

These Indians lived very peaceably side by side with the white men, and at that time we never dreamt of an Indian rebellion. They are a very impassive race. An Indian would sometimes walk into the cottage, without knocking, sit down, and say "Indian hungry!" or "Indian thirsty!" and then, on being satisfied, walk out without saying another word. One Indian on being reprimanded for being lazy at his work quietly said, "Indian born tired!"

The climate of Manitoba is very healthy, but intensely cold in winter and hot in summer. The winter lasts about six months, and the glass sometimes sinks to 50° below zero.

When a "blizzard" sweeps over the prairie, any unfortunate traveller is in great danger of losing his life. These tremendous snow-storms, which sometimes last thirty-six hours, are ushered in by a sound which resembles a gun going off, and are generally preceded by the appearance of mock suns in the sky; and the only hope of escape is to take shelter in the nearest cottage.

In the summer the mosquitoes are very troublesome, and our little prairie pony used to come to the house door and make us understand it wanted a "mosquito smudge" lit (this is the Canadian name for a bonfire). The farm-house animals gather round these "smudges," preferring the smoke to the bites of the mosquitoes.

There is something very grand in the stillness and vastness of the prairie. An infinite variety of bright flowers, tall waving grasses, low copses, small lakes of deepest blue, make a charming variety in the landscape; and it is very enjoyable driving for miles over the grass in a "buck-board" (a rough four-wheeled cart) with a fast-trotting Indian pony. Occasionally we made our way through bushes and logs and ploughed fields as deliberately as if it were the best English road—for a settler has often to make a road for himself.

I have said nothing in these rough notes of the character of the people of Canada, but this is almost impossible in a country that is made up of emigrants