

There are several other facts naturally connected with the above, on which we may offer a word or two. On this coast we are extravagant; we rather condemn thrift. A notion prevails that by flinging money about, we are benefiting the community. This is a great mistake. The frugal, and not the luxurious, capitalist is the true friend of the poorer class. A man who squanders money aimlessly and uselessly puts out of existence a value which if united with industry, might support, perhaps, several families in comfort. The same sum, invested in a profitable enterprise, employs a certain number of men the first year, more the next year, and so on indefinitely. The squanderer destroys for ever a fund for the support of industry; the other is annually rendering that fund larger and more productive. Much worse than this habit of extravagance, is another habit which still more wastes capital, and tends to lower wages—we refer to the cost of intoxicating drinks. The money thus spent is an absolute waste of capital, and of course, for the reasons stated above, employment is thereby restricted and a tendency to lower wages produced. We merely speak here of the economical evil of the wastes of capital. It would be easy to enlarge on the diseases produced by intemperance, the absolute loss of time, labour and strength, which is the sure result of it, and the social moral and intellectual evils, which flow in innumerable mingling streams from that fountain-head of individual and national degradation.

MARCH WEATHER.

Last year we had the satisfaction of chronicling unprecedentedly good weather for March. This year's March has improved on its predecessor.

We had this year 25 fine sunny days, 5 days cloudy with more or less rain, and one cloudy day with occasional sunshine.

There was during the month a notable absence of high winds, although the much desired "peck of March dust, worth a peck of gold to the farmer" was not wanting.

Mr. Livock reports for March as following.

Mean temperature	46.10
Maximum do	67
Minimum do	32
Mean temperature of day	55.24
Mean do of night	37.07
Rain fall	0.32 inch

MARCH OCCURRENCES IN OTHER YEARS.

1568, March 30, born, Sir Henry Wootton who, as a youthful scholar, proceeded from Winchester to Oxford. A great friend of the ill-starred Robert Devereux, he probably became implicated in the rash plot of the unfortunate nobleman for, when Essex was sent to the tower, Wootton soon reached France, and thereafter turned up in Florence under the assumed name Octavio Baldi, he came as ambassador to James VI. of Scotland. By his scholarship he may have found favor with the pedant-monarch,

for, on subsequently presenting himself to King James in London, he was at once recognized, told to kneel as Antonio Baldi, and rise as Sir Henry Wootton. Thereupon he was appointed ambassador to Venice.

In Augsburg, on his way to Venice, Wootton penned in the album of his friend Hecamore, the often quoted definition of an ambassador, "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

In these days, ambassadors had no good repute for veracity. Wootton's own diplomatic tactics would appear to have been of another type for, in after years, his solicited advice to a friend setting out on a foreign embassy was, "Ever speak the truth," for if you do so, you shall never be believed, and 'twill put your adversaries (who will still hantcounter) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."

In the present ambassadorial "craft and subtlety" of continental Europe, when the British nation seems to be widely schemed against, it is fervently to be desired that British officials everywhere should firmly adhere to Wootton's maxim, "Ever speak the truth."

The Czar talks of Russia's great destiny. The British Isles have had, and have a greater one, thankfully and courageously to be appreciated. Under that divine education of the human race, an article of faith with some of the most profound thinkers of our time, from deepest trouble and perplexity. Britannia in the past has, more than once, emerged with increased power and honor. So may it be now, when the despots of Europe, with fickle France, at best uncertain, seem to be conspiring against "the fast anchored isles." In spite of the noisy minority, the majority of the Irish will in the day of trial prove themselves loyal.

After serving England for twenty years at Venice, and sustaining the Doge against Papal aggression, Wootton returning home, obtained the Provostship of Eton College. On the banks of the Thames he enjoyed a pleasant old age, neighbor, friend and brother of the angle to Isaac Walton, his biographer.

Walton has handed down to posterity the following beautiful lines by Henry Wootton; composed when he was beyond the age of seventy. They seem a suitable quotation during this charming spring of our own:—

"This day dame Nature seemed in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir the embracing vine,
And birds had drawn their valentines,
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend, with patient skill
Attending on his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphant voice;
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow,
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain,
The fields and gardens were besot
With tulips, crocus, violet,
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay, and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year."