

the two men separated, and Mr. Macoun, in company with two Indians, started for Quesnelle, on the Fraser, which they reached in safety, after a walk of one hundred and eighty miles through the snow. Each night they lay under the canopy of heaven without inconvenience, although the thermometer often went 30° below zero. A stage ride of four hundred miles brought him to Yale, where he took a canoe and floated down the Fraser to New Westminster, and took steamboat there for Victoria, which he reached on the 12th of December. Of his scientific researches during that wild trip Mr. Fleming, in his report, speaks in strong terms of praise. In that report is embodied about fifty pages of Professor Macoun's individual report.

In 1875 he was appointed Botanist to the Geological Survey, which went out under A. R. C. Selwyn, F.R.S. Mr. Macoun went by rail to California, and by water to Victoria. After botanizing in the vicinity of Victoria, and examining the country round that city, he proceeded to the mainland, and went up the country by the wagon road, reaching Quesnelle in the latter part of May. A walk of two hundred and seventy miles brought him to Fort McLeod, where he with the other members of the party embarked on board a few frail boats, his being a canvas one, which was safe enough as long as it struck nothing. In this frail boat he floated down the Peace for one hundred and fifty miles, and had many escapes in running rapids and passing eddies, but whatever came in his way he never forgot his work. The party climbed Mount Selwyn, in the Peace River Pass, and other mountains, and their leader was almost drowned by the upsetting of his boat. Mr. Macoun was sent down the river for a couple of hundred miles, and himself and companion, instead of going only a short distance, after nineteen days' hard work, reached Lake Athabasca, seven hundred miles from where they started. Their passage down the river reads like a romance, as the following extract from Mr. Macoun's report will show :

"AUGUST 21st.—Poor food and hard work now began to tell on me. My stomach loathed raw pemmican, and all other food was gone—our gun was useless—and it became painfully evident that from some unaccountable cause, the boats had not yet left Fort Chipweyan. Sixty miles lay between us and safety, and we must either hurry on or starve. We toiled on until after mid-day, when I became so ill that we had to put ashore. I lay down on the sand utterly exhausted and very sick. A review of the situation brought me to myself, and I rose, determined to struggle on as long as I could hold the paddle. Without a word we worked on and on, and reached Quatre Fourche River long after dark. Tying the canoe to the bushes we crawled up the bank and were soon asleep.

"AUGUST 22nd.—When morning broke we found the current flowing steadily into Peace River, and we knew that twenty-five miles up stream lay between us and food. We discovered that our united strength would not propel the canoe against the current, so fastening a line to