

which is dark in flesh and borne when the tree is very young. An exhaustive test was made of the Desolo plum, the Imperial variety of the native American fruit, and it was considered very good. From an economic point of view the timber plantation was the most interesting; there are twenty-five varieties of the best American and European trees side by side, planted ten years ago, and the results are watched with great interest. As a further addition to ornamental trees, there were fifty new and rare species of the beautiful catalpa. All modern apples are the result of intercrossing with the Siberian crab, and in one case noticed the result of the first cross was fruit two and a half inches in diameter. When the house was reached three quarters of an hour remained till lunch, and four methods were offered for wearing away this time. The first was to visit the orchard, "which was placed at the full disposal of the party, excepting some experimental varieties, marked with a red flag, which was forbidden fruit. This plan seemed to be most in demand, for there could be seen scattered here and there rosy apples bearing traces of many a pretty tooth, but it is to be hoped there was no Eve among the visitors. Again, there was a summerhouse that would accommodate fifty persons, and from whose top the spires of sixteen villages could be counted, and a smaller house that would hold but two, embowered in trees, which with intertwining branches will in a few years shut the place in so completely that, as Mr. Gibb, with an eye to the future remarked, none but the eye of heaven could enter. The remaining resort was a stone fence, and from it could be heard the clink of the geologist's hammer, "and many a little hand glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks; many a light foot shone like a jewel set in the dark crag." And then there was a repast in which the generosity of rural hospitality was tempered with the refinement one would expect from a man of Mr. Gibb's culture. This was the time fruit came to the front—apples Russian, apples Canadian, of every complexion and texture, crabs of impossible sizes, and grapes of an incredible number of varieties. The next move was towards the top of Yamasko mountain, and here a word about the situation of Abbotsford. It lies on the slope of Yamaska mountain, looking toward the east, and extending ten miles to the foot of Rougemont. The party streamed up the sides over the "mingled brown," as Amelie Rives would call it, of the drift soil, which a kind sea had washed up, for Mr. Gibb to plant apple trees in; they had underfoot the "greenish" of lichens and club mosses, and on every side the sombre evergreens contrasted with the flaming maples. Arrived at the top Sir Wm. Dawson, always as leader, took his stand on a granite rock, and addressed the members grouped around him on the geological history of the site. His remarks were a further instance of the work he has done in extending the roots of science deep into public sympathy, from which some day it will draw an ample support. The view from the top was striking. By the aid of a glass fifty-five steeples are visible, and in a clear day the citadel of Quebec can easily be made out, so the intelligent guide said. To the north was Mount Johnson, overlooking the town of St. Johns, to its right

the pointed peak of Belœil, and on the other hand the "Pinnacle" of Freighsburg, which the international boundary line crosses. The Green mountains were easily seen and Mt. Mansfield stood out above the rest; just above the horizon were the Adirondacks, with the conical summit of Mt. Marcy. To add to the charm a snowstorm came up and it was a grand scene—the clouds rolling up, shedding their burden on their admirers, cutting off the lighter shades of color and leaving the mountain enveloped in a sombre grey. But it generated a pleasing solicitude for the care of each other's wraps, and gave to some frivolous ones a bout at snow-balling. At four o'clock the house was regained, and from the front piazza Professor Penhallow spoke to the members on the trophies brought in and on material which he had betwined from spots apparently inaccessible, from peat bogs and rocks. His address was in few words, his remarks clear and explicit, and illustrated by specimens obtained during the day. Some geraniums plucked from a warm slope with their pinnate leaves and delicate odorous flowers were shown as instances of the effect of locality in keeping flowers in bloom till late in the season. There were asters in abundance, whose many flower heads of white or purple, he thought more beautiful and artistic than the cultivated forms. The solidago or golden rod was spoken of as one of the most graceful of flowers and one too little appreciated. The common brake or *pteris aquilina* was shown with its massive roots which in eastern countries are used as an article of food, like asparagus, and are found delicate and succulent. Three species of *lycopodia* or club mosses were found which are the representatives of an ancient flora now nearly extinct. Then the professor brought out a collection of fungi and other plants growing parasitically on unicellular algae. The "rock tripe" was mentioned as being used for food in northern countries and sustaining the lives of explorers by its mucilaginous qualities, and saprophytic plants were exhibited growing on decaying organic matter. The edible properties of mushrooms were discussed, and European fungologists' opinions quoted that tons of useful food material is annually going to waste, but as some species are harmless only when young, and others always poisonous, and as the classes needing them have not an expert acquaintance with cryptogamic botany he did not see that their salvation lay in mushrooms. Highly colored members of this group, however, are usually poisonous. Sir Wm. Dawson then spoke on the geological side of the day's work, and complimented Mr. Gibb on the small amount of entomological material collected. Where an old volcano had blazed and rocks were fused in nature's melting pot, they stood that day amidst falling snow; he would not tell of the beauties they had seen, but they were better rewarded than those who "remained behind with the stuff."

A start was made at 4.30, and Farnham was presently reached, where the party stopped for an hour, and in true Pickwickian style did the town, visited "The School of Arts," looked into the river with its shadows gliding under the bridges, passed remarks more or less irrelevant on what they saw, and in one or two cases a tendency to facetiousness was noticed.