

to those baptized
sixty. Let the
in the Hudson
e has to contend
ing, perhaps, no
low attentive to
of these Terri-
ere is no cough-
neezing with a
make an Indian
to his gun; but
they would wish
lives were speak-
a guinea would
did it weigh as
do not, nor the
each word as
ndians of Hud-
aps, only once a
enough during

JOURNAL, &c.—RETURNING.

The following, the remainder of the Journal of my journey from the Hudson Bay Territories, is written from memory, as the original papers were lost in Lake Winnipeg.

the arrival of the
ship, the *Prince*
of August, on
We expected the
which disappointed
letter from him,
reasons for not
stances assumed
in following up

On Monday, the 16th, the Hudson's Bay Company's Express Canoe left for Canada. I applied for a passage, but was refused; consequently had to get a private conveyance. I was, however, offered a passage to England in the *Prince Rupert*.

I had made arrangements with Mr. Mason, who had given his canoe and men, to convey Mr. Ryerson, at our own charge, to Norway House and Red River; but these arrangements had to be set aside; and procuring provisions, &c., with all haste, in my own single canoe, and with two men, I turned my face homeward. Even at the far end of a long journey there is pleasure in going home.

On the 16th, with the evening tide, which rises here ten or twelve feet, we left York Factory. The tide bore us along over twelve miles. That night we slept on the beach. The night was cold, and accustomed, for some time past, to warm bed-rooms, I did not sleep much.

I will describe our mode of travelling up York River. The men alternately towed the canoe by a thirty fathom cod line. The tow-path is not a planked one; rocks, stones, sand, and sometimes water breast high. Thus, for about a hundred miles, and with a strong current pulling the canoe the other way, we travelled up York River. I walked nearly all the way, and tired enough I was when we got to the "Rock," which crosses the river like a mill-dam.

At Fox River we came upon a flock of young wild geese. The geese could fly but a little, and we had a "wild goose chase." Every man to his goose; in water and out of water, through brush, over brier, heads up, heels up, every man to his goose! The banks of the River at this place are forty or fifty feet high, and in going down the River at this same place, in company with Mr. Mason, we killed twenty geese. He was too stout to roll about the banks and bushes in chase, but perhaps did as much service to the common good, with a canoe in the river, by picking up the dead as they rolled down the steep bank. The proceeds of this chase were six geese in excellent condition.

The chase being ended, we were ready for lunch; so we set about it. A friend at the Fort had given me three bottles of ginger beer; and as I felt somewhat thirsty from the excitement of the chase, my cook, John, set about drawing the cork of one of the bottles. He appeared to do it awkwardly, and as I was dubious of an explosion, I stopped him, saying, "Take care, John. Give it to me! Take care!" Pulling a cork—that was nothing; John could do that; perhaps had done it too often: but John and my bows-man, an elderly man, now were good members of Norway House Mission, and showed themselves, during the time they were with me, to be consistent Christians. What made the drawing of this cork dangerous, John wished to know? His curiosity