



HORSE-JOCKEYING.

items of advice, or skip to the next paragraph. Item first—the same which *Punch* gave to a young couple about marrying—"Don't!" But if he insists upon going—item second—let him not travel five hundred miles north with loaded carts before beginning on his half-continent of westing. Messrs. Burbank and Blakely, of St. Paul, have had a line of stages this summer from that city to the head of navigation on the Red River of the North; and the steamboat *Anson Northup*, owned by them in shares with the Hudson's Bay Company, now connects that terminus with the Selkirk Settlement. Let the emigrant outfit at St. Paul, send his provisions to Fort Gary by the route named, and there buy carts and fresh horses and make an early start.

It was a motley crowd. There was the man of monstrous egotism, who passed his life in the contemplation and exposition of his own achievements and virtues, and men of no virtue at all; the enthusiast, and the man who ridiculed all enthusiasm; the man who believed every thing, and the man who believed nothing; men of good principle, men of bad principle, and men of no principle; scholars and ignoramuses; industrious men and lazy men; sick men, who could be floored with a rush, and well men that a bull would hesitate before trying to butt over; water drinkers and whiskey drinkers; men that were boys, and boys that were men; Nova Scotians and Indian half-breeds, Scotchmen and Canadians, English, American, and Irish; and but three tents-ful in all.

There were with us two doctors, to look after our healths, and an accomplished scientific gentleman, a geologist and botanist, who afterward

descended the Assiniboine River from Fort Ellice, in a canoe, with only a single Indian guide, ascertaining the navigability of the stream in the spring of the year to small boats, and in nearly all seasons to batteaux—one of the few results accomplished by the expedition.

Our first day's journey was a very short one. Horses and mules had to be weaned from the quotidian oats of civilization, and taught to reconcile themselves to grass and water. The fatigues of the journey had to be begun *adagio*, and then *crescendo*. A *sforzando* movement at the start would have knocked them up in a week.

We, too, had to be weaned. We found this out at the first camping-ground. Instead of ringing for coals and ordering a chop, we had to chop our wood and build our fires and fry our own pork. The streams, which are the Crotons and Cochituates of the prairies, had to make connection with our temporary houses by wooden pails instead of iron pipes, and we to learn how much easier it is to reach a bell-rope and turn a faucet than to be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Riding in the sun and the labor and excitement of starting had given us the appetites of Brobdignagians. Visions of savory-messes, clouds of fragrant steam, in which Soyer the immortal seemed enjoying perpetual apotheosis, floated through our-minds as we pitched the tents and drove their stakes, stacked the guns and spread our blankets for the night, and then waited and listened for the call to supper. Presently it came, and in the one word "*Grab!*" and grab it was. The tea, virgin as when gathered in the gardens of the celestials, had impart-