

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						

ENCOURAGE CANADIAN LITERATURE.

JANUARY, 1864.

Vcl. 1.—No. 2.

THE CANADIAN



QUARTERLY REVIEW

AND

FAMILY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

National Politics and Interesting Family Literature.

NATIONAL.

Our Next Commercial Crisis.....	Page 65
Home Trade and Free Trade.....	77
Canadian Currency.....	81
Make Money Cheap.....	88
National Works.....	91
Canadian Revenue.....	94

FAMILY.

PROSE.	Page	POETRY.	Page
Important to Parents and Teachers.....	98	Canadian Prize Poem.....	80
An English Lieutenant's Duel.....	100	The Dying Child.....	86
The Value of a Cent.....	104	My Darling Boy.....	88
The Unknown Champion.....	105	Queenston Heights.....	97
Not for Money.....	111	Angry Words.....	97
Two Young Men's Influence.....	121	Fetches Water from the Well.....	103
Keep your Character unspotted.....	122	Another Year.....	103

HAMILTON, C. W.

PUBLISHED FOR GEORGE D. GRIFFIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
BY SHERBURN & LAWSON, KING STREET.

PRICE—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

BUYING FOREIGN GOODS THAT WE CAN MANUFACTURE OURSELVES, IMPROVES THE COUNTRY.

BUYING FOREIGN AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE THAT WE CAN RAISE OURSELVES, IMPROVES THE COUNTRY.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

THE CANADIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW AND FAMILY MAGAZINE, by Geo. D. Griffin.

This is a new periodical in magazine form, and contains sixty-four pages of very interesting reading matter. The leading articles are: The Reciprocity Treaty; Our Military Position; Canadian Retrenchment; and Canadian Aristocracy. They are all the production of an eminently practical mind which has given the closest attention to the affairs of Canada. The articles are very suggestive, and will be welcomed by political thinkers of whatever shade of opinion. Interesting reading in poetry and prose makes up the remainder of the number.—*Canadian Illustrated News*.

It is devoted to National Politics and interesting Family Literature. The articles are written with ability, and the work is altogether got up in good style. No person should be without this magazine. Its annual cost is only \$1.—*Michel Advocate*.

Its contents are interesting and are written with ability. One of its chief features is its adaptation to the tastes of all, for here we have articles for the old, for the young—the grave, the gay. The wiser heads can dip into "Reciprocity Treaty," "Our Military Position," "Our Free-Trade Legislator," "Canadian Retrenchment," "Canadian Aristocracy," &c., with profit; while those who fancy lighter literature will be pleased with "Kind Words Saved Him," "The Divorced," &c., all written in a style and language which is unobjectionable.—We have great pleasure in recommending this work to the notice of our readers.—*British Canadian, Simcoe*.

We are both glad and sorry to see this spirited competitor of the "British American." Glad, because competition is always healthy, and is an evidence of an increasing literary taste; sorry, because we would be glad to see the ability of our native writers concentrated upon one Magazine, making it a worthy rival to the great English and American monthlies. This new one is more political in character than the British American, and is written with a good deal of vigor. The selected matter is good, and its low price, (only a dollar a year) with its real merit, should ensure it a very wide circulation.—*Montreal Gazette*.

THE first number is devoted to an inquiry whether the Reciprocity Treaty has secured to this Province any tangible advantage. The writer answers the proposition in the negative, contending that it has directly and indirectly injured us, and that the imposition of a higher tariff is of more vital importance in securing permanent prosperity than any reciprocity. We wish the quarterly success.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

THE RECIPROCIITY TREATY.—A copy of a new publication, *Canada Quarterly Review*, came across us; its chief articles are on the Reciprocity Treaty, and another on Free Trade. The views promulgated by the Editor are new to us, and we think original, viz.: that this far-famed Treaty has been an injury, not a benefit to Canada; and that when it expires, as it will in a year or so, it should not be renewed. This is a startling theory, but it may be a correct one, and requires deep consideration. To enable our readers to come to a right conclusion, we shall procure a copy (the one we saw was borrowed) of this new Quarterly, and republish both articles in extenso, and afterwards think the subject over. If the abrogation of the Treaty can be made advantageous to the commercial interests of Canada; consequently to those of Kingston, it is a matter of great importance.—*British Whip, Kingston*.

It will get up—printed on excellent paper, and is devoted to national politics and interesting family literature. The articles are written with great ability, and we hope that the *Review* will receive that support which it deservedly merits.—*Bruce Review*.

The leading articles are ably written, and treat upon subjects of much interest to Canadians. The selections in family reading are of a choice character. The typographical appearance of the Review reflects credit on the publisher; it is got up in a really neat style. The present number contains a well-executed portrait of Lord Lyons.—*London Prototype*.

It opens with an excellent statistical paper on the Reciprocity Treaty with the States. Our Military Position is an ably written paper on the Defences of our country. The literary matter is instructive and interesting. We wish the enterprise abundant success.—*Durham Standard*.

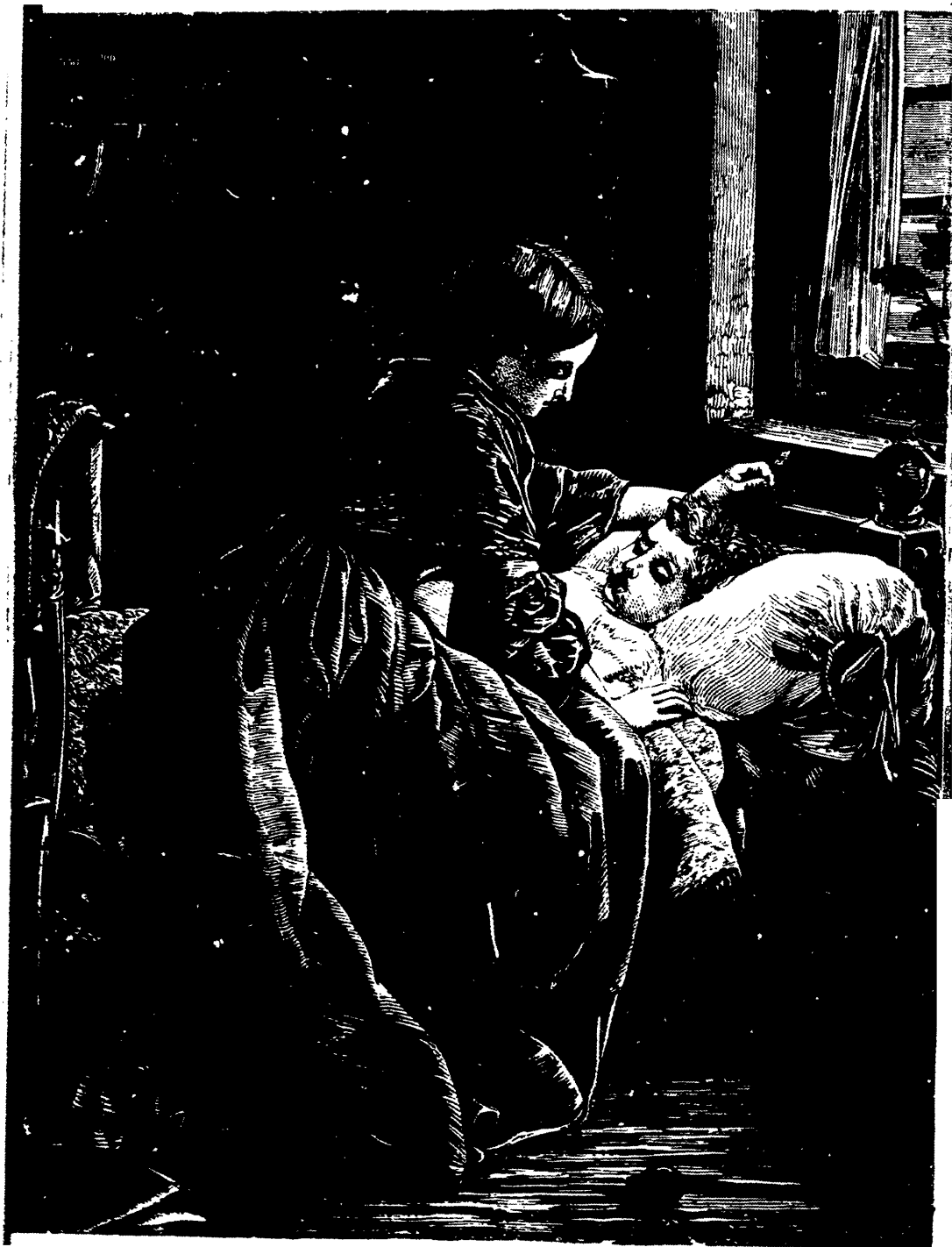
The first number has a number of highly interesting articles; that devoted to the question of Reciprocity is well worthy of an attentive perusal, as it upsets many of the fallacies which have been advanced in its favor. The other articles are equally well written. It is neatly printed and deserves to be well patronized by every man who believes that protection to home industry is essential to a country's prosperity. Price only \$1. per annum.—*Bellefleur Intelligencer*.

It is got up in good style and is neatly printed, while the quality of the contents is of a character that ought to ensure for it a wide circulation. The number before us contains an article of great interest to the Reciprocity Treaty, in which the writer boldly affirms that the working of that Treaty has been injurious to Canadian interests. Statistics are produced to prove this view, and altogether it is worthy the careful consideration of politicians and business men. This article we will endeavor to give next week. There is also another on "Canadian Retrenchment" well deserving of perusal by men of all shades of political opinion, which we purpose referring to at another time.—*St. Catherine's Constitutionist*.

We are in receipt of the first number of this newly launched Quarterly, devoted to politics and interesting family literature, and have pleasure in bearing testimony to both its literary and typographical excellence. The original articles are generally of a popular character, showing no small amount of correct thought, judicious criticism and able writing; while the selected articles indicate good taste and judicious discrimination. We heartily bid the "Canadian" good speed.—*Quebec Herald*.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the first number of this Canadian Magazine. Its editorials are written with vigor and ability, and the selections are good. Its low price, only \$1 a year puts it within the reach of all who care to encourage "Home Productions," and like to see new ideas fearlessly and ably brought out.—*Owen Sound Comet*.

THE CANADIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW & FAMILY MAGAZINE.—This, in point of printing and literary production, is certainly an improvement on any thing we have seen in the periodical literature of Canada.—The foregoing notice is from the columns of the LONDON TEMPERANCE SPECTATOR, one of the ablest monthly Temperance publications of the day, which is published by Job Caudwell, 331 Strand London, England, who also publishes the *Christian Herald*, *British Workman*, *Journal of Health*, and over twenty other periodicals.



MY DARLING BOY.

[See page 96.]

568807

THE CANADIAN
QUARTERLY REVIEW
AND
FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1864.

No. 2.

OUR NEXT COMMERCIAL CRISIS AUG 26

The Merchant who annually purchases more goods than he sells soon goes to ruin. The farmer who annually buys \$50 or \$100 a year more than he realizes for his produce readily knows that he is getting poorer, that he will ere long be farmless. Every business man is aware that if his customers do not annually pay him enough to cover his outlay for stock and current expenses, that he will soon see the face of a lawyer's writ and his business have a Sheriff to manage it.

The principle so plain and easily to be understood in private affairs, applies with exactly the same results to the annual business operations of a whole country.

With the principle thus distinctly stated upon which both individual and national prosperity is founded, we have only to learn the annual income and expenditure of any man or

of any country, to ascertain whether they are financially strong or weak, whether they are progressing to wealth and independence or to ruin and desolation.

The government of a country may annually pay all its current expenses from annual net revenue, and yet that country be surely progressing to ruin, or that government may not pay one-half of its current expenses, and yet that country be fast accumulating wealth.

All those who have hitherto only looked to either the smallness or greatness of Canada's national debt, as an index to the soundness of its commercial position, have been forming conclusions from a knowledge which cannot possibly have any direct or positive bearing upon the question, any more than the ability of a landlord to pay his annual expenses from his rents, proves that he is annually

increasing in wealth or decreasing in riches.

It is thus clear to be seen that the government of Canada may annually pay all its current expenses from annual revenue, and yet it can be possible for us, as a people, to all become individually poorer every year, that the average wealth of each individual in Canada in 1860, may have been, say \$100, and in 1863, only \$90. We give that relative proportion from the fact that during the past three years we have incurred a *commercial debt* of \$30,000,000 or \$10 a head for every man, woman and child in Canada, over and above all previous liabilities, either of the government or of the people. The increase in and magnitude of our national debt is bad enough, but the continual increase and magnitude of our *commercial debt* is incomparably worse. The government debt increases only a few hundred thousand dollars a year, while our commercial debt is running up at the rate of over \$10,000,000 a year as shown in the government statistics. We imported in 1861 and 1862, \$21,537,136 more than we exported, and there is no doubt but the imports for 1863,—the returns are not yet to hand,—will exceed our exports by at least \$10,000,000, for in 1862 the excess was over \$15,000,000. The annual increase of our government debt,—which increase we decidedly object to,—placed along side of those figures is to look upon a mere bagatelle.

With those ideas and facts before our minds, it is certainly necessary for us to review our commercial operations during the past few years, and endeavour to ascertain thereby what our prospects are for the future. To be forewarned is to the wise to be forearmed.

During the four years ending with 1856, we imported \$44,945,348 more than we exported. By adding to our exports all the capital brought into

the country for railroads and public works, we were enabled to pay off that heavy balance against us; and although drained of all our money, we were, at the end of 1856, commercially sound, were reasonably free from debt.

From that time we date a new period; and to start with, we find that in 1857 we imported \$12,423,974 more than we exported; that our export of wheat fell off one-half from the previous year, or, in round numbers, from nine to six millions of bushels; as we had no spare money before that year's increase of debt and decrease of exports, money began to be very scarce.

In 1858, we imported \$5,595,918 more than we exported, and we were deficient in our export of wheat, as compared with 1857, nearly one million of bushels more. Thus, in two years, our commercial debt increased \$18,019,892, and that during a rapid decrease in our annual available assets, for we exported \$5,040,392 less in 1857 than in 1856, and \$9,574,417 less in 1858 than in 1856. The result was, that many hitherto prosperous business men could not collect the monies due them to pay their liabilities; there was not money in the country, consequently every body suffered, and very many were utterly ruined. We have given above, statistics which clearly show that the scarcity was caused by over-importations, for the payment of which all the money that could be scraped together was shipped off to the United States and Britain. In the face of these facts, which every importer, at least, should always be well posted in, we find that the following year of 1859, we again imported \$8,788,180 more than we exported, to be added to the previous deficiencies, and that our exports again fell short of those of 1856 by \$8,280,035. The fruits of that over-importation of \$26,708,072, in three years, into a country previ-

ously drained of its money, could not but be disastrous. The result was, that by the end of 1859, the sheriff, the bailiff, or the Registry Office, held possession, or could show a lien upon, a large portion of the property of the country. In fact, so much of the property of the country was at that time thus held, that it became a matter of notoriety that a man was not safe in buying even a pig, unless he first went to the Registry Office and examined if there was not one or more chattel mortgages upon it. The intensity of the distress which then existed, was considerably increased by the ruin of our millers in 1857 and '58. Nearly all the merchant millers in Canada were ruined in those years, through the operations of our one-sided Reciprocity Treaty, as explained in the October number of this Review.

Those were most disastrous years to all classes in Canada—except the usurers—and especially to those engaged in manufacturing and commercial pursuits. That the wide-spread ruin with which Canada was then flooded, arose from a scarcity of money, no one can doubt; that that scarcity of money arose from over-importations, is equally certain. We are aware that it has been and is still attributed to our over-speculation; but it must be evident to all thinking men who investigate the subject, that if the people of a country speculate ever so much within the borders of their own country, and do not in their speculations have to ship the gold to other lands, that the money will get no less, or more scarce within their country. But if their speculations extend to other countries, and their money is drawn off from the country, as is now being done in England, through an over importation during the last three years of \$130,000,000, notwithstanding the vast increase of her exports, her imports have that much exceeded them, and now causes

the Bank of England to raise its rates of discount.

Those speculations will inevitably drain the gold from the country, and cause a scarcity; and, if carried too far, brings ruin on very many, and very often upon innocent parties; but so long as the speculation is confined to the exchange of money for property, or of property for money, or in the improvement of property within the country, and none of it is removed from the country, the money can get no less.

If the population should remain stationary and not increase, the average amount for each individual would always be the same, and men are not accustomed to let it remain idle. If there should be an increase of population, the average amount for each would be less, and consequently become more scarce to each individual, and yet the amount in the country be no less; but that is a contingency which cannot now materially affect the question in hand.

Whenever a country imports more than it exports, money will become scarce, therefore the kind of over speculation that we have to fear and shun is an over importation of foreign goods, for it was the over importation of foreign goods in the three years referred to, and ruin of our merchant millers as before stated, which caused the fearful commercial crisis which occurred during those three years.

The over importations caused a scarcity of money, the scarcity of money caused the crises, and then thousands of our able business men fled from our moneyless country to obtain food and raiment in a foreign land, and thousands upon thousand of our labouring classes followed them to the United States, to which we had previously sent so many millions of dollars. We have not the figures at hand to show how many, but our year's operations will give us a faint idea. The *Toronto Globe*, in a reply

to the *New York World*, states that in 1862 we "consumed of the produce of the United States \$14,699,816." "The Americans of our exports only \$8,897,178 or \$5,802,638 less than Canada consumed of their products. Taking therefore, the *World's* own standard of comparison, the United States have an enormous advantage by the Reciprocity Treaty." We wonder after such a truthful exhibit that the *Globe* still so loves that treaty. There were also two and a half millions more for manufactured goods. If the gold that we have so lavishly bestowed upon the United States for food and raiment, had by wise legislation been kept in Canada to enrich our own farmers and build up our own manufactories, the thousands that followed our money would have remained in Canada, and our country and themselves been incalculably better off.

We wish now to show how we cancelled the \$26,708,072 we had over imported during the three years ending with 1859. Remarkable as it may appear, we exported in 1860 \$190,279 more than we imported. A considerable expenditure on railroad accounts was still being made, large sums were borrowed by government, municipalities and private individuals for public and private purposes; to those amounts we have to add the sums brought into the country by emigrants, which when all put together were as near as can be judged sufficient to cancel a large portion, if not nearly all of the commercial debt we had incurred in the three years referred to.

Another very important fact was now beginning to favourably effect our commercial position, viz: the rapid extension of our manufacturing interests through the increase of our tariff in 1858, which caused a better demand for labour and a better and more permanent home market for our agricultural products, than we other-

wise would have had. Those various items all assisted to again place us at the end of 1860 in a reasonably sound commercial position.

The commercial interests of the country have apparently improved since 1860, our merchants and business men generally have done a remunerative business and feel safe.

The *Toronto Globe* of November 20th, in an article upon the "curing inflation" in England, and the existing one in the States, thinks there will not be any inflation in Canada, and says, "We look forward to a period of steady prosperity unmarked by great events, but a permanent and stable growth in wealth and population." The *Globe* is right in stating that we need not fear a Canadian inflation, or in other words, an over abundance of money in Canada for years to come, but all the other of its conclusions as above quoted are falacious. We wish it were in our power by the light of the facts, to arrive at the same encouraging conclusions, but we cannot. The facts presented to us in the government statistics, as above stated are, that in the last three years we have accumulated a commercial debt of \$30,000,000, which is more than equal to one-half of our National debt. In the previous years we were annually disbursing foreign capital largely for railroads, government works, and other purposes, which we have not during the past three years, therefore it is right to assume that very little, if any, of that \$30,000,000 has as yet been paid in the way that our previous over importations were annually reduced. While all parties lament over the amount of our national debt, a large portion of which was incurred for national works, where is the party or the individual legislator in the House of Assembly, or in the Legislative Council, who has accorded that mode of attention to a question of so vital importance

to our national welfare as that of our commercial indebtedness?—and echo answers where.

Remarkable as it must appear to every right thinking man, our Canadian Government has, for many years, annually estimated the prosperity of the country by the amount of our imports, in place of by the balance for or against us in our commercial transactions, and from the facts, as they annually exhibit them in the statistics of the country, make known to the people that we are running more or less deeply and ruinously in debt, or gradually increasing in prosperity and wealth.

It used to be supposed that legislators were chosen and a Ministry selected who were capable of understanding those questions of material progress and national importance, in which the present and future well being of Canada are bound up, but their speeches and doings clearly indicate that we have been very much mistaken, and that a great proportion of them understand comparatively nothing of those questions which, as legislators, it is all important for them to thoroughly study, and fully understand.

