

excellent institution, the City and District Saving's Bank, which for the last few years has given to the poor of our country over five thousand dollars per annum. He was elected the first President, was six years in the Office, and on retiring of his own choice he received as a reward of his good management, a presentation of a set of Plate worth a thousand dollars.

About eleven years ago he was elected to the office of President of the City Bank, which position he still occupies. At the time of his election the Institution, from a series of misfortunes and a great commercial revolution, had suffered so much, that the preceding Board of Directors had seriously contemplated disposing of the stock of a small composition to another Banking institution in the Province; this Mr. Workman successfully opposed, and the result was that in a few years the Bank was restored to a position of steady prosperity.

Mr. Workman has frequently declined the offer of support of his fellow citizens towards the civic chair, and has upon all occasions resisted every inducement to enter political life, though at one time he believe, tempted by an offer of appointment to a seat in the Legislative Council. Of a strong, perhaps stubborn will, and of strong social attachments, he is a powerful opponent with either tongue or pen, but a most warm-hearted friend. His Bank Reports from year to year have been replete with financial talent, and have perhaps done more to bring about a repeal of the Usury Laws than any other document on the subject.

Having retired from commercial life some years since with an ample fortune, he is not churlish in its application, but is ever ready to contribute liberally to every good work in our midst. To the Protestant Poor House and House of Refuge, of which he is a Vice-President, he recently contributed two thousand dollars, but it is well known that his contributions are never conferred to sectional, national, or religious division: to Catholic as well as Protestant charities he is a contributor.

Mr. Workman is a strong advocate of Home manufacture, asserting in some of his recent speeches and writings, that incidental protection judiciously laid on, upon articles suited to the manufactures of the country, *cheapens the price*, besides giving employment to our people during our long winter months, and retaining and augmenting the mercantile capital of the country.

If we have thus treated the subject of our remarks, in a spirit of what some may deem almost partiality, we have done so in no willingness to appear eulogistic, but simply under a conviction of merit, and a persuasion that in a community like ours, where the best energies of the country are needed to roll on the sometimes sluggish car of progress and prosperity, such specimens of humanity as Mr. Workman should be presented even "bright side up," as an inducement and an incentive to all business young men, and as an illustration of what any young man without capital or mercantile friends may attain to by dint of industry, high integrity, and steady perseverance.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

Original contributions, coming within the scope of this Journal, are invited from Canadian Authors. Articles when used will be paid for.

WILLIAM MOLSON.

IN the biographical sketch of William Molson, Esq., which we printed in last week's Reader, there appeared an important typographical error. It was stated in reference to the establishing of Molson's Bank by the subject of our sketch that "his son joined him in this enter-

prise." It should have read "his *brother* joined him in this enterprise." Montrealers who know the history of the Molson family would of course, understand that this was a typographical error; but for the sake of our more distant readers, we think it well to make the correction. Mr. William Molson has no sons.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

BLACKWOOD'S Magazine for August contains an article which paints in glowing colours the present condition and future destinies of British North America. After describing the extent, population, forests, fisheries and products of the five Maritime Provinces, which, he says, "are sufficient to form one of the leading Powers of the earth, should it please them to ask of Great Britain the boon of independence, and sufficient to add largely to the power and glory of the mother country, if it pleases them to perpetuate the connection," the writer gives a sketch of the possessions of the Hudson Bay Company, and the colonies on the Pacific coast, with their rich plains, fertile valleys, woods, lakes, rivers and seas swarming with fish, their gold, coal, iron, copper, and other minerals. He states, on the authority of a report presented to the American Government by the New York Chamber of Commerce, that the immense region of Lake Winnipeg, which the jealous fabrications of the Hudson Bay Company depicted as a barren wilderness, unfit for the residence of civilized man, is "like the valley of the Mississippi, distinguished for its fertility of soil, watered by rivers of great length, and admirably adapted for the purposes of steam navigation. It is an area equal to eight or ten American States of the first class, and its great river, the Saskatchewan, is navigable to the foot of the Rocky Mountains." A hundred miles to the east of these mountains commences a great coal bed, sixty miles in width, and extending over sixteen degrees of latitude to the Arctic Sea. Coal in great abundance is also found in Vancouver Island, and elsewhere. These, and many such facts, given by the writer in Blackwood, are—or ought to be, familiar to Canadians, from the labors of Professor Hind and others, though no one is the worse of being reminded of them; but to people in England, who believe these regions to be covered with eternal snow and ice, the account thus drawn of them must be as a new revelation. We will not transcribe what the writer relates of Prince Charlotte Island, and the source of the Columbia, of which an American document, laid before Congress, declares that "the magic hand of civilized man would transform it into a terrestrial paradise."

