

then brawling down a rapid. Passing the different points where my length had been measured on the trail, I came at last to the spot where we had fruitlessly cannonaded the old cock, and while examining thereabouts my halloo was answered by a cheery cry fifty yards away, "I've found it, by Jo! I've found it!" On he came, bounding like a deer, his face all aglow, watch in one hand, a quart can of tomatoes in the other. "I found it where you killed that last chicken. It must have been a judgment on you for killing it that way. I searched every other spot, and that was the last place, and I felt it was the only chance left—by Jo, I'm glad." And so was I. To signalize his victory and satisfy his parched throat, he had effected an entrance into a *cache* of Major Critchelow's hard by, and levied on the tomatoes. We drank that quart can with enthusiasm, and then turned to run, hoping to catch up to the party before nightfall. Reaching our horses, we mounted and dashed ahead. Such an eight or ten miles ride I hope never to have again. No waiting for pack animals now; no looking out for good footing or anything else. Over projecting stumps and roots, innumerable interlaced fibres of giant trees, boulders piled up by slides and freshets; through mud-holes of the worst kind, in which the horses plunged to the girths, and then through the hot ashes of smouldering fires recently kindled in the forest; projecting branches hitting us smartly in the face, snags threatening worse consequences to our eyes; up and down a series of sloping benches that fill the valley of Bear Creek, we smashed on at full gallop or trot, till just as darkness began to fall, the sight of garments hanging on a tree showed that we could not be far from Critchelow's camp, and at the same moment we heard the sound of our bell horse ahead. Encouraged by these sure signs, I dismounted to stretch my legs, and letting the horse follow Al, left the trail and took what seemed a short cut over a spur that we were about to go round, but soon found out the proverbial truth of short cuts being long, and what the lack of a trail meant. The dense undergrowth made it impossible to see ahead, or to know where to take a single step with safety. I had to wrestle in a swamp with multitudinous alder bushes. My feet were caught among roots and thorns. One moment I was precipitated headlong into a brook, the next into a bank of enormous skunk cabbage, and worst of all into a bed of prickly aralea, well named the Devil's Clubs. The ascent proved only the first of a series; so, in despair I turned down hill again, and luckily finding the trail, limped into camp, hands and legs scratched and bleeding, face and clothing covered with mud, as much knocked up with my last four hundred yards as with the whole day's journey, but triumphantly holding on to the watch and exclaiming "we found it!"

A better lot of fellows than Critchelow's party it would be difficult to find. They had worked down from the summit and spoke enthusiastically of the scenery there. We would see it all after an easy ride in the morning, and they advised us to halt in the pass as long as possible, as the feed was better than anywhere else in the range. Carroll, the topographer of the party, had accompanied Major Rogers in 1882, when he discovered the pass, and one of the mountains overhanging it was named after him in acknowledgement of his services. His own explanation of the origin of the name, Mount Carroll, was slightly different. "I saw a big grizzly while climbing it, and he looked so wicked that I turned and ran two miles to camp without once looking behind. Hence the name." Bear Creek swarms with black bears and grizzlies, and Carroll might be safely matched against two or three at a time. The place is a paradise for sportsmen. Carroll has established a cattle rancho 80 miles south of the Kicking Horse *Cache*, at the Upper Columbia Lake, where would be the best possible headquarters for men who desired a summer's fishing and hunting on a grand scale. There is a good lake for boating; trout all the year round, and splendid salmon fishing in August and September. Wild fowl, duck, geese, swans in the greatest abundance at the door; and bears, mountain sheep and goats, and the noble cariboo within a day's, and on to a week's travel. What more can sportsmen want? It would be ingratitude of the worst kind were we to omit making honourable mention of Major Critchelow's cook. His mighty dishes of porridge and condensed milk are never to be forgotten; and his dough-nuts were twisted perfection.

The valleys of the Beaver and Bear Creeks are filled with magnificent timber; cedar, cottonwood and spruce of gigantic size; a good deal of hemlock and Douglas fir, and a sprinkling of white pine. Recent fires have destroyed a portion. Measures should be taken to prevent wholesale destruction by the fires that are lit, it is said, by the Indians, but more frequently, I believe, by thoughtless railroad men, or prospectors not unwilling that the underbrush may be burned that they may get through more easily, and see more rock exposures than would be possible otherwise.

