

supply and may summon to the imagination, the swarming hives of industry, the warm homes of rural wealth and happiness, the busy haunts, the sweet retreats, scattered over that fair scene. This is just such a change as has come very suddenly indeed over a portion of that ideal landscape, the map of the British Empire. But the other day, as recent as the Oregon Treaty, when we were told of the line that must henceforth be the southern limit of British America, people shivered at the thought of the territory left to us by American audacity. Vancouver's Island and the neighbouring mainland were believed to be fit only for the hardy settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company—a region of ice, mud, and mist—where one could do nothing but hunt the fur-bearing animals. The Americans, of course, had managed to keep California to themselves, and left us forests and swamps, Indians and bears. The Dutchman who gave his name to Vancouver's Island might find the place as inhabitable as his own Boëotian soil; but the Englishman had too much affinity with brighter suns and livelier races to exist in a region which was supposed to be something between Labrador and Tierra del Fuego. All at once the veil is raised, and in the letters of our Correspondent, more than ever in the one which we publish to-day, this dull and heavy region stands out as a Land of Promise, an El Dorado, a Canaan, the glowing West, over which the golden sun, ever travelling westward, sinks at last into the sea. Nothing can be more beautiful than the country hitherto so mysteriously hid from our eyes. Nowhere is there such a field for adventure, and so good an opening for that surplus population and struggling enterprise, and dissatisfied ambition, that fret, and boil, and threaten to burst the bounds of this narrow isle.

"The letter of 'Our Own Correspondent' is very much in the form of a *Handbook for British Columbia*. The brief and cursory notice, which is all he can give to our prosperous settlements, shows how rapidly the supposed desert has become populous and industrious. So rapidly, however, has one discovery followed upon another, that by the time any one of our readers could land at Victoria he would probably find the last novelty more attractive than any here described. But here is a region considerably larger than the British Isles, of as habitable a climate, and apparently containing as much productive land. A magnificent chain of mountains runs from north to south, subsidiary to the Rocky Mountains, to all appearance an inexhaustible treasury of gold for all ages. All the streams flowing from these mountains are auriferous, and it is the mere washings brought

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