How, we ask, is the \$30,000,000 we have run in debt, in those three years, to be paid? We all know it must be paid, and promptly paid, in produce or gold; the produce we have not got, and if we had it, there is no ready or remunerative market for our farm produce in Britain or in the United States. Gold, then, and gold only, can cancel that three years' debt of \$30,000,000. It is the duty of our legislators who calculate our PROSPERITY by *our imports*, to clearly show where the gold is to come from. All the banks in Canada, on the 31st of October, 1863, only possessed \$7,482,380 and *nineteen cents*, in gold, silver and copper—probably not two-thirds of it gold. If we add one-half to that amount for the gold

held by all other parties, we are satisfied that we fully state the amount in round numbers, then we will not have in Canada \$7,500,000 in gold, while we owe \$30,000,000. Is there a sane man who can, by the light of those facts, believe that we are commercially sound, and that cannot see that it is of much more pressing importance, to devise a plan for lessening our imports, and for paying off that debt of \$30,000,000 now due, than how we shall pay off our National debt of only sixty millions, which has many years to run, for which interest only is required.

Dark as that picture is, there is still a darker shade to it. The interest on our National debt, the interest on other monies borrowed and due on railroad stocks bank stocks, &c., &c., fully equals \$7,000,000 a year—a sum about equal to all the gold, silver and copper held by all our banks on the 31st day of October.

If we have a legislator who cannot see, from the facts and figures given, that we are steadily and rapidly progressing into another *commercial crisis*, which will culminate in its severity in 1857 and '58 at farthest, he must be blind to the teachings of the past.

We had a *commercial crisis* in 1827, caused by over-importations; and then in 1837, made more severe by the rebellion in that year; a third in 1847, which, from its severity, caused an intense desire in many minds for annexation with the United States, who, under a high tariff, were then quite prosperous; while it is on record, that every other shop in Montreal was begging for a tenant. The fourth crisis was in 1857 and '58, which was made more severe and disastrous from the fearful ruin caused by the Reciprocity Treaty, as before stated.

We think we have given reasonable and sufficient evidence to clearly establish that a radical change must

be made in the commercial affairs of Canada; that we have promptly to choose between *less importations* and another *fearful commercial crisis*. Fearful, however, that the facts we have given will not be a sufficient warning to *importers* and others, we intend to show, in another way, to the merchants, manufacturers and tradesmen of Canada, that our opinions are sound, that our conclusions are correct, *We will prove it from their own books*. Let them open their ledgers, and scan the annual balances against their customers, and a very large majority of them will find that the most of those customers who were behind in 1861, were more behind in 1862, and that they are still more behind in 1863. There will be individual exceptions; and in the lumbering sections, the number of those exceptions, possibly be the most numerous, from the improved prices paid for lumber; but, taking the whole of Canada West, we are in the aggregate amply correct.

A further fact is that a large number of our manufacturers, who depend upon their own direct sales to the farmers, are gradually discharging their hands, in consequence of the now increasing scarcity of money, and the poor prospect for future sales. They cannot collect. Those workmen first—their selves and their creditors next—are even now beginning to feel the jaws of the vice that will—unless stayed—crush them as a shell, or drive them to a foreign land. There is scarcely a town or village in Canada West, in which we are not more or less acquainted with the principal portion of the leading Merchants and Manufacturers, and have by personal enquiry and observation ascertained the facts we set forth.

We then have as evidence of a coming commercial crisis, the fact that in three years we have run in debt \$30,000,000, with the further

fact, that during that same period the farmers of Canada,—with good crops,—have actually been individually getting deeper and deeper into debt. A business man can readily see that such a progress to poverty will certainly seriously injure, if not ruin himself and his customers. They should also recollect that we will not have, as in past years, the heavy expenditure of foreign capital for railroads and other public works, to lift the balance so fast accumulating against us; and again, if we should have a bad crop or two, as we had in 1858 and in 1859, the suffering will be greatly increased. It will be felt most severely in those sections where there is the least manufacturing of those classes of goods which are annually imported, and where there may be manufactures of lumber or other articles which we export. The farmer need not entertain the idea that because he may have cattle or other produce—except it be of those kinds for which there may be a ready market—that they can dispose of them and pay off their liabilities, for there will be no money to buy with any more than there was during the last commercial crisis. The assurance that such will be the case is, that all the money the Banks in Canada possessed on the 31st of October, was under seven and a half millions of dollars. All their other assets are only property and not money. That assertion can be clearly proved as follows, viz:—In 1858 a farmer near this city mortgaged his farm worth \$2000 for \$600. The mortgage came due, the farm was sold under the power of sale for the \$600 and costs. It was richly worth \$2000, but the owner could not raise the money, therefore he lost his farm.

If the banks are not able to-day to pay one-third of their liabilities in gold, as their returns show they are not, and their assets were seized and

sold by the sheriff for gold, as the farm above cited was, they would not likely, under a similar scarcity of money, realize one-third of their rated value.

Those banks, as reported, on the 31st October, had a paid up capital in Canada of \$25,082,156. That amount was paid up in gold, or in what would bring the gold on demand of that capital, on the day above cited, they only possessed, in 'Coin and Bullion,' \$7,482,350 and 17 cents. If we add to the supposed amount of gold in their possession, all the gold in circulation, we would only have about \$7,500,000 in gold in the country—not enough to pay for one year's over importation of foreign goods; and, as stated before, it is doubtful if there is enough, if added together, to pay the one year's interest on our national and commercial debt.

Therefore let not the people of Canada be deluded by appearances, and be led with the 'Globe' to think that because we have been reasonably prosperous, that we are really safe and commercially sound. Let our importers beware—let our retail merchants beware—if they would not involve themselves and their customers in utter ruin. For so sure as they continue to import so freely as they have in past years, so sure will their affairs be liable to be wound up by the sheriff, and themselves and their families, and the families of their customers, be made destitute, be thrown out of the pale of prosperity and industry, and left to the tender mercies of the lawyer, the baliff, and sheriff, who will invade your homes, and cast you and your helpless ones out, as they would a dog, in a land where the law allows no home and no hope to the commercially unfortunate.

THE REMEDY.

The remedy is in our own hands. The importers should only purchase

those staple and really necessary articles the country requires, and the amount of all our imports should be considerably below our exports. The retail merchant should decide not to add to his stock any of those articles of foreign manufacture yet on his shelves; but sell out before renewing, and realize from the dead stock. And both the wholesale and retail merchants should make it a point to enquire for and stimulate the production of home manufactures, for there is *no gold needed to pay for them*, while *gold must be paid* for the foreign goods. And, above all, let there be no importation of foreign food that we can raise ourselves. Our able merchants could also advantageously invest a portion of their profits in manufacturing goods in Canada, either by helping to extend the business of many of those in operation, or by the creation of new ones. The field is wide, and the margin for profit good, and thus use their exertion to retain within the country the gold which is now annually so completely drained from Canada.

The wholesale merchant can readily ascertain whether our over importations have been as we have stated; whether their customers have been unable to collect in their accounts as we have stated, and if they find we are correct in these statements, can readily decide whether our views of a coming crisis is correct. And our banks that suffered so severely in the last commercial crisis, will do well to ascertain the extent of the imports made by their customers, which will so soon have to be met with the small balance of gold they have yet in their vaults; and their notes be protested, and their hitherto high reputation sacrificed.

It is the duty of our legislators to ponder upon those facts, and to consider whether it is not in their power, by wise legislation, to secure a healthier commercial status for Canada.

HOME TRADE AND FREE TRADE.

We have reason to believe that too many have been led, by blind guides, to look upon the difference between making our own goods and purchasing them from foreigners, is, in a money point of view, only a matter of a little difference in profit on the labour, one way or the other. That idea is sound, when held in regard to the manufacturing or commercial transactions of the people within a country; but, when applied to the transactions we may have with other countries, it is utterly fallacious. If we possess or produce the raw material of any manufactured goods we import, the *country* is impoverished to the whole extent of the value of those goods, if for them we pay out our gold, or anything that will bring gold.

WOOL MANUFACTURERS.

For example, if we as a people purchase a million pounds of wool, in a foreign country, at forty cents a pound, and add ten cents a pound for oils and dye stuffs, and make up each pound into cloth worth a dollar a yard, the net advantage to the country over buying them off a foreign people, would be the difference between the cost of the raw material, or \$500,000, and the value of the goods at the port of entry, where they would be worth \$1,000,000, or a clear saving to the country of \$500,000. But if we grew the wool ourselves, and produced our own oil, lard, and dyes, the difference to the country is the whole value of the article. It is therefore clear, that if the goods are

made abroad, the country will be drained of a million of dollars in gold to pay for them with; if made at home, from our own material, \$1,000,000 is added to our National wealth.

STOVE MANUFACTURERS.

Pig iron, for stoves, costs on an average about \$25 a ton; when made into stoves it is worth from \$75 to \$100 a ton: but deducting for the cost of coal and the natural waste, it will return to the manufacturer at least \$75 a ton—thus saving to the country \$50 a ton. If the stoves are manufactured for us in the United States, they are \$50 a ton extra, and we lose the \$50 we pay for them.

It may be well in order to make the principle stated a little clearer, to note that if we could not get operatives to make those goods, and had to take from already producing classes the result would be different, but so long as we can secure those operatives from foreign lands as the United States do by high tariff, the principle stated will hold good. The United States are perfectly well aware of this plain principle in national progress; we therefore need not wonder that they persist in a high tariff, as they always will, and that they have made such rapid progress in wealth and to greatness, and can also readily account for the backwardness of our own country. We know we are cited to have progressed as fast, if not faster than any one individual state, but it must be recollected that they have settled a dozen States or more during the last twenty-five years.

We have yet more to say in connection with iron. If we use our own raw material the same argument holds good to it that we put forth in regard to wool, and therefore in cast-

iron work alone the difference would be very material, and in all kinds of wrought iron work on which there is comparatively more labour expended, the difference would be still further against us. That we should make the greater portion of our iron and secure it cheaper than we import it, is evident from actual facts. We know that it can be made, at Normandale for about \$17 a ton from Bog ore, and Messrs. Chaffey & Brother, of Kingston, own an iron bed on the Rideau Canal, about 40 miles from Kingston which is 200 feet thick, eighty per cent. of which is pure iron, of a superior quality; they have annually sold several thousand tons to go to Cleveland to mix with the poorer ores from Pennsylvania. We have been informed that they sell it at \$5 a ton at Kingston, and at \$2 50c at the mine. We have also been informed that more or less of that iron comes back to Canada, and is sold at prices ranging from \$60 to \$100 a ton, according to the quality, and the purpose for which it has been prepared. It will be wondered why it is not manufactured at Kingston, or at the mines. The reply has been that it is cheaper to take the ore to Cleveland and return the iron to Canada than to bring the coal from there; that answer is more plausible than correct, as we will show. It will take about two tons of ore to make one of pig iron, and 400lbs. only of coal to manufacture it. The freight on the coal from Cleveland cannot vary much from being the same as the freight on the ore to Cleveland. Then as one ton of coals will do five tons of ore, we find at one dollar a ton for freight, that there will be five dollars paid out for freight of the ore and \$2 50c for return of the iron against one dollar on the one ton of coal, necessary to work it up at home or a direct loss to Canada of six dollars a ton, in changing our ore into pig iron, and when it is further

manufactured into wrought iron we, as a country, lose the difference between the value of the ore and the value of the material returned to us. But it is not necessary for us to import coals to work it up, there is abundance of wood all along the Rideau Canal suitable for charcoal which can be laid down at the ore bed as cheap, if not cheaper, per ton than the Cleveland coal, and the same quality of charcoal will make one-fifth more pig iron than the mineral or Cleveland coal, and the iron will be worth from ten to twenty per cent. more per ton.

It is easy to see, with those facts before us, that on every ton of iron we thus imported from the United States, made from the ore purchased off us, that we pay the difference between the cost of two tons of ore, at Kingston, \$10; and say \$60 a ton, the value of that returned being at least \$50 a ton paid to the Yankees, and added to their National wealth, by us. And the natural advantages placed by a kind Providence in our possession, is, from incompetent legislation, squandered at the rate of \$50 a ton, is abstracted from our National wealth, and added to the fast accruing millions of another and wiser people.

Not many, probably, are aware that in 1860, the annual value of the goods manufactured in the United States, was \$1,981,211,201, and the net income or profit to the country, on their manufactures, was \$990,605,100, while their income from all other sources, from agriculture, mines, dividends, &c., &c., &c., was only \$978,483,510. In those figures, we have the evidence that if we ever become a great people, we must at once and continually foster our manufactures.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Again, if we take ready-made clothing, of which we have in past years imported immense quantities,

and even do yet to a large extent, the difference or direct loss becomes much more apparent. Take, for example, a cotton shirt. Cotton is dear now, but when it was say six cents per pound, that pound was more than ample to make a shirt. The shirt, ready-made, at wholesale, would be worth about a dollar; the difference, or ninety-four cents, is lost to the country.

The above reliable facts show a portion only of the advantages to a country from possessing manufacturers to make the goods it requires. There are further and equally important benefits to be added to those: they are, the permanent home market they afford for the produce of our forests, our farms, our mines, and our fisheries, in which a steady and remunerative price can always be obtained for those products; they further secure a higher price for those products than can be obtained for them in foreign lands. They open up a business for more merchants, more artisans, and, in fact, increase the demand for employment in every walk of life.

We want our country settled. Thousands and hundreds of thousands emigrate from Britain to other lands, who would settle in Canada, if we but secured for them employment, by encouraging home manufactures. There are more people leave Canada every year, to find employment in the United States, where they give that encouragement, than annually emigrate to Canada. One of the oldest and ablest business men in Kingston, remarked to us lately, that five per cent. added to our tariff would do more to secure emigration to Canada than all the agents that have ever been sent to Britain and Europe for that purpose.

The free trader would endeavour to secure emigration and riches to a country by "*buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market.*" Suppose we put his idea in practice,

and see how it will work. We want a cord of *good* wood, or a ton of coal—one gives just as much heat as the other—the wood is \$4 a cord; the coals \$3.90 a ton. It is ten cents cheaper to buy coal; but we do not produce coal, while wood is a staple article. If we buy the coal, gold must be paid for it, and sent off to a foreign land, to enrich the farmers and miners there. If we buy the wood, we lose ten cents, and our farmers and our country is richer by \$3.90; while, through the more abundant supply of money kept in the country, our business is sufficiently increased to more than make up the difference. With plenty of money, there will be \$2 worth of work to do in place of \$1.50. By the light of those sound views, it is plain that no thinking man can honestly argue for the insane idea of "buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market." The country that takes for guides the teachers of such principles, will, ere long, find that it has brought itself poor; that those who have supplied them the cheapest, have a mortgage on its whole assets.

That "*Hue and Cry,*" as we may call it, when applied to the trade operations between the citizens within a country, is sound; but when the business operations between two countries is carried on upon the same principle, the wealthiest of the two will, in the end, financially impoverish and make desolate the poorer one; and the same result inevitably ensues from carrying out free trade principles between two countries. Any ready thinker will thus see, that while there is a truth in free trade ideas, when applied to the business within the country, that when it is attempted to be applied to a trade between two countries, that it will be ruinous to the weaker of the two.

The question will arise in many minds, why is it necessary to raise the tariff to secure the increase of our

manufacturers; for the protectionist says we can manufacture cheaper than we can purchase of foreigners. Where the difficulty is, they can not understand. We do, and can readily show the reason why.

The reason is, that with a low tariff our wholesale merchants will not buy home manufactures, because they can buy foreign on longer credit, and the time is all important to them. Our manufacturers have not got the capital to enable them to give those long credits. But when a heavy tariff has to be paid, the amount of ready cash required to pay the duties makes it approximate so nearly to the shorter payments they must make to home manufacturers, that it is better and much safer than to buy abroad, for they do not require as heavy stocks, can replenish more rapidly and without gold, which must be paid for the duties and to the foreigner.

FACTS TO PROVE IT.

Not fifty miles from Hamilton there is a woollen manufacturing firm who a short time before the increase of our tariff to twenty per cent. on that class of goods, invested \$60,000 in their business. They made up a heavy stock of cloths for the fall trade; in due season one of the proprietors, a thorough business man took several cases as samples to Montreal and Quebec to open up a trade with much exertion he sold one case in Quebec, to a Merchant who took it more out of favour from the gentleman being a countryman of his than from any desire for Canadian goods. One or two more cases were disposed of in Montreal through the same reason. One Merchant as good as "shunted" him out of his shop and proposed the idea of buying Canadian goods—he dealt altogether with foreign countries. Since then, however, the twenty per cent. tariff has actually brought that Merchant down on his knees, as it were, at their

feet, more than once for a few pieces of their goods, to be more than once justly refused.

The alteration in the tariff soon created a demand for every yard they could make, and to show that the country has not been imposed upon by the prices they placed on their goods, we know that a house that purchased of them, sent some of those goods to Scotland, where they were sold at remunerative prices, which the manufacturers there have stated was lower than they could furnish them for, thus actually underselling the Scotch manufacturer in his own market.

We know a party in this city, when there was no work for those desiring it, who thought of commencing the manufacturing of door-fittings, and all that class of goods used for house furnishing. He went to the leading hardware merchant here, to see what the prospect of making sales would be, and was informed it would be useless, as they could be bought cheaper in the States, because the Yankees sold them to him fifteen per cent. cheaper than they did to their home customers—which was the amount of duty he had to pay. We are satisfied that, through such discounts, the country has lost more than it ever lost from smugglers. To convince the party referred to, of the correctness of the advice he gave, he also said that the agent of some parties, who thought of commencing the manufacturing of screws, had called upon him in the same way, and he had given the same reasons for declining to encourage them.

A brush manufacturer also informed us that when the tariff was only fifteen per cent., the same party would not buy his brushes; but, since the tariff was raised, he is ready to take all he can make.

The house-trimmings above referred to, are now manufactured at Brockville; and we learned a few days

since, through a large firm, that they now get their supplies there much cheaper than they had previously paid in the States.

We could cite from the recollections of a twenty-five years' experience in connection with Canadian manufactures, any number of facts as further evidence to prove the difficulty of selling better Canadian goods cheaper to wholesale merchants than they could procure them abroad. In the face of such difficulties, who cares to risk his capital? Goods can be made cheap in Canada; but unless they can be sold in Canada, the maker will be ruined, as many of them have, because our Canadian merchant's, both wholesale and retail, have procured their supplies from other countries; and experience has demonstrated that a high tariff is the only thing that can compel them to secure their supplies, and to make their purchases, when at all possible, in Canada. The above are some of the reasons why a high tariff is necessary.

Another point that free traders think sound, is, that it is better for the country that the people be engaged clearing the forest and raising produce. The facts are, that the best and most prosperous settlers are those who, working at their trades, save to buy and improve their lands. Often part of the family work on the farm and the other part are at trades or otherwise, to procure the means to live or make improvements. Again, ask, as we have often done, those business men who hold that it is better for all to clear up the land, why they are not clearing land? It helps them to see in themselves an existing fact which proves at once that there are multitudes who have no taste and no desire, and others not the manual strength, necessary for clearing up farms, and that they will flock to those countries where they can make a living—where they can secure em-

ployment in occupations suited to their capacities and inclinations.

The United States afford to a thinking man sufficient proof that by a high tariff those advantages may be secured, for while with a low tariff England is driving its agriculturists from her shores, and thus rapidly undermining the very foundations of her strength. The United States with a high tariff enables those agriculturists to get rich by raising and transporting food for thousands of miles to that free trade country.

Those facts should satisfy our legislators that it is necessary to so regulate the tariff of our country, that it will secure a home market to our own people, and a demand for the labour of those who, when they first come to Canada, must have employment to enable them to live. A high tariff would not be an injury to Britain, for the increase of population in our country, which now goes to the United States, would cause an increased demand for British goods, we do not manufacture; that would more than make up for the diminution in those we do and would manufacture, the same as it has in their trade with the States, and it would shut out those of the States which by a tariff nearly double ours and prevent us from all access to their markets.

ONE MORE POINT.

So long as we, by low tariffs, restrict manufacturing in Canada, and thus cause our gold to be annually drained off to foreign lands, so long will the high rates of interest on monies in Canada, prevent those who have it from embarking in anything but usury.

We have Mr. Street, M. P. P., for Welland, as a prominent example, he owns one of the oldest Factories in the country, at the Niagara Falls, but does little or nothing with it, and assigns as a reason that he can loan his money at ten per cent. on good

security without any trouble, and that he cannot make more than that out of it by running his Factory.

