

From McMillan's Magazine.

## BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence.  
And trim their words for pay;  
In pleasant sunshine of pretence  
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact: though clouds of night  
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;  
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight  
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem.  
In shelter to abide,  
We were not made to sit and dream:  
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about.  
Cry not 'The way is plain';  
His path within for thine without  
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,  
Into thy spirit burned,  
Is better than the whole, half heard,  
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,  
Set not the bushel down;  
The smallest spark may send his beam  
O'er hamlet tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,  
Who creeps to age from youth,  
Failing to grasp his life's intent  
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought.  
And as thy thought, thy speech;  
What thou hast not by thy suffering bought  
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock;  
The foes are on the sand;  
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock  
Scatters their shifting strand;

While each wild gust the mist shall clear  
We now see darkly through,  
And justified at last appear  
The true, in Him that's True.

## AUSTRALIAN ARISTOCRACY.

There are, of course, many persons in Melbourne who occupy their natural positions such as they would occupy in any part of the world, the members of the professions, for instance, and others, who have the voice which they have a right to exercise in the administration of public affairs. But on the other hand, there are the crowds of diggers and successful adventurers of all kinds, who form a little aristocracy of their own, and who have bullied and brought their way into prominent positions. Until a few months ago every man had a vote, and any man who could get votes enough could enter Parliament. The consequence was, the Legislative became swarmed with ruffianism, and government was rendered impossible. In order to put a check upon the popular exuberance, the present Parliament has just passed a law compelling nothing less than a property qualification on the part of the candidate, and an education test on the part of the vote.

The property qualification merely means the deposit of small sums of money, sufficient to act as a check on the imagination of the casual costermonger or the promiscuous loafer. The educational test simply provides that the voter shall be able to write his name. There are some other provisions, such as the enforcement of certain residence in a place before voting, and the change altogether is expected to be of a very salutary character. The 'educational test' alone, it is said, will disfranchise thousands of persons who will not take the trouble to qualify for the register. At present many of the conditions of society are sufficiently startling to a stranger.

The owners of many of the handsomest houses and equipages in Melbourne, are men belonging to the lowest class, who have made their fortunes at the diggings; while some scions of great families in England, and men who have honors at Universities, are found driving cabs, serving in the police or following in the profession of tavern-waiters.  
*All the Year Round.*

**DEATH OF MRS. TROLLOPE.**—The death of this famous American traveller and popular authoress, is announced by the last advices from England. Frances Trollope was born in Hampshire, about the year 1780, and was not far from eighty-four years of age at the time of her death. She was a daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church named Milton; was married to Anthony Trollope, a member of a distinguished family, in 1809, and in 1829 came to the United States, where she remained for the space of three years. Upon her return to England, she was thrown upon the world at more than fifty years of age, with a husband too ill to support her, and children still so young as to be dependent on her exertions. Under these circumstances, she commenced her literary career, which continued with unabated activity until a few years since, when age and infirmities compelled her to retire from public view. Her works, with the exception of several books of travels, are in the department of fiction, and have gained a very considerable popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. "She was thoroughly original," says an English writer, "was rich in life-experiences, painted boldly, broadly, rapidly, forcibly—some thought a little coarsely, but ever with the hand of a true and fearless artist." Mrs. Trollope died in Florence, where she had resided for several of the last years of her life. Her two surviving sons, Thomas Adolphus and Anthony, possess a highly respectable reputation in English literature.

## THE ITALIAN PEOPLE.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, writing to the *Independent* from Milan, says:

I have been agreeably disappointed in the common people of Italy. Something is to be subtracted from my favorable impressions on account of the contrast between them and that most wretched of populations, the laboring classes of Southern Switzerland. I was sick at heart at the condition of this people. The women are beasts of burden. The men are overworked. The very children seem prematurely old. I saw women at work in the fields even in France; but it was harvest work. In Switzerland I found them digging over dung heaps, collecting manure in the woods, packing it in baskets on their back, to the fields. I saw girls of thirteen and fourteen at work with teams of bulls, which they were driving; and in one case I saw a woman working at a cart harnessed with an ox! Aged people had neither dignity nor serenity. It affected my spirits. I dreaded to look upon a comely young maiden, for I perceived the hideous change that was to come upon her when she should hobble about a skinny and eyesore old hag, unfit to labor, but forced to it by the inexorable tyranny of poverty! When, then, I had crossed into Italy, I was as one in a new world. The common people seemed happy. They laughed and chatted; they returned your greeting with good-natured kindness. If there is not a grand future for Northern Italy, it will be because education and liberty are withheld from them. But they are a noble stock. Their brains are large, and their heads well organized. They have grand bodies, strong and well developed. I have not in all my travels seen a common people of such promise as these Italian people. And I am informed that facts do not belie these favorable appearances. I am bound to say, also, that I have been agreeably disappointed in the appearance of the monks and priests in Roman Catholic countries. As a general rule they have appeared to be clear-faced, intelligent and sincere men. Only once or twice did we meet the legendary type of monk—round, fat, and worldly. In Switzerland and in Northern Italy, the general impression produced upon me by the priests has been highly favorable to them.

