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less, slow, aimless step of those we see along the railroads which traverse among their brothers of the east.

Manitoba—by the way, they lay the accent upon the "o" instead of on the final "a;" I suspect it to be wrong, for I was told the word is "Maniton" "ba" (God speaks), from the Indian idea that the thunder is louder here than elsewhere—Manitoba is a grand province. From the boundary, stretching north about 150 miles by 120 miles east and west, it is a splendid small-grain country. The land is not held by great individual owners or by syndicates, but in small holdings, rarely larger than a section, and generally not larger than a half. The farms are much better cultivated than in Minnesota. The fields are much freer from weeds and the crops better than anything I saw in the States except a small section near Crookston. I was told the expectation was an average crop of twenty-five bushels to the acre. Some fields, I thought in passing, would nearly touch forty bushels. At Winnipeg we boarded the Canadian Pacific. For a considerable distance the country is perfectly flat, but the soil of great depth; ditches will make it all finely arable. From Portage La Prairie west, the surface of the prairie is undulating, often high rolling, and on to Virden, 109 miles, is as beautiful prairie as one could wish to see. North and south in this belt the same characteristics, I was told by a well-informed gentleman, extended from the United States line to the northern limits of the province.

What cunning chaps the Hudson Bay company people were! For long years they told the world that this was a region only fit for fur-bearing animals. And now that the iron horse has snatched the reins from this great cormorant, we find in this great Northwest a country capable of supporting millions of happy agricultural people. Rivers abound, running in deep cut banks into which the lowest and flattest land can be drained. Wood is not so far off that it cannot be had in sufficient quantities for domestic purposes, and coal fields lie so close to the water courses that it can be transported by water if the rail fails to do the work. In the summer season the sun pours down a flood of heat. My alpaca coat was quite sufficient when standing on the platform, and from ten to five I was constantly tempted to unbutton my vest. The nights are cool now, and we are told are always so. Years ago, when the American cry was "54, 40, or fight," I was a whig, and twitted the democrats for coming down to 49. I now feel like still twitting my old democratic brethren of the past for not standing up for 54. I am not very acquisitive of territory for our country, but I must confess to a strong feeling that Uncle Sam ought to own from the Superior up to Alaska and on to the Pacific. Let it not be understood that we could do any better for the people than the Dominion is doing. *The people are thriving, and the Canadian Pacific company has built a road with which none of our transcontinental railroads can compare.* It is thoroughly laid, smooth, and finely ballasted. The depots or stations are built with taste, and the bridges are erected with great strength. In the far west, experimental farms are worked so as to give the emigrant actual knowledge of what the soil is capable of producing.

After leaving Virden the country assumes less of a prairie appearance and more of a western plain, but sage brush does not commence for a long distance, and in fact, is light at any place on the road.

Some 200 miles was passed by us at night when I was generally asleep, but occasionally I would look from my