

Pacific, and addressing some of the subjects of Her Majesty in the province of Manitoba, said :—

“To an Englishman or a Frenchman, the Severn or the Thames, the Seine or the Rhone, would appear considerable streams; but in the Ottawa, a mere affluent of the St. Lawrence, an affluent, moreover, which reaches the parent stream 600 miles from its mouth, we have a river nearly 550 miles long, and three or four times as big as any of them. But, even after having ascended the St. Lawrence itself to Lake Ontario, and pursued it across Lake Huron, the Niagara, the St. Clair, and Lake Superior to Thunder Bay, a distance of 1,500 miles, where are we? In the estimation of the person who has made the journey, at the end of all things, but to us who know better, scarcely at the commencement of the great fluvial systems of the Dominion, for from that spot, that is to say from Thunder Bay, we are enabled at once to ship our astonished traveller on to the Kaministiquia, a river of some hundred miles long. Thence almost in a straight line we launch him on to Lake Shebandowan, and Rainy Lake and River—the proper name of which, by the by, is ‘Rene,’ after the man who discovered it—a magnificent stream 300 yards broad, and a couple of hundred miles long, down whose tranquil bosom he floats into the Lake of the Woods, where he finds himself on a sheet of water which, though diminutive as compared with the inland seas he has left behind him, will probably be found sufficiently extensive to render him fearfully seasick during his passage across it. For the last eighty miles of his voyage, however, he will be consoled by sailing through a succession of land-locked channels, the beauty of whose scenery, while it resembles, certainly excels the far-famed Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. From this lacustrine paradise of sylvan beauty we are able at once to transfer our friend to the Winnipeg, a river the existence of which in the very heart and centre of the continent is in itself one of Nature’s most delightful miracles, so beautiful and varied are its islands, so broad, so deep, so fervid is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansions, and the tremendous power of their rapids. At last, let us suppose we have landed our traveller at the town of Winnipeg—the half-way house of the continent, the capital of the Prairie Province, and, I trust, the future ‘umbilicus’ of the Dominion. Having had so much of water, having now reached the home of the buffalo, like the extenuated Falstaff, he naturally ‘babbles of green fields,’ and careers in imagination over the primeval grasses of the prairie. Not at all. Escorted by Mr. Mayor and the Town Council, we take him down to your quay, and ask him which he will ascend first, the Red River or the Assiniboine, two streams—the one 500 miles long, the other 480—which so happily mingle their waters within your city limits. After having given him a preliminary canter upon these respective rivers, we take him off to Lake Winnipeg, an inland sea 300 miles long and upwards of sixty broad, during the navigation of which for many a weary hour he will find himself out of sight of land, and probably a good deal more indisposed than ever he was on the Lake of the Woods, or even the Atlantic. At the north-west angle of Lake Winnipeg he hits upon