

otter, marten, red, silver, and white foxes, &c. The Crees who have visited us have never exceeded twelve men, young and old. The Chepewyans vary considerably in their numbers. From twenty to fifty occasionally come, and the total number who have visited the fort does not exceed one hundred. Our Esquimaux customers reside at and about Chesterfield Inlet. They do not muster more than one hundred and twenty full-grown men, about forty of whom visit us annually. They are all quiet, well-behaved people, and tolerably honest.

About two-thirds of our provisions consists of country produce; the remaining one-third, namely, flour and oatmeal, we procure from England. Among the former we have fresh and salt geese, partridges, venison, and fish. The geese are principally procured in the spring from the Crees and Chepewyans, and numbers are salted by our people. The latter tribe chiefly supply us with the venison, which they bring in a half-dried state, nearly a distance of seventeen days' march. During the summer season we occasionally kill a chance deer. In the winter we are well supplied with partridges, the chief part of which our men take in nets.

Our principal fish is the salmon and jack-fish: the former is taken during the summer season in nets at a place called Cuckold's Point, between two and three miles from the fort; and the jack is taken in October and November at Deer's River, distant about twenty-five miles from Churchill. Neither however is plentiful.

It was from this place that Hearne set out on his Arctic Ocean hunting expedition; and as I think he says enough about the climate, soil, productions, &c., I shall not tire you by alluding to these subjects. Suffice it to say, that Churchill is a rascally, disagreeable, cold, unsocial, out-of-the-way, melancholy spot,—and I don't care how soon I am changed. No hunting, horse-racing, or any other of the sports which we enjoyed on the Columbia, which I once thought bad enough: but, talking of Indian trading posts, I may truly say, "bad is the best." So, wishing you all manner of good things, with plenty of *white boys*, and abundance to feed them, I remain *ton tendre ami à la mort*.

J—.

THE END.