If the people of Canada want to get rid of these usurers, let them demand a tariff that will keep the money in the country, through which its resources may be developed, for remember that every dollar of money thus borrowed will also be directly or indirectly drained out of the country, so long as our imports exceed our exports. Allowing high rates of interest to be taken, so as to bring capital into the country, as the usurer argues can readily be seen to be a most insane course for the welfare of the country, because we first run into debt for foreign goods, and then run in debt for money at high rates of interest to cancel the first debt, and the last evil is worse than the first, for it remains a perpetual leech to ever suck from us the gold of our country, the life blood of the business of our land.

The *Leader* and the *Globe* have of late been advocating the interests of the "County of Peel Manufacturing Company," designed to be established near the mouth of the River Credit, because it will increase the value of the dead property the Bank of Upper Canada owns, or is interested in, there, that the Bank may secure a living stream of advantage from the now wasting water and stagnant marsh into which it flows.

It looks as if a brighter day had begun to dawn upon Canada, when we see influential papers like the *Globe* and the *Leader*, which have hitherto professed to have unbounded faith in free trade principles, unite to advocate the erection of manufactories in this country, where in past days they did not hesitate to declare manufacturing could not be carried on as advantageously for us as if we purchased the goods ready-made from foreign lands; and that it was better for Canadians to devote their capital

and energy in clearing the forests and multiplying their agricultural products, as the sole and most advantageous system for securing the permanent prosperity of their country.

We do not suppose that those papers imagine that, in advocating the propriety and necessity of having manufacturing establishments near Toronto, that they think they are violating the free trade principles they pretend to stand upon. We do not for a moment suppose that their eyes are as yet sufficiently open to see so far. Nevertheless, it is a fact, and we are encouraged when we see their free trade theories being gradually undermined by the admission and advocacy of the common sense idea of the propriety and necessity of our people turning their attention to those all important enterprizes.

* * * *

It is not likely those papers have worked out their theories to see what the products would be. They are, however, fairly on the "fence." One day they perceive the beauty and necessity of free trade to secure the prosperity of the country, that thereby the people may be able to procure manufactured goods cheaper, they say, than they can be made in the land. The next day, as it were, they set forth the propriety of building a manufacturing town to improve property and benefit the country. One day they want manufactures cheap, otherwise we can never truly prosper. The following day they see how advantageous it will be to the country to have our goods made in Canada and our waste places made profitable without seeming to care whether the goods we use cost much or little, if Toronto and its capitalists are benefited. The natural products of their two diverse theories are that manufacturing is good for the country, and for those who invest their time, talents and capital in them; and that manufacturing in Canada is also a damage

and a curse to the land, and to the people that dwell therein.

Whatever hopes there may be for the future views and influence of the *Globe* and the *Leader*, there is none we fear for the *Hamilton Evening Times*, for in the description it gave a few weeks since of the rope, twine and cordage manufactory of Alex. Main & Co., in this city, it after praising their works, stated of "course the consumers of those goods are sufferers in consequence of the tariff, because through it they have to pay more for them than if they were permitted to purchase them from foreigners." It in effect asserts that Alex. Main & Co., cannot get their living except the government helps them to impose upon their customers; that the government is a great second hand backer for all the manufacturers in Canada, aiding and abetting those manufacturers in semi-fraudulently obtaining more for the products of their labour than they are honestly entitled to. That from the government levying a tax upon imported manufactures; the Canadian manufacturers are fed from the forced charity of the consumers of Canadian goods, and therefore that those manufactures must be a drag, a curse, and an imposition upon the industry of the country. So Alex. Main & Co., understand the insinuation, and no thinking man can come to any other conclusion, and that insinuation in the very nature of things applies to all the manufactures of Hamilton and of Canada.

If the views of the *Hamilton Evening Times* are correct, it is right in stating them; if wrong, it is a fool for its folly. Its creed, so boldly announced, is a proper one for us to ventilate, and a few facts may help to give clear ideas as to its merits.

The Company above referred to, pay nearly \$4000 a year for wages. The raw material costs about 12½ cents per pound; the manufacture

article sells, on an average, at 40 cts. per pound—therefore, if the raw material was all imported, Canada would be richer by 27½ cents per pound, or \$550 a ton for every ton of their goods manufactured in Canada; but as we can raise the raw material, we can save \$800 a ton in gold to Canada, by manufacturing them ourselves. But if we pay out gold to another country for those goods, we pay, away \$800 of the National wealth, that we have already acquired for our produce, and our country is *restricted* from raising the raw material, and *restricted* from giving a home or employment to the manufacturers who make those goods. They would live, and work, and make our goods in another country, and our land be deprived of their presence, and of the \$800 a ton of National wealth, which, through their industry, would accrue to our country; in place of to the one which, by wise legislation, affords them employment. Thus the *Hamilton Evening Times* would, in its wisdom, virtually rob the country and the people of Canada of \$800 of National wealth, for every ton of the goods referred to, that we have to purchase for our home consumption.

We do not forget that the manufacturers purchase certain foreign necessities or luxuries not produced by our own people, that it would be correct to deduct from the value of the goods they may manufacture, to make apparent the exact amount to be actually added to our National wealth through their industry, but we think there are other advantages accruing to the country to fully balance them in the way of agricultural products which they consume. For instance, the fuel they use would be burned up on the land where it grew, and remain a dead loss to the country. They pay a higher price for nearly every article of food, of our own production, than the producer

can get for it in a foreign country. And what applies to the manufacturers referred to, equally applies to every manufacturer in Hamilton and in Canada. Messrs. Main & Co. now manufacture about forty tons of their goods in a year, which, multiplied by the \$800, the value of their goods per ton, we have \$34,000 a year added to our National wealth, through their presence and industry. And yet the *Hamilton Evening Times* thinks they are an "injury to the consumers"—a curse and an imposition on the people of our country.

We can readily see, by the most cursory look at the rapid accumulation of National wealth which one small manufacturing establishment secures, how it is that the United States, under a tariff about double our own, increases in National wealth and greatness, and understand how, from the rapid progress of its manufactures, fostered by a high protective tariff, that in 1860 (as before stated), the annual net profit on its manufactures, was \$990,605,100, while the net profit on all its other sources of wealth—from its "lands, houses, stocks, and exports"—only amounted to \$978,483,810.

It is evident from the quotations made, that the *Hamilton Evening Times* yet clutches to its bosom the unsound and exploded idea of "buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." As cited in the case of the wood and coals, it would pay away to foreigners our National wealth for ten cents, and indirectly deprive itself of benefits of five or ten fold more importance.

It is often advantageous for us to look upon things in the aggregate, to look upon the totals to enable us to more clearly appreciate the advantages which accrue to Canada from any particular source. In the article of wood the city of Hamilton alone annually pays \$150,000 for cordwood, and the manufacturers of Ca-

nada and those who directly or indirectly depend upon them for a living, pay at least \$3,000,000 a year for wood. We have carefully computed the amount used and are satisfied that, is rather under than over the amount stated, and we also find that all the duties on manufactured goods imported into Canada in 1862 was under \$3,400,000. We thus see that the farmers of Canada realized from their farms in 1863 \$3,000,000 for wood, which if there were no manufactures in Canada they would have had to burn up on the land with great trouble, and at heavy expense; that the amount they realized thereby was nearly sufficient to pay all the duties on all the manufactured goods imported into the Province. We know the farmer does not consume more than one-half of those imported goods, consequently even a low tariff like ours benefits the farmers of Canada to the extent of double the duty they pay on all the dutiable goods they purchase. To those benefits we must add the sums they annually receive for lumber, hay, straw, leather, vegetables, meats, &c., which without manufactures they would have no market for, and have to barter them off as best they could, as they still do in those sections where there are no manufactures.

With those facts before us no one need to think twice before deciding which is the wise man or which is the true patriot, the free trader or the protectionist, the above facts can be increased to any extent and every thinking man can thus see that the farmers lose nothing by a high tariff, but really have the best of the bargain.

We have an annual deficiency of gold against us for our commercial debt of eight or ten millions a year, to pay for the manufactured goods and food that we import. Every \$30,000 in gold, added by the manufacturers of our own twine and cor-

dage, to our own National wealth; and every million of dollars annually saved from waste and destruction, rapidly increases the wealth of the country; and if we embrace in those savings all the profits that would annually accrue to the country from manufacturing one-half the goods we import, and put ten or twenty consecutive years of them together, they would amount to fifties and hundreds of millions of dollars. From such rapid accumulations, we can begin to see what wealth might, by judicious legislation, be the portion of the people of Canada.

There is another fact lost sight of by *free traders*, and that is, that Canada was not made for farmers alone; that other classes have just as good a right to live in Canada as agriculturalists, and are therefore entitled to advantages and privileges, that the free trader assumes to belong exclusively to the farmers.

There is just one class, and only one, that is benefitted by a low tariff, or no tariff—those who live upon the interest of monies loaned, the drones and the usurers, who fatten upon the miseries of others.

CANADIAN PRIZE POEM.

Read by Mr. G. H. Squire, the 'poet of the University,' Oct. 30, 1863. His appearance on the dais was the signal for vociferous applause, which was continued for several minutes. Upon silence being restored, Mr. Squire read the following composition:—

THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

'Ages ere the Genocœan
Filled with glory's brightest dream,
In the confidence of knowledge,
Westward crossed old ocean's stream—
Seeking a new world of beauty,
Rich in wealth and great in fame,
That should fill the earth with wonder,
And to story give his name—
Come the Northman—child of ocean,
Nurtured on its stormy breast,
Following in Day's fiery foot-prints
Onward to the golden west:
And with daring spirit wrested
From the grasp of envious Time,
What the wise thereafter questioned,
Of that ocean-guarded clime.
And returning to his children,
Told them of the huts of snow
In that land beyond the sunset,
And its skin-clad Esquimaux.
But he found no vine-clothed valleys,
Fertile fields, or precious ore,
Flocks nor herds, nor worthy freemen,

On the new world's virgin shore.
And he knew not of the blessings
Treasured for a coming time,
Lavished there in mine and forest,
Of that golden-sanded clime;
So he turned back at the threshold
Of the ocean-hidden stores,
And the dark waves of oblivion
Backward rolled upon its shores.
Little dreamed the roving Northman,
As he leant upon his oar,
Looking backward o'er the waters
On the far receding shore,
That the world he left behind him,
Buried in the voiceless sea,
Men should covet—nations strive for—
In the ages yet to be;
Prove the future home of people
Mightier than he deemed his own,
Nobler, for the fire and spirit
From the Northman by them drawn.
For the bold and daring Northman,
Restless as that restless flood,
Gave unto the slower Saxon
Quicker motion in the blood;
Which defeat should fire to conquest,
Once his banners were unfurled;
Gave him strength of mind and muscle,
For the mastery of the world.
And the old Norse fire yet liveth,
Glowing in our hearts to-day!
He has perished, but his spirit
Empire's roll through time shall sway!
TORONTO, Oct. 30, 1863.

CANADIAN CURRENCY.

AMONG the many political questions which deserve the attention of Canadians, and of their Legislature, is the currency question. There are none who have thought upon the subject who can for a moment believe that our currency is reliable, that the currency now circulating in Canada meets the wants and necessities of the people. Every business man knows that when he needs money the least, the Banks are willing to flood him with it, that when he wants it the most he may go to ruin before they will loan him a dollar, no matter how abundant may be his real estate, or how unquestioned his reliability, they will not accommodate him, unless they can be thoroughly satisfied that for their bills thus loaned they will not be obliged to pay the gold.

The reason our Banks are placed in so hazardous a position that they dare not lend their notes to good parties is because they are not properly secured, and because they have sold for a margin of profit, to be taken from Canada, the gold they should keep in their vaults to redeem those notes with. They have under their system placed themselves in the position of a man who owes a note, the money for which he has to pay on demand, but sold it and runs the risk of getting more to meet that demand.

For every dollar of gold in their vaults the Banks are allowed by law to lend three dollars of their notes. It is easy to see that when they have loaned their notes to the limit allowed by law, that when a sudden demand for gold arises they will soon be drained of gold, and, in Bank phraseology, go up like a kite, unless the government takes the responsibility of making their notes, for a limited time, legal tender; in other words, allow them to stop specie payments.

Such a system of loaning money, of allowing loaning institutions to loan their "promises to pay" to the extent of three times the amount of real money they possess, is unquestionably unsound, and must inevitably work injuriously for those Banks, their customers and the country.

The paid up capital of all our Banks in Canada, on the 31st of October, was \$25,113,156. That whole amount was paid up in gold, or what would bring the gold, on demand, at the same date they possessed in "Coin and Bullion" \$7,482,350, which shows us that they have already sold more than two-thirds of their "Coin and Bullion." At the same date they had \$11,288,880 of their bills, or "promises to pay," in circulation. We have also seen a statement showing that they were at the same time paying interest on over \$11,000,000 of deposits and also had \$11,000,000 on deposit on which they do not pay interest; it is a little difficult to show the exact position of the last amount, but the first one will have to be paid on demand, and the second on short no-

tice, the two amounting to over two-thirds more than all the "Coin and Bullion" or "real money" they have on hand to pay those amounts with.

It is not difficult to see that so long as the Banks are in that position they must be weak; that they are doing a risky business, and that it is no wonder they often refuse to loan money even to purchase grain or other produce with for shipment, for fear that their bills, or promises to pay, will come back to be redeemed in gold, before the gold received for the produce can be secured by them to pay their bills; this was particularly the case in the time of our last "commercial crisis," and even no longer ago than 1862 they were in that position from the drain of gold to the States, of which, as before stated, we bought 8,192,348 dollars more of their food and manufactures than we sold them; that immense drain of gold was also increased by the depreciation of the silver, which most men supposed was the leading cause of the demand, while the over importation from them was the main cause.

If the Banks had been drained of gold for silver, to the extent of \$1,000,000 a week, and the loss by the transaction had been five per cent. or \$50,000 each week, it would have taken six months to drain away \$1,250,000 of our gold. Our Banks would have sustained that loss of gold without particularly feeling it. But when the drain to pay for our over importation from the States amounted to \$8,000,000, and their average stock of gold was quite below that amount, the drafts of gold became so serious that all of them, except the Bank of Montreal, wished to stop specie payment—which really amounts to being unable to pay their debts on demand.

So long as the Banks have not one dollar to pay three with, while they are continually in dread of a call for

gold, the dependance to be placed upon them must be very unreliable, and the accommodation their customers may have been promised must necessarily be of a very uncertain character.

Under the existing system, the same difficulty will periodically occur, so long as our *imports* exceed our *exports*; and the larger the balance of trade against us, the greater will be the pressure on and danger of the Banks. We wish it particularly understood, that we consider our Banks perfectly good for their liabilities, under their present able management, if our imports are not allowed to continue to exceed our exports; and believe, if drained of gold, that the government of the day would make our Bank Notes a legal tender, and thus save those who may issue them from ruin. But such a system of giving one class of the community an extension of time for payment of their liabilities, and not all classes, is not at all equitable, and establishes the fact that our existing Canadian currency cannot be depended upon, and works injuriously for the interests of the country. It is evidently necessary that our Banks should adopt some other system if they do not want to be crushed under the heavy pressure rapidly coming upon them, as foreshadowed in our article on the "Coming Commercial Crisis." We do not blame the Bank managers for that weakness of our currency; it is simply the natural result of the unsound system in which they have been educated; and they are entitled to great credit for having managed to maintain the credit of our monied institutions under the difficulties that continually press upon them, while established on such a shaky foundation. But we, at the same time, cannot forget, that while our Banks have maintained their credit, to do so they have from time to time

ruined very many of their customers, have sacrificed their property, and utterly destroyed their prospects for the future.

We know of an instance of a Branch Bank in one of our towns, the Agent of which was ordered to sue a number of its customers; the Agent was aware that they were perfectly sound; that they could not collect, because there was no money, and nothing in the country to sell that would bring it; that if sued, they would be ruined, and doubtful if the Bank would thereby get its pay as soon, if ever. Against orders, he renewed their notes; he was taken to task for his doing so; he told the directors of the Bank that the parties were good—that they had paid the interest, and he had renewed their notes; and if they were not satisfied, they might take their “*old Bank.*” The directors wisely concluded to raise the Agent’s salary, and, in the end, only one or two small notes were lost.

If the Agent had been less wise and firm, the consequence to more or less of those customers would have been ruinous. The Bank we have plainly seen, however, cannot always wait; it must have money to meet its notes; and the Bank we refer to could not, at that time, had it not been for outside assistance.

Numberless cases could be cited to further demonstrate that, under the present system of banking, *no business man is safe*; and never can be safe, under the present system, so long as our imports exceed our exports—so long as the gold which should be retained in the vaults of our Banks is sold, in place of the products of our country, to pay the balance of trade against us.

BANK NOTES.

Our Bank notes are not money, they are only a currency, a medium of transfer or exchange, simply the

evidence of value deposited in a certain place, literally a kind of deed, for a certain kind of chattel. The Bank note has no intrinsic value in itself more than any other paper, the same sized piece may represent either one dollar or a thousand dollars, and no matter how long it remains out of the Bank it does not increase in value; it is worth no more at the end of twenty years than it was the day it was paid out of the Bank. If we were to allow the Banks to issue notes secured by their real estate to the amount of its cash value, and made those notes payable in twenty years, the Banks would be in a safe position and could use their gold to the amount of their notes thus secured for exchange purposes.

Those who use the notes would not be injured, and the gold could be used to increase the profits and wealth of the Banks. To be sure of this point, suppose a man to have a dollar bill and keep it in his purse for a year. the Bank only got three months interest on it, and had to keep the gold held as security for it in its vaults receiving no return, and the man who has held the note for nine months has received no advantage from it either.

Again a man has \$20 in gold, his neighbour goes to borrow it. The owner says I will lend you my notes payable on demand, which will answer you just as well and me much better. The borrower takes the notes, pays the interest, and disposes of them for the articles he may need, at the end of three months he pays the amount in gold, and the lender lends the amount of it in his notes again. Now he does not get any interest on the first \$20 of gold after the three months expires for which it was loaned until the notes which it secures are returned, which may be months or years, yet those notes go on circulating, and are just as good for a currency to buy and sell with as if they

were still bringing in interest for the maker, which it is evident they do not. If then we knew the amount of that currency annually floating in the country we would not be inconvenienced or injured if it was secured by real estate in place of gold, and made payable in gold in ten or twenty years.

As an illustration we will suppose a man loans counterfeit money, which has no security whatever, but is thought to be good. The borrower pays his debts or makes purchases with it, and it passes along for one or more years, and at the end finds its way back to the original lender in payment of loans he has made. It has during that time, for internal trade operations answered, as well as secured notes better than specie, and been no injury, but a benefit to the public. By it the produce of the country was sent to market, which we have repeatedly been unable to do with our present currency, from the Banks not daring to loan them for fear gold, which they had not, would be demanded from them before the produce could be shipped, through which alone the Bank could secure it.

A currency for any country, that cannot be depended on to move its produce to market, is not as valuable to the people as that which is not secured at all, if it could only be arranged to be all returned to the party who first loaned it, as in the case we have supposed. Very little thought is required to enable us to see that specie is only in demand to pay foreign indebtedness, and that if we export more than we import the exchange will be in our favour, and that then an increase of Bank notes or currency, and not gold, will be necessary to carry on the business of the country, which would assume more of the ready pay character.

Our present currency is in plenty when our exports exceed our imports—it is scarce when our imports ex-

ceed our exports. A sound and reliable currency should be uniform in its character—should be a STANDARD OF VALUE for the whole country, and the amount in circulation always be relatively the same in proportion to the business to be done. The internal business of a country should not and never need be crippled for want of a sufficient currency, as we hope to show.

THE REMEDY.

The monthly statements of our Canadian Banks, show that the average amount of Bank Notes, or *Canadian currency*, in circulation for the year, is about \$11,000,000; that the average amount of gold held in the Bank vaults to secure their notes or currency in circulation, is about \$7,500,000. It is thus seen that a floating currency to the amount of \$11,000,000 is required for carrying on the business of the country; and that the \$7,500,000 in gold held by the Banks, as security for their notes or currency in circulation, has not, neither could it be, legitimately used for any other purpose. The Banks do not have to redeem that \$11,000,000 of their notes or currency, as we have above shown, for it is always in circulation. Now if the payment of that \$11,000,000 could be reliably secured, and be made payable in gold at some future period of five, ten, or twenty years, no one could be injured thereby, except our importers, and they would not be injured unless they should import more goods into the country than the people raise produce for export, to pay for them with; and it is not rational to suppose that all the people of Canada should be injured to secure our importers from the ruinous consequences periodically resulting from their ignorance or cupidity, as has hitherto been the case, any more than that the people of a town or city should make good the

losses their merchants may sustain, through purchasing more goods than they can sell for pay.

