

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

### WESTWARD, HO.

(CONTINUED.)

In coming down Field Hill, we had an amusing instance of the fact, that all the curiosity of the world is not monopolized by our sex. The car had been sent ahead, and as I was the only one of our party, who remained in the observation car, it was getting dark, and an Englishman on the shady side of sixty, was darting from side to side, exclaiming on the awfulness of the situation and the tempting of Providence it was to build a railway in such a place. I got tired of him, and asked the brakeman if we were near Frild, he replied: "We'll be there in about ten minutes," and then added, "Your car went through this afternoon." The old gentleman instantly put in, "Whose car?" I didn't consider it right to gratify his curiosity, so remained silent; but the brakeman told him "the Superintendent's." This did not satisfy. "And what did you say his name was?" came next; this was addressed directly to me, so I answered: "I didn't say," and thought, he's settled now. But no, insinuatingly came, "What's your husband's name?" I replied sweetly: "I haven't any," and fled away to the other car. Next morning I heard some one talking to the cook, and looking out discovered Mr. Interrogation Point.

From Paliser to Golden; through the lower Kicking Horse pass, I went in company with Mr. N., on the cow catcher of an engine. It was about six o'clock in the morning, when we entered, the distance is about 23 miles. The cliff walls here narrow to a gorge, just wide enough for the river, which seems to fret and chafe, and hurry between its confined banks, foaming furiously, its roar increased by the echoing rocks. The railway clings

to a ledge on this side, then losing as it were foothold dashes across to the other, through tunnels, over bridges, zigzagging its perilous course, wherever it can cling. Here again we had the glorious effect of the sunshine and the shade, the mountain tops and snow glistening and sparkling; in the gorge nothing bright, but occasional flashes on the white mane of the Kicking Horse. After a final plunge we shoot out into the valley of the Columbia, in which river the erstwhile Kicking Horse is calmly flowing.

After leaving Donald we soon enter the Rogers' Pass. Here the road makes a gradual ascent along the side of a range, on the left we could constantly see the varying beauty of the opposite peaks, the valley beneath, with its tall firs, like tiny bushes, the river a silver ribbon carelessly thrown down.

Along here somewhere is the highest railroad bridge in the world, on our right the upstretching hills along whose sides we were travelling. The trees and verdure of all kinds is luxuriant; every little, we crossed a bridge over a chasm, or ravine, or crevice down which streamlets in falls and rapids, through ferny lined banks hastened to the valley below. This Pass, like Banff, is a natural reservation. One great drawback to the full enjoyment of the beauty is the continual passing through snow sheds.

The scenery grows grander as we go on, as if gathering for a climax which was reached in the region of the Great Glacier. The grand and beautiful became the sublime, and our wondering admiration verged into a fearful awe. All around were tall peaks, robed in the eternal snows, rising up in incomparable majesty, then the Great Glacier itself, which is said to be larger than the combined