

an opportunity for some graphic description. "On the open prairie, when just well away from the Hudson Bay Company's store, we saw that we were in for a storm. Every form of beauty was combined in the sky at this time. To the south it was such blue as Titian loved to paint; blue, that those who have seen only dull English skies say is nowhere to be seen but on canvas or in heaven; and the blue was bordered to the west with vast billowy mountains of the fleeciest white. Next to these and right ahead of us and overhead, was a swollen black cloud, along the under surface of which greyer masses were eddying at a terrific rate. Extending from this, and all around the north and east, the expanse was a dun-coloured mass, livid with lightning, and there, to the right, and behind us, torrents of rain were pouring, and nearing us every moment. The atmosphere was charged with electricity on all sides, lightning rushed towards the earth in straight and zigzag currents, and the thunder varied from the sharp rattle of musketry to the roar of artillery; still there was no rain and but little wind. We pressed on for a house, not far away; but there was to be no escape. With the suddenness of a tornado the wind struck us, at first without rain—but so fierce that the horses were forced again and again off the track. And now, with the wind came rain—thick and furious; and then hail—hail mixed with angular lumps of ice from half an inch to an inch across, a blow on the head from one of which was stunning. Our long line of horses and carts was broken. Some of the poor creatures clung to the road, fighting desperately; others were driven into the prairie, and turning their backs to the storm, stood still or moved sideways with cowering heads, their manes and long tails floating wildly like those of Highland shelties. It was a picture for Rosa Bonheur; the storm driving over the vast treeless prairie, and the men or horses yielding to or fighting against it. In half an hour we got under the shelter of the log house a mile distant; but the fury of the storm was past, and in less than an hour the sun burst forth again, scattering the clouds, till not a blot was left in the sky, save fragments of mist to the south and east."

III.

The party reached Fort Carlton in safety on the 16th of the month. With the exception of the brief storm so vividly described, the weather was delightful all the way from Fort Garry to Fort Carlton. The air throughout the day was delicious, flower-scented, and healthful, so that neither horse nor rider was warm after a ride of fifteen or twenty miles. The nights were cool enough to make the blankets welcome, but not cool enough to occasion any discomfort. Each day was like a picnic. Not a case of sickness was heard of at any of the settlers' houses on the route. The agricultural features of the country are freely commented on, and always with favour. The various advantages and disadvantages of settlement are treated of at some length, but many of the author's remarks have become effete during the four years which have passed since they were written.

Only a few hours were spent at Fort Carlton, where the expedition parted company with Emilien, the half-breed guide who had been engaged at Fort Garry. On the 17th the journey was continued along the upward course of the Saskatchewan, in the direction of Fort Edmonton, which is situated about nine hundred miles from Fort Garry, and which was reached on the 27th. A day was spent here, and then the westward march was resumed. In less than a fortnight the Rocky Mountains came in sight. Under date of September 10th, we find the following entry:—"Few thought of plants to-day, or of anything but the mountains that stood in massive grandeur, thirty miles ahead, but on account of the morning light, in which every point came out clear, seemingly just on the other side of each new patch of wood or bit of prairie before us. They rose bold and abrupt five or six thousand feet from the wooded country at their feet—the western verge of the plains, the elevation of which was over 3,000 feet additional above the sea—and formed in long unbroken line across our path, save where cleft in the centre down to their very feet, by the chasm that the Athabasca long ago forced or found for itself. 'There are no Rocky Mountains' has been the remark of many a disappointed traveller by the Union and Central Pacific Railways. The remark will never be made by those who travel on the Canadian

Pacific. There was no ambiguity about these being mountains, nor about where they commenced. The line was defined, and the scarp as clear, as if they had been hewn and chiselled for a fortification. The summits on one side of the Athabasca were serrated, looking sharp as the teeth of a saw; on the other, the Roch à Myette, immediately behind the first line, reared a great solid unbroken tube, two thousand feet high, a 'forehead bare,' twenty times higher than Ben An's; and before and beyond it, away to the south and west, extended ranges with bold summits and sides scooped deep, and carries far down, where formerly the wood buffalo, and the elk, and

fare as compared with Kamloops beef, and adds:—"After a few samples at breakfast, we were willing to subscribe to all that had ever been said in favour of bunch-grass as feed for the cattle of kings. Mealy potatoes, eggs, and other luxuries that need not be mentioned, lest those who never knew want should scorn our simple annals, explained satisfactorily the process by which Dr. Cheadle added forty-one pounds to his weight in a three weeks' stay at Kamloops."

They left Kamloops on the 30th of September, and reached New Westminster on the 4th of October. From here the route to the head of Bute Inlet, and from thence to Victoria, Van-

at length in these columns. After a stay of five days there the party started on their way homeward, *via* San Francisco. On the morning of the 16th they breakfasted at the Lick House, San Francisco. Ten days afterwards, that is to say, on the 26th, they breakfasted at home in Ottawa; but that both of these breakfasts were eaten on a Saturday, as stated in the text, is something that requires explanation, in view of the fact that there was a lapse of ten days between them.