As long as our exports will pay for our imports, no demand will arise for gold that would make it desirable or necessary to use any of that \$7,500,000 now in the Bank vaults. We can therefore safely take that \$7,500,000; and we propose that the people of Canada, through their Government, shall arrange to take that \$7,500,000 in gold, and by means of a Bank of Issue, furnish a Canadian currency, or Bank of Issue Notes, to the owners of that gold for the amount thereof, payable in gold at twenty years from date of delivery. That the Government shall take that gold, and pay off at once that much of our National debt, and deposit in the Bank of Issue, in gold, annually, from the receipts of gold from duties and sales of "timber limits," one twentieth part, or five per cent., of the amount of the notes which the Bank of Issue may have sold during each year, and that the Bank of Issue shall loan, on good security, such gold, on interest, at six per cent., payable in gold. That the existing Banks that may purchase those Bank of Issue Notes, shall have the refusal of that gold, to be returned at the end of twenty years, in gold, and the interest thereon to be annually applied to the payment of the interest on the *National debt*. The saving to the country, in interest alone, on the \$7,500,000, would, in twenty years, be \$6,000,000, after allowing over \$50,000 a year for the expenses of the Bank—printing, issuing the notes, and keeping the accounts.

We set a limit of twenty years for closing the account of each succeeding year, that at the end of that time the account for the first year, and thereafter for each succeeding year, may be balanced up, to ascertain the profit secured, through the Bank of Issue, to the country. All

the Notes shall be returned to the Bank of Issue at the termination of twenty years from the time they were issued, and all notes not presented for payment within five years thereafter, to be forfeited to the Bank of Issue, and then it can be ascertained how much has been saved to the country, by the losses of individuals, through fire, water, or otherwise, during that term of twenty years; the account to then be finally balanced, and the profits fully shown. It is probable that such losses as aforesaid would result in a large annual saving to the country, which is now absorbed by a few private corporations.

Those corporations who should concur in using the Bank of Issue Notes, would, however, make a large saving to balance those gains, for they would be at no expense in printing and issuing their notes.

All the profits of the Bank finally declared at the end of the first twenty-five years, and thereafter annually on each succeeding year's account, would be used to pay off that much of our National debt. Those Bank of Issue Notes, or *Canadian currency*, would freely circulate throughout the whole country. Every dollar would continually circulate during any time of even an utter scarcity of gold. They would pay all taxes for all labour, all debts within the country, and for all goods manufactured in Canada. But they would not pay for the work done in other countries, or for the products thereof. They would have to be paid for from the proceeds of the produce or manufactures of Canada that we might be able to export.

Our importers would then prefer to encourage and build up Canadian manufactures, for they would not dare, as now, to purchase from abroad more goods than we export products to pay for them, for they would have to pay a premium for gold to

meet their payment for them, and that premium would be in proportion to our over importations. So long as we imported no more than we exported, the gold would be at par with the notes. If the imports were in excess, and there was not gold in the country to pay for them, the scarcity of the gold would raise its price, just the same as when wheat is scarce, the price is raised, and its value increased.

It can thus be seen that these Bank of Issue Notes would become a fixed standard of value for Canada, and the gold be seen to be only a chattel, like wheat or any other article of commerce, and its value go up and down as its abundance or scarcity may cause a demand, similar to the way it does in India, China, and Japan, where it is not a currency any more than iron or lead is here; in Japan, one dollar in silver will buy as much tea as four dollars in gold.

The Government alone can give the necessary security for those Bank of Issue Notes. The country alone, and not private parties or corporations, are in any way entitled to the profits and advantages that may be secured to the country through the medium of such a Bank; and the people will expect the present Legislature to adopt the system, if sound for their benefit.

BANK OF ISSUE.

1st. That to provide a mere ample and suitable currency for Canada, a Bank of Issue be established, from which shall be issued notes suitable for a circulating medium or currency for Canada, guaranteed by the Government, and made payable in gold at the office of the Bank in twenty years from the date of issue.

NOTE.—All the notes thus issued would be secured by the whole wealth of the people of Canada.

2nd. That any Bank wishing to loan money, may purchase Bank of

Issue notes with gold. The name of the Bank purchasing them, and the date of issue, to be printed on them.

NOTE.—The books of those Banks purchasing the notes would be a check upon the officers of the Bank of Issue, and the date would show when they should be redeemed.

3rd. That any existing Bank may obtain twenty-five per cent. more notes than it pays in of gold, as a loan, without interest, provided it gives proper security to double its cash value for the notes thus loaned. That the gold will be paid for them at the end of twenty years, and such security to be annually valued, and if it should depreciate during any year, such Bank shall be required to give other security, or additions to the first, as may be best.

NOTE.—The Bank, if equitably entitled to it, to balance a *pro* advantage they may possibly relinquish, might be furnished to the extent of 20 or 40 per cent. more notes than the gold they pay in, upon furnishing the proper security.

4th. That the duties on all imports shall be paid in gold, and all dues for the sale of all timber on Government lands to be paid in gold.

NOTE.—The foreign goods we import have to be paid for with the gold we get for our exports, it is certainly as legitimate for our Government to have a portion of that gold as it is for a foreign people to have the whole of it. Our timber is sold to a foreign people for gold: it is equally equitable for those who get the gold for it to pay their "timber limit" dues in gold. Those are the ready and proper sources from which the necessary gold can be obtained for the system proposed.

5th. That the Government deposit, in said Bank of Issue, all its monies, and the Bank shall retain sufficient of its receipts of gold to annually pay one-fifth of the amount of notes it may sell in each year, for a sinking fund, out of which it will pay those notes at the end of twenty years from the date on which they were sold, and the amount thus set apart every year to be loaned by the Bank of Issue, and the interest therefrom to be annually applied to the payment of the interest on our existing National debt.

NOTE.—The \$7,500,000 in gold now in the Banks would, at six per cent., after allowing over \$50,000 a year for the expenses of the

Bank of Issue, save in interest, in twenty years, \$6,000,000 in gold, which is now being paid out to the money lenders in England.

The lost and destroyed notes would add considerably to the amount, and as our circulation annually expands, the profits and advantages from the Bank of Issue would increase.

6th. That the gold received by the Bank of Issue for its notes be immediately placed to the credit of the Government to pay off, to that extent, our existing National debt.

7th. That the existing Banks shall have the refusal of the use on interest upon proper security of the annual instalments in gold paid into the Bank of Issue. The interest to be annually paid in gold, and the principal, at the date it will be required, to pay the Bank of Issue notes for which it was deposited.

8th. That if the existing Banks refuse to purchase with gold the Bank of Issue notes, the Bank of Issue may then sell its notes to any other purchasers, at any rate of discount not exceeding twenty-five per cent.

NOTE.—If the existing Banks should refuse to purchase Bank of Issue notes, those who now have deposits in them would find it advantageous to draw out their deposits in gold—which they can do—therewith purchase Bank of Issue notes, buy produce with them, sell the produce to foreigners for gold, and with that gold purchase afresh. The margin for, and continual doubling of profit, would soon induce those who now have \$22,000,000 on deposit in the Banks, to relieve the Banks of the \$7,500,000 in "coin and bullion" in their vaults. We think, however, that the Banks will see that by the system proposed, or with slight modification in it, they will be able to do as remunerative a business, with vastly less risk to themselves and their customers, than they have hitherto. If the notes were sold at 25 per cent. discount, it will be recollected that to spread the amount over twenty years, would make it comparatively light.

9th. That if the existing Banks, or any of them, desire it, the Bank of Issue shall sell them its notes for the whole or any part of the Government securities which they hold, and therefor the Government shall annually deposit, or allow the Bank of Issue to retain of its deposits of gold, one-fifth of the amount of those securities, the same as it does for the gold it receives from the Bank of Issue.

NOTE.—It will be seen that we have made provision for a circulation of about \$11,000,000 of Bank of Issue notes, an amount similar to that in circulation out of the Banks. If an addition is required to stand against the amount on deposit, and not on interest, and the Banks cannot spare gold to increase it, let them sell the securities they hold against the Government for more Bank of Issue notes. The amount of those securities is about \$4,500,000. Again, if the Banks should refuse to purchase Bank of Issue notes, or it should be necessary to increase our circulating currency, the Government could be empowered to sell debentures to the Bank of Issue for notes to pay its current expenses. The debentures to be paid in the same way as provided for, for the gold purchased of the Banks, and for a further issue for National works, as set forth in another article in this number.

It will be observed in the above plan suggested for a Bank of Issue, that it will have no connection with the Government more than the Bank that now receives its deposits and pays its drafts, and can therefore wield no political influence whatever, neither can its funds be used in any way for the benefit of party interests.

We ask for the proposition a careful and thoughtful consideration; if any alteration can be made to improve it, or a better be devised, that will secure us a safe and more ample currency, we will give it our cordial support.

We ask those readers not accustomed to think upon this question, to read it more than once, or even twice if they wish, to thoroughly understand the question.

NOTE.—After the above matter was all in type, we, by mere accident, observed in an article in "Blackwood" for August, 1865, page 203, upon "Indian Prosperity," that the Government of India possess what is called a "second reserve" fund, which is stated as follows:—"The second reserve at the disposal of the Government, is the money which it receives for the exchange of Government notes, which constitute the only legal paper currency. This money also must be employed in the reduction of the debt, for the Government is bound to invest it in Government stock; but the amount is not great—being, as at present fixed, only four millions sterling, of which one million has already been made use of."

Although we were entirely ignorant of the facts above set forth when we arranged the system we have proposed, it is an opportune proof of the value of the suggestions we have devised. We have given every word in reference to it in the article from which we quote. But we have by the quotation shown that, in India, Government sells its notes, which are the only legal paper currency in that land, and that the gold received for them, with interest and principal is set apart to pay their

National debt. There is no provision made, it will be seen, for the redemption of those Government notes, as in our system. Neither is it really necessary under the system upon which they are issued, which appears to be merely for the convenience of having paper money.

There would be no necessity for us to make provision for the payment of at least ten millions of those notes at the end of any time, if they were issued for the same purpose they evidently are in India. We have suggested a different system, that through it we can construct great National works by which the country may be opened up, and its National resources developed; and while satisfied that all proper expenditure for these purposes will be a healthy one for the country, by making the outlay depend upon our ability to return a certain percentage into the Government treasury, to meet the payments to the sinking fund, it would not be too rapidly expended, or our currency in any way inflated, to the injury of the interests of any class of the country.

To fully show an example that gold is not necessary for the internal trade or commercial operations of a country, we have, as a prominent example, the prosperity of Scotland under a paper currency.

The Scotch established a system of banking, by which landholders could place their property in security for a banking capital, upon the credit of which they issued notes, which were loaned to manufacturers. Those manufacturers used them to pay for the raw material of their country, and for labour. The products of their factories and mines were principally sent to England, and sold there for English gold, under Sir Robert Peel's bill of 1819, which required specie payments. It can readily be seen that under such a system those Banks soon had considerable accumulations of gold for emergencies, and to traffic with, while there was very little fear of a drain upon them for gold.

Under that cheap paper currency system, the manufacture of cotton in Scotland increased from 55,000 bales in 1825, to 120,000 in 1850 (which for that early day was an immense increase), and her product of iron from 35,500 tons in 1826, to 250,000 tons in 1840; and her Banking capital advanced in the same time from £4,900,000 to £10,000,000.

Those statistics were furnished in "Blackwood," for December, 1844,

in which the writer highly eulogized the Scotch system—a system which can readily be seen led to the draining the gold from England to accumulate in Scotland.

There was, if we recollect aright, another peculiarity in that Scotch system of Banking, by which a landed proprietor, by depositing his title deeds, could borrow money on his own notes without an endorser, which afforded a ready and safe facility for raising funds for manufacturing, which it was not absolutely necessary to pay up every three months, while for the products of his manufacture, he returned gold to the Bank. The paper currency thus floated gave such entire satisfaction, that it is still almost exclusively used in Scotland in place of specie.

Those Scotch Banks were not obliged by law to hold any gold to redeem their notes with, till 1845 or '46, when, through suggestions of Thomas Jenkins, Esq., of Middleton, Canada West, Sir Robert Peel felt it right to introduce a bill that made it necessary for them to hold ten per cent. of their capital and ten per cent. of their deposits in gold.

The same gentleman petitioned the Upper Canada Legislature for a single Bank of Issue; and again, after the Union, to Lord Sydenham, and again to Sir Edmund Head in 1860, which, for reasons aside from the general merits of his plan, were not acted upon. It was from his system, as furnished to Lord Sydenham, that the Safety Fund Banks of the State of New York were devised, and from that system again that Mr. Chase, of the Washington Government, devised his legal tender notes. It was from a conversation with the same gentleman, some ten years ago, that we got our first ideas of a Bank of Issue for Canada. His plan was printed in the "Patriot" Nov. 2nd, 1859, which we may be able to insert in a future number. Ours, how-

ever—except in the leading idea of *one* Bank of Issue for the Province—is almost altogether different from his.

We further state here, as a matter of interest, and not connected with the subject in hand, that the same gentleman was the author of our present municipal system. That he petitioned for it. If we recollect aright, the Hon. George Moffat presented the petition, when Sir Allan McNab was speaker. It was put into legal shape by Attorney-General Baldwin. The only alterations of any consequence were reducing the number of the councillors from seven

to five, and naming their chairman Reeve in place of Warden. Consequently neither Baldwin or Hincks are entitled to the credit so continually accorded to them as *its originators*.

To return to the subject of cheap money, we only need further to say that the history of a paper currency in Scotland, and the prosperity secured thereby, is an index to what might be our prosperity, with a proper paper currency, and we think the one we have set forth is, for our particular case, one that would fully secure that prosperity we all desire.

MAKE MONEY CHEAP.

BARON ROTHSCHILD once said before a committee of the British House of Commons, "make money cheap and you will have the commerce of the world, make it dear and you will lose it."

The remarkable increase of wealth and prosperity in Britain and in the United States, during the past few years, have been caused by the immense production of gold during that time. Gold by common consent has become the currency of Europe and America, especially of Britain, her Colonies, and the United States. The addition, made through the increased production of gold, to the currency of these countries has been the cause which originated and prospered those vast and diverse enterprises that have secured for these countries more material progress, during the past fif-

teen years, than in any previous fifty years. We know that so far as Britain is concerned, her prosperity has all been, by Free Traders, ascribed to the adoption of their principles. The protectionist can reply with truth, that the United States have increased much more rapidly than Britain, during the same period, under a continually increasing tariff. If the Free Trade has been good, the Protection has been better. The Protection has given a home and employment to its own people, and all that could come. Free Trade, to *supposedly* benefit Britain's manufacturers, has driven a wonderful proportion of its people, of its agriculturists in particular, thousands of miles to a protectionist country, to raise food on farms, no better, if as good, where they get rich in raising and sending food to their

brothers that they have left behind, starving amid all the blessings of Free Trade. Those thus expatriated cannot even be induced to stop or tarry in our semi-protectionist country, but press by, or through, our territory to that fully protected country, and get rich there. It is clear, from those facts, that it was neither *free trade* or *protection* that has so wonderfully hastened the mighty progress of the present era, for we find that two distinct people of the same blood, under exactly opposite principles and systems, have equally made wonderful progress, the protectionists being entirely ahead.

We thus show it is perfectly safe and correct to conclude that we are indebted to the increased production of gold, and to the immense addition through that gold, to the currency of the countries referred to for the rapid increase, prosperity and advancement to material greatness, accomplished during the last fifteen years. And that the first great obstacle in the way of the progress of nations—of Anglo-Saxon blood at least—is the want of an ample currency; consequently there is no question of more importance to a young country like Canada than the necessity of procuring or supplying a sufficient currency.

It has hitherto been found necessary, and has always been considered advantageous, to borrow all the currency that foreigners would lend us, at even eight and ten per cent. interest, with which to make improvements in Canada. If it will pay to borrow of foreigners, it will pay to borrow of ourselves, for the interest will be kept in the country.

If it will do to pay the interest and principal of such loans, it certainly will be advantageous to us if we can, by pledging our credit, secure all the money we want for National purposes, and on the amount only have to pay one cent on the dollar annually, for

twenty years, to cancel principal and interest in full.

To accomplish this end it is only necessary to establish a Bank of Issue, as fully set forth in our article on Canadian Currency, and that government sell debentures to the Bank of Issue for its notes. The debentures to be paid by annual instalments of one-fifth, as provided for in the system proposed. The interest on those payments could annually be paid back by the Bank of Issue to the government. If those deposits can be loaned on interest at six per cent., the whole amount that government would have to actually pay in the whole twenty years would only be twenty cents on each dollar expended, while the collateral advantages—the increased revenue—to the country thereby would vastly overbalance that twenty cents on the dollar, and we would have the improvements in reality for nothing, and something to the good.

The question that will naturally arise in the minds of thinking men—how would the issue of five, ten or twenty millions of dollars of Bank of Issue notes effect their value?

We are satisfied that, if gradually expended in developing the unproductive natural advantages or wealth of the country, in settling our lands, and in improving our communications with other countries, that there would be no more thus put in circulation than the country really requires. It would not cause a greater addition to our floating currency, in proportion to population, than is continually necessary to secure its prosperity. It would greatly increase emigration to Canada, in place of forcing, from its present scarcity, our people to seek for employment in a land where they have an ample currency. The emigrant goes where there is work; he settles down in the land where it is sure; and he emigrates from the land which does not give work, and does not have sufficient currency to pay for what he does. If wages should possibly increase, through depreciation of that currency, from overabundance, it would bring more emi-

grants to the country, as it now leads them to the States. Taking the Northern States as an example: if we should expend in the course of five years, say \$21,000,000, in the way we have suggested, it would not reduce the value of our currency.

Our reason for thinking so, is that when the Northern States had expended, if we remember aright, \$350,000,000, or thereabouts, of legal tender notes, they only depreciated sixty per cent., which left their dollar, as compared with gold, worth only 62½ cents. Now if we divide that \$350,000,000 by 20,000,000, the full number of inhabitants in those States, it would be \$175 a head. In Canada, with a population of 3,000,000, and an expenditure of \$21,000,000, the debt would be only \$7 a-head. Then if we put the rate of discount in proportion to the liability or debt of each individual in the United States and in Canada, it would be only two and four-tenths of a cent on the dollar in Canada, against sixty cents on the dollar in the States. We have based the calculation upon the value of those legal tender notes, when at their lowest depreciation. Then we must take into consideration, that those American notes were not made redeemable in gold, while our Bank of Issue notes would be. Our notes would be expended to increase our National wealth—while those of the United States were all expended in destroying National wealth. Therefore it is not likely that, on an expenditure of the amount stated, there would be any depreciation.

It will be worth while to take into consideration what amount of those Bank of Issue notes could or would be continually kept in circulation, as a necessary and healthy proportion for our population.

We have shown, in another article in this number, that there is, on the average, \$11,000,000 now floating in exactly the same way those Bank of Issue notes would; and every one knows that there is not near enough of them in circulation to secure the necessary exchange of the produce and manufactures of the country. But there is a further sum of about \$11,000,000 deposited in the Banks, which do not draw interest. It is evident that more or less, if not the greater portion, of that \$11,000,000, may be considered to belong to the

floating currency, for it cannot matter whether that money is in the owner's pocket or in the Bank, only in so far as the Bank, from the averages, lends a portion of it on interest. At all events, we can safely say that our floating currency may be estimated at \$15,000,000. If we were to add \$4,000,000 annually to our currency by Bank of Issue notes, in developing the wealth of the country, it would not be more than a healthy addition to its currency.

Suppose we were to annually export \$4,000,000 more than we import, the balance in our favour would be an addition of that amount to the currency, that would be readily all employed in making improvements, and in developing the wealth of the country. That amount would only be one and one-third dollars per head of the population, which is an amount that it is absolutely necessary, should be annually added to our currency. The currency of Britain is estimated by English writers at \$600,000,000; we should at the same ratio have \$60,000,000 in Canada. It can be seen that between that \$60,000,000 and what we possess, there is a wide margin to fill up.

The gold annually dug from the mines of California, is a yearly addition of that amount, or the greater portion of it, to the currency of the United States, and in proportion to population, is much more than we would make by adding annually \$4,000,000 of notes to ours.

