

the river. It rises abruptly in terraces, and, looked at edgewise, presents curiously weathered forms, some of them reminding one forcibly of ruins, and it required very little effort of the imagination to fancy oneself on some historical river, lined with mediæval castles.

Just where the rock attains its greatest height, the river turns sharply to the east as we ascend, and leaves this formation. In the vicinity, there are several lofty, terraced ridges of the same sandstone, which appears to me to be a spur from the mountains. The rock is a very coarse-grained

call rapids, but these, at the stage of water which I found in ascending, the *Grahame* or *Athabasca* would find no difficulty in stemming.

While eating dinner at the foot of one of them one day, a porcupine made its appearance, swimming the river. It was killed, much to the delight of the Indian, who after camping that evening, divested it of the offal, dug a hole in the ground, and in this hole a fire was built, and when the earth was sufficiently hot, the body, skin and all, was put in the hole and buried in the hot earth. The two men from Fort Liard then came out and

ate a hearty supper with us, after which they had a smoke, and when the porcupine was cooked it was unearthed and eaten with as much avidity as though they had not tasted food for days. They invited us to partake, but we declined, I think much to their satisfaction. That two men could eat as hearty a supper as the rest of us did, and



SANDSTONE CLIFFS ON EAST BRANCH OF LIARD RIVER.

*About 12 miles above the Forks.*

sandstone, in some places appearing more like conglomerate than sandstone. The bedding is very thick, and not at all uniform, and the different layers often differ much in color and texture. Often in the middle of a fine-grained, yellowish sandstone, we see a band of very coarse-grained, dark brown stuff, which looks as unlike the matrix as it can look. I made careful search for organic remains, often breaking up large pieces, but failed to find any.

Between the forks and Fort Nelson, there are three ripples which we might

at that time our meals were no morsel, and in a few minutes devour at least ten pounds of meat, seems incredible, but it is true. They were up the next morning as anxious for breakfast as any of us, and showed no ill effects, though they must have swallowed over a pound of fat each.

Above the sandstone hills mentioned, the country is undulating: sometimes showing high ridges in the distance. The surface is all heavily wooded and there are many very large trees, both spruce and balsam poplar. At Fort Nelson I selected an average