

sity, were in some cases of awkward shape, seemed to me little short of a miracle. They clambered over, or squeezed under, fallen cedars of enormous size, wriggled through dense alders that obstinately got between their legs and twisted round their loads, wound their way up precipices where they could hold on by little save their eyelashes, stepped lightly over slippery rocks, and even when they fell headlong among the prickly aralea, the packs almost strangling them at the same time, took everything as a matter of course. Sometimes, for a change, we waded up to the knees through the ice-cold water of the river where the current was moderate, and a sandbank on the shore offered relief. Instead of moving continuously, the men, on account of the weight of their packs, preferred rapid marches for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, with brief rests between. Al. led the way, sometimes too rapidly for the slower members of the party. The men ahead vanished out of sight, and not a trace of them could be seen. It might be thought that they would always leave some kind of trail, but a spruce or hemlock thicket, or a bare fallen log along which they had run, showed no sign. At such times the feeling of desolation was overpowering. Morasses, tangle, interlaced logs in every direction! We had to press on, and there were always the thirty-two points of the compass to choose from; but whatever point was taken, we soon wished that we had taken another. It is easy enough to cross or crawl under one fallen tree; but to push through fallen trees for even a quarter of an hour, stumbling into holes or slipping over soft moss against sharp snags seems hours long. One dense thicket is nothing; but to get into a wilderness of alders till you think that there is nothing in the world but alders, all of them obstinately obstructive, is something that tries temper and strength. To Canadians, the beaver is what the eagle is to Americans, and the lion and the unicorn to Britons; but wading for half-a-mile through the fetid water or the black or red muck of an old beaver dam, with the knowledge that at any moment you may tumble into a hole and be completely submerged, is apt to make you undervalue the industry of the beaver. But no one grumbled. Once or twice an unparliamentary expression burst from the lips of Dave, but the recording angel did not put it down. We did our best to keep together. When that could not be done, we took the consequences. Sometimes we were able to put on a spurt for a few hundred yards, where the valley opened out and the thick underbrush disappeared, or, we struck bear or cariboo trails that had been used for centuries and on which were marks not an hour old. It required judgment to know how far we should use these, for they generally led from a stream or favourite feeding-ground to their abodes near the snow-line, where in our circumstances we had no wish to go.

Travelling, such as I have tried to outline, has its charms; but the charms are chiefly those that the savage appreciates most keenly; the delight of stretching wearied limbs on a bed of spruce boughs laid thatch-wise, half contentedly, half impatiently, watching the cook preparing supper, and inhaling the savoury smell of fattest pork and the fragrance from the tea kettle. The constant pressure to get on made us rather insensible to the beauty of the scenery except in the evening, and after a good wash and the gratification of appetite. Besides, the Selkirks, except at the summit, are not to be compared to the Rockies. The valley of the Bow is so wide and open that the mountains on each side can be easily seen; but the Beaver and the Ille-cille-waut run in more contracted valleys, and the valleys are so choked with heavy timber that views can be had of few points. There are not many flowers, but mosses and ferns are innumerable, and shrubs like English holly and ivy, and bushes laden with wild fruit abound. The chief impression, however, that remains on the memory is that of a succession of forest-clad hills, mountain streams running between, and always within sight or hearing the raging torrent and cascades of the Ille-cille-waut.

On the morning of September 11th we crossed to the north side of the Ille-cille-waut, over an immense jam of logs and driftwood which made a complete bridge, thirty feet high and 200 broad across a deep and furious river. At this point we were within three miles of the Columbia, and while resting for early lunch, it was suggested that a shot be fired to attract the attention of our Kamloops Indians, if perchance they had reached the trysting place. Fired it was, and scarcely had its reverberations ceased when it was answered. Every one sprang to his feet, cheering again and again. Our fears were at an end. To make sure, two shots were now fired in rapid succession, and these were answered by the same number. There could be no doubt that our Indians were waiting for us, and no one wished to delay a moment. We picked up our loads, and pressing on with swift feet, soon after noon reached a high bank overhanging a noble river that swept away to the south with a current of six or seven miles an hour. Here was the Columbia that we had left

