

lying to the north. Continuing for about two miles up the stream, which above the junction is called the Middle Fork, we forded it at a place where the water spread out over a big wash-out, nearly half a mile wide; and then, turning down-stream on the north bank, camped in an angle between the Middle and North Forks. Our worst troubles were now about to begin. The Indian trail up the North Fork valley was said to be on the other (east) side of the river, and, as the latter was absolutely unfordable, we should have to force our way up its west bank. As this part of our journey has not been described before in print, I propose to do so in some detail.

*Thursday, 11th August.*—Did not move camp. Peyto and Nigel went ahead to find or cut a trail; while Collie and I climbed a peak (named by him Survey Peak), about 9000 feet high, to enable him to begin his plane-table survey. After two and a half hours' hot and tedious climb through the woods, battling with fallen logs and mosquitoes, we emerged into the open, and an easy scramble over loose stones took us to the top. The flies followed us far up the mountain side, and we experienced the novel sensation of chopping ice for water with our ice-axes, and being simultaneously bitten by a cloud of mosquitoes and bull-dogs. The same perpetual haze hung over the landscape; no light, fleecy vapours floated in the sky or rolled lazily along the flanks of the hills, but a dull leaden pall seemed to brood, as it were, over

the mountain world. When at intervals it lifted we had glorious views of Mount Forbes (about 14,000 feet), one of the highest and noblest peaks of the Rockies—a sort of cross between the Dent Blanche and the Weisshorn. In a deep valley to the right of the peak lay the blue waters of Glacier Lake, which descend from the enormous Lyell glacier, and discharge themselves by a short stream into the Middle Fork. Southwards we could dimly see the bold rock and snow mountains which cluster round the head of Bear Creek valley, while right above our late camping-ground was the imposing Murchison group, culminating in two peaks, one a long serrated ridge, the other a gigantic square-topped fellow of most formidable aspect, and quite sheer on three sides. The Indians believe Mount Murchison to be the highest in the Rockies, and, though it does not actually exceed 11,500 or 12,000 feet, it is nevertheless a very fine mountain. To the north the view was circumscribed by desolate limestone ranges, with curious rock forms like the Dolomites, one peak having a curious gash or rift cleaving the summit in two.

The next four days were one long battle with woods and muskeags and rivers, during which we only advanced about twelve miles. Had we had less resolute and hard-working men than Peyto and his staff, our trip must inevitably have ended in failure. As it was, we more than once feared we should be forced to turn back. Still, for