

and scornful of appearances, the opposite schooling of an old-fashioned Down-East training, the rough experiences of engineer and frontier life have made him so downright that he is apt to be appalling to ordinary mortals. Though between fifty and sixty years of age, hair and beard now white, no youngster in his party will plunge into the grimmest mountain ranges with as little thought of commissariat or as complete a contempt of danger, and no Indian will encounter fatigue or famine as stoically. Hard as nails himself, he expects others who take service with him to endure hardness; and should there be shirking, he is apt to show his worst side rather than be guilty of what he has scorned as hypocrisy in others. He fitted out at Kamloops for his first attempt on the Selkirks. The wonder is that he did not start with rifle on shoulder and a piece of pork in his pocket, two or three Indians perhaps carrying blankets and a few fixings; for at that time he thought that a gun ought to feed a party. He does not think so now. Man can have but one paradise at a time. If he goes into the mountains to hunt, he can do that; if to prospect, he can do that, with a slightly different outfit; if to discover a pass or to get through to a given point by a given date, he may or may not succeed,—but it is quite certain that he cannot combine the three characters, or even two, on the one expedition. A bear or caribou may lead you miles from your course; and if you shoot him, your Indians have a capital excuse for delay, while they regard the meat as simply so much "kitchin" to their stock of pork and bacon.

The Major and his nephew, Mr. Albert Rogers, hiring at Kamloops ten Shuswap Indians from the Roman Catholic Mission to carry their packs, started in April to force their way to the east. They succeeded in reaching the core of the Selkirk range, by following the east fork of the Ille-Cille-Waet; but, like Moberly on the north fork, they got only to a *cul de sac*, and their packs having become ominously light, they—heavy with the consciousness of failure—came to the conclusion that retreat was inevitable. Before retracing their steps, however, they climbed the divide to see if any break could be detected in the range. Yes; a valley appeared in the direction of an unexplored little affluent of the Ille-Cille-Waet, and, apparently connected with it, a depression extending to the east. Everywhere else, all around to the horizon, nothing but "snow-clad desolation." The result of five or six weeks' endurance of almost intolerable misery was this gleam of hope.

Our journey enabled us to understand what they must have suffered. The underbrush is

of the densest, owing to the ceaseless rain. Black flies or mosquitoes do their part unweariedly. What with fallen timber of enormous size, precipices, prickly thorns, beaver dams, marshes full of fetid water to be waded through, alder swamps, lakelets surrounded by bluffs so steep that it would almost puzzle a chamois to get over or around them, we had all we wanted of the Ille-Cille-Waet and the Eagle Pass. But they had started too early in the season. The snow was not only deep but it was melting and rotting under spring suns and rains, and therefore would not bear their weight. Down they sank at every step and often into the worst kind of pitfalls. A first their loads were so heavy that they had to leave part behind, and then, after camping early, return wearily on their tracks for the second load. The Indians would have deserted them a dozen times over, but the Major had arranged with the Mission that if they returned without a certificate they were to get a whipping instead of good pay. Nothing but pluck kept them pegging away; but in spite of all they failed that year. The following May the Major made his attack from the other side of the range, and again he was unsuccessful. Swollen torrents and scarcity of supplies forced him back to his base, at the point where the Kicking Horse River joins the Columbia. On this occasion, had it not been for the discovery of a canoe, he and his party would have starved. Sorely against their will he had put them on half rations, but he gladdened their hearts one morning by announcing that it was his birthday, and producing a little sugar to sweeten their tea.

Nothing daunted, he started again the same summer, in the month of July, from the same base, and succeeded. Proceeding up the valley of the Beaver, a large stream that enters the Columbia through an open cañon and then following the course of one of its tributaries appropriately called Bear Creel he at length found the long-sought-for pass. He saw the mountain from the summit at which the year before he and his nephew had noticed the depression extending to the east. Not content while anything remained undone he made for the Ille-Cille-Waet, and followed it down to the north fork, ascended it to ascertain if its head-waters would connect with a tributary of the Beaver, and so perhaps afford something better; but nothing better or rather nothing at all, was found. The Selkirks have only one pass, but it is better than the western slope of the main chain by the Kicking Horse. And an American has had the honor of finding that one on behalf of Canada! All honor to him!

Compared with our experiences down the

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