The gold for home trade, for all the internal commerce of the country, is of no more value than a sound paper currency. Gold is necessary, and only necessary for carrying on trade with foreign countries. Then, as we have not gold, and require a much greater amount of currency for our internal commerce, let us add \$4,000,000 or more, annually to our present currency, that cannot be carried out of the country to enrich foreign lands; and while adding that amount of currency, immensely increase the productive capabilities of our land, and lay a foundation for the present and future prosperity, so much desired by every well-wisher of the country. The currency that we may secure through the Bank of Issue, elsewhere suggested, to accomplish the purposes we have set forth, would require Government to provide \$50,000 annu-

ally—less the accruing interest—for every \$1,000,000 of such currency thus expended for improvements. By expending the money in opening up those sections of country that will increase the production of timber, and secure the sale of our lands, they would produce an extra revenue which would more than meet the amount of deposit annually required.

By expending those monies judiciously, both in respect to localities and time, a new era and carrier of prosperity would be inaugurated, that would soon link us with the Red River, Saskatchewan, and Great West; would make Canada and the St. Lawrence the grand highway of the mighty valleys of the great lakes.

NATIONAL WORKS.

We have, in another article, given a plan by which several millions of dollars of necessary funds for immediate relief may be secured, and will here further add, that by that plan our public lands might be fully intersected by good roads as follows: A million of dollars expended on such roads would open up for immediate settlement unoccupied lands that would at once begin to yield returns to meet the amount expended. For instance a million of dollars would be advanced in Bank of Issue Notes, to be paid by the government in instalments; the annual payments to cancel it would only be \$50,000 a year for twenty years, while if borrowed on the existing system it would be \$60,000 for interest alone, with the principal to pay thereafter. Another advantage by the system proposed is, that those instalments of \$50,000 a year would annually draw interest to be returned to government, which in the twenty years would save to the country over \$800,000, and the whole outlay by government would not be over \$200,000 on an expenditure of \$1,000,000. Further, the amount of currency thus issued would become a permanent addition to the currency of the country, just as much as if we borrowed a million of gold, for which we should only have \$200,000 to pay, and which would be vastly more than made up to the country by the increased property from the additional land culti-

ated. That may seem strange, but we are certain that so long as those notes are only expended in making those improvements, which would immediately through increased production, increase the revenue, the country, will thereby yield sufficient returns to pay the \$50,000 annually, and it would not cause any undue expansion of the currency, but a healthy expansion, and just what the country requires to secure its prosperity.

We would suggest at once to commence a great military road—Macadamized or gravel—down the St. Lawrence, on the route of the projected Intercolonial Railroad, but as near as possible to the River, and sufficient roads leading back from it to the best sections of land. We would give every other lot along the military road to actual settlers, and sell the remainder at fifty cents an acre to the same; and we would give for actual settlement, the same way, the lands in rear of the road.

Then there is the Ottawa Canal, so much needed to open up the valley of the Ottawa, and to increase the production of timber, which otherwise must soon fall off. And beyond that again, we would open up a military road along the north shore of Lake Huron, to reach the Canadian route from Lake Superior to the Red River, over the best tract for a railway, along which we would give away the land as cited for the St. Lawrence road; and on both we would grant them, under a proper homestead law. Beyond Lake Superior, we should connect with the Red River people. Besides those leading roads, numerous short and good waggon roads,

through rough sections, to the choice lands beyond.

It may not be generally known to our western readers, that there is a railway chartered from Brockville to Pembroke, which is a point on the Ottawa, one hundred miles above Ottawa City. The road is in running operation for about fifty miles, to Almonte, on the Mississippi River; from there to Sand Point, on the Ottawa, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles further, it is principally graded. From Sand Point to Pembroke, it is about forty miles more; almost the whole way through a fine level country, and they are now making exertions to complete it. It can be seen that a great stride has already been made towards a railway along the North Shore.

We would extend the Port Hope and Lindsay Railway to connect with that North Shore road; and we believe there is sufficient data to show that a railway can be constructed from Guelph, on the Grand Trunk, to Owen Sound, then up its Peninsula, and directly across the Great Manotoulin Island, to join the North Shore road beyond. Between the Peninsula and the Manotoulin, there is about six miles of water, but is scarcely ever frozen over so as to prevent connection by water all the year.

The route from Lake Superior to Red River should at once be opened up by a good wagon road, then the water connection to be followed by a railway. Through all these railways and canals, built with such Government funds, we would charge one or two cents a foot on timber, and a corresponding rate on all lumber passing over them for export, to be paid in gold, for the sinking fund referred to elsewhere. The amount of timber that would be brought to market by the facilities thus afforded, would be immense; labour would be wanted, emigration would follow, a reliable market for the products of our farmers would be secured, with prosperity on every hand.

The increase in the revenue from the increased production of lumber and sale of "timber limits" would furnish the necessary funds to meet the annual instalments, and those immense tracts of country, at the head waters of the Ottawa and its tributaries, now a comparative wilderness, would be

settled with incredible rapidity.—We are satisfied that there is no part of Canada, at the present time, where, in a national point of view, improvements are more necessary than in the section referred to, and that canal in particular. We fully concur in the importance of railroad connection with the lower Provinces; but were a good leading Macadamized or Gravel road first run, or built on or near the line of such railroad, as near to the St. Lawrence as possible, from similar funds as proposed for the canal. The improvement in the fisheries and lumbering interests would make it a safe investment for the country, and by giving away every other lot of land, and thus securing its settlement, several advantages would accrue. The land now worthless would be made valuable,—valuable mines likely to be discovered,—the Railroad would thereby be built fully as much cheaper by there being good roads as the wagon road would cost; such a road is needed for military purposes, and the freight that the settlement of such an immense stretch of territory would give a remuneration when the railroad is finished, and the rapid increase in the material wealth of the country would more than secure ample funds to pay the annual instalments to redeem those Bank of Issue notes.

The money for all wagon roads and canals should be expended under contract. That for railroads must be done on a different system. We suggest that the Brockville and Ottawa Railway to Pembroke, the Port Hope and Lindsay and the Great Western, Grand Trunk or Buffalo and Lake Huron Railways be furnished with Bank of Issue notes, to enable the first mentioned road to finish and extend the road to Pembroke, and thence west along the North Shore of Lake Huron, towards the Red River. The Port Hope and Lindsay, to be extended so as to fully connect with the North Shore road, and any of the latter roads that may choose to run a road to and up the Owen Sound peninsula, also to connect, in time, across the Manotoulin with the North Shore road. It might also pay to run a road back from Belleville through that mining region, and those immense timber reserves beyond them, to intersect the North Shore road. It would be a

benefit to the country to furnish those roads with Bank of Issue currency at three per cent. per annum in gold for 16 or 25 years, to cover principal and interest in full, when they would be free from the debt without any further payment. The government would pay the other two per cent. to meet the one-fifth annually, for the future redemption of the notes.

The Intercolonial might be built by the Grand Trunk in the same way, the three per cent. to be a first claim upon the roads.

The revenue from the Royalty, or two cents per foot on timber, passing over those roads would go a long way to meet the government two per cent., and the

sale of lands and increase of business in every way would make it advantageous to the whole country.

If three per cent. or \$30,000 on every \$1,000,000 was paid in every year, the amount, and the accruing interest, would in less than sixteen years amount to the \$1,000,000. If two per cent. or \$20,000 a year, it would amount to \$1,000,000 in less than twenty-five years. The government would then have the amount advanced. But it would be no more than equitable for those corporations to pay that per centage, for double the period, and the country thereby secure a profit on their credit loaned to the amount of another \$1,000,000.

CANADIAN REVENUE.

It is well known that the present Minister of Finance is an out and out Free Trader, who during the last session, declared that "he believed the Free Trade policy of England to be the best for this or any other country," the Premier is a strong Protectionist, but he depends upon the supposed greater financial abilities of his Minister of Finance, to secure sufficient revenue to meet the current expenses of the government, and the interest on our national debt. It has been widely foreshadowed that to secure sufficient revenue the Minister of Finance contemplates reducing the Canadian Tariff, that thereby through vastly increased importations, increase of revenue may be secured.

Under certain circumstances the idea of the Minister of Finance might be sufficiently sound to secure the desired result. If our exports

were largely over our imports, and the gold to pay for foreign goods rapidly accumulating in the country the lower tariff would certainly secure an increased importation, but whether the increase would be sufficient to secure the financial results expected therefrom would be questionable. We have, however, sufficient data to clearly show that this scheme of the Minister of Finance for raising revenue cannot possibly be successful at the present time. We have already during the last three years imported at least \$30,000,000 more goods than the country has been able to export, products to pay for them, therefore the prospects for an increase of importations must be very slender, for if we have fell rapidly so far behind in ability to pay either the principal or interest upon what we have purchased, how is it possible for us to pay for the heavy increased purchase expected under a lower tariff. The present difficulty of collecting the money for the goods which have been sold in the past three years,

and the financial pressure already beginning to be felt, as set forth in our article on the "Coming Commercial Crisis," are sufficient to show that it must be very doubtful if more revenue will be secured under a lower tariff, while the increased or even present continued amount of imports is so entirely beyond the ability of the country to pay for, that the Minister of Finance and every member of our Legislature should strive to discourage those over-importations in the future, in place of encouraging them. They should exert themselves to encourage and extend the industry of our own country; and thereby retain gold in the land, in place of solely devoting their attention to encouraging the industry of other lands, and shipping to them all the gold it is possible for us to procure for our products, to be borrowed from them again at high rates of interest upon the security of our lands and houses—a steeper pathway to poverty cannot well be conceived. The result of our over-importations, as predicted some time ago, in a speech of Isaac Buchanan, M. P. P., is that immense portions of the country are under mortgage to our wholesale merchants and foreigners; it is even now said that in one of our oldest counties there is no more land to mortgage, a few are wealthy and do not need to mortgage, but that nearly all the rest is in the hands of the money lenders. There can be no difficulty in seeing that a scheme for raising revenue to pay the interest on our national debt, that will involve the country in a vastly increased commercial debt cannot be sound or wise legislation; that it must soon bring widespread ruin upon the land like that of our last "Commercial Crisis." Again, if the low tariff now in existence has already caused the country to be flooded by our importers with \$10,000,000 a year more of foreign goods than the people have earned to

pay for them—as shown in our article on "the Coming Commercial Crisis;" how can the country be benefitted by extending the provision which enables the importers to increase that flood of foreign goods, which restricts manufacturing in Canada, restricts every class of industry in the country and drains it of every dollar in gold. If we were called upon to promptly pay our commercial debt now due, there is not gold, silver and copper enough in Canada to pay the amount we have thus incurred during the last three years alone, it is even doubtful if there is half enough. There are those who have not investigated the causes that produce a scarcity of money, who, to remedy it, would by high rates of interest induce the investment of foreign capital in the way of loans. That system as we have shown, in regard to a certain county has about reached its limit over a large extent of country, while the idea of a country borrowing foreign gold at high rates of interest, to pay for foreign goods, is one so amazingly foolish and insane that any person can see the end must be overwhelmingly disastrous. We quote from the history of the United States to show that this thoughtless method of getting rich, by importing gold at great expense, to be borrowed by the people upon the security of their property, to pay for foreign goods, is not a new or profitable experiment in the history of nations, also to further show that the gold thus imported, whenever the balance of trade is against us, is immediately re-shipped to the parties who exported it to us, we paying freight both ways, and interest thereon for indefinite years thereafter, in fact until the balance of trade shall be in our favour.

"The Bank of the United States commenced the importation of specie in 1817, and introduced into the country

\$7,311,350, at an expense of over half a million of dollars. As *fast* as this specie arrived, it was *re-shipped* to Europe, to pay the balance against the United States."

Again—"The historian says, of the period embraced between 1817 and 1824, that the manufacturers were 'less prosperous' than they were during the war, and that 'vigorous efforts were made to induce Congress to increase the duties on certain articles extensively imported. A strong opposition, however, to an increase of the duties on foreign goods, has appeared, particularly in the South, on the ground that, to foster manufactures beyond their existing tariff, must be at the expense of commerce, revenue, and general prosperity. What will be the issue of the above efforts, time only will disclose."

Time has "disclosed" the "issue." The Northern States succeeded in raising the tariff in 1824; and from that date their rapid prosperity commenced. It flagged during two or three short periods, in which their tariff was reduced, to again revive and extend beyond all example, whenever it was raised.

Therefrom we should learn that if we would prosper, we must follow

their example, that thereby we would, as they have, secure increased emigration, and employment to those who wish to settle in Canada. Our necessary imports from Great Britain and other countries would, in time, count by hundreds of millions, in place of by tens of millions, as it now does, and produce ample revenue for all legitimate purposes.

The system proposed by our Minister of Finance is very much like a man who had become so deeply involved in debts that he could not even find the means to pay the interest on them, should, as the financier of his household, inform his family that he had conceived a plan of escape from his difficulties; this was for them to purchase all the goods they chose on his credit, upon condition of their paying him a per centage on the amount, therewith to supply his depleted exchequer. We hope such a scheme will not be persisted in by the Finance Minister of Canada, and that he has never seriously entertained the idea.

THE DYING CHILD.

Mother! they tell me I must die,
And leave thee here alone;
Must go beyond the dark blue sky,
And stand before God's throne.

Yet donot weep when I am gone,
For Oh! I long to dwell—
In heaven, with that angelic throng,
Whose joys no tongue can tell.

Mother! an Angel waits each night,
Till life's frail thread is riven,
To guide my spirit in its flight,
Away from earth to Heaven.

And her bright golden tinted wings,
Casts a soft mellow light,
Around me, mother! and she sings
Of Heaven, through all the night,

Then watch and pray, and mourn no more.
For mother we shall meet.
When earth's dark pilgrimage is o'er
And rest at Jesus' feet.

Oakville, C. W.

J. A. W.

MY DARLING BOY.

MAY Angels poise on gentle wing
To bear the burden of thy sigh,
Joy to thy sorrowing spirit bring,
And guide thee to a cloudless sky.

May gentle whispers greet thine ear
In language pure and yet sublime,
The hand of love erase each tear
Along the weeping path of time.

O, be thy final rest above
Amid the scenes of living bliss;
Thy passports to that land of love
The impress of an Angel's kiss.

And there where songs of sweetest sound
Enrapture each immortal ear,
Where true and living bliss is found,
And there exists no sorrowing tear—
There be thy home, thy changeless rest,
The tearless mansions of the blest.

AZKLE.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

From the Constitutional.

Changed in this spot since that dread time
When hostile hosts in grim array
At noon-tide in fury met
And worked out Death's sad holiday.

The sleet fell fast, the wintry gale,
Swept down the heights in angry flood ;
Yet shall the coming day bring forth
An angrier storm of human blood.

Yes, these white steeps now covered o'er
With icy crust, shall change their hue ;
The pelting sleet will soon be joined,
With iron hail that swifter flew.

The sentry walks his cheerless round,
And waits relief—but does not know
His place will be relieved by death !
He's at his post—may we be so.

What sounds are these, what fearful din,
That o'er the raging storm is heard ?
What can this mean—these sounds that surge,
The angry billows tempest stirred.

Brave men, to arms ! Your hearths and homes
Are sacred themes to nerve your might,
Shall hostile foot pollute your land,
And fill those homes with dire affright ?

You need no goad to spur you on ;
At Agincourt and Cressy too,
The same red blood that fills your veins
Can show how men can die or do.

Thus it descends from sire to son,
As heritage. Your fathers' arms
Are wielded by no craven hands ;
Your souls can feel no false alarm.

You nobly fought—a mightier strength !
Was given to each lion heart
When Brock was killed—a father's death
Could not a sterner zeal impart,

Like grass before the tempered scythe—
Like Autumn leaves before the blast—
They surge, they turn, they break they
run ;
The scarlet coats have won at last.

Downward they fly, o'er rugged heights ;
In terror in that mighty tide

They wildly plunge. The Indian's whoop
Is heard and tells how they have died.

'Tis well ! This baptism of blood
Befits a young and growing land ;
Cemented by that sanguine stream,
Prometheus-like we boldly stand.

These peaceful fields—this placid stream,
To-day presents another sight ;
The sun has shed its golden rays—
The happy scene is bathed in light

The heroes of the past are here,
And side by side in gallant file
Are those who saved their country then
And those that only wait a trial.

That noble heart, the Man of Kars—
A fitting place for him to stand—
Has graced the spot where British blood
Was shed to save our forest land.

Long may he live! May peaceful arts
In place of war our country bless ;
And stalwart hands still till the ground,
In plenty love and happiness.

ANGRY WORDS.

BY JAMES MIDDLETON.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour,
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power ;
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
No'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words, O, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip ;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

IMPORTANT TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

From the Scientific American.

We respectfully but very earnestly call the attention of our readers to the statements below. It will be seen that it is proved by a very extensive collection of facts, that children learn more when they study three hours a day than they do when they study six. We have long been convinced of this from our own experience and observation, and we believe that no more momentous truth can be disseminated among the community.

When a child comes in fresh from his play, with the blood bounding through his veins, his brain is full of life and vigor, his ideas are all clear, and he can learn more in fifteen minutes than he can in two hours after his brain is fatigued, and his whole system has become languid by confinement at his desk.

From pretty extensive inquiry we are satisfied that the present murderous system of long confinement in school is continued by a want of frankness between parents and teachers. Nearly all the parents are opposed to the practice, but it is kept up by the teachers under the mistaken idea that they will give dissatisfaction by reducing the hours of their own labor.

Not only should the gross amount of study be greatly diminished, but recesses should be more frequent.—Thirty minutes is quite long enough for any young child to study, and one hour for a child of any age. The human brain is not like a steam engine, that the longer you run it the more work you get out of it.—What the brain can do depends wholly upon its condition. Any person can accomplish more mental

labor in one hour, when the brain is in a healthy and active state, than he can perform in a month when the brain is tired and exhausted.

Among the Parliamentary papers recently issued in England, are two small volumes containing some information collected by Mr. Edwin Chadwick during the recent education enquiry. Mr. Chadwick shows, in these papers, that the present practice of long hours of teaching is a wide cause of enervation and predisposition to disease, and induces also habits of listlessness and dawdling. The half-time system is found to give nearly, if not quite, as good education as the whole time; and common sense tells us that a boy who has acquired the same amount of knowledge in half the time of another boy, must have obtained a proportionately superior habit of mental activity. It is this alertness, combined with the bodily aptitudes created by drill, that gives the comparatively stunted boys of the town a preference over the strong robust lads from the coast.—Good school-masters say that about three hours a day are as long as a bright, voluntary attention on the part of children can be secured, and that in that period they may really be taught as much as they can receive; all beyond the profitable limit is waste. Hence it is urged that part of the present long school hours be devoted to gymnastic exercises or drill, as part of the system of education, or that the half-time system be more adopted. It is a frequent complaint by runaway apprentices and vagrant children that the work to

which they were first put was really very painful to them; but children, while at school, might be gradually introduced and accustomed to labor and exertion. Early physical training would remove or diminish congenital defects or bodily weakness.—It is estimated that an addition of at least a fifth might be made to the efficiency and value of a boy as a laborer in after life—an addition equivalent, in the mass, to the produce of the labor of one-fifth more of population, without the expense of additional food, clothes, or shelter, to maintain them. Drill is very strongly recommended by many eminent men, who give their testimony in these papers. It improves the health, the carriage, the manners, even the character; sharpens the attention, gives habits of obedience, promptness, regularity and self-restraint.

Sir F. B. Head, writes :—

‘No animal, whether on four legs or two, can be of any use in the workshop of man until he has been sufficiently divested of that portion of his natural inheritance called a ‘will of his own.’ What’s the use of a cow if she won’t allow either man or maid to milk her?—what’s the use of a horse if he won’t put his head into a collar, or suffer a saddle on his back? A system of military drill in our schools would prove so beneficial that, if once adopted, an undrilled young man, like a raw, unbroken horse, would be considered unserviceable.’

‘I should consider a youth of double value,’ says Mr. Whitworth, ‘who has had the training of the nature of a drill; he attends to commands, he keeps everything he has to

do with in a high state of cleanliness, defects are corrected, and special qualifications brought out.’

