

with comparative ease. On the very steep places they cut holes in the crust with a small hand axe, and help themselves up with their hands; otherwise, with heavy loads on their backs, they could not get up. When the snow is soft they use a stick which they push vertically into the snow and pull themselves up by it.

I have read somewhere of red snow being seen in this region; so it is, but it is only snow covered with a vegetable juice. When I first saw it I was surprised at the confirmation of the statement I have alluded to; but soon noticed that it was confined entirely to the line of travel. This led me to examine it more closely, when I found that it was caused by the juice of a berry which grows on a ground vine at the head of the timber limit. When pressed, this berry gives out a purple juice, which by dilution shades down into a pale pink. This juice is absorbed by the leather of the Indian's moccasins as he tramps on the berries, and afterwards stains the snow as he travels over it. This, by the heat of the sun and the action of gravity on the hill side, is distributed over a wide space, compared with the track, and is visible after all sign of the track is gone. The red snow of the arctic regions is in part due to vegetable coloring matter. Might not some at least of the instances recorded in which the phenomenon has been observed be traceable to a similar source?

Before proceeding any further, a word with regard to the party may not be out of place. Morrison and Gladman were my lieutenants, and I deem myself peculiarly fortunate to have been so ably seconded. Parker and Sparks the basemen, were both expert canoeists and the expedition owes much to their skill with the paddle. These, with myself, made up a permanent party of five. Two men were picked up at Victoria for the summer of 1887, and Captain Moore, who was going into the country on his own account, was attached to the party for a short time.

The captain is an old-timer. Everybody on the coast from Frisco to Unalaska knows Bill Moore. He is a Hanoverian by birth, but has knocked about the Pacific Coast ever since he can remember. He excels as a storyteller, and many queer stories are also told about him. The captain is one of those easy-going, good-natured but unfortunate individuals, who have a standing grievance against the law of the land, and on whom its heavy arm seems to be continually beating, in a small way it is true, but with monotonous regularity, and apparently with but indifferent beneficial results. Not bold enough to go entirely beyond the charmed circle, and not clever enough to keep just within it, the captain's relations with the executive authorities of the Dominion and of the republic were so strained at all times as to threaten rupture at any moment. An account of the adventures of the little "Western Slope," on board of which, as he says, he had to keep a "tam staff of lawyers" to keep her afloat, and for whom there was "some volverine of a sheriff or customs officer" waiting at every port, would fill a volume in itself. The captain, notwithstanding his little failings, has many excellent qualities and a genuine hearty humor about him that freshened the tired spirits of the party like a spray from a salt sea-breeze blowing inland. His dialect and his peculiar opinions of men and things—always expressed with the emphatic dogmatism of matured consideration—chased dull melancholy from many a wet day's camp.

The captain had a couple of boys mining in the interior at Cassiar Bar, whom he had believed to have "struck it rich," and his object in going down the river was to visit them and help to take care of their good fortune. His paternal solicitude for those boys was highly commendable, and bright visions of prospective wealth made the old man doubly anxious to hurry on and impatient of the least delay.