

ous cattle and ponies dangling along for half a mile, and one poor buffalo whose calf is tied on the floor of one of the jolting carts, where it perishes miserably on the road.

Ferrying over the Assiniboine, which must be done at the very outset, detains us a couple of hours, so that, as we start after dinner, we are soon obliged to camp. Our road lies southward along the Red River, but here at some distance from it, so that on camping we can find no water beyond what can be baled painfully out of a neighboring marsh; and wood is so scarce that it is difficult to procure enough to cook by. The lack of any thing more than the ghost of a camp-fire does not, however, seem to dampen the 'hilarious ardor of our Red-river guests, and the camp is not quiet until the small hours of the morning. We are roused again by four o'clock; but in the dense fog it takes so long to gather in the wandering cattle, that it is half-past five before we bid our