



CASCADE NEAR ST. PAUL.

and beans, barrels of pork and bags of dried beef, bags of dried apples and sacks of coffee, canisters of tea and kegs of powder, bags of shot and chunks of lead, rifles, shot-guns, and pistols, blankets—blue, red, white, and green; fishing-rods, pack-saddles, cart-harness, tents and tent-poles, tin kettles, iron saucepans, tin plates, carpet-bags, valises, soap-boxes, axes, and buffalo-ropes, butcher-knives and spy-glasses, and a hundred things besides—some useful and some useless—relics of civilization which now lie scattered along the valley of the Red River of the North and the prairies of the Saskatchewan, one by one thrown away as their owners drew the line between luxuries and necessities, in passing from citizens to nomads.

At length the carts were loaded, horses harnessed, mules packed, and horsemen mounted. "The Colonel" led the train, driving a light sulky carrying the odometer and other scientific instruments. Balky horses were spurred up, refractory mules flogged, and amidst hundreds of "Good-byes," "Write me from Frazer River," "My compliments to the Saskatchewan," "Send back the biggest nuggets you find," "Let me give you a pass over the Rocky Mountains," one after another wheeled into line, and the expedi-

tion was fairly started on its long journey.

Three-fourths of our twenty were bound to Frazer River to dig for gold; the rest were in search of treasures of another sort—health, knowledge, a summer's recreation, science, personal inspection of the Northwestern areas and the great rivers by which they are linked to our own Northwestern States.

We outfitted at St. Paul, and spent a fortnight of fine summer weather, when we ought to have been traveling, in making our purchases, beginning with horses. [Eulogy of Western horse-jockeys is here omitted for want of room. The sentiments of the writer will be intelligibly conveyed by the picture on the next page, containing portraits of animals offered for our purchase by members of that virtuous and enlightened profession.]

My friend Joseph bought a mare whom he conceived to be profoundly penetrated with a grave consciousness of the part she was performing in opening an international highway across the continent. "Observe," said he, "the pensile head, the meditative, lacklustre eye, the impressive solemnity of her slowly measured tread. See

how she restrains the natural levity of her disposition, and represses that exuberance of animal spirits which one might expect from a horse in the very blush and dew of equine adolescence—for the man I bought her of swore she was only six years old. Let her be called Lady Mary." For my own part, I bought a horse of Indian origin and aboriginal habits—lazy, tough, balky, jocose, sagacious, and of a conservative habit—afterward called "Dan Rice." Together we bought a mule to draw our kit and cargo in a cart of the Red River pattern. Each of us had an India-rubber blanket, two pair of heavy woolen blankets, arms and ammunition, fishing-tackle, besides the cooking utensils, compass, hammer and nails, pail, water-keg, axe, scythe, shovel, rope, string, and jack-knife, which we owned in common. For wearing apparel the best average was: a soft felt hat, three or four blue flannel shirts, with three or four pockets in each. A full suit of Canada blue or stout doeskin, with an extra pair of trowsers. One pair of duck cloth overalls. Boots or high shoes, with projecting soles to keep the prairie-grass from cutting through the uppers.

Whoever goes to Frazer River hereafter by the northern overland route will please listen to two