

England spirit of education, culture, and progress, can be found here. The spirit of our forefathers, who, from the landing on Plymouth Rock, battled with forest and savage, sickness, famine, and hardship, until, conquering and overcoming all opposition, civilisation was established all over the land—this same spirit can be seen now, as ever, in every little village, in the keeping pace with the greatest thoughts and inventions of the day.

Always ready to secure, and put into execution, any new ideas likely to further the advancement of any of our occupations, we make our "quiet New England homes," whether situated in bustling town, or more remotely placed in seclusion, the homes of education, refinement, and culture. This can be seen in a summer ride over the hills by an ordinarily observing traveller without an actual acquaintance with the people. FRANKLIN.

North Leverett, Mass.

JOTTINGS OFF THE C. P. R.

WE left Donald for our trip to the Columbia Lakes and Kootenay Valley, at four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, August 28, by the eastern-bound express, with a regular camp outfit, consisting of two bundles containing blankets, buffalo robes, and waterproof sheets for bedding, one tent, one small valise, two saddles and saddle-bags, two guns, an axe, one sack of flour, one sack of provisions for our 200 miles ride, another of cooking and eating utensils, and miscellaneous odds and ends. It should have taken us but half an hour to reach Golden City, seventeen miles distant, where we were to embark upon the steamer *Duchess*, but we were more than an hour on the way, for, owing to the approach of a special, bearing Sir Donald Smith, Mr. Cyrus Field, Mr. Stafford Northcote, and other notabilities, to the far Pacific Slope, our express had to turn off the main line at Moberly on to a mysterious switch branching from the track at a right angle, and running directly into the bush, so that as our engine advanced along it we seemed bound to plunge from the rails into the primeval forest.

It was half-past five o'clock when we steamed into Golden City, where we were met by Mr. F. P. Armstrong, the captain of the *Duchess*, who escorted us to the banks of the Columbia, about a mile distant, where the steamer lay at her moorings. There is a good waggon-road all the way, but the evening was so beautiful that I preferred to walk, and formed a far more favourable opinion of the city of gold than I had done when I passed through it on my way to Donald, perhaps because on that occasion I had my back turned to Pilot Mountain, which rears up, almost a detached mass of granite, behind the town. The setting sun was gilding the surface of its reddish-yellow rock with tints that might have given the city its golden name; I fear, however, that it was derived from below, and is of the earth earthy in its origin.

The rosy and purple shades of the near and distant ranges would have delighted the eye of an artist, and the aspect of the boat, as she lay at her picturesque moorings opposite a high wooded bluff on the Columbia River, was most inviting. To me the *Duchess* was a new nautical experience, being a small edition of the stern-wheel steamers used for the shallow navigation of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers; she is a flat-bottomed boat of light draught, and can pass over two feet six inches of water; she has a promenade deck, supported on light columns, with a hurricane deck above, on which the wheel-house stands; she is sixty feet long, by seventeen feet beam, with a carrying capacity of twenty tons; her cabin accommodation will be excellent when complete, giving room for eight or ten passengers. The main saloon is wide and spacious, and, as Mr. Armstrong kindly placed his cabin at our disposal, we fared sumptuously. The steamer *Duchess* will run next year from the month of May to September, in connection with the C. P. R. trains; the trip up to the lakes and back takes four days. All information on the subject of this route will be forthcoming in the spring, when it will be advisable for all tourists visiting British Columbia to diverge from the main route, and see something of the interior of the country, and the magnificent mountain scenery which the Columbia River commands in its winding course between the ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks.

Steam was up when we went on board the boat, and a few minutes later she moved away from her moorings, and we were launched upon the bosom of the far-famed Columbia. We ran up the river some seven miles to Canyon Creek, to take on wood, and then tied up to the bank for the night, as it was getting dark. The navigation of the Columbia, with its numerous snags and sand-bars, is an impossibility after dark, and this original manner of securing the boat to Mother Earth during these hours is very conducive to sound slumber.