We conclude with a brief quotation from the appendix already referred to:—"The brief review that has been now given is enough to show that progress is being made in connection with the great work of the colonization of the North-West and the construction of the work that is to bind all Canada together with links of steel from Ocean to Ocean, and that there are good grounds for hoping that, as difficulties are cleared out of the way, the progress shall be at an increasingly rapid rate. Four years is not a long period in the history of a country; and to hasten surely, it is necessary to hasten slowly. The present rate is rapid enough to satisfy reasonable expectations. And the writer believes that the growth of true national feeling throughout every part of our wide-extended glorious Dominion—unattended possibly with as many ebullitions of sentiment as some would like—more than corresponds to the material progress we are making, and that every Canadian, while legitimately cherishing pride in the past and present, may look forward confidently to the future of his country."

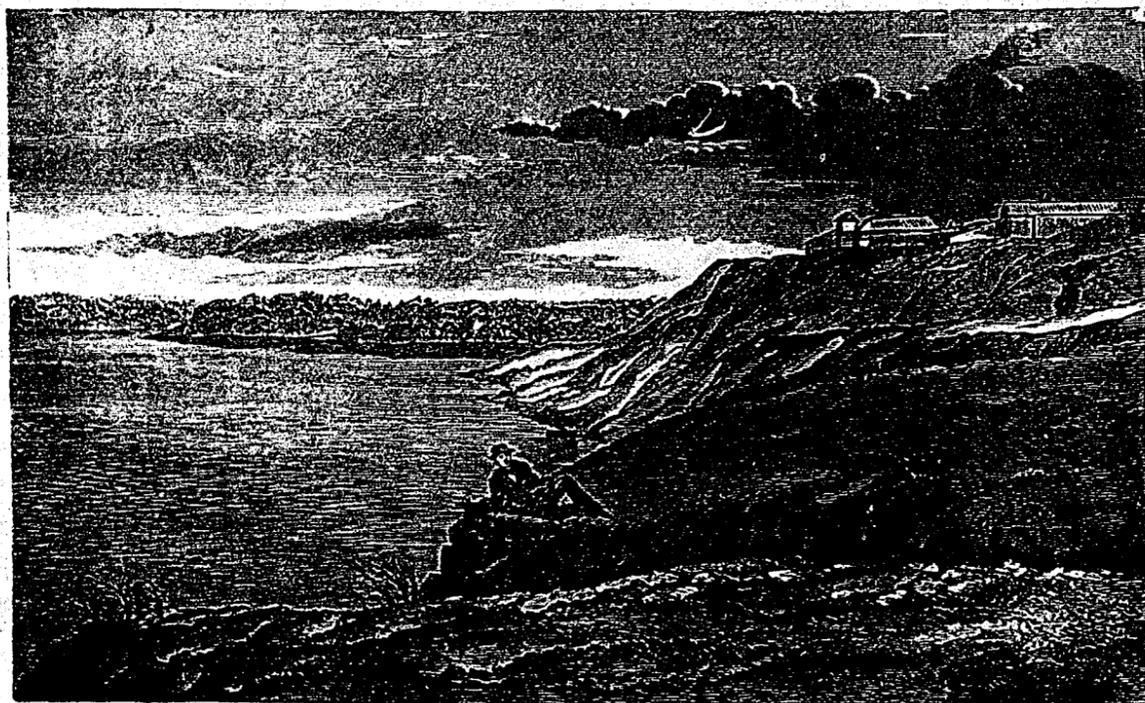
A GREAT DINNER.—"Come and dine with me one day," said the incomparable Alexis Soyer to us, "and I will show you that, with all the diversity of tastes that may exist among men, there are laws in the art which all alike should respect. There is really but one method worth observing. Select

the guests, and take care that we form a party of eight—not one more or less. Let them be varied in character, and all capable of gastronomic enjoyment." We met at Soyer's own parlor at the Reform Club. The party consisted of an artist, an author, a soldier, a lord, a parson, Soyer, and myself. The first five were all men of note in the world of art and letters. The parson was more famous as an *arbitrator elegantiarum* than as a divine. The peculiarity of the dinner consisted in the appearance of only one dish at a time and the total absence of knives and salt. The joints, the poultry, even the puddings and cakes, came on the table apparently in their original integrity; but we soon found that they had been sliced and separated and put together so that our host had nothing to do but take out slices with his fork and send them round to his guests. And so very tender were the viands that knives were needless, and so savory that salt was a superfluity. We had eight or nine courses, and a different wine for each course, if you chose to take it. There was harmony in this arrangement, and there was perfect harmony among the feeders at the banquet. Toward its close a stimulated ham was brought in: we protested against it, as we had had meat enough. "N'importe—cut through it," said Soyer. Shirley Brooks, the author, seized a knife, and lo! the ham proved to be a sponge-cake filled with ice-cream and candied fruits. It was a charming and pardonable deception. We rose from the table at one A.M., and adjourned—to the kitchen—to superintend the broiling and devilling the bones of a turkey. (*Memo.*—In the present stage of the science, only drink hot whiskey-punch with devilled bones.) Not one guest had a headache the next day. The dinner, in its simplicity, quiet unpretentiousness and perfect execution, was a model to be remembered. It indicates in little the true method for success in the great.

