

five miles from Churchill. Neither however is plentiful.

It was from this place that Hearne set out on his arctic ocean hunting expedition; and as I think he says enough about the climate, soil, productions, &c. I shall not tire you by alluding to these subjects. Suffice it to say, that Churchill is a rascally, disagreeable, cold, unsocial, out-of-the-way, melancholy spot,—and I don't care how soon I am changed. No hunting, horse-racing, or any other of the sports which we enjoyed on the Columbia, which I once thought bad enough: but, talking of Indian trading posts, I may truly say, “bad is the best.” So, wishing you all manner of good things, with plenty of *white boys*, and abundance to feed them, I remain *ton tendre ami à la mort*.

J—.

THE END.

LONDON:

ROBSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.