Sunday, August 29, was a lovely summer day, bright and cloudless, with a fresh wind blowing, which rolled away the light veil of smoke

that had drifted down from the forest fires of the west, till it rested on the distant mountains like a silver haze, against which the adjacent trees stood out in strong relief. This scene from the decks of the *Duchess* was a most entrancing one, and quite beggars description. Words fail me to depict the beauties of the Columbia River, winding as it does between two mountain ranges, the Rockies on the east side standing out in bold peaks and rugged bluffs, while the Selkirks on the west, some few miles from Golden City, lose their massive outlines, and fall away in sloping wooded heights. The course of the river, with its swift current, as it flows, now wide, now narrow, between its low banks overhung with willows, cranberry bushes, and tall cottonwood trees (very similar in growth and appearance to our poplar), is strangely peaceful and secluded, and its varying width, never exceeding 300 feet, is in strange contrast to the extent and volume of our Eastern waters.

The first pause we made was at eleven o'clock in the morning, at Johnson's Hog Rancho, which does not, as the name would imply, indicate the porcine quadruped, but is the western slang for a whiskey resort. That insidious stimulant was a year ago a contraband article, which could not be sold within twenty miles of the C. P. R. rails; hence Johnson's Hog Rancho was established just outside that magic circle. We are now twenty-five miles from Golden City; and the said rancho is beautifully situated at the base of a superb peak of the Rocky Mountains on one of the numerous channels of the Columbia. We made a halt of some twenty minutes to take on wood at this delectable spot, then ran down the stream with the swift current at a tremendous pace for some 100 yards, sweeping so close to the bushes as we turned into the main channel that the overhanging trees crashed against the sides of the boat.

Immediately after we leave Johnson's, the Columbia develops numerous branches, and the Selkirk Range is lost to view, its place being supplied by wooded hills which descend to the edge of the water and continue for about ten miles. The river seems, if possible, to increase in beauty the farther we ascend its tortuous course. The Rocky Mountains stand out in an almost incredible depth of blue distance on the eastern bank, reminding one of some of Turner's Italian landscapes. In one place the main channel divides, and we follow an apparently narrow stream, and coast along a low island, with a marshy bed of reeds on the west—a likely haunt for wild fowl; indeed the constant popping of a gun from the hurricane deck overhead, as flocks of geese and ducks, roused by the approach of the steamer, fly across her bows, is a constant source of excitement. I regret to say, however, that on these occasions no bag was made. Farther up again we find ourselves in a network of islands and channels, with trees hanging, in some places, so far over the water as almost to sweep the upper decks of the *Duchess* as she glides beneath them. On one occasion, Mr. Armstrong told me, when he had given the wheel for a few moments to the charge of a deck hand, the latter cut a point too short (in nautical parlance), and the steamer struck upon one bank and swung off on to the opposite side, passing as she did so under a leaning tree which caught the smoke-stack, and deposited it promptly in the river: he and his men spent all the next day fishing in twelve feet of water for it, and eventually succeeded in recovering it, and restored it to its former position. E. S.

INSTRUCTION FROM MUMMY-CASES.

WHEN the ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead with so much care they did not suspect that thousands of years after their time other races would open their sepulchres and sarcophagi, and find therein evidence of great value and significance for the explanation of modern world problems. It was a custom of those ancient Egyptians to bury seeds and sometimes plants with their dead. They commonly made a light bier for the body of freshly cut green boughs with the leaves on, and it was customary in swathing the corpse with its mortuary bandages to enclose this light bier in them. These plant remains, with many others more purposely deposited on or about the bodies or in the sepulchral chambers, have been resurrected recently from many old tombs never before opened, and the information they give us is interesting and suggestive. Professor William Carruthers, president of the biological section of the British Association, discussed these discoveries in his opening address, and while he refrained from making any application of the facts ascertained, the mere statement of them is enough to demonstrate their scope and bearing.

It results from the hermetic sealing of the plants and seeds referred to that they have been preserved, for the most part, as fresh as when they were deposited, and very fortunately their first examination has been made by an eminent botanist, Dr. Schweinfurth, who has for a quarter of a century been exploring the flora of the Nile Valley. By putting these plants in warm water Dr. Schweinfurth has restored them almost completely. "The colours of the flowers are still present, even the most evanescent, such as the violet of the larkspur and knapweed, and the scarlet of the poppy; the chlorophyll remains in the leaves, and the sugar in the pulp of the raisins." Dr. Schweinfurth has determined no less than fifty-nine species, and what is most remarkable is that the characteristics