

us through. We camped together, and had quite a cheerful evening—the first for several nights. We now followed the clear marked trail of the dog sled to Carlton.

**TUESDAY, OCT. 29TH.**—Gave over the corpse, to the relief of our party. It was put into a dog sled, to relieve our weary cart horses. A little snow in the morning, but the sun came out about noon—the first time for eleven days. The warmth was most enjoyable. We must have looked queer figures, riding along, wrapped in capots and furs. Everywhere where the hair was open to the air, it was a mass of ice from one's breath. Alexander, with a blanket entirely covering him, tied round the waist with a thong of "Shaganappy," another tie round the neck, and a third at the top of his head, giving him the appearance of an animated turnip. Made a good day, considering there was eight inches of snow, and camped in a thicket of willows, near a frozen swamp.

**WEDNESDAY, THE 30TH OF OCTOBER.**—A lovely, bright day, and no wind. Our party basked in the warm sunshine. Arrived at the Saskatchewan, which is nearly frozen over. Alice, and I, crossed in a canoe, whilst the people were employed in getting a scow into the river to carry over our carts and horses. We found Mr. Clarke returned, and were most kindly and hospitably received; and revelled in the comfort of an airy room, with a bright fire of logs blazing in the open hearth. We have had a disagreeable journey from Fort Pitt. Our moccasins have been frozen hard on our feet each day; but by care in camping none of our party have been frostbitten. I had to give our men, however, extra warm woollen stockings, and we ourselves wore duffle socks over worsted stockings, and moccasins over all. Boots are unwearable and dangerous. We met here a Capt. Moore, and a Doctor from Prince Albert, come up to hold the inquest, at which I gave my evidence. I listened carefully to the evidence of the miserable wretch, the Canadian, and am convinced he is guilty of nothing but the most abject cowardice. Sent off a letter to McKay at Prince Albert, and were delighted at receiving a letter from home. It had been to Edmonton, and had followed us back via Battleford. The weather has quite changed. Bright warm days, and the snow thawing. We enjoyed Mr. and Mrs. Clarke's kind hospitality until Tuesday morning. McKay had arrived in the meantime with all our horses, looking well after their rest. Alexander has left us to return to Prince Albert. McKay's brother, Gilbert, with a young Canadian, named Wardrobe, and an Indian named "Waichan," make our party. John Macbeth still accompanies us. I had exchanged our tent for a buffalo leather lodge, and our train preceded us, with orders to cross the Saskatchewan on Monday, as it was reported sufficiently frozen over; but, on coming up with them, on Tuesday, we found the ice had broken up, and was floating in thick masses down the river. Mr. Clarke gave Alice a beautiful siffleur skin robe, an excessively handsome present. McKay went with us to join our train.

ON **WEDNESDAY**, we moved up the river to the place, where we had crossed in the summer, and on Thursday, with much trouble, my men launched the scow, and crossed all our luggage and horses safely, "Prince" alone, seeing his comrades on the other side, despised the boat, and, dashing boldly into the river, swam strongly through the floating ice to the other side.

**FRIDAY, 8TH.**—Our horses having strayed, we did not get away till noon, and camped at sunset, in a poplar bluff.

ON **SUNDAY**, we camped near the forks of the road, where a telegraph station has recently been put up, called "Humboldt." Here we heard of a waggon belonging to the police, that had been left near the edge of the Salt Plain.

ON **MONDAY**, after making about eight miles, our sledges stuck fast, not another scrap of snow. Sent Gilbert, and an Indian off to try to find the waggon. They returned on Tuesday morning, without the waggon, which had been taken; but with a very indifferent cart, which they had purchased from a freight train. There was nothing for it, but to make travails. These primitive means of carrying luggage, consist of two poles, one tied on each side of the horse. The ends, kept apart by two cross-pieces tied to them, trail on the ground. The luggage is tied to the poles. Camped near the Lake of the Pyramid. Fortunately, we had fine weather across the Salt Plain, as it was not until Friday evening, that we reached the Touchwood Hill Post. Here we found the police waggon, with which, and a small waggon I bought from Mr. Macbeth, and a better cart, we started on Saturday. Mr. Macbeth gave me two beautiful black beaver skins. They are excessively rare.

ON **TUESDAY, THE 19TH**, we reached Fort Ellis, where Mr. McDonald kindly put us up.

ON **WEDNESDAY**, we left, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McD., as far as Snake Creek.

ON **THURSDAY, THE 21ST**, stopped at the Police Station at Shoal Lake, to ask Capt. Herkmer's permission to take the waggon on, which was kindly accorded.

**THE 22ND.**—We had another fall of snow, and, after passing La Portage on the 27th, arrived at Winnipeg, later in the evening of Friday, 29th. Mr. James McKay buys all my lot of nine horses. We called in all our friends in Winnipeg, and had some pleasant evenings, with both Mr. George and Mr. John McTavish; and, through the courteous invitation of Mr. Willis, the contractor of the new railroad, were taken through by rail to Pembina, with a party, to see the last rail laid. I was introduced to a Mr. Traill, late an officer of the H.B. Co., who was excessively kind. We stopped for the night at Pembina, at a tiny but very clean hotel. Our party consisted of nine, and when we arrived, we were told the house was full. Five and twenty people arrived half-an-hour afterwards, from St. Paul. The result may be imagined. However, thanks entirely to the exertions of Messrs. Traill and Willis, Alice and I got the little parlour to ourselves, and made a comfortable bed of buffalo robes