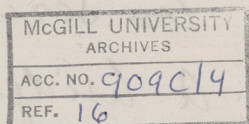


Souris R. June 5. 74



My Dear Maam.

Some of the teams are going
back from here to Dufferin tomorrow
& I consequently embrace the opportunity
of sending you some news.

The whole of the Boundary Comm^{rs}
parties are now collected here
convinced that it is
else waiting to get across the Souris.
The water being high it is impossible
to ford it as was done last summer
& there being such a large party
(I should think over 100 loaded
wagons the loss of time incident to
ferrying the stuff across in any boat

which might be extemporized is
too serious to contemplate.

A bridge is therefore being built.
This is the third day the men
have been at work on it &
it will probably be finished
early tomorrow. It is 164 feet
long & the river 7 feet deep in
the middle so that all hands
have been fully busy getting out
timber, building cribs & sinking
them 48.48.

You know on leaving Dufferin
I went with Capt Featherstonhaugh
& party round south of the line &
by St. Joe & made a trip up into
Pembina out on the line. We

had quite a new road & had
numerous small adventures &
delays in the way of mud wagens,
& breakdowns. I saw a lot of
new country & a good many
geol. sections though all gone
things e.g. Long R. Shale. However
it is satisfactory to know that
nothing else is there. We struck
northward again into the old trail
just E of Little But & caught
up with the main party just
after they had camped on the
river. The weather is beautiful
though still quite cool at night,
& the trees & prairie as green as
green can be.

We had a visit yesterday from a
Sioux chief who claims to have

a hundred lodges under his
control. The Sioux as a rule are
very good looking people, that is
to say as Indians go, & by
comparison with the specimens
one sees in Canada.

I now travel in my buckboard
& find it very convenient as I can
carry my vasculum &c. along with
me & always have my servant
to hold the base if I want to get
out & look at anything. Riding
is however rather pleasant on
the whole & I sometimes regret
that I have not a riding horse as
well. Of course I can use the one
that pulls the b.b. for any excursions
from camp &c.

Your affectionate son
George.