

Cache. His men had a raft from which to transport their luggage and instruments up to the east end of the lake, as their first work for to-morrow. They had completed the survey along the west end and centre. Our poor horses, most of which had now travelled eleven hundred miles, and required rest or a different kind of work, had had a killing day of it, and there was no grass for them. Reflecting on the situation was not pleasant, but a good supper of comed-beef and beans made us soon forget our own fatigue. After supper, at 2 a.m., wrapping dry blankets round our wet clothes, and spreading waterproofs over the place where there were fewest pools of water, we went in willingly for sweet sleep."

In this part of the journey occurred, perhaps, the most striking incident of all:

"Two miles farther on, the sound of a bell was heard. Jack said that it must be the bell-house of another pack-train; but in a few minutes a solitary traveller, walking beside his two laden horses, emerged from the woods ahead. He turned out to be one John Glen—a miner on his way to prospect for gold on hitherto untried mountains and sand-bars. Here was a specimen of Anglo-Saxon self-reliant individualism more striking than that pictured by Quinet of the American settler, without piest or captain at his head, going out into the deep woods or virgin lands of the new continent to find and found a home. John Glen calculated that there was as good gold in the mountains as had yet come out of them, and that he might strike a new bar or gulch, that would 'pan out' as richly as 'William's Creek' Cariboo; so putting blankets and bacon, flour and frying-pan, shining pickaxe and shovel on his horses, and sticking revolver and knife in his waist, off he started from Kamloops to seek 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Nothing to him was lack of company or of newspapers; short days and approach of winter; seas of mountain and grassless valleys equally inhospitable; risk of sickness; and certainty of storms; slow and exhausting travel through marsh and muskeg, across roaring mountain torrents and miles of fallen timber; lonely days and lonely nights;—if he found gold he would be repaid. Prospecting was his business, and he went about it in simple matter-of-course style, as if he were doing business 'on Change.' John Glen was to us a typical man, the modern missionary, the man, yr for gold, the advance guard of the army of material progress. And who will deny or make light of his virtue, his faith, such as it was? His self-reliance, surely, was sublime. Compared to his, how small the daring and pluck of even Milton and Chedle? God save thee, John Glen! and give thee thy reward!"

Along the North Thomson River the party proceeded to Kamloops, where they slept again under a rafted roof, and their adventures were at an end.

We have recently given an article on British Columbia, and, therefore, we will not travel over that ground again, even in the company of Mr. Grant. But one little missionary anecdote relative to the Siwash Indians may find room:

"Very naturally, Siwashes measure all excellence by the grub or gifts they get. It is said that when a Church of England Bishop lately visited a tribe

that one of his missionaries had laboured among for some time, they all gathered to meet him, being told that he was 'hyass Tyhee,' or great chief of the praying men. The Bishop addressed them at great length, and apparently with effect, but when done, a grave and reverend fellow rose and snuffed out his lordship with half a dozen words, which, in vernacular Chinook, are even more emphatic than in any slang English they can be rendered into: 'Lots of gab; no grub, no gifts; all gammon.' A delightful gentleman to convert certainly!"

Mr. Grant concurs in the blame which has been cast on the Colonial Office for its blundering dealings with British Columbia. We do not see how anything but blundering could be expected at the hands of officials administering a country of which they know nothing, on the other side of the globe. The Colonial Administration of England has, at all events, been wiser than that of France or Spain.

In quoting from this pleasant work we have preferred the description of travel and scenery to the disquisitions on the Pacific Railway scheme, and on economical and political questions. The disquisitions are sometimes marked by a rhetorical tone, which, while we do not doubt the perfect good faith of the writer, rather repels our confidence. Sometimes the style is even a little peppery, and there is a slight disposition to call supposed opponents hard names. "Emasculate" is the epithet which Mr. Grant applies to people who differ from him on some point of policy. He should remember that there is nothing less masculine than scolding.

There are sixty illustrations, for two of which the writer acknowledges his obligations to the pencil of Professor Wilson. We wish Professor Wilson would lay the Canadian public under a good many more obligations of the same kind.

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ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1872. Edited by Spencer F. Baird. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The present volume does not differ to any great extent from other works of the same nature, but it can safely be recommended as an excellent guide to the scientific work of the year 1872. Perhaps one of its best features is the "General Summary of Scientific and Industrial Progress," with which it opens. Indeed, it may be doubted if the "year-books" of the future will not find it to their advantage to restrict their efforts wholly to the preparation of such a summary. In this case, the summary would have, as a matter of course, to be greatly extended in its limits, and it should give references by which the reader would be guided to the innumerable records of the year's scientific work, as represented by independent publications, the transactions of learned