Yet it is with such a territory as this for our inheritance, that some cowardly spirits amongst us would shrink themselves, and deter others, from the glorious task of building up a vast empire in British North America. The United States is the lion in their path, whose power and greatness press on their imaginations like a nightmare, of whose presence and weight they cannot, or will not, divest themselves. But our neighbours will, we suspect, have enough to do to hold their own, for some time, without intermeddling with our affairs. Their civil wars, their debt, their taxes, their fierce quarrels, turmoils, and dissensions, offer anything but inducements to us to cast our lot with theirs; and as matters now stand, it would be little short of madness in us to do so, apart from other considerations. We have a destiny of our own to carry out, and the fault will be with ourselves, if it be not all, and more than all, our brightest hopes can picture it.

A question of paramount importance, however, still remains to be solved:—How is this new Empire to continue in connection with the Parent State? The old relations between England and her Colonies virtually ceased with the introduction of Free Trade in 1846. Since then, it may be said of the Colonies and the Mother Country, that "they cleave together, but do not

amalgamate." The tie between them now, is simply one of habit and sufferance, which the present Imperial policy of leaving the Colonies to govern themselves, has rendered bearable, if not, to a large extent, desirable. There is wanting in the connection the enduring bond of mutual interest. How is this to be supplied? Of old, under the *regime* of Protection, Colonies were supposed to constitute the strength and glory of a country; under Free Trade they are regarded as a burden, which they undoubtedly are in many respects. Numerous schemes have been proposed to meet this difficulty, but hitherto without effect. The union of the British Provinces has been loosely talked of as being calculated to consolidate the British Empire at home and abroad; but that is mere idle babble; for the measure is just as likely, of itself, to lead to dismemberment as to union with the metropolitan government. Mr. Howe, of Nova Scotia, has advocated the representation of the Colonies in the British House of Commons, as a cure for all Colonial ailments; but the project is wholly untenable, chiefly because the representatives of the Colonies could have no influence in such an Assembly, while their presence there, without such influence, might be greatly injurious to us. What then, we again ask, is the remedy? The Montreal *Transcript*, sometime ago, suggested the formation of a Colonial Navy as the only means of imparting new life to the Colonial Empire of Britain, and we are strongly inclined to believe that our contemporary was right. By the end of this century, the Navy of India, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, the Confederate Provinces of British North America, and the other Colonies, joined to that of England, might defy the whole world, and what is better, would be the guardian of the peace of the world. With this suggestion, we leave the question for further remark on a future occasion.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, August 16, 1866.

WITH a due observance of precedent I would begin this letter with something about royalty or the *beau monde*, if royalty or the *beau monde* would only give me a topic. But they won't, and "there's the rub." I must, therefore, content myself with chronicling, for the information of my Canadian readers, that their gracious lady is quietly staying at Osborne, enjoying occasional trips up and down the Solent in her yacht. A little while longer, and she will be off to the Highlanders, with those of her children who yet remain under the maternal wing. The Prince of Wales is already in the north "a chasing of the deer," with what success he may. As for the *beau monde*, it is simply nowhere—that is, it is everywhere, and doubtless engaged in all sorts of avocations, from gambling at Baden-Baden to picking up shells on Scarborough beach. In fact, it is completely disintegrated, and will give me nothing to say for some months to come.

I did not tender my congratulations on the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph last week, simply because I thought it better to wait a while, and let time, as well as the electricians, test the cable. It was for the same reason, perhaps, that our people here took the matter so quietly. Certainly, everybody anticipated success, so that it excited no surprise to learn that the wire was safely ashore on Newfoundland. That there was no rejoicing, arose from a disagreeable recollection of what took place in 1857, when the excitement had scarcely subsided before the cable became dumb. But now that everything goes well, there is a deep and general satisfaction prevalent in English society at finding that the great ocean barrier, hitherto dividing the Anglo-Saxon family, is practically annihilated. All honour to the men who have done this wonderful work.

Thanks to a good Providence, which has blessed the noble efforts made to withstand it, the dreaded cholera is showing decided signs of