

their side, so that they might lift them when they fell.

For they were still deplorably weak, and Dr. Richardson's limbs were so swollen that he could scarcely move them. But the Indians prepared their encampment, cooked for them, and fed them as if they had been children, manifesting a sympathy and tenderness worthy of the highest degree of civilization.

By the end of November the camp of Akaitcho was reached without mishap; and here Lieut. Franklin and his party had the warmest of welcomes, and were shown the utmost consideration, the chief even going so far as to cook for them with his own hands, an office that he never performed even for himself.

At Akaitcho's camp their perils and privations came to an end; for, although they were still far from the end of their journey, they were henceforth safe from hunger and hardship such as they had happily survived.

Under the rude but efficient care of the kindly Indians the whole party steadily regained strength, and were able from day to day to make some progress southward. Early in December they were met by two trains of dogs sent out by the factor of Fort Providence under the care of two Canadians.

On the sledges were meat, tea, and sugar, some tobacco and spirits for the Indians, changes of clothing for Lieut. Franklin and his brother officers, and, what was even more welcome to them, a package of letters from England.

By these they learned that they had been promoted to higher rank in their absence, and that all was well with their loved ones at home.