

by fierce winds which drift the snow into heaps like mountains, frequently burying houses and their inhabitants a hundred feet deep."

"Horrible! horrible!" ejaculated Mrs. C.

"The air is sometimes so intensely cold that the mercury in the thermometer is congealed into ice at 150 degrees below zero; and it frequently occurs during those frosty periods that travellers, with their horses and vehicles, are found petrified into ice, so hard that they never can be thawed out again. Hundreds of such groups are preserved in the Canadian museums, and shown as curiosities to foreign travellers."

"Oh! Charlie, for pity's sake, don't horrify us so!" shouted Mrs. C.

"Do stop, Charlie, you'll frighten us to death," exclaimed the girls, fearfully excited.

Mr. Charlston and George laughed heartily. Fred muttered out something condemnatory; while George cried out, "Go on Charlie, tell the whole story."

"I hav'nt told you the one-half yet; but this will do for the present;—only I might merely add, — that if Fred goes out for a free-farm he will get a free wife into the bargain. The forests are infested with a more dangerous class of animals than wolves. They are savages in human shape, and are designated by the name of Indians. Every foreigner who takes a farm is compelled to take a young squaw—a