a week ago, running to the north. In its course to and round the Big Bend and through its famous Dalles, it had received many tributary waters, and now it was some 1,200 feet wide. Right opposite us was a little eddy or bay, and there, near the shore gleamed a white tent among bushes with three or four Indians near. A mile or two back rose the Gold Mountains, a range stretching away to the north and south, another barrier between us and the Pacific, but cut down, apparently almost to the level of the river, opposite where we stood, by the Eagle or Moberly's Pass. The range was not so lofty as the Selkirks, but to the south, one three-peaked mountain was covered by an immense snowfield, culminating in a glacier. The sun now burst forth, driving the clouds away, and shining on mountains and river, and away into the heart of the Pass; and through air cleaned by a week's rain, not only every feature of the wide extended scene, but every shade of colour came out with marvellous distinctness.

But could those be our Indians? For, now, children are seen running down through the bushes to the river's brink. Two Indians push off two canoes and row across and up the river to the point below the bank on which we stood. A short conversation between them and Al. reveals that they are Fort Sheppard Indians from the South who had been hunting in the Gold Mountains for some weeks. At any rate, we had arrived first at our trysting place, and whether our Kamloops Indians came or not, we were secure from risk of starvation, and from the necessity of turning back. Postponing till next day any decision as to our course, we asked the Indians to take us and our dunnage across the river, and said good-bye to McMillan's men, saying it with great regret, for a finer lot of fellows, modest, patient, self-reliant, pure in speech, I never travelled with. The canoes looked fragile, for each consisted of a strip of spruce bark stretched over a light framework; but heavy men stepped lightly into them without fear, and our packs were thrown in without much additional effect. Once in motion, their long sharp-pointed prows cut through the water like great swordfish; and, taking advantage of the stream, we were at the Eddy in a few minutes. On the bank sat several grave-looking Indians, and in the rear clustered squaws and papooses. Among the aspen bushes were two or three tents, partly canvas and partly bark. Skins of black and cinnamon bears, cariboo, and mountain sheep, and goats hanging on the trees and about the tents, with the unmistakeable odour of fish and flesh drying in the air showed that our friends had been successful in hunting and fishing. Purchasing for a dollar an armful of dried cariboo meat, we sent it across to the men who were re-arranging packs for their return journey, and then looked out for a place to pitch our tent at a convenient distance from the odours of camp Siwash.

After a swim in the Columbia, we dined off a savoury mess of dried salmon parboiled and fried with a little flour, eating our meal with a calm sense of satisfaction. The Kicking Horse and the Selkirks were behind us. Even if our Indians did not turn up, we could doubtless hire those on whom we had so luckily happened, to take us down the river to the N.P. Railway, or to guide us through Moberly's Pass to Lake Shuswap. So we felt that we could rest and enjoy the glorious afternoon. Between the Selkirk and the Gold ranges the Columbia swept grandly, its banks bearing only clusters of green aspens, or on sandy flats the tall jointed goose, or snake, grass. The Gold foothills had been covered with spruce, but fires had swept across them so effectually that we could see the naked, burnt rocks up almost to the snow line of the mountains behind. The rocks were chiefly slate or granite, with veins of quartz that promised well to prospectors. Above the rush of the Columbia the roar of the falls of the Ille-cille-waut, three or four miles away, could be heard. We had missed seeing these by crossing at the jam of logs and making directly for the Columbia in the forenoon. The gap in the Selkirks through which the Ille-cille-waut runs appears as almost a direct continuation of the lateral fracture in the Gold range to which Moberly gave the name of the Eagle Pass; and we could see how natural it was for him to divine at once that a pass across the Selkirks could be found by pressing through such a gap. As the afternoon wore into the evening, Al. and I took a walk to inspect the camp of the Indians. They were gathering together for prayer, and while one led, the rest chanted responses and counted their beads. Al., like most Americans, detested Indians, but he pointed to the leader, a man past middle age, called Baptiste, as one who had stuck faithfully by him on a previous expedition, and of whom nothing but good was to be said. Going on towards the mouth of the Pass we heard loud cries, but the shouts were so re-echoed among the hills and caught up by the young Indians and McMillan's men on the opposite bank, that we thought it best to return to camp and give information and perhaps fire a shot. We had not been long there when Mr. Fleming came in with a light step, and introduced to us Mr. McLean, of Kamloops, and four Shuswap Indians. All had gone