

sagacity than the hog generally gets credit for. He waits until the reptile has coiled himself up and with head erect is ready to strike: he then offers his cheek and receives the poison fangs in the fatty part of it where there are few, if any blood-vessels, and where, in consequence, the poison injected seldom does much harm. As a rule, after one blow of this kind, which involves a large expenditure of energy, the snake is pretty well exhausted, so as not to be in a position to immediately renew the attack and easily becomes a prey to his assailant. If, however, he still shows signs of fight, the wily hog offers him the other cheek, and, after receiving another blow, he seizes him a few inches from the head, puts his foot on him and proceeds to tear him to pieces and devour him, or, scientifically speaking, to convert him into hog.

The average American, whether he is found on the prairie or elsewhere knows very little of any other country but his own. Even Canada, though it lies so near him and the relation between it and his own country is so intimate, is to him, so far as accurate and extended information is concerned, a sort of *terra incognita*. He knows little about the country, its characteristics and resources, and less about its people and its institutions. This is not from any want of intelligence, but solely from lack of interest. He knows his own great country, and what is there beyond it that is worth knowing? For the outside world he has a sort of sublime contempt, which, in its way is admirable. And of this there is perhaps as much in some sections of the prairie as anywhere else.

It is rather amusing to find what notions the people of the prairie get of us Canadians when they happen to come over and spend a little time among us. Our self-respect and our observance of the amenities and pro-

prieties of civilized life, considering the comparative poverty, of which they often have a somewhat exaggerated notion, appears to them to be strangely out of harmony with the fitness of things. One of them, a man of far more than the average intelligence of his countrymen, told me that he had been in Canada, that he had got a buggy at Stratford, and driven eastward through Toronto as far as Cobourg, and from thence northward as far as Bobcaygeon, and that during this journey he had seen more stuck-up pride, with very little money to support it, than he had seen in all his life before. Of course the implication was that the stuck-up pride would have been right if there was only money enough at its back. But a farmer living on a hundred or two hundred acres of land, making little more than a comfortable living, and the means of educating his children so as to fit them for positions of respectability and usefulness, and having the manner of a gentleman, was an offence to him.

This incident is only worthy of notice as an incident of the phase of civilization through which these people are passing. The weight of their purse, so far as the mass of them is concerned, is the only thing that determines their status in society. They are respectable and influential in proportion as they are rich. Wealth takes the place of family and of fame, and is the only thing that approximates to the idea of a patent of nobility. Democratic communities have their aristocracy as well as any other; and in a new unformed community one of the earliest forms of aristocracy is apt to be a monied aristocracy, or an aristocracy of wealth. The United States has reached this stage—the nabob is the millionaire.

The object of this reference is not to cast odium upon the people of the prairie or the American people generally, or to excite a prejudice against