## A CITY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The resident population of Virginia, Nevada Territory, on the first of July was estimated at fifteen thousand, the daily average number of transient visitors being as many more. Main St., which is the Broadway and Wall St. of that city, to some three-quarters of a mile in length, is crowded with people of every grade and description; a large proportion being elegantly dressed males and females.

The buildings on Main Street are mostly brick; the first story iron, open in front. This gives a light, cheerful appearance to the street especially in the night time when brilliantly lighted with gas. Many of the buildings in this city are provided with vaults and salamanders; all the four and five story brick and iron front fire-proof buildings now going up have one or both of these indispensable features. Some of the streets are so blocked up with lumber, brick and mortar, that teams are at times unable to get along; common laborers get from \$4 to \$5 a day, without board. The city supports four daily newspapers, a theatre, opera-house, several churches, and any number of melodions and negro minstrels; to say nothing of the institutions already enumerated above.

No one who has been here can form an idea of the amount of treasure to be seen in passing through Main St. At Wells & Fargo's banking house and express office it is not uncommon to see tons of 'silver bricks' wheeled in and out in the course of an hour. These 'bricks' in shape resemble the ordinary fire-brick, but are much larger, and from nine hundred and eighty-five to nine hundred and ninety per cent fineness, which is ten to fifteen per cent less than pure silver—averaging some eighteen hundred dollars each. The eight drafts sold frequently amount to a hundred thousand dollars a day. Sums of twenty dollars and upwards are usually paid in twenty dollar pieces. No paper currency there, or in any of the mining towns west of the Rocky Mountains—Salt Lake City being the only place where paper circulates for money. So much for a city less than six years old.

## THE GREAT BULL OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Far away from the din of the battle-field or the debate of the Legislative chamber, amidst the battles of the 'bulls and bears,' hardly less exciting, is required in several respects greater talent than either the field or the forum. In the Stock Exchange of New York during the great green-back inflation that has, and is now being produced by the immense paper issues of the government, there has stepped forth from the common walks of life the most remarkable man that the Stock Exchange has ever produced. It is only since the summer of 1862 he commenced as a stock operator, with a very small amount of money, or, as the profession term it, 'margin,' and to-day his wealth is told in millions, and his name is known over the country. We mean, of course, John M. Tobin. In the great whirlpool of the Stock Exchange that has ruined its thousands, he has out-rod the storm, and by his strong will and indomitable energy made circumstances bend to his purposes. In person he is tall and slender, dresses plainly, with the exception of a magnificent diamond ring, his face is shaved clean, is pale and thin, his eye is a brilliant black. If met in the street he would not be noticed particularly from the multitude.

But let us follow him into the Stock Exchange rooms. He walks in quietly, has little or no conversation with those around him—in fact, not speaking unless spoken to. He takes a seat. It's a great day. There has been a panic in the first morning board. The 'Bears' have been offering immense quantities of stocks at the decline. Prices are tumbling down. Many of the 'small fry' have been ruined. Every one has been trying to sell, and few want to buy. In vain timid and weak holders endeavor to extricate themselves, not knowing when bottom would be reached.

'Margins' have been swept away like the dew. The President's hammer comes down—Eric is off the call and Hudson is called. This is Tobin's favorite stock, and has fallen 11 per cent already at the morning's board. Tobin rises from his seat. Now he is a fit subject for an artist. Could his expression be conveyed to canvass, it would render the artist immortal. He raises one hand; the diamond flashes, but not more than his eyes, for they are lit up and flash out defiance. Every muscle of his face now stands forth, and he is the picture of energy and unflinching resolution.

