

which I knew must be attached to a mare, known as the bell-mare, that always leads the mule trains, for the mules will always follow the bell-mare when travelling, and when turned out to grass will not stray away from her.

We waded across the Fraser River and met the pack train, which I found was conveying supplies to Mr. McCord's camp of trailmakers then on the shore of the Yellowhead Lake, a short distance east of us. I asked the man who was in charge of the train—the Cargadore as they are designated—what his name was, when he informed me that it was MacBrown. I told him that I had met many different Macs in my life, but it had never been my luck to meet a MacBrown before. He gave me the following explanation how he had obtained his uncommon name. When Mr. Roderick McLennan, who was the previous year in charge of the exploratory party, was up the North Thompson River and the Yellowhead Pass, he was engaging men, and Mr. Brown, who was an American, from the State of Maine, and wished to obtain employment, observed that Mr. McLennan appeared to have a strong feeling in favor of men who had the prefix of Mac to their names, and Mr. Brown thought his chance for obtaining employment would be greatly enhanced if he became a Mac, and, therefore, on his applying to Mr. McLennan he gave his name as MacBrown and was employed.

Taking a riding horse out of the train I soon reached Mr. McCord's camp and heard that Mr. Mohun had the line surveyed west of the Tete Jaune Cache as far as Moose Lake, and I at once sent a letter to him requesting him to meet me the following day at McCord's camp. I now found the Engineer-in-Chief had not yet passed through the Yellowhead Pass on his way to the Coast.

I remained the following day at Mr. McCord's camp to see Mr. Mohun, and to doctor my feet, and then, taking some of Mr. McCord's horses, I proceeded with my Indians along the much-obstructed trail over the summit and down the valley of the Nuette and Athabasca Rivers to meet the engineer-in-chief, and to ascertain where the best place would be to build a depot on the banks of the Athabasca River to winter my parties in.

When I reached a point a few miles west of Jasper House I came on fresh tracks of men and horses, which convinced me and my Indians that they were those of men from the East, or, as the Indians designated them, Monesses, a

NOT ALTOGETHER COMPLIMENTARY TERM.

I at once retraced my way and reached the Snaring River some time after dark, when I camped and sent on my Indian hunter with a note to ascertain if the travellers were those I was seeking. Late in the night the Indian returned and brought me a note from the engineer-in-charge, which gave me the desired information, and the following forenoon I overtook the party as they were entering the valley of the Nuette River.

The first person I overtook was that estimable gentleman, the late Dr. George M. Grant, whose writings are extensively known. The doctor was on foot with a long stick in his hand driving some worn-out and very dilapidated pack-animals. The other members of the party were supposed to be ahead, so I pushed on to overtake them, but as they had missed the trail they were in reality behind us. I, however, went on for a few miles, improving the trail as I progressed, and, coming to a meadow where there was good grass for the animals, I awaited the arrival of the party.

After lunch I pushed on with my Indians, clearing the trail of fallen timber as I went, and stopped near a point at which we would have to cross the river. The party did not arrive for some time afterwards, and I sent an Indian back to ascertain what had caused their delay.

Next morning being Sunday, and the grass being very poor and scanty, I proposed that we should go on to Mr. McCord's camp, where we could find plenty of food for man and beast, and generally be "in clover." My suggestion was acted upon, and we reached the camp early in the day and had a good rest and I was enabled to give the engineer-in-chief an account of my proceedings since I left Victoria, and the difficulties I had passed through and was experiencing in getting my parties and supplies out from the Columbia River.

Fresh pack animals and riding horses and packers were now provided for the whole party, and next morning we all started for Mr. Mohun's camp, which proved to be farther away than I anticipated, and consequently I did not reach the camp until some hours after dark and the rest of the party kept dropping in at different times during the succeeding three or four hours. They were in an excessively bad humor, and blamed me for not telling them how far they had to go when I did not know myself, as they had heard at Mr. McCord's camp as much as I had regarding the trail, &c.

I was now getting very anxious about my men and animals, who were making their way through the rough and inhospitable country between Kinbasket Lake and the Yellowhead Pass, and explained to the engineer-in-chief the urgent necessity there was for my immediate return to the Columbia River to look after them. He expressed himself as being much dissatisfied that I had not got the survey farther advanced, and appeared to think I should have accomplished what was impossible to do, and even said I should not have attempted to take my party and supplies through the Athabasca Pass, he himself had indicated, when I was ordered to abandon the surveys on the Eagle Pass line and take charge of the surveys of the Yellowhead line.

I felt so disgusted with the engineer-in-chief for abandoning the line I knew was the right one to adopt, and then at his finding fault with me for not pushing forward the surveys of the Yellowhead line faster when I had done my utmost to carry out