



VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

earth is preserved soft and verdant by occasional showers that fall during the night, and the heat of summer tempered by the gentle breezes that are cooled as they pass across the snowy summits of the neighboring range, and play perpetually around the brow and cheeks. The winter is mild as an Eastern spring. Snow seldom visits, and never lies long on the ground. The rose-buds may be plucked in the open air at Christmas, and geraniums gathered at the New-Year. A singularly healthy and delightful climate has been reserved for the outlying corner of our land. No sweltering heats of summer cause sleepless nights. No savage winter frosts pinch and cramp the feeble frame. Never any where have we seen children so healthy and beautiful as within the limits of Washington Territory.

This morning, on which the *Hunt* started from Victoria, was a fair specimen—rich in suffused light, a feeling of refreshing softness in the air—the waters beaming as a silver sea. In the run across the Strait of Fuca the scenery disclosed was worth a journey from Washington to behold. Behind us were the blue heights of Vancouver Island; on our left numerous green islands; and behind them the snowy ridges of the Cascade range, topped by Mount Baker rising in solitary grandeur, and spreading his white breast to the sunlight. We had some pleasure in reflecting that the Stars and Stripes now floated from his highest peak, having been placed there by three adventurous mountaineers the summer before, who ascertained his height to be 10,781 feet. But to what are we forcing our way? There rises up before us a huge wall of rock and ice—a solid, snowy ridge stretching away down to Cape Flattery. The waters seem to flow into its very base. Apparently it would take a myriad giants to force a passage for us.

We sail on, and in time discover several little harbors amidst the clefts in its huge side, and an opening at its