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One horse was severely burnt, but no other damage occurred.

After striking the Athabasca river, we followed its right bank until arriving opposite Jasper House. We were now fairly in the Rocky Mountains, and high up a mountain side, whither the trail led us, we had one of the most magnificent views it was ever our fortune to behold. Hundreds of feet below rushed the torrent of the Athabasca, now swollen to its height, bearing along great pine-trees like straws in the powerful current; around us, on every side, huge snow-capped mountains towered up, with strange fantastic peaks; in the valley beneath, the little white building, surrounded by a perfect garden of wild flowers of the most brilliant and varied colours, edged along the mountain slopes by the brightest green. Crossing the Athabasca by raft, we now followed the Myette, which stream we were compelled to traverse no less than six times. Swollen like the Athabasca, the waters raged and boiled round the great rocks and boulders which beset its bed, and rushed over the shoulders of the horses as they stemmed the current; several of them lost their footing, and were borne far away down the stream. Mr. O'Brien, having narrowly escaped disaster on two previous occasions, once when on horseback, and again when fording on foot, here crossed triumphantly, holding on with both hands to the flowing tail of the doctor's horse. Leaving the Myette, we came upon several small streams running to the west, and thus learned that we had unconsciously passed the height of land, and shortly after struck the Fraser, a little above its expansion into Moose Lake. Our course now lay along the right bank of this river, and the travelling at this point became exceedingly difficult and harassing. The river and lake had overflowed their banks up to the almost perpendicular mountain-sides of the valley. The trail was entirely under water, and for more than two days we were almost constantly wading, the horses being generally up to their girths, or floating about in deep water, to the great damage of flour and pemmican. At times accumulations of driftwood barred the passage along the shore, and we were compelled to scale the mountain-side; many of the horses slipped and rolled down into the water, when we had to unpack them and carry up their loads ourselves, to enable them to re-ascend. Two of the animals strayed over the bank into the stream, and were swept away in a moment. One was rescued by the intrepidity of "The Assiniboine," the other lost, and with him all our tea, salt, and tobacco, our instruments, spare clothes, and ammunition, except what we had on our persons at the time. We reached Tete Jaune's Cache, on the west side of the mountains, on the 14th of July; but, although we had crossed the main ridge, we were still surrounded by snow-clad mountains, which stretched away as far as the eye could reach in every direction. At this place we found two families of Shoshwap Indians; they, however, could give us little information about the country to the south or west, and were unable to furnish us with a guide. We now crossed the Fraser, and struck almost due south, following the emigrants' trail of the preceding summer. At the passage of the Camoo River, one of the tributaries of the Columbia, our raft was carried by the rapid current under a large pine which grew horizontally out of the bank, and closely overhung the water,

in which its lower branches were submerged. The raft was sucked under water, and its occupants brushed off like flies; but, fortunately, no lives were lost. The provisions were, however, considerably damaged by the water, and a portion of the baggage swept away.

In six days after leaving The Cache we came to the junction of the two main branches of the North Thompson. The trail now led up to the north-west branch in the direction of Cariboo, but quickly came to an end. The emigrants had been compelled to abandon the attempt to cut their way through to the Cariboo district; and we afterwards discovered their track following the main river to the south. This we pursued for two days, when it also came abruptly to an end in two large camps, in which were strewn pack-saddles and harness; and near at hand great trees cut down, with heaps of chips and splinters. We searched in every direction, but could find no track forward.

The truth, serious enough, was now forced upon us, that the emigrants, despairing of cutting their way through forests so dense and encumbered, had made large rafts, and thus descended the river to Kamloops. For us to follow their example seemed to be impossible. To make a proper raft, with our weakened forces and one small axe, would have occupied many days. We could not abandon our horses, which would probably be our only resource for food, for our provisions were now reduced to three days' rations. Nor were we competent to manage that most unmanageable of all transports, a large raft, on a river full of rocks and rapids, like the Thompson. We therefore decided to cut our way through the forest.

No one who has not seen a primeval forest, where trees of gigantic size have grown and fallen undisturbed for ages, can form any idea of the collection of timber, or the impenetrable character of such a region. The fallen trunks—green, or dead, and in every stage of decay—lay piled around, frequently forming barriers of six or seven feet high on every side. The ground in many parts was covered with a thick growth of American dogwood and aralia—the latter, a tough-stemmed trailer, often growing as high as the shoulders, and covered on the stem and leaves with sharp spines, which pierced through our clothes, and made the hands and legs of the pioneers scarlet with myriads of punctures. The horses met with continual disasters—miring in bogs, falling over rocks, or getting helplessly entangled amongst the fallen timber. We reduced our meals to two a-day, and those of the scantiest, eked out occasionally with partridges, skunks, squirrels, and martens. Day after day passed on, and there was no appearance of more open country, or any sign that man had ever before visited this dismal region. The obstructions continued as great as ever, and we had to keep chopping almost incessantly from morning till night, the woman taking her turn amongst the rest. On several occasions working hard all day, and not even resting at noon, we did not advance a single mile. We made an attempt to escape out of the narrow valley in which we were confined; but the mountain-sides were too steep, and the horses rolled down one after the other. On the 7th of August our provisions came entirely to an end; and on the 9th we killed one of the horses, and dried the meat. Although we used the strictest economy, this