

all the advantages of unrestricted trade, we are at the same time determined, by a discriminating traffic, that if we cannot secure an entrance into the markets of the United States, we shall at least secure our own market for our own trade.

The importance of the subject is sufficient apology for the length of this article. If it help to induce our public men to give it an attentive consideration, our object is gained. We invite the opinion of Mr. Buchanan on the tariff question, as he has both the experience necessary to form a correct judgement, and the boldness to state his views. The three great questions which have divided American politicians for the last thirty years, are Banking, The Tarriff and Slavery. With the last, we have fortunately nothing to do, but the money question and the tariff question will yet assume in Canada, an importance little dreamed of by most of our politicians.

Dicken's on the Crisis.

In a late number of *Household Words*, we find the following facetious article on the late crisis. The manner in which the Merchants of Canada have passed through these stormy times would seem to indicate that firms of the McVortex class cannot operate here as they do in England. Canada may not be able to meet her engagements in full owing to the low price of her timber and produce; but she is certainly not burdened with millions of fictitious paper, and to this circumstance may be attributed the absence of those disastrous and disgraceful failures which have occurred both in Great Britain and the United States.

"Within a certain circle, of which the Royal Exchange is the centre, lie the ruins of a great paper city. Its rulers—solid and substantial as they appear to the eye—are made of paper. They ride in paper carriages; they marry paper wives, and unto them are born paper children; their food is paper, their thoughts are paper, and all they touch is transformed to paper. They buy paper and they sell paper; they borrow paper and they lend paper—a paper that shrinks and withers in the grasp like the leaves of the sensitive plant; and the stately-looking palaces in which they live and trade are built of paper—small oblong pieces of paper, which, like the cardboard house of our childhood, fall with a single breath. That breath has overtaken them, and they lie in the dust. Let me collect the scattered pieces, and build them up into such another variety of trembling structures as they formed before; as they form now; or as, in a few years, they will undoubtedly form again.

Our first paper house is the firm of Collaps, Vortex, Docket & Co., general merchants. It is quiet and unobtrusive in appearance, being in Tobacco-lane, Fenchurch-street; and its small office has not had its windows cleaned for 30 years, which gives it a favourable appearance of solidity. The leading peculiarity of that firm is ramification: and it is remarkable for the harmony and beauty of its complex machinery. The senior partner, Mr. Collaps, is a merchant of the old school. There is a fund of credit in his shoe-buckles, and in the heavy yellow family coach that comes to fetch him of an afternoon. Mr. Vortex affects an almost Quakerish severity of attire; he attends to the discounting department, and the chairmanships and directorships of those