

Camp Cusky R. Bella Coola Trail.

June 16. 1876.

My dear Mother,

Again a chance occurs of sending a mail back to Quersuch, but again small chance of making proper use of the opportunity. We have had a long day & a hot one, & I feel worn & inclined for sleep than pure composition. I am now fairly on my way toward the Salmon River, having connected with a C. P. R. S. train of about sixty pack mules, trudging thitherward. I hope to meet Mr Cambie there next week, & do not yet know quite in which direction I may go afterwards. My reconnaissance once trips to the north with Mr Macmillan, from which I had just-

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returned when I scowled by lost bridge, was not of much geological interest, though we discovered a fine river valley with lakes & good grass, & a fair chance for a railway line; & made altogether about sixty miles of new geography. We had very wet weather for several days, & were frequently drenched, & also had to contend with much tangled windfall & thickly wooded country, very difficult to get animals through at all.

Altogether we were not sorry when we struck down on McMi's Camp on the Blackwater. The mosquitoes & black flies are now just beginning to be troublesome, but are not yet unbearable. Spring, or rather summer is very late this year, probably a month later than usual, the rivers are still high, & the swamps

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wet & mirey.

I am longing to get a mail to hear you all going on at home.

This I suppose will reach you at your new Orestis house, you must let me know how you like it.

Too hot all day, & now that the sun is down chilly, with perhaps even a frost during the night. Such is the climate of this plateau region, advantageous in one respect - viz that it keeps the mosquitoes quiet - after dark letting one sleep well.

Sometimes I hope to get a chance to write a long letter, meanwhile I suppose short notes are better than nothing, & I must make up for deficiency in other respects by adding much love to

all at home.

Your affectionate Son

George