‘We find the drilled men very superior,’ says Mr. Fairbairn. ‘They are constantly in readiness for the protection of the country,’ writes Lieutenant-General Shaw Kennedy. ‘I would not,’ said an eminent manufacturer, ‘take less than £7,000 for my whole set of workmen in exchange for the uneducated, ill-trained, and ill-conditioned workmen of the manufacturer opposite. The steadiness of the educated men induces steadiness of work, and comparative certainty in the quality and quantity of the produce.’ ‘Why do you bespeak children from the infant school in preference to others?’ an operative was asked: ‘Because they require less beating, and they are sooner taught,’ was the expressive answer. It is maintained in the papers, that much more might be made of the existing means of education by a system of union and consolidation and graduation of schools, and a division of educational labor; and with improvements of this nature, and contemplating the striking results of education in the district half-time industrial schools for paupers—schools which are emancipating children from hereditary pauperism and crime by methods of training which might be so much more widely adopted—‘men like us, past the middle period of life,’ writes Mr. Chadwick, ‘might expect to see in a few years a change in the whole moral and intellectual condition of the population, as great as any change produced by improvements in physical science and art in our time.’

AN ENGLISH LIEUTENANT'S DUEL.

In the year 1808 the peace of Tilsit terminated the conquests of Napoleon in Germany, and gave the people of those countries a short respite. Prussia, thoroughly exhausted by the efforts she had made to carry on the war against France, was compelled to reduce her army to a peace footing.

Several officers of that power, having obtained an unlimited leave of absence, met very often in Hamburg, to enjoy in common the various pleasures of military idleness.

One day in September, six of them having dined together and made more than one libation to Bacchus, they at the approach of night repaired to the *Café de la Bourse*, one of the most noted in the city, and made their entry in a most noisy manner. The Baron de V—, a lieutenant twenty-three years of age—the youngest of that joyous band, rich, handsome and of noble carriage; but foppish, self-conceited and insolent—having noticed an individual of small stature, dressed in black, sitting at a table alone, holding in one hand a newspaper and in the other a long pipe, who had paid no attention to them on their arrival, and being offended no doubt at the indifference, bordering on contempt, which he exhibited, approached him with the intention of avenging the fancied insult. To that effect he laid his hand in a familiar manner on his shoulder, and swinging himself back and forth, said to him with an ironic smile:

'Ah! good evening, my little schoolmaster.'

The man in black raised his eyes, and fixed them for two or three seconds on his interlocutor; then, looking again on his paper, continued to read.

'God bless me! he don't answer. Ah, well, my droll fellow won't you answer me? I see—that pipe is the cause, Come, come; I must hear your voice.'

In a second, with a flip, the pipe flew to pieces, he laughing loudly the while.

Without putting down the paper, or showing any symptoms of being affected

by the insult, he turned toward the counter and said:

'Waiter, another pipe.'

'That is right; he has at least opened his mouth.'

The pipe was lit, and the reading resumed.

'Ah, so! What country are you from? In what village do you exercise your talents?'

Here the interrogated raised again his head, and looked at him as he whiffed two or three mouthfulls of smoke, and lowering his eyes slowly, he seemed rather willing to give all his attention to the paper.

'I believe you are some kind of a savan. You appear to learn by heart all the news, so as to inform your friends and neighbors; but you smoke like a Dutchman. That confounded pipe causes you too much distraction.'

And, as before, the pipe was again broken. Without making any movement, without showing the least sign of emotion, the so-styled schoolmaster merely repeated his first order:

'Waiter, another pipe.'

'What a fine voice! Little man you have the patience of an angel or the devil. I would give much to see you mad: it would amuse us deliciously. There—'

An old major, with a fine German physiognomy, which shows so well frankness, true courage and loyalty, who came in with them, came up to him and said in a low voice, but loud enough to be heard by those near him:

'You comport yourself like a man without brains. I tell you this game begins to tire me, and the foolish hilarity of our comrades adds to my impatience, and hardly covers the murmurs of indignation which your conduct has produced in the minds of those present. Quit, quit, I tell you; it is now time.'

After saying this, he turned his back upon him and withdrew into an adjacent hall, whither he was soon followed by his companions, who, by their thoughtless shouts of laughter, covered his re-

LIBRARY

proaches. Seated around the gaming table, they began to play. The young lieutenant, judging by the noise produced by his folly, had forgotten the insult, played deeply and was winning largely. But an hour had scarcely elapsed when the man in black entered the hall (of play), and approaching him tapped him on the shoulder, demanding a private interview. The young lieutenant, looking at him over his shoulder, laughed in his face.

'Monsieur Officer,' said the man in black, 'I am not a schoolmaster, as you were pleased to call me. I have the honor of being a captain in the navy of His Britanic Majesty. You have insulted me. I demand satisfaction. It is due to me, and I hope you will not refuse it; if you do, I know well the means to obtain it. To-morrow, at seven o'clock I will wait for you here; arm yourself with pistols.'

Our braggart, who, during this discourse had risen to his feet, and had already become red and pale, gave no response but a bow of acquiescence—in fear, no doubt, that the emotions of his voice would betray his complete terror. The captain saluted the rest of the company, and immediately left the house.

With him went all the gaiety of the lieutenant. He became thoughtful and taciturn—his spirit was no more with the play—he lost all he had before won.

The thoughts of to-morrow—that terrible to-morrow—frightened him. How much his adversary would have the advantage over him.

Suffering with so much calmness a series of affronts. Proposing a duel with that firmness, that assurance, that imperturbable *sangfroid*. Bravery and skill were surely his. Such were the ideas that crowded into his mind.

On leaving the hall they separated, with the promise to meet at the hour indicated. At seven o'clock they met; the Englishman was already at the rendezvous, clad in the brilliant uniform of a superior officer of the navy of his country, covered with many decorations, and followed by a valet richly dressed, who carried a small casket under his arm. He offered them refreshments, which were accepted; spoke with courtesy, and proved himself to be high-minded, and acquainted with the ways of the world.

At eight o'clock he broke up the sitting and requested the Prussian officer to be so kind as to designate the place where the quarrel could be settled, adding that as he was a stranger in that place, he would willingly give him the choice.

They then repaired to a vast pasture, which lay between Hamburg and Altons. Arrived there, he asked:

'What distance will suit you?'

'Twenty-five paces.'

'That is too much, Monsieur. You could not hit me at that distance. Let us say fifteen; that is enough.'

The witness agreed, and the proposition was adopted. Meanwhile the Major observed to the captain that he had no second.

'It is unnecessary,' replied the captain. 'If I fall, my valet knows what to do.'

The major insisted, and told him it was contrary to the usages of the country; according to that formality the duel could not take place; but he offered with politeness to allow it to proceed, which offer was accepted.

The ground was measured, and they took their places. The captain, addressing his adversary, made this singular interrogation:

'Have you good pistols? because I have two pairs that never miss their mark! I will give you the proof.'

Calling to his valet, he opened the box and took out one of the pistols which it contained, and told him to throw up something in the air. The valet searched in his pocket, but could find nothing save his handkerchief.

'That is too large; find something else.'

He then took out a dried prune and showed it to him.

'That will do; throw.'

The fruit was thrown up, and instantly it was shattered to atoms.

At this proof of his skill, the astonishment of the spectators was at its height; as to the lieutenant, he was more dead than alive.

The captain then took the place assigned to him, leaving the lieutenant to fire at him. The major then stepped in between the combatants, opposed the lieutenant's firing first, saying:

'The usage of the country gives the offended the first shot; and for the second, chance will decide.'

'Ah, my dear major,' replied the captain, 'if I complied with your advice, Monsieur would not have the pleasure of using his pistol on a man; and I am certain, judging from his appearance, that he has never been tempted to seriously promise himself that enjoyment. Therefore, let come what may, I will that these gentlemen, who enjoyed themselves at my expense yesterday, and instead of hindering their comrade from being guilty of such folly, only laughed at my distress, shall, one after the other, gaze into the interior of my pistol.'

They insisted no longer. The lieutenant aimed, and the captain cried:

'It is too high.'

The explosion was heard, the bullet grazing the top of his head.

'My turn now, young extravagant! Yesterday I was for one hour the plaything for your raileries—your sarcasm. Without motive you insulted me—mocked and cursed me with humiliation. I was a droll fellow—a schoolmaster. What am I to-day? A man! And who are you? A wretch, a miserable poltroon trembling with fear! Death, which in an instant you will receive from my hand, encircles you with his shadows! Already his icy hand is stretched over you. Your lips are blanched with fear, your eyes troubled, your face as pale as the sheet which will in a few hours enshroud you. Your limbs refuse to support you. Insolence and cowardice always go hand in hand; that is all we expect of one of your stamp. But he-

fore sending you to the other world, tell me—have you made all disposition for leaving this? Have you not a parting *souvenir* to give to a mother, father, sister, brother, or one who is dear to you? I have here a writing desk, and will accord to you the few moments necessary for that purpose.

A 'thank you, sir;' very humble and hardly intelligible, was all that could be heard.

'In that case,' said the captain, 'if all reconciliation between us here below is impossible, and your blood alone can wash out the affront which I have received, implore, at least by a short and fervent prayer, the goodness and clemency of the Almighty!'

Then the lieutenant, taking off his hat, cast a look at the mute and terrified witnesses of this imposing scene, who all, with one accord, spontaneously uncovered their heads. During a moment there reigned in the group a solemn and religious silence, which was not broken save by the respiration of those assembled. At length taking up his pistol, and pointing it with resolution toward his opponent, he made him suffer for another minute the most intense agony. But all at once, as if by effect of sudden reflection, he turned himself quickly toward his valet and gave him the pistol, saying, with the gesture, smile and accent of hatred:

'Here, take this pistol; that officer is not worthy of English powder!'

The next day the Baron de V——— disappeared from the country, and his regiment never saw him more.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on a summer morn,
While the lark was singing sweet,
Came, beyond the ancient farm-house
Sound of lightly t'ipping feet
'Twas a lowly cottage maiden,
Going, why, let young hearts tell,
With her homely pitcher laden,
Fetching water from the well.

Shadows lay athwart the pathway,
All along the quiet lane,
And the breezes of the morning
Moved them to and fro again.
O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow,
Passed the maiden of the farm,
With a charmed heart within her,
Thinking of no ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings,
For the nodding leaves in vain,
Sought to press their bright'ning image
On her ever busy brain.
Leaves and joyous birds went by her,
Like a dim, half-waking dream,
And her soul was only conscious
Of life's gladdest summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning
Lay a well of water bright,
Singing, soft, its hallelujahs
To the gracious morning light,
Fern leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it,
Where its silver droplets fell,
And the fairies dwelt beside it,
In the spotted fox glove bell.

Back she bent the shading fern leaves,
Dipped the pitcher in the tide—
Drew it, with the dripping waters
Flowing o'er its glazed side.
But, before her arm could place it
On her shiny, wavy hair,
By her side a youth was standing !
Love rejoiced to see the pair !

Tones of tremulous emotion
Trailed upon the morning breeze,
Gentle words, of heart-devotion
Whisper'd neath the ancient trees.
But the holy bless'd secrets,
It becomes me not to tell ;
Life had met another meaning—
Fetching water from the well.

Down the rural lane they saunter'd,
He the burthened pitcher bore ;
She with dewy eyes down looking,
Grew more beautiful than before !
When they neared the silent homestead,
Up he raised the pitcher light ;

Like a fitting crown he placed it
On her head of wavelets bright.

Emblems of the coming burdens
That for love of him she'd bear,
Calling everp burthen bless'd,
If his love but lighten there !
Then still waving benedictions,
Further—further off he drew,
While his shadow seemed a glory
That across the pathway grew.

Now about the household duties,
Silently the maiden went,
And an ever radiant halo
With ner daily life wast blent.
Little knew the aged matron,
As her feet like music fell,
What abundant treasure found she,
Fetching water from the well.

ANOTHER YEAR.

The years speed by with meteor flight,
And warn us of the tomb ;
Another one hath quenched its light
In everlasting gloom.

Another mile-stone on Life's road
Is now forever past ;
Perchance—no one can know save God,
We've tottered by our last.

We are as fragile as the leaf
Quick yellowing to decay ;
The longest life is but a brief
And strangely checkered day.

'Tis surely time to rest our oar,
To pause awhile for breath,
Before we reach the silent shore,
And yield our dust to Death.

But not with sorrow, tremblingly,
Need we survey our chart ;
Wrestling with storms upon the sea,
Should stouter make the heart.

And we, who on the sea of Life
With fiercest storms have striven,
Should courage take in times of strife,
And leave the helm to Heaven.

Yet, still 'tis well, as years roll round,
Our good life-bark to view,
And see that cord and plank are sound,
Rudder and compass true ;

For many a bark, that long ago
Launched forth with colors bright,
Heavy with weeds, lies dark elbow
The sunshine and the light.

THE VALUE OF A CENT.

A little thing to write about, you may say, but trifles light as air make and mar our fortune; then, are they not important enough to be noticed.

Suppose a child were starving in the streets—what then? Why, a penny would buy him bread enough to recruit his dying energies. Depend upon it, a cent, properly disposed, may, at certain times, do more good than a million at others.

A friend of ours was returning once through a busy thoroughfare to her home. Her intention was not to purchase any thing and she happened to have in her purse but one cent. Passing by a little stand, she saw some very large, rich-looking oranges for sale at a penny a piece. She spoke for one, took the cent from her pocket, when suddenly a thought arrested her: she could not help it, but involuntary stayed her hand: it was this; I have just left a luxurious table; I have had all I wanted; how foolish in me to spend even this cent, when I may come across some poor beggar child to whom it may be a treasure. She replaced the cent and went on her way.

A long distance was before her, but as she came to the head of a narrow alley, she paused for a moment; something seemed to draw her irresistibly towards the place; she knew a poor widow who lived there, a lady-like woman who supported her children by her own industry, and she thought she might look in upon her for a moment to ascertain if she was comfortable.

The widow was sitting by a small fire, her five children ranged around the hearth, as she entered; the former made her welcome, but in subdued tones; and our friend saw she had

been weeping. With great delicacy she inquired the cause.

'To tell you the truth, Mrs. M.,' said the widow, while her cheek crimsoned, 'I have to-day spent my last farthing for bread for these children: and though I have work, yet my money was advanced, and I cannot get more till it is finished to-morrow. My oldest boy came running home a few moments ago from the upperpart of the city, saying that a letter was in the penny postman's box, with my name on it, and the post-mark of my native town. It may be of the greatest importance; but I am a stranger in this neighbourhood; I don't like to expose my poverty by borrowing and yet I have not one cent.'

'And I am sorry to tell you that one penny is all that I have at present,' said our friend; 'but that will enable you to get what you wish, and I hope you will find good news in it.'

The letter was sent for. It was written by her father's sister, a good and pious woman, and a dependant. She begged her to come to her early home, from which her father had long ago expelled her, for marrying a poor man; the old gentleman was dangerously ill, and might die any moment; he had spoken of her, he seemed to feel kindly towards her; and if she could hasten there, his forgiveness might be obtained, and she and her five children made comfortable.

There was no time to be lost; on foot and alone, the widow set out, travelling secure in her poverty six weary miles.

By midnight, her feet, for the first time in twelve years' pressed upon the threshold of her father's princely mansion. The good aunt met her with tears. Tired and travel-worn

as she was, she yearned to behold her old father before he died; she hurried to his chamber, glided to his bedside, and without speaking fell upon her knees, beseeching only his forgiveness, his blessing. How could the demon of vindictiveness longer rule in that dying man's heart? He looked upon the hollow, grief-worn cheek [of his surviving child, and forgot the past; he held forth his feeble arms, and she fell upon his bosom.

The old father died with the dawn, but not before he had affixed a codicil to his will, making his child and

her children heirs to most of his large estate; and to-day the poor shirt-sewer, who was stitching herself into the grave, lives beloved and respected by rich and poor; her children well educated, promise to become a blessing and honour to her. Upon her mantel, in the best room, is a gilded and transparent vase containing one cent; and she often reminds her friends, that through the instrumentality of so trifling a sum, she became enabled to do all the good for which hundreds of hearts bless her daily.

So you see, reader, that a penny is sometimes of great value.

THE UNKNOWN CHAMPION.

THE front door of Lysle Hall shut so heavily that it shook the house, starting a young girl and boy, who sat in the deep embrasure of a window, apparently waiting for something or some person. The girl was dark haired, dark-eyed, and extremely pretty, though her lips curled rather haughtily and an imperious glance shot from her large dark eyes, which told of a proud spirit.

The boy was pale and golden-haired—wholly unlike his companion and sister in feature, though his pale, thin lips had the same haughty curl, and his blue eyes grew dark with pride. A poor, weak thing was Alfred Lysle, his right arm and leg being withered; had been so from his birth. He was gentle, affectionate, high spirited and talented, the idol of his widowed father and proud sister. There were times when his spirit chafed, and he

almost cursed the poor maimed body which was such a clog to him.

Alfred read aloud, while his sister Agnes busied herself with a piece of embroidery, giving, if the truth be told, a very divided attention to the words of her brother.

'Was not that a glorious description!' asked the boy, raising his face all glowing with poetical enthusiasm.

'Yes; I think I never heard a cat-
aract described more beautifully.'

'Why, Aggie! I got long past cat-
aract and reached the meadow.'

'Oh, have you, dear? Well, Alfred, to tell you the honest truth, I was thinking of something else. Be so kind as to read it over again, and this time I will surely listen to you.'

The boy laughed gaily as he answered.

'No use, Aggie; your wits would be wool gathering again before I had

read four lines. I will not torment you any longer. Shall I talk to you instead, or would you rather be silent.'

'Talk, if you please, Alfred.'

'What think you, sister Agnes, will be the result of this conference?' he asked in a low tone.

The girl raised a troubled face, and answered very slowly.

'Indeed, Alfred, I scarcely dare think. The Dudleys are not famed for generosity, and—'

Bang! bang! It was the hall door closing so heavily that it stopped her words, and caused both the young persons to start with alarm.

'Gone at last!' exclaimed Agnes. And she rose to her feet just as the door to the room where they were sitting opened, and an old gentleman entered.

'What now, father? I thought Mortimer Dudley would never go. How is it settled?'

The matter stands just as it did before. He will not abate one inch of ground nor will I. He thinks his claim as good as mine, and day after to-morrow we meet upon the debatable ground, and with stardy lances settle the question.

'Good, father! I feared you might be compelled to yield, and I couldn't bear to think that in your old age you would be obliged to give up your home and go among strangers. The case has been carried from court to court, and years have passed away in futile waiting; now, a well directed blow, and the proud Earl of Dudley will be overthrown. Aye, charge at him, father, and may God and St. Mary guide your weapon so that you come off conqueror.'

The old man smiled and patted the glowing cheeks of his pretty spirited daughter, then seated himself beside his son and read with him.

Sir Henry Lysle was about fifty-five — handsome and high-spirited, an upright, honorable, and kind father

For two generations, between the houses of Dudley and Lysle, had been a long standing quarrel concerning some property, two-thirds, including the buildings of the Lysle estate. The dispute had been carried from court to court, without any decision made in favor of either party. Lately Robert, Earl of Dudley, had died and his son a dashing young man of twenty-five tired of the old time quarrel, proposed to settle the debate by single combat to be held on the debatable territory—then, in the fourteenth century, a very common method of settling disputes.

Thus the matter stood, and with conversation and reading the three passed the evening.

After Alfred retired Agnes lingered behind. Sir Henry noticed her hesitation, and putting an arm around her waist and smoothing her dark, curling hair, he said earnestly:

'Day after to-morrow, Agnes, I shall mount my good steed and battle for my rights and our home. If I fall, as fall I may, we are homeless. Should anything happen to prevent me from engaging in the conflict—'

'But nothing can happen to prevent you, father,' eagerly interrupted Agnes,

'Nothing but sudden illness or death, my child.'

'O, father!'

We must look at possibilities, my dear child, and I trust you do not shrink. If, as I say, anything should prevent me from engaging in the fight, I know not what you will do. A little money I have, you will find in the ebony cabinet beside my bed. With that you must go to our relations behind the border. Never mind my child—I feel that you tremble. We'll look on the bright side; and now good night.

Thus they parted with one fond embrace. As Agnes entered her chamber, her heart was heavy with presentiment of coming evil.'

About midnight Agnes was aroused from a deep, though troubled slumber, by a hand laid firmly on her shoulder. It was Margery, the old nurse.

'Oh, dear, Miss Agnes, get up! Wake—as quick as you can, for you are wanted.'

There was trouble and despair in the old woman's voice, and Agnes sprang from her bed and began to dress as quickly as possible, while she eagerly questioned Margery.

'What is the matter, Margery?'

'Sir Henry, your dear father, is ill—taken suddenly.'

'With what?'

'O dear, Miss, I don't know! James, who always sleeps in the next room, heard a kind of groaning, and rushing in found my dear master in some kind of a fit.'

