

of Manitoba," nor is it likely to do so. Our friends in the North-West were compelled to adopt this course in consequence of the tyranny of the Hudson Bay officials, and the culpable negligence of the Imperial Parliament. For many years they earnestly desired to have a responsible government established amongst them, similar to that now enjoyed by Ontario and Quebec; but the Colonial Secretary paid no attention to their representations or entreaties. Now, like sensible men, resolving to help themselves, they have taken the management of their own affairs into their own hands, and in future will probably decline to be governed by proxy,—by strangers whose interests are inimical to the welfare of the country.

#### ROUTES TO CARIBOO AND THE PACIFIC.

There are two routes from Pembina, on the confines of the Red River, through the Saskatchewan, to British Columbia and the Pacific,—the northern and the southern. The latter is the shortest, but the most dangerous, as the country on either side is infested by Sioux and Blackfeet Indians,—gentlemen who seldom fail to scalp their "white brother," the emigrant or traveller, unless he can prove to their satisfaction that he is a "King George's man"—that is a British subject. The English Government granted them some favors in the time of George III., which they still remember with gratitude. Americans, in consequence of their numerous border depredations, seldom give these lawless fellows any quarter, nor do they ever accord it to the Americans; but they have never been known to injure a "King George's man" who could produce his "credentials."

Were we to proceed to British Columbia by the southern route, we should proceed to Winnipeg City, by way of Goderich, Milwaukee, St. Pauls, Georgetown, and Pembina. From Winnipeg City, we should ascend the Assiniboine to Fort Ellice and the river Qu'Appelle; from that depot to Sand Hill Lake. From this point the south branch of the Saskatchewan is only thirty

miles distant. Having arrived on its shores, we should ascend this beautiful stream to the Red Deer River; and, having followed its course to the ruins of Old Bow Fort, we should enter Columbia by the Vermilion Pass.

The scenery in this vicinity is amongst the most beautiful in America. It is a happy junction of the beautiful, romantic, and sublime. The great mountain ranges rise tier over tier, one behind the other, the heavens appearing to repose on the more remote, whilst soft, silvery clouds occasionally float between the isolated summits of those nearest to the eye. Towards the north, Mount Lefroy rises high above its fellows. On the south side, Mount Ball rises majestically from the plain, dressed in all the gorgeous draperies of nature; while right in front Mount Vaux hides its white summits in the clouds. It frequently rains amongst these "Columbian Alps." Myriads of streams, rushing down the sides of the mountains, water the valleys and wind through the plains towards some of the distant lakes, like "enormous things of life." The great prairie stretching out, far as the eye can reach, towards the sun-rising, and the beautiful valleys through which the trail winds its way, are decked with an emerald verdure. Sylvan lakes, studded with numerous islands covered with trees to the water's edge, add to the enchanting beauty of the scene. These lakes teem with fish; birds of every form and size, with plumage of many varieties, float in flocks over their placid surfaces, repose in sullen grandeur along the shores, or chatter amongst the broad branches of the trees: so that one might easily imagine himself to be in some beautiful park of Nature's own planting, where every variety of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would be represented. Such doubtless was that Garden of Eden, of which we have heard so much and know so little, where old father Adam first greeted his numerous subjects, and dispensed titles with no niggard hand. These primeval panoramas seldom fail to remind the weary emigrant