

land amounting to it than could be found in any country of so great extent in the world.

And how much of this, do you think, has, up to this time, been appropriated by settlers, or sold to speculators?

Not much over one-eighth of it, scarcely an acre over 5,000,000, leaving 35,000,000 acres of the Sioux Purchase alone, still open to new-comers and settlers!

South of the Minnesota, east of the Big Sioux, west of the Mississippi, and north of the Iowa line, there is an Agricultural Basin of rich lands well watered and heavily timbered, which has only been *touched* upon, or barely dipped into.

There is a chance in that Basin to submerge, to bury up, two hundred thousand farmers more; bury them deep in luxuriant corn-fields, and place huge wheat and oat stacks as *buoys* to mark where each "bold farmer" went down!

In another portion of that Purchase, north of the Minnesota, and west of the Mississippi, to the Otter-Tail Lake branch of the Red River of the North, there is hardly a *commencement* of settlement far back from the main river!

Much of this region I have myself seen by passing through, sufficiently to pronounce it surpassed in fertility and *agricultural capacity* generally, by no other part of the Territory, if it can be equalled.

It is a paradise of beautiful lakes and groves, and waving meadows rank with fine grasses, often as tall as a man riding on horseback!

Parties are just beginning to explore the recesses of this noble country—and their favorable reports, and the roads by which they make it accessible, will ere long roll in a tide of immigration upon it, which will astonish those croakers who are already alarmed about land for "*claims*" growing scarce!

Then, there is the garden-like region around Otter-Tail Lake, and on the beautifully diversified streams flowing from it, to which emigrants may fly when the nearer lands are all absorbed, if they will wait until then.

And last but not least, to use a common-place saying, there is the glorious valley and wide savannas of the Red River of the North itself, clear up to Pembina near the British line, inviting the Farmer, whether stock grower or grain raiser, to luxuriate upon its fertile bosom—a land now flowing with milk and buffalo—a valley watered by a river the most admirably calculated by the depth of its channel, its freedom from rapids, and the sluggishness of its current for navigation by steamboats for over 500 miles—a