'O, merciful heaven! spare my father to me!' exclaimed the trembling Agnes as, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she flew rather than ran down stairs. At the door of her father's room she paused, and, turning to Margery, who had followed as close as she could, asked:

'Has any one gone for the doctor?'

'Yes, James went as soon as I could go to master.'

Agnes entered the dimly lighted chamber, and approached the bed where lay her father so white and motionless, while the frightened servants stood round sad. Sir Henry Lysle was a good, kind master, and the servants were devoted to him. Summoning all her courage Agnes neared the bed. At the first sight she trembled, for she thought her father was dead. Bending over him she laid her hand on his heart, and was rejoiced to feel that it pulsed still, though very, very faintly. Ignorant what to do, Agnes bathed her father's face, and was in despair at the failure of her efforts when the physician entered. Dr. Thompson pronounced it to be the paralytic stroke and proceeded

to bleed the patient. Soon Sir Henry opened his eyes, and seemed conscious of all that was going on. He endeavored to speak, but that being impossible, paper and pencil were brought him. In large irregular characters he scrawled:

'Doctor, will I be well enough to go out to-morrow?'

With wishful eyes he watched the physician as he deciphered the characters, and his face wore an expression of great despair as Dr. Thompson shook his head.

Again he took the pencil and wrote.

'I cannot meet Mortimer Dudley, and we are lost, Agnes.'

Agnes read the irregular writing, so different from his usual firm, clear words, and she could scarcely repress the tears; but bravely mastering her feelings, she said, as she bent over the stricken man:

'Can you distinctly hear and understand what I say, father?'

A faint nod was the answer.

'Then rest in peace, dear father, for a champion will be found who will strive as manfully as you—and God grant that he may be as brave and skilful.'

A smile of contentment passed over the sick man's face, and he calmly closed his eyes. Too ill to question or doubt, he believed his daughter's words.

Toward the close of the day Agnes returned from a short and rapid ride, and sought in the stable for old Arnold, her father's trusty esquire. The old man turned as he heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs, and was only in time to see Agnes spring lightly from the saddle. He doffed his cap respectfully and waited for his mistress to speak.

'You know, Arnold, that it was my father's purpose to ride forth to meet young Dudley at daybreak to-morrow.'

'I know—I know, Mistress Agnes, but he is ill, stricken down, and can-

not go, answered the old servitor, in a mournful voice.

'I know of a champion,' and the girl's pale face flushed as she spoke, 'a rather inexperienced youth, but one who has a brave heart, a keen eye and ready hand. All that he has, but no armor, and my father's is full too wide for him. Know you of any other?'

'Up in the garret is a suit long unused. It belonged to your father when he was a mere stripling, scarcely stouter than you, dear lady.'

'That will do very well, I think. Have it brightly polished, all in order, and lay it on the couch in the bedroom.'

'It is as bright now, Mistress Agnes,' replied the old man, respectfully, though with an accent of pride, 'as the day your father last wore it, nearly forty years ago. I loved the armor my young pupil wore and no spot of dust dulls its bright surface, no stay unloosed, or dented plate.'

'Ever faithful, good Arnold, all is well. To-morrow at daybreak, be at the hall-door with the black Rudolph, father's horse, yourself in armor, ready to accompany the young knight.'

'Your bidding shall be done.'

'And Arnold, should the young knight lack aught in riding, or in the handling of the lance, direct him as you did my father.'

Agnes turned and walked quietly to the house, wholly unconscious of the curious gaze which followed her. Arnold looked after her with wistful eyes; then murmured aloud:

'Proud step, like her father's, yet light as a fairy's. Where has she found a champion? Jessie has been ridden sharply, I see, by her reeking flanks and heaving sides. It can't be that poor young man, Alfred, is going to try; that would be fruitless, though I know he is equal in spirit to it, poor fellow. O, no, that can't be, for his arm is neither steady nor strong. I can't think.'

'Arnold, dear fellow, exclaimed a hoarse voice, don't bother your old head, but obey orders. To-morrow will solve all the doubts. God and St. Joseph grant that my poor master's cause may be victorious.

'Amen, Joseph,' responded Arnold. And he turned and went slowly towards the hall.

Just before daybreak the next morning, obedient to orders, Arnold, clad in armor, holding black Rudolph, stood at the hall door. His own horse was held by Joseph. Both men watched with anxious eyes the opening of the heavy oaken door.

'Mayhap the young knight oversleeps himself, and is dreaming now of his lady-love,' mockingly whispered the yeoman to the old esquire.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the door swung back upon its hinges, and the ring of a nailed heel was heard upon the stone steps. Eager eyes were raised and lowered in great disappointment, for the visor was tightly closed.

Perfectly silent, the unknown knight mounted the spirited war-horse, took the lance, and started off at a smart trot, closely followed by Arnold.

The yeoman shook his head as he gazed after them, and muttered, while watching them till out of sight among the trees:

''Tis nobody, I know. He mounted none too glibly, though he rides well. A slender youth is to combat with a fiery young Dudley. Success to him! In perfect silence the knight and the esquire rode the short distance to the field of combat—a plain in the farthest verge of the Lysle domain. As they neared the field the young knight said:

'You lead the way, Sir Esquire, for I know not but I may go wrong.'

The voice was deep and clear, but in vain did Arnold strive to remember having heard it before. Silently he obeyed.

At last the ground was reached, and the stranger rode into the field on one side, at the same moment that Mortimer Dudley entered on the other. A few people were assembled to witness the struggle. The unknown knight and Mortimer Dudley gravely saluted, then backed their horses to the extremity of the field, and waited, with lances in rest, for the signal to be given. A stout man, Sir William Delorne, gave the required shout. On an instant both horses sprang forward and bore their riders on. Once they met, yet neither was struck; the second charge, the Earl of Dudley touched the shoulder of the young knight, who visibly reeled. Arnold was in despair and murmured.

'All lost! the next charge he will fall!'

A third time they rushed forward, and in a cloud of dust one went down. Arnold closed his eyes and fairly groaned, when a shout made him re-open them—

'Lysle forever! Lysle forever!'

Sure enough, it was the proud Earl of Dudley who was unhorsed, and beside him knelt the strange knight.

'Now, yield you, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley.'

'I yield,' said the young Earl, but I would know to whom, for that you are not Sir Henry I am sure.'

The friends of both parties stood around, and Arnold among the foremost.

'Rise up, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley, and you shall know who has been able to conquer you.'

The young nobleman rose, and with folded arm looked at the slender mailed figure before him.

The stays were unloosed and helmet thrown back, and the sun streaming through the clouds which had till then been obscured, shone full upon the uncovered face. Mortimer started. The young man gazed in wonder and admiration upon the delicate face,

long, waving, brown hair, and heaving bosom of young Agnes Lysle!

A red flush rose to the brow of the haughty Earl, and he bit his lips with rage.

'Be not chagrined, brave Dudley,' said Agnes, in her rich, sweet voice, while the long, dark lashes drooped on her cheek which was now paling, and she expanded her mailed hand. 'You have but bowed to the fate decreed to all mankind. From the beginning to the end of time brave men will yield to the power of women, and degrade not their manhood by so doing. I battle for my home, Sir Earl, and God guided my arm. Hereafter let us meet as friends who have proved each other's mettle. Shall it be so?'

Unable to resist the sweet voice and bewitching smile, Mortimer seized the mailed hand, and kissing it, whispered so low that none of the bystanders heard:

'Yes, a thousand times, yes—and from my fall I will rise and soar higher than ever, seeking only for love and approbation.'

A bright blush spread over the beautiful face, and for a moment the dark eyes were raised—only for a moment—then with a half-murmured farewell, Agnes mounted her father's horse and prepared to leave the field as quietly as she came. But this was not to be so, for all the people present turned, with one accord, and in triumph, accompanied her home. She tried in vain to remonstrate against this—her words were unheeded. At her bridle rein rode the proud Earl of Dudley.

Upon his bed of illness lay Sir Henry Lysle. The shouts of the returned party reached his ears, and by signs he inquired the cause.

'The strange knight returns victorious,' exclaimed Margaret in delight.

Alfred, who sat beside the bed, rose up, exclaiming, while his frame fairly trembled with excitement:

'O, father! all the joy isn't come yet. Wait till you know it all. Shall I go and lead the proud conqueror to your bedside, dear father?'

An eager sign of assent was given by the invalid, and Alfred hastened, as fast as his lameness would permit, from the room.

With a step less firm, and varying cheek, Agnes, led by her brother, entered Sir Henry's chamber. Her visor was closed. Coming forward she knelt beside the bed. At an eager sign from her father she strove to unloose the stays, but her trembling fingers refused to do her bidding. The Earl of Dudley who still kept by her side, undid the fastenings, and Alfred threw back the heavy helmet, disclosing the blushing, agitated face of Agnes Lysle.

The shock was great, and effected a cure, for Sir Henry rose up in bed and exclaimed:

'Agnes! Agnes! my Agnes! In armor! coming here victorious.'

'Yes, father,' exclaimed Alfred, 'Agnes it is, surely.'

Mortimer Dudley here stepped forward.

Gently, Sir Henry. Lie back upon your pillow. Like a hero, your daughter donned armor, and bravely combatted for your rights, and unhorsed me.

I, the proudest nobleman in England, am here to say it. I yield to her all—my heart and fortune, the devoted

love of a life-time, here in your presence, I lay at her feet, praying that she may not give me my death blow, for refusal will kill me.

With deep devoted love shining from his eyes, the haughty Mortimer Dudley waited her answer.

Rising from her knees, all clad in clanking armor, and her face brilliant with happiness, Agnes Lysle came forward and placed the tiny hand so lately incased in the mailed gauntlet in the hands of the young Earl, saying, with a fascinating smile:

'If I have vanquished you, Mortimer, you have conquered me for all time.'

Mortimer folded the young girl in one fond embrace, then turning to Sir Henry who lay upon his pillow, smiling, but weak, said:

'Your blessing, Sir Henry Lysle. This day your daughter has won back your inheritance, and robbed me of the things most valued in this world—heart and liberty—two feats.'

Thus Agnes Lysle became the wife of one of the proudest nobles of England, and the memory of her feat is still cherished for the crest of the Dudleys is out of a ducal cornet of gold, a woman's bust, hair disheveled, bosom bare, a helmet on her head with stay or throatlatch down, and a manuscript in possession of the Dudleys of Northamptonshire preserves the story of *THE UNKNOWN CHAMPION*.

NOT FOR MONEY.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

'And this is your decision?'

'Yes, Mr. Herbert, and I have made it calmly, deliberately. I cannot marry a man I do not love.,'

'And yet, Mary, permit me to ask you once more to reconsider it. You are a sensible girl, and I can talk with you candidly on this subject. I do not demand or expect any romantic girlish affection from my wife, only the respect and attention due my position as her husband. I want a wife who shall preside with grace and elegance over the luxurious home I shall provide for her. The offer I have made you is sufficient proof of your ability to do all this; and remember what different lives are this moment placed within your choice.'

'On the one hand, a kind attentive, if not a lover husband, with wealth sufficient to gratify your highest pride and ambition, to indulge all your exquisite tastes and deep love for the beautiful, and to make your outer life, at least, all the brightness and poetry you have dreamed it.'

'And now look the other side fully in the face. You cannot disguise from yourself the real truth—poverty and suffering must await you. The last penny of your father's property is gone—I know this from the creditors; and your mother's very precarious health will not permit her making any exertion in your behalf. What will become of her, of your young brother, and your sisters?—All the exertion will, of course, fall upon you, and how can you go out and brave the winter and the storms—you who have been so tenderly loved and cherished all your life? Forgive me, Mary, if I have spoken the truth so plainly; and now, in conclusion, I ask you once more to revoke your decision.'

I rose and walked up and down the parlor, that elegant parlor with its soft, mistlike curtains, and velvet carpet strewn thick with tropical leaves and blossoms, and then I turned and looked

at him; there he sat, stiff, stately and sixty.

Oh! how my heart recoiled at the thought of marrying him, and yet every word of his had told well.

Then with what a world of storming, conflicting emotions, I looked down that night on the two paths which diverged from it. One was bright with life's sunshine, and fragrant with its summer blossoms; the other was dark and cold, full of thorns and sharp stones; and oh! how tender were the feet that must walk over them!

I did not think of my own then. I thought only of my mother, and brother, and sisters—the widow and her orphans.

Mr. Stowell, though a pompous, was not a penurious man, and I knew him well enough to feel that pride would influence him to surround the family of his wife with everything necessary to that high social position it would be for his interest to see them occupy.

How could I see those I loved better than my own life suffer? The thought for the last week had been haunting and almost breaking my heart, and here was a way opened to purchase their redemption. But oh! what a price was asked for it! The love, the sentiment, the life of my life must be offered up. No matter! I must make the sacrifice. Do you wonder I said this, walking up and down the room, for great was my temptation? So great that I have never since wondered at or censured another woman who has yielded to it under like circumstances, and married an old man for his money.

I leave it to those who have never been tried to sneer at and condemn her.

He sat there, watching anxiously the transitions that passed over my face.—He loved me as he did his new stone house, or, his pet horses, or anything that illustrated his money—his money!—his god!

Once more I turned and looked at him, and thought how his palace home would be a prison, and his bridal gift but gilded chains, crushing and festering my heart, and once more I said 'No matter! I must make the sacrifice.'

'Mr. Stowell, I will be your wife.'—The words were on my lips, when that old, ever new prophecy sounded suddenly in my heart—that prophecy which rolled sweetly from the harp of the royal Judean—'I will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow.'

How my heart sprang to it! No, no, God would not forget us. I would trust him. I would leave my future and theirs with His love, and I would go out and work, bravely, faithfully, to the end!

He must have read the change of my feelings in my face as I drew nearer him.

'Mr. Stowell, I have reconsidered,' I said calmly, 'and I cannot reverse my decision. My heart revolts from this union, and how can I ever ask God to bless it when it will be a lie? I have chosen my path. It is, as you say, a very flinty one, but I will place my hand in our Father's who is in heaven, and he will lead me over it.'

The millionaire rose up very pompously. He was disappointed, and his self love was wounded.

'Very well, Miss Marshall. I hope sincerely you may never have cause to regret your decision.'

And he passed out of the parlor and left me alone—no, not alone, for God was with me.

Well, in less than a week the sheriff's officer was in possession, and the furniture was broken off under the hammer of the auctioneer. We had a few friends who remained true to us in this winter of adversity—friends who secured to us some of the household articles which they knew were relatively or intrinsically dear to us.

We procured a small but neat cottage in the suburbs of the pleasant half country town where we had always resided, and though the rooms were small and forcibly in contrast with the elegant ones we had left, a little exercise of taste and skill gave them, as they will almost every room, a pleasant, graceful appearance.

Two weeks went by swiftly in the arranging of our new home, which devolved chiefly upon me, and then I stood up

and bravely met the question, 'what is to be done?' It was a hard one for a girl of twenty-two to answer, one whose energies had never been aroused and developed, one who saw an invalid mother and three children—the eldest, a boy of hardly fifteen, and hitherto the idol of the household—dependent solely upon her exertions for their support.

Hour after hour I walked up and down my chamber floor, trying to solve this problem, but it was impossible. At last I said, 'I will go down and ask mamma. Her mature judgment may suggest something, and it is high time we were acting in this matter.'

She sat by the window over which I had trailed the sweet-briar vine that very morning, her pale, sad face enclosed in its widow's cap.

'Mamma, you know we must talk about our circumstances, painful as it is to introduce the subject. I must do something for our support at once, and I want you to help me devise some plan.'

'You, my poor child!' And her dark sunken eyes rested with pitiful tenderness upon me. 'What in the world can you do? What would your father have said had he heard you? Oh, William, William!'

She clasped her hands, and the tears swept down her faded cheeks.

I inherit all my energy from my father. My mother is loving, gentle, vinelike; but there are no elements in her character to meet and conquer adversity. She can suffer and endure for those she loves, but she cannot work and triumph.

'Don't mamma; don't give way so. He has only gone home first, you know, and every day is bringing us closer together.'

I could not fashion the conclusion of the sentence for the sobs that choked me.

After a while, however, we discussed and dismissed a variety of projects.

There was my piano, that had been secured to us through the kindness of a friend. I might give lessons in music. But the remuneration would be small, and it would take several months to form a large class.

Then my mother suggested a school. But the flourishing academy on the hill had already appropriated all the children in the town. I could not think of contending the claims of superiority with an

institution that the prestige of age and wealthy patron. It was very plain there was no employment to be obtained in my native town.

'If I were only in some city!' was my mental ejaculation, as I leaned my head, bewildered with revolving fruitless plans, on my hand.

A beam of light leaped suddenly through the darkness. My old nurse, to whom I had always been greatly attached, had a married daughter residing in a large city. She was only a few years older than myself. I would write to her, explain our circumstances, and entreat her to procure me some situation (I hardly cared what) to save my family from starvation.

To resolve was always with me to perform. That night the letter was dispatched. Two days later the answer came. My application had been successful. Mr. Mason, the husband of my nurse's daughter, had just learned of a vacancy, where a young lady was wanted to assist in keeping the books and occasionally wait on customers. No extensive knowledge of book-keeping was required, only a thorough mathematical education. The salary for the first year would be one hundred pounds.

'We are living in a private street, in a very quiet, unpretending sort of way,' wrote the young wife, 'but if you choose to come to us, we will do all we can to make you comfortable, dear Miss Mary. Mother has done nothing but cry since she learned of the misfortunes that have come upon her sweet darling and the family. And you will find warm and true, if humble, hearts ready to welcome you.'

'You shall have the front chamber, Miss Mary, and your board.' And so ran the practical but kindly letter that decided my destiny.

I remember how the hot blood dashed into my cheeks as I read Hannah's suggestion of 'starding in a shop,' for I had been nurtured in the very lap of luxury, and what young girl is ever totally indifferent to the verdict of the society whose atmosphere she has inhaled all her life?

But the after memory of my family silenced the whispers of pride. 'I will go,' I said. 'God will help me to lift the great burden upon my shoulders.'

That night, after supper, we went into the little sitting room, where a few arti-

cles of luxurious furniture bore witness of the wealth that had 'taken to itself wings and flown away.' There, after a brief preface, in which I depicted our present situation, and its imperative call for immediate action, I disclosed my intentions and read Mrs. Mason's letter.

The information was at first received with mute astonishment; then my leaving home was positively interdicted by my mother and brother.

'You shall not leave us, darling sister, and go off to that great strange city, and make a slave of yourself for us. I'll work and support you all—indeed I will, if it kills me.' And too proud to let me see his tears, Frederick laid his wet cheek against my own. I lifted it, and smoothed away the warm rich curls from the broad forehead. Ah, he would have been a slender reed to lean on, with his highly-wrought, delicate, nervous organization, and his poetic temperament, albeit his heart was brave and strong as a man's.

'No, Fred, dear boy, you must not look and talk thus. You will do all you can to strengthen mamma and me for the trial that lies before us. It will be very hard to go away from you, I know, but we must submit to circumstances, and in two or three years, perhaps, we can lay up money enough to buy a cow and some chickens, and I'll return and make butter and cheese, and we'll all turn farmers. Meanwhile you will cultivate this great garden, you know, and it'll supply you with vegetables all summer, and you can dispose of enough to pay for the girls' schooling.'

A ray of hope sprang into his pale face. 'That's a lucky thought, Mary; and look here, I'll sell my watch (see if I don't), and buy the cow and chickens at once; and before the year's out we'll have a little farm, and you back, too!'

How eager were his tones—how radiant was his face. Ah! he too had his father's soul, and I would not damp his spirits by telling him of the years of patience and toil it would require to accomplish all this.

Well, reader, to make a sad story a brief one, I combated and overcame all obstacles—my mother's tears and prejudices, my sister's entreaties that I would not leave them, and my brother's vehement objections.

But I suffered—going out thus from my home with unshod feet, into the thorns and among the stony places.—Oh! too sharp even now is the memory that strikes through my soul with the very memory of that dark time. I know not how I lived through it; I only know God in his mercy tempers the wind to the shorn lamb).

It was just in the April sunset that I reached the city. Mr. Mason met me.—His warm grasp of my hand, and the look of sympathy in his honest, manly countenance, shook up the tears into my eyes. I had been in a strangely apathetic state since I left my home in the early morning, hardly realizing what I was doing—hardly recognizing my own identity. Well, we drove through street after street.

