

ice and been nowhere in very serious danger from it, although once or twice we had narrowly escaped being swamped by floating blocks. But as we proceeded we found the river more and more swollen, the ice thicker and in greater quantities, and despite all the efforts of the crew, darkness set in while we were yet some miles short of our destination. On we pushed, however, and I had fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a sharp crack almost under my head. The canoe had struck a rock in crossing a rapid in the river, at a spot now known as Cornish Bar, but then called Murderer's Bar, from a murder that had taken place there, and she was stove in unmistakably.

Thanks to the courage and skill of the elder of the crew, we were extricated from our perilous predicament. Leaping on to the rock, against which the full force of the current was driving the canoe, they lifted her off without a moment's hesitation, and the other rowers shooting her ashore, we all jumped out and ran her up upon the snow. Of course everything was wet, ourselves included; but we were too grateful for our narrow escape to heed this trifling inconvenience. Meanwhile the men, whose courage and readiness had preserved us, were still upon the rock, the current sweeping by up to their knees and threatening to carry them away. The canoe being hastily repaired and veered down to them by a rope, they too were brought safely ashore. Then arose the question, how were we to be got to Fort Hope that night? It was a serious one, not admitting of a very easy solution. To get the canoe afloat again was soon found impossible, as she was split fore and aft, and it was ultimately determined to leave two of the Indians in charge of it while the rest of us tried to make the trail, which was known to pass near this spot to the Fort. I have since that night walked that trail when it was as pretty and pleasant a summer evening's stroll as any one would wish to enjoy; but on this occasion, with two or three feet of snow upon it, and three or four feet more ready to receive us on either side if a false step was made, that three-mile walk to Hope was very hard work while it lasted. It was worse for my companion (Mr. Lewis), for in crossing a river by a fallen tree, which served as a bridge, his foot gave way and he slipped in, drenching his frozen clothes and limbs afresh. Fortunately, however, it was not very deep, and he was fished out, and we reached the Fort without further accident.