

fortune had in store for them, left the encampment, (September 30th,) full of courage and hope, though a strong drift of snow, which whitened all the surrounding hills, had fallen during the night. Having smooth water, we paddled away merrily, probably for thirty miles. Getchel, besides his sheer wisdom, possessed a large fund of knowledge concerning the country, which he had derived from the aborigines, and much humorous anecdote, with which, in spite of our privations, he made us laugh. It was omitted to be mentioned, that before we left our last encampment, it became a resolution of the whole party, that the pork in the possession of each one, should be eaten raw, and to be ate but in the morning and evening. As we could not obtain food in this miserable portion of the globe, even for money, if we had had it, and having nothing else than our arms and our courage to depend on : unacquainted with the true distance of our expedition, for we had neither map nor chart, yet resolved to accomplish our orders at the hazard of our lives—we prudently began to hoard our provision. Half a biscuit and half an inch square of raw pork, became this evening's meal. The day's journey brought us to the foot of a rapid, which convinced us that the term "Dead River" was much misapplied. The night was spent, not upon feathers, but the branches of the fir or the spruce. It would astonish you, my dear children, if there was leisure to explain to you the many comforts and advantages those trees afford to the way-worn traveller. Suffice it now to say, we rested well.

October 1st. The morning brought on new labors. Our secondary guide and myself, thinking that we could manage the water, slipped into our canoe. Getchel and another worked Steele's, while our companions, crossing the hill, marked the carrying-place.