

full a half inch long, and as sharp as razors, proceed at once to prospect and register their claims on the hides of the unfortunate bovine. This proceeding on the part of the 49-ers render the cattle frantic and mad with joy or grief, and they bellow, and paw, and gallop around, with their heads down and their tails at half mast, whilst their Indian herders quietly smoke their *peep pee kinootle*, and build up a smoke or smudge fire, which, as soon as seen by one persecuted animal, the news is telegraphed to the balance and they come bulging and rushing home to stand in the smoke, as if a tornado or an earthquake had stimulated them in their exertions. After once in the line of smoke the cattle will stand all day and even refuse corn at \$1.60 per bushel until night comes on again, and the old settlers have retired from the day's labor. Sheep thrive in this district, although the herds are not numerous. The climate itself is proverbially a healthy one. It is not the fact of having good health that is the detriment to emigration, but how to live after you get there is the problem to be solved, but probably that question will be settled to the satisfaction of the politicians at least after a while, and the glorious future of the province will be heralded on paper, and demonstrated at numerous dinners by a political pet on a salary of \$5,000 per annum with pickings.

Still down the Fraser various settlements of Indians, miners, Half-breeds and Chinese are met with, such as Soda Creek, Whiskey Creek, Dog Creek and Clinton, twenty miles below Alexandria, a town of some 1,600 inhabitants, from whence a little stern-wheeled steamer runs to Quesnel, some sixty miles to the north, and located at an altitude of 4,920 feet above the sea level; and when water in the Fraser is good the boat can proceed some twenty miles