In the morning we started for the summit. The ascent was so easy that I rode the whole way. On both sides of the trail grew an extra-

ordinary variety of high bushes laden with berries, hanging so conveniently that we could pick handfuls without dismounting; blackberries, blue or partridge berries, gooseberries, raspberries, dewberries, alderberries, in such profusion that we could see at once why this was a chosen *habitat* of bears. The rowan tree with its rich red clusters overhung the trail, and the aralea was crowned with its grape-like berries, the tops of the cluster red and the lower half still green. High above these bushes towered huge, stately forest trees; one cedar having a diameter of eight or nine feet, and a spruce being the largest any of us had ever seen. Though the season of flowering plants was nearly past, flowers, such as asters, the hardy blue-bell and the well-known fire-weed, showed themselves in suitable places; and a rich abundance of ferns filled up every otherwise unoccupied spot. We were crossing the dreaded Selkirks as if riding through a deserted garden. After three hours of this, we emerged from the forest into an open saucer-shaped valley covered with tall rich grass, and flanked on both sides with mountains that rose high above the snow-line. "There," said Major Rogers, pointing to a streamlet, "is Summit Creek, and there"—pointing to the other end of the valley, "is the summit where our zero stake is planted." A cheer burst from every one's lips, and, calling a halt, the order was given to take off the packs and let the hungry horses feed for an hour or two. Little the poor brutes had had for the two previous days and nights. We took our seats on a moss-grown rockery beside the creek and looked round. A grander and lovelier scene could scarcely be imagined. We were in the centre of a rich grassy meadow, bushes laden with delicious wild fruit grouped here and there, and lofty mountains, snow-peaked and with glaciers accumulating in the higher depressions surrounding us on every side, a narrow opening at the east where we had entered, and another at the west where we were to begin the descent of the range, excepted. To the north stretched from point to point an almost unbroken field of snow two or three miles long, accumulating in gorges into glaciers. High above the snow, the looser shales of the summits having worn away, fantastic columns of rock stood up. One of these, from its resemblance to an old man coming out of his house to look down upon us, the Major had christened Hermit Peak. To the east, Mount Carroll all but closed the entrance to the Pass. To the south, a bold forehead of rock stood out bare and high above the forest line, and beyond it extended a camel's back, rising to a point that hid the distinctive mountain of the Pass, Syndicate Peak, as the Major had named it when, coming from the west in 1881 he beheld a huge cone, like the Matterhorn, dominating the whole range and apparently forbidding his further search for a pass that year. We saw dimly through mist gathering in the west another grand mountain looming up like a tower. Seated in the centre of this magnificent amphitheatre, we congratulated the Major on his discovery of the Pass, a discovery so important to the railway and to Canada. The chief passed round some cigars, certified to be from Havana, and after a smoke in honour of the occasion, we resolved to constitute "The Canadian Alpine Club." The following interim officers were appointed: Sandford Fleming, president; G. M. Grant, secretary; S. H. Fleming, treasurer. Several resolutions were passed unanimously: (1) that Major A. B. Rogers, the discoverer of the Pass through the Selkirks, be the first honorary member of the Club; (2) that the Pass be named the Rogers Pass; (3) that Mr. Albert Rogers, in consideration of his services in connection with the discovery, be the first elected member of the Club; (4) that rules and regulations regarding the election and qualifications of members be determined at a subsequent meeting, to be held at the call of the interim president. Inasmuch as no institution can be established by Britons without eating, drinking and good fellowship, the members then lunched together, toasted the Queen in Summit Creek water, vowed to plant the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes on Syndicate Peak to greet the first through train to the Pacific, drank the wine of the country in the shape of luscious blackberries and gooseberries gathered on the spot, and the senior members of the party then finished the proceedings by engaging in a game of leap-frog, the first, I make bold to say, ever played on the summit of the Selkirks.

GEORGE M. GRANT.

THE position of Emerson as one of the greatest if not the very greatest of writers and philosophers, has now been made by the Americans a national question. "Foreigners" we are told, if they differ from the national judgment, may have the common modesty at once to conclude that they are wrong. That of course ends the question. Whoever finds Emerson somewhat incoherent and unintelligible, off with his head! The national judgment, however, is not perfectly unanimous. It was an American and a New Englander who said that nobody could pretend to understand Emerson, except young ladies. If we can make something of Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, and even, with an effort, of Hegel, but can make nothing of Emerson, the reason no doubt is that we have not the advantage of being Emerson's fellow-countrymen.