

supply lasted us only nine days. During this time the country before us showed no sign of improvement. We were still shut in by lofty mountains, and the forest stretched away as far as we could see. The horses became mere skeletons, having lived for weeks on nothing but twigs, or scanty patches of marsh grass and equisetum. "The Assiniboine" began to murmur loudly, declaring it useless to attempt to extricate ourselves, and Mr. O'B—— to lament his hard fate with increased earnestness.

On the 17th we rested in a dreary beaver swamp to kill another wretched animal, and the following day were inspirited by observing the marks of an axe upon some timber.

On the 21st we observed the tracks of horses, and the next day hit upon a faintly-marked trail, where the trees had been "blazed" a long time ago, and old marten-traps at intervals convinced us that we had at length struck the extreme end

of a trapping path from the fort. The valley began rapidly to expand, the hills became lower, and we fairly shouted for joy as we emerged from the gloom in which we had so long been imprisoned, on to a beautiful little prairie, and saw before us a more open and park-like country. The trail was now good, and we proceeded without much difficulty. Our supply of horse-flesh again came to an end; but, on the 23rd, we met with Indians—the first human beings we had encountered since leaving Tête Jaune's Cache, six weeks before. From them we obtained potatoes and berries, and one of their number guided us within a few miles of Fort Kamloops, which we reached on the 29th, three months after leaving Edmonton.

[NOTE.—The map which accompanies this article has been specially engraved for the purpose, and all the places alluded to in the text will be found marked. The route followed from Red River to Victoria is indicated by the dotted line.]