

lous researches after right and title, confusion only worse confounded; but our periodical, nay, our daily literature teems with reviews, paragraphs, letters, leaders, until the Oregon, the Columbia, Vancouver's Island, the Straits of Fuca, the 42 and 49 parallels, Admiralty Inlet, and Bullfinches' Harbour, are familiar as household words, and we seem to have a personal acquaintance with the worthies of the western coast, from old Apostolos Valerianus himself and his Strait of Anian, to the stately Spaniards and persevering Englishmen who more perfectly discovered the coast, and their worthy successors, whether English or American—Why then, it may be asked, increase the number? Let it be sufficient to reply—the potage, à la Meg Merrilies, which so excited the worthy Dominie's olfactory nerves and gastronomic propensities, derived its savour, not from the virtue of a single ingredient, but from the combined good qualities of many.

The peculiar interest arising from the desire of knowledge implanted in the human mind, and the love of novelty consequent upon it, which attaches itself to the idea of a new country as such, exclusive of anything national or personal, make the inquiry into its comparative excellences, whether of climate, situation, or produce, an agreeable occupation to all. But when, in addition to this, there is an interest arising from connection, whether physical or local, such inquiries cannot fail to excite in the mind corresponding emotions.

If this be true, there are few countries whose history should command more attention than that of the Oregon territory; for to it in its strongest application must connection, as a source of interest,