

sight I have never seen surpassed for beauty. The full moon shone from a cloudless sky, and lit up with a brilliant silver-like radiancy the water, as it glided between hundreds of small islands, which were covered with trees and bushes, and looked magnificent as they were brought out in vivid relief by the moonlight.

Passing through St. Paul, I reached my brother's home at West Lynne, which is a small town, just on the Canadian side of the United States boundary and separated from Emerson by the Red River of the North.

As my purpose in going to Canada, was to search for minerals, and good farming land as an investment, as well as to see as much of the wilds as possible, I determined not to spend much time in town, so after carefully examining the map, we (my brother George and myself) decided if practicable to reach a spot on the river Souris, which is situated out in the open prairie, about 300 miles southwest of Winnipeg. We ascertained on making a few enquiries, that the best way to see and examine the country, would be to take a good outfit, and drive the whole of the distance across the prairie. We therefore bought a pair of Mustang Ponies, for which we paid 200 dollars, including their harness; a good strong four-wheeled vehicle, called a "Buckboard," a tent, a good map, a compass, and provisions to last a month, consisting princi-