

North-West keep the country green when everything is burned to the south, and the steady winter cold, although it sounds formidable when registered by the thermometer, is universally said to be far less trying than the cold to be encountered at the old-English Puritan city of Boston, in Massachusetts. It is the moisture in the atmosphere which makes cold tell, and the Englishman who, with the thermometer at zero, would, in his moist atmosphere, be shivering, would here find one flannel shirt sufficient clothing while working. I never like to make comparisons, and am always unwillingly driven to do so, although it seems to be the natural vice of the well-travelled Englishman. Over and over again in Canada have I been asked if such and such a bay was not wonderfully like the Bay of Naples, for the inhabitants had often been told so. I always professed to be unable to see the resemblance, of course entirely out of deference to the susceptibilities of the Italian nation. So one of our party, a Scotsman, whenever in the Rocky Mountains he saw some grand pyramid or gigantic rock, ten or eleven thousand feet in height, would exclaim that the one was the very image of Arthur's Seat and the other of Edinburgh Castle. With the fear of Ontario before my eyes I would therefore never venture to compare a winter here to those of our greatest Province, but I am bound to mention that when a friend of mine put the question to a party of sixteen Ontario men who had settled in the western portion of Manitoba, as to the comparative merits of the cold season in the two provinces—fourteen of them voted for the Manitoba climate, and only two elderly men said that they preferred that of Toronto. You will, therefore, see how what is sometimes called that very unequal criterion of right and justice, a large majority determines this question. Now although we are at present in Manitoba and Manitoba interests may dominate our thoughts, yet you may not object to listen for a few moments to our experience of the country which lies further to the west. To the present company the assertion may be a bold one, but they will be sufficiently tolerant to allow me to make it, if it goes no further, and I, therefore, say that we may seek for the main chance elsewhere than in Main street. The future fortunes of the country beyond this Province bear directly upon your prosperity. Although you may not be able to dig for four feet through the same character of black loam that you have here when you get to the country beyond Fort Ellice, yet in its main features it is the same, right up to the forks of the Saskatchewan. I deeply regret that I was not able to visit Edmonton, which bids fair to rival any place in the North-West. Settlement is rapidly increasing there, and I met at Battleford one man who alone had commissions from ten Ontario farmers to buy for them at that place. Nothing can exceed the fertility and excellence of the land along almost