

river in the morning till we camped, eight hours, we were either wading in the water up to our hips, or struggling through the willow, alder, and raspberry bushes on the swampy bank. I therefore most reluctantly determined to return to Jervis Inlet without further waste of time or provisions, and endeavour to penetrate from it to Howe Sound, and from that to Lillooet, and ascertain the feasibility or otherwise of these routes. Accordingly we left in the morning (5th), and reaching our first camping-place that night, arrived at the inlet at nine on the following day.

Having got to the inlet the Indians were very reluctant to start again, but at length did so; and, stopping at their village in the eastern arm that night, proceeded next morning to Deserted Bay, and started from thence for Howe Sound at two on the same afternoon (7th). We went only 5 or 6 miles that day, and camped on the east bank of the *T'zōōm'ye*, a small river which rises, the Indians say, in a lake not far north of this, and runs southerly into Jervis Inlet, near where we started. Directly facing us was the ridge we had to cross next day, and which, had we then known its elevation and difficulty of ascent, would probably have turned us back at once, as alone rendering this pass unavailable.

The next morning (8th) we started up this ascent, and after 12 hours' laborious climbing, we camped on the only spot we could find clear of the snow, more than 4000 feet above our last night's camp. As I said above, this barrier would effectually stop the transmission of baggage this way were all the rest clear; for not only is the elevation so great that at this season we passed over several miles of snow, but the ascent is very steep (about 36°), and we found that, though more gradual, the descent on the other side was infinitely worse travelling than the ascent, and that each day it became worse.

It is useless to detail each day's journey; it is enough to say that we descended by a valley through which runs a river which is nameless, on the east side of the watershed, though called the *Quāāwhām* on the west side. This river takes its rise under the snow, near the spot where we made our camp, and runs westward into the *Trōōnye*, at the foot of the mountain, and eastward to the *Squāwmisht*, which it joins about 20 miles above Howe Sound. Our path, if such it may be called, lay either up very steep ascents or down equally steep descents, through thick jungle similar to that on the *Lā-ā-kīne*, and over large irregular boulders of granite and trap, with occasionally, though very seldom, a piece of pretty level copse, there being sufficient rain, swamp, and fording of streams, to keep us wet through all the time.

We reached the village, where we were to get canoes to cross the *Squāwmisht* River, on the morning of the 12th; and here Dr. Wood determined to leave, he being so much fatigued with the exertions of the last week as to be unable to proceed; and having procured a canoe, he started for New Westminster that afternoon. The village mentioned is a very small one, containing about fifty people. It is situated on the west side of a valley which extends to the head of Howe Sound, down the east side of which valley flows the *Tsēe-ārk-āmisht* River, joining the *Squāwmisht* lower down. This valley does not contain any great extent of clear land.

I here append the remarks given me by Dr. Wood, made on his way down the valley. "Leaving the Indian village where we struck the *Squāwmisht*, about 2 P.M., we descended the river at a rapid rate, the current running from 6 to 7 knots an hour, according to the width of the channel. It rained incessantly, and, without compass, I could not observe the direction of the channel generally, which is southerly, without any great bend. Some 12 or 15 miles from the spot whence we started the *Tsēe-ārk-āmisht* River joins the *Squāwmisht* on the port-hand (descending), and here the Indians told me Mr. M'Kay came out. A further distance of 8 or 10 miles brought us to the