

started up after them. The sheep having moved, we came on them unexpectedly, my rifle unloaded. But loading quickly, I ran up and had just time to roll over the only ram in the flock, a three-year old. Simon rushed at him as he came rolling down, and stopped him thus saving the horns. It was a plucky thing to do, the ground being very steep and bare, the slope being so sharp that Simon took the ram down by holding on to its horns, and letting the body slide in front of him. Hitting our horses' trail, we followed them to camp, and sent Johnny with "Wabee," the white horse, to Simon, to help him bring in the ram. A perfect chorus of wolves all night long, occasionally varied by the dull growl of a bear. Next day, Simon wished to return. Reasons as usual. He had said he would go with me until I killed a ram; that his family wanted food, &c., &c. However, I soon settled him, saying I would give him a pair of binocular glasses, if he succeeded in shewing me a really large ram. So we started to hunt again, and Simon succeeded in finding, with the glasses, a large flock of sheep, one of which he thought was a really large ram. They were a long way off, and we rode up the valley, to the other side of the mountain, where they had been seen. Leaving our horses, we ascended by the bed of a shallow mountain stream, and after an hour's steady climb, got near the summit of the ridge. Looking down from the top we should see the sheep on the other side. Simon was much alarmed about the wind, which seemed to be bad, but I felt sure it was only an oddity. When rested, we crept to the summit, and the wind came full in our faces. No sheep were to be seen, but creeping on a few yards, there, 180 yards below, was an enormous ram, looking quite black against the gray rocks. Instead of getting excited, like Paulet, Simon simply whispered, "*Prenez du temps, il ne nous voit pas.*" So taking a deliberate aim, I rolled him over. "*Mort!*" said Simon, "*Prenez ma ceinture,*" and catching hold of his belt, we half slid, half crept over the frozen shale, and saw eight rams going off to our right, about 150 yards away, "*Trop loin,*" said Simon, "*Maiz tirez toujours.*" Bang went the rifle, and the rock flew close to one of the rams, "*Un autre coup!*" and I fired again and again, but the distance was out of all reason. Three young rams now appeared far below us. Firing well over the back of the leading one, I heard the bullet tell. "*C'est vraiment une carabine, Monsieur!*" But that ram I never got, although I found much blood on his track. Alice now came up, and we descended to look at the dead ram. A magnificent head, eight years old, and perfect. The horns measure 15½ inches in circumference, and in length 8¾. Much pleased we returned to our camp carrying the head, Simon following with the meat on his horse. I think this is a trophy which will not easily be matched.*

SEPT. 21ST.—We returned to the river opposite Jasper's House, Simon preceding us. "Jenny," the mule, insisted on acting as guide going back, but would have no short cuts, going, step by step, the way she came. Johnny's English is improving. In reply to a question of mine, he gravely responded, "Bet your boots," evidently thinking it a more ceremonious affirmative than plain "Yes."

SEPT. 2ND, SUNDAY.—Simon came over with his boy, Solomon, a bright intelligent lad of 18, who has made great friends with John Macbeth, whom he intends to teach Iroquois. Johnny went over to a great dance at the Indian camp in the evening, and to eat white dog. Here a card of an invitation would run:—"Mrs. Simon at home. Dancing, singing, and white dog." The drumming went on as usual all night.

SEPT. 29AD.—Crossed the river. Sent Johnny to Alexander with orders to come down and to be ready to return. Hunted and saw some "ewes" and a small ram, but nothing worth stalking. A heavy snow storm, and very cold.

SEPT. 24TH.—Hunted Myette for goat without success. Alexander arrived with the rest of our horses and baggage. All, with the exception of George, a horse sent by Mr. Tait, on approval, looking well.

THE 25TH.—Started homewards. Forded the Athabasca now much fuller, and camped near Fiddle River. Engaged a half-breed named Evan, to help us on our road. I exchanged an old coat for some nicely prepared moose and sheep skins. Sketched Evan's sister, who was delighted with the attention.

SEPT. 26TH.—Reached Prairie River, and striking a new trail, by help of marks left by Connor, avoided all the burnt timber, and, coming along an excellent track, reached the camp at the foot of the mountains, at 4 p.m. Killed several partridges,† knocking their heads off with bullets.

SEPT. 27TH.—Crossed the mountain, and camped by the McLeod River. Passed a party, driving in what they could collect of stray cattle, but they leave many behind them at each camp.

SEPT. 28TH.—SUNDAY.—Rested. The cattle passed us, leaving ten cows and a calf behind.

SEPT. 30TH.—Forded the McLeod, and, hitting a new trail, marked by blazed trees, camped at Wolf Creek, at 8 p.m.

OCT. 1ST.—Passed the cattle again—for good, I hope, as they make all the bogs fifty times worse, and the poor beasts leave the logs laid for bridges covered with their blood. I killed a good bag of partridge to-day with the rifle, all cleanly decapitated. Johnny has brought an Indian drum with him, with which he and Evan have musical entertainments every night at camp. The latter goes back to-morrow. He don't like travelling alone, being horribly afraid of ghosts, especially a species of ghoulish that lives in the forest, and devours the unhappy mortal that it catches alone at night.

* The Mountain Sheep; Bighorn; *Ovis montana*—Cuvier; the following measurements of an old male, are given by Sir John Richardson, in his "Fauna Boreali-Americana." Length to end of tail, six feet; height at shoulder, 3-ft. 5-in.; length of tail, 2-in.; length of horn along curve, 34-in.; circumference of horn at base, 13-in.; distance between tips of horns, 27-in.

† The black partridge, or more properly Spruce partridge, or Canada grouse, were of the little known variety (*canace franklini*). This variety is, I believe, alone found on the Northern Rocky Mountains. It differs from the more common variety *canace canadensis*, in lacking the broad terminal orange bar on the tail, and also in having the upper tail coverts spotted with white.