

They then fished in a creek, where another river ran into Les Ecossees. Charles set mink-traps, and Johnson cut nice bundles of grass for the horses. In the afternoon they hewed down trees to be ready for a large raft, when more men would come to help them, as they found it impossible to move the heavy logs they cut. On Sunday Johnson determined to send Charles to find Felix, fearing the latter had broken his leg or was fast in a swamp. Charles delayed and grumbled for some time, but finally consented to go, when a "whoop" was heard on the opposite side of the river, and Félix, accompanied by three men, appeared in view, bringing provisions. The men set to work carrying the logs Johnson had cut, and when we arrived the raft was nearly completed. When Johnson had finished telling us the above, Malcolm and the men had some dinner, after which the horses were taken over the river one by one. The poor animals were so dreadfully emaciated that we were afraid they would not be able to swim, and it was not safe to put them on such an insecure raft, however, it was arranged that three men should go on the raft, two to paddle and one to hold the horses' noses above water, their heads resting on the raft. This plan was a great success, and the horses all crossed as quietly and easily as possible. The Indian Charles made a seat between two poles on which I could be carried by two men in turns, as I was so weak from want of food and rest that I could not stand. After he had manufactured this chair we all crossed the river, Johnson, Mr. Tremblay and another Frenchman going first with the horses. The track was nearly as bad as ever, and the two men who carried me staggered at every step. For about two miles we traversed a most desolate region, perfectly destitute of trees and covered only with rocks and swamps,—as far as the eye could reach, a perfect "Valley of Desolation." Félix said there were plenty of bears in the neighbourhood, as they were fond of blueberries. This fruit, though small, grew in this part of our journey in great abundance, and we all rested and eat some. Honoré proposed making *des confitures*, but found we had no sugar. After we had crossed a brook we found it getting so dark we were obliged to stop, and fixing on a good place we all rested for the night. Johnson had nothing to give the horses but grass, and Jennie was each hour growing weaker. During our journey this afternoon, if we stayed for a moment to throw logs over a bad place Jennie fell down from sheer exhaustion, and it took three or four men to raise her. Johnson made some balls of flour and water in his hat, the only available place, and forced them down her