

Wales is equally confident that her free-trade policy will not overweight her in the competition, especially as she has mineral resources in excess of those which Victoria can boast, gold being the only, and that a doubtful, exception. All the Colonies are dependent upon New South Wales for their chief fuel supply. And with her feet planted on limitless beds of coal, she can await calmly all comers in the competition for wealth.

New South Wales is also a vast and most valuable wool-growing colony, in this respect competing even with Queensland, and certain ultimately to far surpass Victoria. Large districts, too, of her territory are admirable for agriculture; and there appears every probability that the prosperity of New South Wales will rest on varied as well as vast bases. In this respect, the Old Colony is very tempting to the enterprising and agile-minded emigrant.

A few figures may perhaps be quoted here; though when one's calculation gets into millions, one's ideas of what they mean are apt to become vague. In New South Wales there are 323,427 square miles, or 198,620,143 acres! So this one colony is about as large as Great Britain and France united, and larger than any European country except Russia. This vast territory is divided naturally by a huge series of elevated plateaux into three other sections: the plateaux themselves being one; the coast lands, extending about sixty miles from the sea, and the plains of the interior being the others. The coast lands are rich in agricultural possibilities and products, and the plains form the great sheep-grazing districts. Owing probably to the distribution of the mountains of the colony, it is better watered than most of its neighbours. Considerable lakes are found in several localities; and rivers of huge length, though not of corresponding depth, flow deviously towards East and West.

I was able to spend only a few days in this vast colony, and could get but the hastiest glimpse of this wonderful land. Sydney itself might have well occupied a whole month. Indeed, I can scarcely conceive of a man's ever getting tired of Sydney Harbour. The extent of it is remarkable, but the shape still more so. Though the Heads are only, I think, some fifteen miles from the Circular Quay, its shape is so irregular, it runs up into so many bays and creeks, nooks and coves, that there are one thousand miles to be passed in a journey along the sea-margin from head to head. Spread your hand upon a table, with the fingers opened as widely as possible; then imagine