

provisions. More than twice that time elapsed, however, without our seeing anyone. The conductor could not leave the train without orders; and no one seemed to know exactly what to do.

I had promised to be in England soon after New Year's Day. Christmas had passed, and the New Year had come, but England appeared to be further off than ever.

At the end of the week two dog-sleighs, with voyageurs, arrived from Fort Arthur. A relief train had brought them to within a few miles of where we were snowed up. The conductor also received orders to feed the passengers free; but, as nearly everything was already eaten up, we none of us felt much comforted at the strange liberality of the Railway Company.

As the dog-sleighs were going on at once with the mail, I and two of my fellow passengers determined to accompany them. How far we should have to walk none of us at all knew. After a rather hot discussion with the mail agent—that is, a good deal of heat on his part, and perfect good temper on mine—I gained my point that nothing but the letter