

Charles Mair of the North-west thus describes the buffalo herds a generation ago :

“ What charming solitudes ! And life was there ?  
 Yes, life was there—inexplicable life,  
 Till wasted by inexorable death.  
 There had the stately stag his battle-field,  
 Dying for mastery among his hinds.  
 There vainly sprung the affrighted antelope,  
 Beset by glittering eyes and hurrying feet.

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At length we heard a deep and solemn sound,  
 Erupted moanings of the troubled earth  
 Trembling beneath innumerable feet,  
 A growing uproar blending in our ears  
 With noise tumultuous as ocean's surge,  
 Of bellowings, fierce breath, and battle shock  
 And ardour of unconquerable herds,  
 A multitude whose trampling shook the plains,  
 With discord of harsh sound and rumblings deep,  
 As if the swift revolving earth had struck  
 And from some adamantine peak recoiled,  
 Jarring. At length we topped a high-browed hill—  
 The last and loftiest of a file of such—  
 And lo ! before us lay the tameless stock,  
 Slow wending to the northward like a cloud—  
 A multitude in motion, dark and dense,  
 Far as the eye could reach and farther still  
 In countless myriads stretched for many a league.”

To illustrate folk-lore I should have liked to add Shanly's ' Walker of the Snow,' and for historical subjects to have quoted Murray's ringing ' Heroes of Ville-Marie,' how—

“ Beside the dark Utàwa's stream two hundred years ago  
 A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the  
 world should know ;”