

abruptly on every side, and the zigzag trails commence. The canoes are constantly coming in with freight from Glenora—pole up close to the bank on the opposite side till well above the landing—then dash out, and in a moment are swept by the deep and rushing current across. Here the packing commences, and weekly or semi-weekly—perhaps oftener—long trains of perhaps forty or fifty miles of pack horses go off laden with flour, bacon, sugar, beans, tea, coffee and canned fruits. The latter supply the place of vegetables, which neither climate, time, nor labor permit to be produced in any quantity in those northern regions. The cost of each article becomes almost fabulous by the time it reaches its destination at Dease Lake; but then it is good—for as the traders say, the freight is so heavy, they cannot afford to pay it for bad articles, and the miners, even the Chinese, will have nothing but the best. Roll-butter is a luxury at \$2.25 per lb., tea \$1.25, ham 50 cts., oatmeal 35 cts., beef 35 cts., and tobacco \$1.50; canned fruits \$1.25, preserved milk \$1 per can, and very small cans; brandy \$8 per gallon, whiskey \$7.50. Each meal—bacon and beans for breakfast, and beans and bacon for dinner—\$1.50 each; or \$4.50 per day for a very limited sustenance of three meals—scant, simple, unvaried and untempting. Labor in this region ranges at the lowest from \$6 to \$10 per day. There is no current coin; everything is paid for in gold dust, weighed out, the sole purse being a buckskin bag—and Sunday the day for the weekly settlement of all accounts. The Indians and miners gamble greatly, and cards are lying about in all directions, seemingly as indigenous as the gold for which they dig and hazard life, health, happiness and comfort. Grain for a horse, either barley or oats (the latter hardly ever seen), is twenty-five cents per pound; hay of the very worst description, not fit for litter (if it can be got at all), ranges at from \$100 to \$300 per ton.

In the clear, bracing northern air, both men and horses get a ravenous appetite; and were it not for the rough pasture occasionally found at some of the camping grounds, intermingled with a little unwilling starvation on the part of the horses, and abstemiousness on the part of the men, the daily supply of a small train like ours would, if dependent on local resources, exceed all reasonable calculation apart from all other expenses. No spirits of any kind should be permitted on such an expedition, from its commencement to its close. Tea is the best, most refreshing and most sustaining beverage. Our horses were roughshod at the creek, so as to climb the hills, and we rode out to our camping-ground some two miles off. The next morning (September 1st) broke ground early, made twenty-one miles, and camped in a wretched, dirty cedar swamp, on the crest of the range of hills we were to follow. The trail during the day was along the side of the mountains—on an average about 1,500 feet above the river, which, when the slopes permitted it to be seen, looked like a little rivulet below. The precipices were sometimes frightful. Around one of barren, reddish shale the pathway was not two feet wide, and if a horse or man missed his footing no earthly power could save him. As a rule the horses are wonderfully sure-footed, and men from necessity become accustomed to the dizzy height. During the last season one pack horse, it was said, went over at this spot; no vestige of him was found or heard of afterwards. It was useless to look. He was simply blotted out and the train moved on. Yet from this very spot one could not but pause and look around. On the opposite side the mountain wall rose from the river with a clear, unbroken face, perpendicular, in height at least 800 feet, composed of five distinct strata, the lower one of sandstone, or more correctly speaking conglomerate, sand and gravel and boulders com-