

TWELFTH DAY.

SATURDAY, September 2nd.

Reach a river—We are carried across—See marks of a cart!—On we walk—Too tired to talk—New shanty, with a stove!—Stay gladly for the night—Feet sore from the moccasins—Too tired to eat—Find a fly and extemporize a thread line—Catch two small fish.

Our first words and thoughts naturally were, "Shall we see Johnson to-day?" We had no breakfast save tea, and the first part of our journey was through a regular "Slough of Despond." Once or twice I fell through into deep holes, and we could see how fearfully the horses must have suffered, the ground being torn up in their efforts to get out of the swamp. After a little time we came to some lakes, separated by green swamps like small fields, the road unmarked except by small spruce trees, few and far apart. Our progress became slower and slower, and when we came to the foot of a hill we sat down to rest. In the swamp I saw a few flowers and red berries, the first I had seen since we left La Rivière Jacques-Cartier. We then walked up-hill for some distance, and found the road one degree better, as the trees were cut closer to the ground. We also found some blueberries, which were very acceptable; but Ryan made a mistake and eat some poisonous berries instead, and Honoré warned him after he had tasted a few, and nearly frightened him into a fit. About noon we reached a small river, across which Honoré carried us. Here we rested and had some tea, and saw what looked like the marks of cart wheels, but how a cart ever had passed there we were at a loss to discover. We still saw marks showing us that the horses were on in front, and we hoped they were now safe at Lake St. John. All afternoon we walked, carrying very little, Malcolm helping me on as much as he could, for it was impossible for two persons to walk abreast. After we left the river we found the trees were cut down, so that when the road is made it will be a very broad one; but no one will be able to fill up some of the swamps, which seemed interminable. About dark we came to a new shanty, with a good stove in it; I was only too thankful to remain here all night, as walking in Honoré's moccasins had made my feet in a frightful state. Honoré cooked our last grain of flour, but I was too tired to eat. He found a fishing fly in his pocket, and made a line out of some cotton I gave him, and, with Malcolm, went