

dently spent the most care were his hair and his legs. He was followed by two carts drawn by ponies of Gothic and despondent appearance. Beside them wandered two other ponies equally angular, two squaws with papposes slung at their backs, and a younger brave less picturesque than the patriarch. They halted

criminate and indescribable: a bundle of ragged bedding, a gun, an axe, tent poles, a canvas cover, cooking utensils, a buffalo-skin, a baby, and several puppies. These last were the only provisions visible; and the noble brave indicated that unless his white brother would help him, he and his offspring must endure the pangs of hun-



VIEW OF PEMBINA FROM THE RED RIVER.

near us, and while Gad was sketching the *tipi* and the family, I ventured to make a closer inspection of the carts.

The Red River cart is *sui generis*: it is an epitome of the history and description of a peculiar country. It is built on the model of the Normandy peasant's cart, and tells us at once that its inventors were of French descent. It is simply a light box with a pair of shafts, mounted upon an axle connecting two enormous wheels. There is no concession made to the aversion of the human frame to sudden violent changes of level; there is no weakness of luxury about this vehicle. The wheels are broad in the felloes, so as not to cut through the prairie sod. They are long in the spokes, so as to pass safely through fords and mud-holes. They are very much dished, so that they can be strapped together, and a rawhide stretched over them to make a boat. The whole cart is made of wood; there is not a bit of iron about it, so that, if anything breaks, the material to repair it is easily found. The axles are never greased, and they furnish an incessant answer to the old conundrum, "What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?"

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ger for many days. This was probably a flight of barbaric fancy; but we gave him a little money, out of regard for his family, and his possible connection with our old friend Hiawatha, who belonged to the same tribe.

Some miles west of Pembina, on the British side of the boundary line, there is a large settlement of Russian Memnonites. The history of these people is full of interest. They are named after Memo Simons, who was a Romish priest in Friesland about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was not a man of high birth or education, but he seems to have had great natural strength of mind and character. He became convinced of the necessity of reformation in the Church, more particularly as regards the purity of life of Christians, and their separation from the world. He entered vigorously into the work of preaching and teaching his doctrines, and the result of his work was the formation of a sect of Baptist Quakers in Holland and North Germany who bore the name of Memnonites. They were peaceable and industrious citizens, willing to contribute money for the support of government even in war, but positively refusing to take an oath or to bear