrying several small bundles in his hands, was about to cross the plank, when he unfortunately dropped a spare coat, not into the water, but on the Emerson shore. He did not miss it until he had paid his toll. He now wished to return a few steps for the coat, but Cerberus who guarded the plank would not permit him to do so until he "forked over" five cents, which operation had to be again repeated when he returned with the lost coat. An immigrant from Ontario informed me that he had to pay in all fifty cents for the privilege of conveying a couple of trunks and a few bags across the Emerson plank.

After dinner I went back to St. Vincent to see about forwarding my baggage, which had been checked to that station. The wind was blowing strongly from the north, and the weather was getting uncomfortably cold. At the St. Vincent station there were a good many members of the Ottawa party, and also the Greenway party from Exeter, Ont., all anxious to get their horses out of the cars. Some of these horses had now been crowded in the Grand Trunk cars for eight days, during which time they had never been allowed to get out. At one station where they were delayed for some time the owners of the horses in one car insisted on taking the suffering animals out for exercise and feed,

but the train left before they could be replaced in the car, and they, consequently, had to wait for another train. The delays at St. Vincent were most aggravating, caused by the

NEGLECT

on the part of the Custom House officials at Port Huron in not forwarding the proper papers in time. I saw a number of these horses as they were unloaded from the cars, and felt almost sick to witness the starved-like appearance of most of them. Some of them had also ugly-looking wounds, which they had received in the cars, owing to the peculiar way they have in the West of jerking cars when starting or shunting them at the stations. I did not hear that any horses had died, but several had been left to recuperate at the way stations, and some of those that reached St. Vincent were scarcely able to walk alone.

About half-past five p.m. the train from St. Paul arrived at St. Vincent, and was detained nearly two hours before it could go on to Emerson. The weather was getting uncomfortably cold, owing to the steady north-western breeze which was blowing, and I went into the passenger cars, where my sympathies for the horses gave place to sympathy for a few women and children who were among the passengers. I heard several fervent wishes expressed by worn-out looking mothers, who were striving to pacify crying children, that they had but known what they had to endure, in which case they would not have come on this journey so early in the season. The following night was very windy and cold, yet a number of the people newly arrived in Emerson had to

SLEEP IN OUT-HOUSES,

without any bed-clothes whatever, except the clothing they wore. As there was sufficient accommodation in the old Government police stations at Dufferin, on the west side of Red River, and about a mile and a half further down towards Winnipeg, many of the immigrants were exceedingly anxious to get there, and tried to make arrangements with an individual who owned a team on the west side of the river, to take a waggon-load of travellers and their baggage from the shore opposite Emerson down to Dufferin, but Jehu would accept no less than \$2 for his services, and as it would take about a dollar and a half more to get past the plank-tollman, the trip was abandoned. Things began to look blue to the new-comers in Emerson. But as the shore ice had risen the previous day, and the frost the succeeding night had cemented the pieces of ice along the shore pretty well together in some places, some of us thought a temporary bridge might be made with a few planks so that the horses and all might get across. I at once started across on foot to Dufferin to solicit aid from the emigrant agent, Mr. Tetu, to construct a temporary bridge. I found Mr. Tetu and also Mr. Grahame, the Dominion Emigrant Agent at Duluth, in a snug, warm room. They had evidently just got out of bed. When I proposed that something should be done speedily to assist the immigrants to cross over from Emerson, they seemed to think I was joking, and offered me a drink from a bottle with which they seemed to be on friendly terms. When I at last convinced them that I was in earnest, they called me

A GREENHORN AND FOOL,

and said that the ferryman (tollman it should be)