

the frozen north." He looked at me in surprise and said, "My dear fellow, in England I'm a very small toad in a very large puddle; in my district in the north I'm absolute monarch."

CONCLUSION.

Your patience must be now fully exhausted and I will not further try it, but will conclude by reading a short poem written by Wm. Gerrond, Esq., lately of High Buff, but now of Prince Albert. Mr. Gerrond was bard of the Portage-la-Prairie St. Andrews society and was always ready with a poem to read on St. Andrew's day. Many of his efforts were of very considerable merit, but when he expressed the ideas of an old settler in poetry, on the old and new order of things in this country, he certainly did it well. Before reading the poem I may explain that there are perhaps some present who will not understand the words "me whatever," which occur three times in the poem was, and is yet, a very common expression amongst the natives of this country and they really mean "for my part." For instance instead of saying "For my part, I'm going to the fort," he would say "Me whatever, I'm going to the fort." With this explanation I will give you the poem.

WHAT WAS AND IS AN OLD SETTLER'S IDEA.

Oh! for the time that some despise,
At least I liked them, me whatever,
Before the transfer made us wise,
Or politics had made us clever

Then faith and friendship, hand in hand,
A kindly tale to all were telling,
From east to west, throughout the land,
Contentment reigned in every dwelling.

'Twas then we all in corduroys
Would travel to the church on Sunday
And listen to the good man's voice,
And do as he had said on Monday.

Our women too, both wife and maid,
Had lovely treasures for a bonnet,
A goodly shawl upon the head
Was all she ever put upon it.

Then gold was scarce, 'tis very true,
But then it was not much we wanted,
Our artificial wants were few,
And we were happy and contented.

But now alas the times are changed,
At least I think so, "me whatever,"
And artificial wants are ranged,
And piled in heaps along the river.

Our women's thrown away the shawl,
And got instead a showy bonnet
With many a costly falderall
Of feathers, silk and lace upon it.

Our men despising corduroys
In broadcloth grace the church on Sunday,
And then go home to criticize
And do as they've a mind on Monday.

Our good old faith's supplied with doubt
And friendships killed by speculation;
And sweet content is driven out
And grumbling envy fills her station.

Oh for the time that some despise,
At least I liked them, "me whatever,"
Before the transfer made us wise
And politics had made us clever.

HIS HONOR SPEAKS.

At the close His Honor the Lieutenant Governor moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer. His Honor referred to the graphic picture which had been drawn and said that it brought back the old Red river days in all their brightness. Those of riper years were much indebted to the lecturer for the reminiscences.

Consul Taylor seconded the motion and made an eloquent address. The consul referred to the early connection between Red River Settlement and St. Paul. He described the old settlers of Red River, as they came a cultured, intelligent and respected people to trade with the Minnesota pioneers. No less than \$150,000 a year were thus dropped in the banks of the Mississippi. The consul then referred to his personal reminiscences of the lecturer, and of the MacBeth family of Kil-doran. Mr. MacBeth returned thanks briefly.