

of 1,350 feet. The driving storms of rain then falling, and the agitated sea, added to the sublimity of the scene, and, with almost theatrical aptness, as we rounded the cape towards Port Arthur, we heard the distant rumble of thunder, and saw flashes of lightning.

Arriving at Port Arthur we found ourselves destined to be delayed for 24 hours or more, in consequence of an injury to the line to Winnipeg. This gave us the opportunity for a little observation of what I may call a "timber city," and life therein. Port Arthur is one of those places which are "booming," or rapidly prospering. What with its selection as a central dépôt by the great railway, the silver mines in the islands near, and the "sign" discovered of other mineral deposits, it was growing daily by the erection of the wooden slab houses which are so conveniently designed and manufactured in Canada and the States, that a family may be houseless on a Friday night, and in possession of a quite convenient and somewhat tasteful residence on Sunday morning before church-time. Such a city as Port Arthur has great interest to an Englishman, even if one sees it through a downfall of rain that would soak through anything but the natural cuticle—as we saw it. I attended so carefully to my duty of sketching, that I lost the scientific opportunities afforded by the geological excursion led by Dr. Dawson, and a botanical one under Professor Macoun; so, when my first work seemed done I started alone, keeping a straight line into the forest, to see what might turn up. It was most enjoyable, in spite of the rain. The ground ascended slightly, and soon gave one a wide view of the great freshwater sea, with its islands rich in metals. And at every step one found some new plant, or recognised with equal pleasure some western form of an European species. The trees were several species of fir, and poplar, with a great diversity of shrubs and deciduous trees of small growth; among these were several very pretty *Cratagi*, and a great variety of willows. Among the shrubs was the pretty *Symphoricarpos*, covered with its snowy berries, and *Berberis* with blue fruit, *Rubi* and *Pruni*, ferns, *Equiseta*, and mosses in masses of verdure. The time for most flowering plants had of course passed, but some blossoms still lingered, and many tall spikes of seed marked those out of bloom. Fine spikes of *Epilobium hirsutum* were still in flower. Under the trees trailed the beautiful sprays of the bear-berry (*Arctostaphylos uva ursi*), with a red berry here and there, and, a delight to see for the first time growing, the *Linnaea borealis*. On hillocks among the marsh was *Vaccinium vitis-idae*, and the dryer clumps were blue with whortle-berries of the wonderfully fertile variety known as *Vaccinium Canadense* (Kalm). A beautiful little white star here and there studded the ground, which I found to be *Cornus canadense*, much like the European *Cornus suecica*. But the real prize for a stranger, curious as characteristic, growing in knots here and there in the marsh was the "side-saddle flower," a "pitcher plant" (*Sarracenia purpurea*) from amid the groups of which its very curious flower showed itself.

I got specimens of hosts of things, filled my pockets and hat with them in my enthusiasm, but I regret to say few got dried, owing to the extreme wetness of the weather, and, indeed, here I must apologise for