A SERVANT girl hearing the lady of the house ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, laid two extra plates for the supposed visitors.

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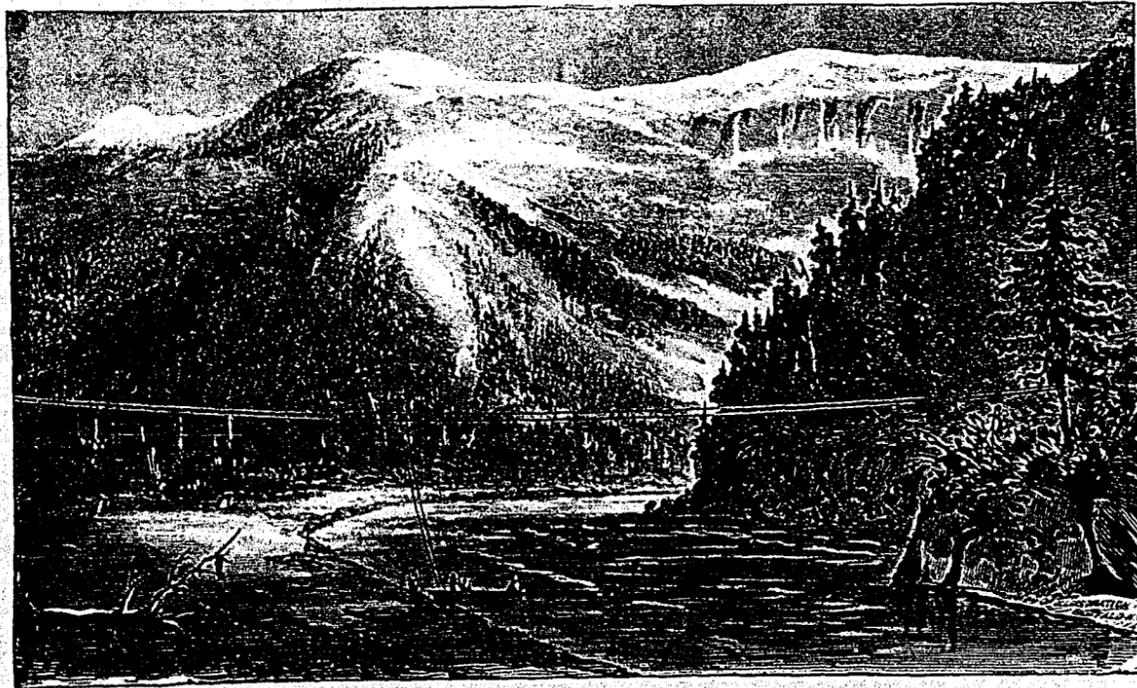
FORT EDMONTON.

now the moose, bighorn, and bear find shelter. There was nothing fantastic about the mountain forms. Everything was imposing. And these, too, were ours; an inheritance as precious, if not as plentiful in corn and milk, as the rich plains they guarded. For mountains elevate the mind, and give an inspiration of courage and dignity to the hardy races who own them and who breathe their atmosphere.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God,  
Thou hast made our spirits mighty  
With the touch of the mountain soil.

The scene had its effect on the whole party. As we wound in Indian file along the sinuous trail

cover's Island, was by steamer. When at the head of Bute Inlet the magnificent scenery at and near the mouth of the Hamathco rose in sight, and caused the author to long for an opportunity of landing and ascending the river. For this, however, there was no time, and he was fain to content himself with accounts of the scenery at second-hand. One of these is descriptive of the canyons, 31 miles from the head of the Inlet, immediately above the rope ferry depicted in the accompanying engraving. Thus it runs:—"The scene here is awfully sublime. The towering rocks, thousands of feet high; serrated and broken by dark chasms; far above these again the snow-clad peaks, con-



THE HAMATHCO BELOW THE DEFILE.

that led across grassy basins under the shadow of the mountains that were still a day's journey distant, not a word was heard, nor a cry to the horses for the first half-hour."

The expedition journeyed through Yellow Head Pass to the North Thompson River, and from thence to Kamloops, enjoying a constant succession of scenic panoramas by the way. Kamloops was reached on the 28th of September, and the party once more enjoyed the luxury of sleeping in real beds and under a rafted roof. The author waxes eloquent in his praise of the celebrated beef of this district, and thereby proves that all his choice epithets have not been exhausted by his previous descriptions of the splendid scenery along the route. He pronounces turtle-soup out of a gold spoon meagre

connected by huge glaciers, out of which issued torrents that fell in cascades; and in a deep gorge beneath, a mountain torrent—whirling, boiling, roaring, and huge boulders always in motion, muttering, groaning like troubled spirits, and ever and anon striking on the rocks, making a report like the booming of distant artillery. But with all this wildness, there is the fresh beauty of vegetation. Wherever there is a crevice, to the base of the snow-clad peaks were clumps of ever-green trees, and lower down, wherever a handful of soil could rest, it was sprinkled with wild flowers, amongst which bloomed the sweet lily of the valley."

Victoria, which was reached by the expedition on the 9th of October, has recently been described