

opened the question of the Pacific Railway scheme, to give your readers a few additional facts with regard to the British Columbia section of that railway. Being an entirely disinterested party one way or the other, and having a good many years personal experience on the Pacific Coast, particularly in the section that the projected line will traverse, I merely wish to throw what light I possess for guidance of the Canadian people in any future action they may take with regard to this railway.

During the coming sessions of the different Parliaments, it may naturally be expected that some decided action will be taken either in commencing the building of the line from the seaboard of British Columbia, or in abandoning the enterprise altogether. The present, no doubt very pretty, fencing attitude of thrust and parry between the two Governments, if continued much longer, cannot but throw the whole question into ineradicable confusion, and bring discredit upon all parties interested.

Unfortunately for the parties at issue in this case, very strong arguments can be adduced in support of the position taken on either side, and their interests seem to be directly antagonistic.

We will first of all examine the stand taken by British Columbia, and the position they assume. That Colony, in its short but stormy career, has probably seen more ups and downs than any other settlement of the British race planted in any part of the globe. Brought into existence under the blighting influence of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1858, its best lands and other resources already appropriated in the hungry maw of that voracious cormorant, by a few sturdy efforts it shook off that incubus, and commenced an erratic career as a Crown Colony in Lord Lytton's time, with a host of hungry officials from Downing-street, proud, insolent, and lazy, its whole administrative department not being in accord with the spirit and genius of a new country. Its gold discoveries gave it a temporary impetus, but its mines speedily declined, and it is strongly believed to-day, that with the exception of Cariboo, more money was lost than made in the different mining camps, such as Big Bend, Kootenay, Peace River, Leech River, &c., &c. To-day the whole of its annual exports of gold do not exceed

the monthly dividend of one California mining company. Such was the rapid decline that, prior to the date of Confederation, the whole country was virtually bankrupt. But lo! here was a chance of escape from the national decay and destitution. The idea of the fusion of the different scattered Provinces of the British Empire was then in full swing, and a few sharp Columbians saw at once a chance of working upon Canada's desire of gaining a foothold on the Pacific to their own profit and aggrandizement of themselves and friends. Canada is not the first country that has been allured to its destruction by the magic charm of the golden Pacific, with its soft blowing zephyrs, its inexhaustible treasures of gold and silver, of roseate visions of boundless trade with mythical Cathay and the Isles of the East, with bonds of iron connecting Gaspe and Fuca, transporting untold wealth in silks and spices, indigo and tea, and gold and silver bars across the wide continent to the marts of Europe. It is most undoubted that some such mythical ideas as those must have overpowered the sapient statesmen who concocted that hornets' nest, THE TERMS.

We may condone their folly and excuse their ignorance and stupidity; but in what light will the Columbian delegates appear as a party to Shylock's bond? They must have known, couldn't help knowing, that in ten years time Columbia didn't send enough of her commodities to the East to discharge the demands for dispensing the second-hand wisdom of their aristocratic home-made Governor and his hungry Cabinet. They must have known that they could send nothing to Canada in exchange for the enormous amount of her manufactures which her ten thousand whites and sundry Indians and Chinamen would consume—I beg Columbia's pardon, the Celestial "*he sabe belly much too muchee*" to consume anything except his own, and is pretty nearly self-sustaining. They must have known that for a thousand miles along the projected line, with the exception of a few narrow patches in the few-and-far-between valleys, not even a potato, let alone cereals and edibles, would grow to maturity. They must have known that beyond the Cascades, away past Quesnelmouth, Fort George, and other regions nameless and