

to fish in a deep black river running close behind the shanty. They only caught two or three very small trout, which they cooked and ate without salt. It was a lovely moonlight night, although cold, and I walked about to cool my feet, having taken off the moccasins.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

SUNDAY, September 3rd.

Nothing left to eat—See three skeleton horses ahead—Find they are our own—Horses and men starved and irrecoznizable—Our equipage tell their own adventures—Horses starving—Swamp sixteen feet deep—Provisions and aid—On a raft, with our horses in tow—I am starving, and have to be carried on a chair—Blueberries—Poor Jennie failing—Large camp and Plenty of food.

We had no breakfast this morning, and started in a very desponding state. The track was somewhat better, but we were too tired to notice what the country was like. About noon we decided to send Honoré on to look for the others; when, turning a corner, we saw below us a broad, deep river and three miserable skeleton horses standing by it. There were several men standing about, and when we hastened up to them, recognized Johnson and our own poor horses. The latter were covered with cuts and sores, Jennie's off hind leg one festering sore, on which the flies were feasting. I shall never forget what I felt. Johnson, I hardly knew, so much changed was he from the man who left Quebec such a short time ago. He looked almost starved, and was so weak he could scarcely stand. Charles was loud in his complaints, and said Johnson had forced them along when half dead from fatigue and hunger. Johnson then told us how he and the horses fared.

He said when he left us on Wednesday, 30th August, they travelled for some time through a swamp till he came to a lake, where he fed the horses on some grass growing in a flat, marshy swamp adjoining it. Then returned to the bush track, walked up-hill for a short distance, till he came out on a series of lakes connected by dismal swamps, in which both men and horses struggled and sank. They afterwards ascended a hill, overlooking a lake, and encamped on its side. Charles did nothing but grumble. On Thursday, the 31st, they started at day-break, and Johnson sent on Felix to Lake St. John, telling him to bring men and provisions, and if too