

throat, but I felt sure she would never recover, even if she managed to reach the Lake. This night we had a very large camp and plenty of food, with bread and salt pork. I had some tea without milk or sugar, but I thought it nectar. In a short time everything was quiet in our camp, though now and then I saw Johnson get up and look at the horses, and, after staying awake till daylight, I fell asleep.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

MONDAY, September 4th.

Terrific bush fires—Indians make a "caché" for the return—Horses prostrated—Arrived at Mr. Tremblay's—Astonishment of the Lake St. John people—Gales—Forests on fire—Tried to Cross the River Metabetchouan.

Awoke this morning and found the horses had started on in front to find some fresh grass. We did not follow for a little time. Found I must take off Honoré's moccasins, my feet were too sore to bear them, so, wearing only stockings, the men carried me along till we reached a lake so lovely as well to deserve its name, "Lac de la Belle Rivière." Alongside this lake ran the road, where for some distance the bush had been set on fire, evidently for the purpose of clearing the land for farming, and was still burning. It was a grand sight to see the flames starting hither and thither, leaping from tree to tree, leaving nothing but blackened trunks. At the end of the lake we crossed a river, over which was a bridge in a tolerable state of preservation. Here we left the "Government Road" and turned into one made by Mr. Price, and which, with few exceptions, though narrow, was not so difficult nor dangerous to traverse. Here the Indians deposited all the provisions, (thinking we were close to Lake St. John,) hiding them to be ready to take back with them to Quebec on their return from the Lake; and soon after the pole on which my "carriage" was fixed broke, and I was thrown to the ground. Charles soon cut a new one, and we proceeded till we came to a swamp with some nice grass; here Johnson let the horses rest, and tried to persuade them to eat, but they were unable to do anything but sink down on the grass, till we continued our journey, when whilst the men raised one horse the other two fell down, so that it was some time before they could get them all on their feet. Poor Jerry fell through one piece of bog, and all the men