All eyes are directed towards him. At one bid he offers to take ten thousand shares at a rise of five per cent over the previous price! The 'bears' feel alarmed, and the 'bulls' break through all order, and cheers greet the great Tobin. Soon the 'bears' gather courage by clubbing together, accept his offer, and buy one million of dollars of stock in a minute! In a moment all is excitement. In rush the hundreds of 'small fry,' to buy the stock that has Tobin at the helm. In vain the President's hammer falls. All want some of *that* stock; and where all was fear and alarm before is now confidence. The market goes up one or two per cent on the call, over Tobin's bid. When all are through, Tobin again rises. He is in repose, the excitement of the face is gone—he is 'master of the situation.' What! he is not going to bid for more stock? Yes! at the closing price he offers to take 'any part of the capital stock of the company,' but none there will dare sell him any more. He has the stock cornered, and when his time comes, that stock will go up thirty or forty per cent, and at the expense of the 'Bears.'

## THE SEIZURE OF THE CONFEDERATE RAMS—LETTER FROM 'HISTORICUS.'

A letter of 'Historicus' in *The Times* on the seizure of the Confederate rams, exhibits at least the usual vigor of that writer, stimulated by his satisfaction at the concurrence in his views indicated by the act of the Government. *Historicus* says:—

'To my mind there is and there can be but one question in this case, and that is, were these vessels destined for the Confederate Government? If they were, there can be no manner of doubt that they are equipped, furnished, and armed in defiance of the English statute.'

Upon the question of destination, he cites the last year's intercepted letters of the Confederate authorities, and especially one from Mr. Mallory to Mr. Mason, containing the following sentence:—

'Mr. Saunders has, as you are aware, contracted with this department for the construction in England of six iron-clad steamers, combining the capacities of the freighting and the fighting ships in a manner which will enable them to force the blockade of our ports.'

The point of policy is put by the writer as follows:—  
'It is said that to restrict the construction and sale of vessels of this description is to fetter the liberty of trade and to injure our commercial prosperity. This reasoning reminds me of the celebrated example of political economy which was given by the Dutch garrison who sold to their besiegers over night the bullets which were to be hurled at them on the morrow. It has generally been considered that the Hollanders in this instance carried the commercial spirit to an extremity verging on imprudence. But the Dutch garrison will remain to posterity a model of sagacity compared to that English Government which should encourage in neutral States the belief that it is part of their duty or their right to compensate the deficiencies of an inferior maritime belligerent against his more powerful antagonist. That, indeed, would be to sell at too cheap a price to the nations who may one day be our foes, a fatal weapon which will be used against ourselves with deadly effect.'

'It is incredible to me how some persons contrive to forget or to shut their eyes to the fact, that in any future war in which we may be engaged we shall occupy at sea the position in which the Federals and not that in which the Confederates stand; and that, consequently, the special favors they are so eager to show to the Confederate cause, are so many blows levelled at the future interests of Great Britain. Our best chance of victory and safety will consist in the superiority of our naval resources, and the fact that we can build three iron-clads to one which any other single nation can produce. Are we, then, to be the first nation in the world to lay down the principle and establish the precedent by which our foes will be at liberty to supply from the resources of neutrals the deficiencies by which alone we can hope to triumph—to teach, in fact, that the first duty of neutrality is to accomplish a judicious maritime 'handicap'? What is this but to authorize, by our example, the neutrals of the world to club together their petty means in order to equalize our adversaries with ourselves? I thank God that the English Government are determined to be no parties to such an egregious folly.'

**THE FRIGATE 'NIAGARA.'**—The *Boston Commercial Bulletin* says of the *Niagara*: 'This splendid vessel is now at anchor in the stream and looks well; but she is altogether too deep as she draws nearly 26 feet of water,—two feet more than the *Great Eastern* and one foot more than the famous British iron-clad *Warrior*. Her main deck ports do not seem to be more than five feet from the water, and consequently; in a scaway, could not be opened with safety to us her best battery. We have heard that she has not room enough to contain more than two and a half months' stores for her crew, in consequence of the blunders of those sages in Washington, who designed the alterations in her. She was so deep when she had all the stores on board that some of her coal had to be taken out to lighten her. We have heard that she is bound to the Mediterranean, where she will be of as much use as if she was lying where she is—perhaps less, for here she might be used to protect the city. In the Mediterranean we require swift sloops of war and a gun-boat or two, not a ship like the *Niagara*.

'Ah, Jemmy,' said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, 'you did not run fast enough.' 'Ye, I did,' said Jemmy. 'I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough.'