At last we drove up before a neat looking house in a private street. Before I had alighted, my nurse was at the door.—Oh! it gave me new strength to find the arms that had sheltered my infancy once more about me; and the tones that had sung me to slumber when I lay under the lace canopy of my crib, calling me brokenly 'their poor darling little Mary.'

Well, it was an humble one, but in the broadest, fullest sense of the blessed word, it was home to me. My heart felt this as soon as I crossed the threshold, and it felt it during all the long dreary two years that I was there.

The next morning I entered upon my new duties. Every moment of that day is burned into my memory, but I can only turn back to that dark page of my life book, and glance hurriedly over it.

Many times, when my head grew dizzy, and my limbs ached with their new toil, I thought of the millionaire and his palace home, and glancing up and down the broad shelves, heaped with goods, I said to myself, 'It is better to be his wife than to be here. To-morrow I will write to him and tell him the hand we sought shall be given to him.'

But I did not, and every day the heavy burden grew lighter, and new strength came to bear it. Then the blessed consciousness that I was doing good to others, supported me more than all else. Of course, with my small salary, the strictest economy was necessary to meet our expenses. But with Fred's exertions, who cultivated the garden, and procured the cow and the chickens, and

made them remunerative too, the dear ones at home were secured from want, and I had my reward.

Two years had gone by. It was one of those bright May mornings that are the songs and poems of the year. It softened and brightened even the long bare streets, as a smile that breaks up from the heart does a cold, careworn face, and it dashed through the windows, and sprinkled the long counters, and sparkled over the piles of tumbled silks and satins, of muslins and mantles, that overstrewn them.

Everybody was out this morning. We were very busy, for it was one of the merchant's 'harvest days.' I was unusually so, for two of the clerks were ill, and part of their duties devolved upon me; but I paused a moment, and the rich lace I was measuring half fell from my hands in my astonishment, as my old nurse entered the store.

She was quite infirm, and I feared the exertion would injure her.

'How could you venture so far?' was my remonstrative ejaculation as I grasped her hand.

'I wanted to see you once, darling, at your work, and the morning was so pleasant I couldn't resist the temptation to keep on down here, after I had ventured out.'

'Well, just walk up stairs, sit down and rest yourself until —'

A glance down the shop arrested the words on my lips, for at that moment a lady and gentleman advanced to the counter. They stood but a few feet from me. I gazed full into the faces of both. No, I could not be mistaken—there was the same portly figure, and pompous carriage, the same obtrusive, self-conscious air and bearing of the purse-proud millionaire. The lady who stood by his side was young and very beautiful. Her rich crape shawl hung in graceful folds about her tall, symmetrical figure. Her face was very sweet, very fair. Long golden lashes shaded the eyes, blue as the sky outside, and her deep brown hair lay in ripply folds over her lofty smooth forehead. The mouth, that sweet index of a woman's emotional nature, was full and sweet, but there was pride in the curving of the red lips, and haughtiness in the carriage of the small finely shaped head.

And she was the wife of that old man ! She had given her spring time to his autumn ; she had sold herself for his gold. Did it pay ? I looked down on the two years of toil and privation which had followed me from the night on which I stood before the millionaire, and in my heart I blessed God that I had 'resisted the temptation.'

'Look here, dear ; won't that be pretty trimming for my evening harege ? The colors will blend charmingly.' And the young wife held up admiringly the dainty but elaborate French trimming.

Mr. Stowell was always a connoisseur in dress, and he had just acquiesced in his wife's remark, when I noticed that her eyes wandered in our direction.— There was a quick start, then the warm blood dashed into her cheeks, her blue eyes dropped, and a quick shiver crossed her red lips.

'Who is that gentleman and lady, and why are you staring at them so ?' asked Nurse White, in a loud whisper.

'It is Mr. Stowell, nurse, and that lady is his wife.'

Mr. Stowell ! that rich old man that wanted to marry you just after your father died ? And the old woman peered at the gentleman eagerly through her spectacles.

'Hush, hush, nurse, they'll overhear you !'

But my caution was too late. I felt it the moment my up-glancing eyes met those of a gentleman who stood on my right. He was young. Thirty summers could scarcely have crossed that pale forehead, crowned with its heavy mass of brown hair. He was not symmetrically handsome, but there was an expression of scholarly refinement in his face, a gentlemanly air in his whole bearing, that could not be mistaken. I can scarcely analyze the expression of those half grey, half hazel eyes, as they met my own. It was one of mingled curiosity, surprise, and admiration, and the glance swept my face and figure before my own had turned from his, while I felt the quick, conscious blood staining my cheeks.

A moment later, however, the young gentleman advanced and confronted Mrs. Stowell. I cannot define his manner.— It was calm—calm as his face was—and yet you should have seen the look of intense scorn that curled his proud lips,

as they said, low and musically, 'Good morning, Mrs. Stowell. I am most happy to meet you, and at last to have an opportunity of offering you my congratulations.'

'And I am happy that my husband is here to accept them with me, Mr. Mills,' answered the lady, but the quiver of her tones, and the sudden pallor of her cheek, told me she was equivocating.

'Mr. Alcott Mills ? An old friend of my wife's, of whom I have heard her speak. I am most happy to meet you, sir,' and the millionaire lifted his hat, and looked down proudly on his wife, and patronisingly on the gentleman.

'When did you return from abroad ?' constrainedly asked Mrs. Stowell.

'Last month. I should have done myself the honor to call on you before, but I only reached town yesterday.'

'I hope your meeting us this morning will not prevent your fulfilling your previous intentions, sir,' graciously responded Mr. Stowell.

'Thank you. It will certainly afford me much pleasure to meet Mrs. Stowell in the new home, where they tell me her smile is even more captivating than it was in the old one—though, I suppose, all its sweetness is reserved, as a loving wife's should be, for yourself, sir.'

It was spoken with a graceful inclination of the fine head, which made the gallant speech more effective ; but, oh ! what bitter irony lay under the light words which only the lady could interpret.

Then the adieus were exchanged, the French trimming ordered for the dress-maker, and Mr. and Mrs. Stowell passed from the shop. But I did not envy her as I stood behind the counter, while the white-gloved groom handed her to her elegant carriage that morning.

Once again the young stranger turned and bent on me one of those inexplicable glances as he left the shop. It was strange, but that look haunted me all the day.

It was a day, too, of great happiness, of great thankfulness, to the Good Father. I looked back on the past two years, and though I could not deny I had endured much, still I had given great measure of happiness unto others.

My daily toil had kept off poverty's gaunt clutch from the little white cottage under whose roof heat securely the hearts whose 'peace' was dearer than

my own. They had, of course, never become reconciled to my absence, but they had prospered in all things, and in his last letter my brother had written :

'Next autumn you must come home to us, most precious sister. . We have secured fifteen scholars for the new school you are to establish. Besides this, I have bought another cow, and we have fifty chickens. Annie can make butter and cheese already, and our old gardener always finds a market for it.— We are going into the gardening business extensively next spring. And now don't give yourself a single anxious thought about my neglect of my studies. I devote every evening, and all my odd moments to my books, and, after all, this new work and harsh discipline is making a man of me, physically and mentally, which the luxurious enervating life that preceded it never would have done.

'We would be very happy if you were with us. Oh, next autumn we shall look into your mellow brown eyes; we shall drop kisses and blessings on your sweet lips, and putting our arms about you, we shall say, 'You shall go no more out for ever.'

Much beloved brother! Would the autumn make thy golden poet dream a reality? I looked across the bright summer, and dared to hope it. Oh! God help those who help themselves,

.

Three weeks had passed. June had placed her green coronet on the mountains, and even in the bare, hot city, we caught occasional trailings of her robes of gold. The day's wearisome work came at last to its close, as—blessed be God!—all the earth days must, and with a half smothered sigh of relief and thankfulness I hurried from the shop.

I had not proceeded far when a sudden rain drop plashing on my cheek, lifted my gaze to the sky. A heavy black cloud was hanging its folds over the tops of the houses with a certain promise of deluging the streets in less than five minutes.

I had nearly a mile to achieve before I reached home, but of course, walking this was now quite out of the question.

'I must jump into the omnibus at the next crossing, and that will take me within a short distance of home,' I mentally concluded, and hurried on.

But I was too late. Far up the street I caught the dim outline of the vehicle hastening on rapidly. I could not dream of reaching it.

'What shall I do?' The words trembled up from a very weary heart, for the sultry day's toil had reduced me to a state of complete physical exhaustion, and at such times we all know how readily the spirits yield to circumstances: if at that moment an angel's white hand had lifted aside the cloud, and called out to me my last hour, I believe I should have clasped my hands calmly and thanked him.

Faster and faster plashed the heavy drops on my bonnet. Far up the street a slight shop front projection seemed to offer some protection from the shower. I hurried toward it.

'Pardon me, Miss, for presuming to address you, but will you not accept the shelter of my umbrella?'

I turned hastily round to meet a face that, once seen, could not easily be forgotten. It was that of the young man whose brief interview with Mr. and Mrs. Stowell had so interested me.

I hesitated but a moment. It might have been the increasing rain, it might have been the frankly respectful tones and manner, which first decided me; but at all events, a moment later I had accepted his arm, and the rain was dashing down angrily on the great umbrella that was our only protection.

For the first half hour we only exchanged an occasional remark, for the rapid shower would have drowned our voices. But at last the rain lightened, and this afforded us an opportunity for some desultory conversation.

Under ordinary circumstances my position would greatly have embarrassed me, but Alcott Mills possessed the faculty in a remarkable degree of placing others at their ease. I could not, however, entirely forget the difference in our social positions, nor at first quite overcome the morbid fear that this had emboldened him to offer his services. I had yet to repent of my injustice, to learn the great heart and soul of Alcott Mills.

'My walk is a long one,' I said apologetically, 'I fear I am greatly inconveniencing you to accompany me, sir?'

'Not at all. I am a famous pedestrian from habit, probably, for I was

brought up in the country, and one of my morning tasks was to drive the cows three miles to pasture.'

'It is the only one of your farmboy habits you have retained, I imagine,' was my thought, as I glanced up into his fine intellectual face. I fancied he read my opinion by the expression of his eyes, as he added:

'I fear the walk may fatigue you.'

'Oh, no. I have grown quite used to it during the last two years, and at night it is usually pleasant, because it is a change from my employment.'

'And this you do not find congenial? I knew in that morning I glanced first into your face.'

This may seem to you very bold, but if you had heard the grave, respectful earnestness with which it was said, you would not think so.

'Not congenial, certainly; but love and duty sanctify it.'

I said it almost unconsciously, but I felt, rather than saw, the gaze of those deep eyes that flashed down on me in mingled sympathy, respect, and admiration.

Before he could reply, we reached my home.

'Will you permit me to call to-morrow, and inquire if your walk in the rain has not injured you.'

And he placed his card in my hand.

'Thank you. I will give it to Mrs. Mason; if I am absent, she will inform you.'

He lifted his hat, and bade me good morning.

'Oh, nurse! how deliciously fragrant. What does it mean?'

These were my first exclamations as I entered the parlor on my return home the next evening.

She glanced towards the table, and with a low shriek of delight I reached it and buried my face among dewy moss roses and crimson verbenas, among creamy tulips and purple heliotropes.

'Oh! every flower has the breath and the very look of home!' I murmured through happy tears, as I lifted the large china vase, and turned round the beautiful blossoms, arranged with most exquisite taste. 'Where did you get them?'

'They are yours, not mine, Miss Mary, darling. Mr. Mills left them with his compliments.'

'He did!'

In my surprise I replaced the vase on the table, and stared at my nurse.

'Yes; he was here nearly three hours, and I never saw a nicer, handsomer gentleman in my life. Then he's so easy and natural like, for all he's so grand looking. Why, I felt as if I had known him always in five minutes, and talked so, too.'

'Did you?' I questioned, with a little self-consciousness, for I was fully aware of my nurse's garrulous propensity, and I really imagined that I must have been a prominent subject of conversation with her. 'What did you talk about?'

'Why, about you, of course, my precious dear. I told him how many years I had lived in your father's family, and how I rocked your blue eyes to sleep in the days that you cannot remember, and loved you just as well as if you were my own child. I told him, too, how delicately you were brought up, among the very best of the land, and how nothing was considered too good for you, and how at last your father died, after those terrible lawsuits, and you came here, and for two years had been working so nobly to support your dear mother and the children. And I told him how it almost killed me to see my darling, who had been such a carefully tended blossom, going out day after day to work for her family, and——. Here the good woman broke down. She always did when talking of misfortunes.

'Oh, nurse! how could you say all this to a stranger?'

'Why, dear child, don't feel unhappy about it. He listened to every word with so much interest; and when I spoke about Mr. Stowell, and how he wanted to marry you after your father's death, he got up and walked quickly across the room, muttering to himself: 'She is a noble girl—one of nature's diamonds, above all price;' and when he came and sat down again, his eyes shone through a mist—I am certain it was tears.'

I buried my burning face in my hands, and the old woman went on.

'Mr. Mills said he should call in a few days to see Mr. Mason, and he left his card; but I understand well enough who he'll come to see, Miss Mary.'

That evening, at supper, Mr. Alcott Mills was the one topic of conversation. Mr. Mason gave us what little knowledge

of his history he had incidentally obtained among his friends.

The young man was a very promising artist. He had just returned from the Continent, and was expecting to remain in town until autumn.

'But I can't imagine what on earth he wants to see me for,' added the master of the house, as he passed his cup to be replenished. I saw his pretty wife exchange a very significant glance with her mother as she received it.

Mr. Mason was engaged in a large bookbinding establishment, and it was ostensibly to consult him with regard to the rejuvenation of some old, but valuable books, that Mr. Mills called at his residence a few evenings later.

Mr. Mason and his wife had, however, gone to a concert, so I was left to entertain the young man until their return. If I did not do this to his satisfaction, I at least was equally interested and refreshed by his conversation. Under any circumstances, I should have enjoyed it exceedingly, but almost entirely excluded from congenial companionship as I had been for the last two years, it was not strange that those graceful thoughts, and that suggestive imagery, all bound together with noble sentiments, and high, earnest, yet practical views of life, and occasionally outsparkling with wit and humor, should have been to me an inspiration, almost an intoxication.

'You must find your work very arduous this warm weather. You are looking pale and weary, too, all but your eyes,' said my guest, pausing suddenly in his conversation, and sweeping my face with his deep, radiant eyes. 'You ought to ride out in the country twice a week, at least. How I wish you would give me the pleasure of your company on an excursion!'

'Thank you. I fear it would not be possible for me to leave the shop long enough —'

'Pardon my interruption, Miss Marshall. Will you go if I will procure you leave of absence?'

Before I could reply, Mr. and Mrs. Mason entered the parlour; but, on Mr. Mills rising to leave, he said to me in an undertone:

'You did not answer my question; will you do it now?'

'Yes; I will go if they can spare me. But I do not see how they can possibly do this.'

He smiled. It was one of those rare smiles that warm, and brighten, and enrich a whole face.

'They shall, though.'

And they did. The next Thursday afternoon we left the red brick walls, and brown, dusty, streets of the city, for the green meadows, the cool shadows, and sweet bird songs of the country. How my heart sprang out to its old childloves and scenes, for my city transportation had been a forced one, and the flower longed still for the country dew and sunshine

By which its bud was nursed.

I look back half-a-dozen years to that afternoon, and I can recall very little of what we said for the first hour. I remember the river broke a glorious God painting before my enraptured eyes. On one side lay its dark background of woods, the light wind heaving up the heavy foliage, and the sunlight writing its epistles of love on the dark blue page of the waters, as it rolled up the green distance a dimple of beauty on the broad bosom of earth.

Suddenly an elegant open carriage swept along. I glanced admiringly at the coal black horses, with their silver-mounted caparisonings, at the daintily gloved groom, and, with a quick start, at the occupants of the carriage.

These were Mr. and Mrs. Stowell; and as my eyes met the former, he bowed with a little more than his usual stateliness, while the head of his young wife bent in graceful acknowledgment of my companion's recognition, but a quick quiver shook her lips as she went by.

'Mrs. Stowell is an old friend of yours, Mr. Mills?' I questioned, as we swept on.

'Yes; I knew her once intimately.' After a pause, 'Shall I tell you, briefly, a passage in her past life?'

'I should greatly like to hear it.'

'I met Julia Ellis (now Mrs. Stowell) eight years ago, when her life was coming into the bloom of its seventeenth summer. For four years I was her father's clerk; for two I was her affianced husband. I do not wonder your blue eyes turn to me with that startled expression; and I can hardly understand now how I ever loved her,

ever thought to make her the woman crowned and consecrated of my life. And yet she was beautiful,—she certainly is that now,—and I made the mistake that many a man, older and wiser than I, has done before me. I thought this outward loveliness was a type of the inner.

‘The earth beauty took captive my imagination, my intellect, my affections; and when under the old poplar trees in her father’s suburban home, with the winds rocking the green branches above us, I said to her, ‘Will you go with me to the end, Julia?’ and she wound her white arms about my neck, and laid the soft peach blossom of her cheek to mine, and echoed in her lute-like voice, ‘To the end, Alcott!’ it is not strange that I thought her the woman elect of my soul—the beautiful poet embodiment of my ideal.

‘How could I see, in my mad worship of my idol, that there was no stamina, no persistence, no strength in her character? Impulsively generous and warm-hearted, there was yet a great undercurrent of selfishness in her nature; and though I doubt not she thought she loved me, and did, and does, better than she ever will any other man, her selfishness has rendered her incapable of woman’s life devotion.

‘As I said, I was a clerk in her father’s shop, and I was poor. Julia was aware of all this, and she elected me above many wealthy suitors, knowing (for I told her) it must be years before I could shelter her under my own vine and fig tree.

‘Well, at last, my artist aspirations triumphed over every obstacle. I abjured the mercantile career, which nature never destined for me, and which only stern necessity compelled me to seek, and, with the assistance of several friends, I went abroad, and remained in Rome three years. Ah, me! what promises of constancy have those red lips rained into my thirsty heart! what sweet tears from those May blue eyes have dewed my forehead!

‘But we parted. The next year her father failed. Julia was an only child, and a spoiled one. Admiration, social excitement, and elegant surroundings, were necessities to her.

‘She had not inner riches to meet outer poverty, and not moral courage to brave the change in her circumstances.

‘There was little apology for her, though. A remnant of her father’s fortune, sufficient to secure his small family from want, was secured to it. But just before the failure, Mr. Stowell, the millionaire, had seen and greatly admired her. Now he offered himself, and his elegant house and fine horses were weighed in the balance with the love of the poor artist; and, after a struggle—so I have since learned from one who knew her intimately—the selfishness of the lady triumphed over the heart of the woman. One month they were betrothed—the next they were married.

‘For two months I had not heard of my betrothed, and her silence perplexed and alarmed me. I did not doubt her constancy—I would sooner have distrusted the love of the mother that bore me—but I feared that sickness or some other evil had overtaken my idol.

‘One day I sat in my studio at Rome, when a package was brought me. How eagerly I unrolled it! But I searched in vain for the fair, delicate chirography, whose very sight thrilled the palace of my being. It was not there; and in my disappointment, I dropped the letter and papers to the floor. At last I half unconsciously lifted one of the letters, opened it, and the first lines my eyes rested on were those that announced the marriage of Mr. Stowell, the millionaire, with Julia Ellis. Oh, black, blasting hour, that lifted up a waste of desolation from all the others in my life, your memory has not power to stir me now!

Of course I suffered—any man of my nature must, to find his idol, clay. But it was brief. The mistress passed away from my eyes; the woman went out from the bridal chamber where I had sanctified and consecrated her in my heart; and as she went, I looked for a moment on her true soul. How stark and shrivelled it was!

‘Go out of my heart!’ I said at last, very calmly, and without any bitterness of spirit, for I pitied her—pitied her, that she had bartered, for the husks of this life, the great jewels of my affections!’

Alcott Mills paused. I could not answer him for the tears that were dripping from my eyes. I think he saw

them. At all events, his head leaned down to me as he said, low and solemnly, 'She went out of my heart, and I shut its door, and all was quiet there—quiet, but so empty! But within the last month, an angel has come to me. She stands now on the threshold of my heart. I have seen the radiant crown she wears, and in it are set great jewels of love, and sympathy, and self-sacrifice. Oh, how dark, and miserable, and meagre seems Julia, the earth woman, the earth love, beside her!

'The angel stands on the threshold. I have opened the door. Do you think she will walk in, Mary?'

I looked up in bewildered surprise; but the first glance into those deep set, shining eyes, revealed his meaning. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the great solemn life truth dawned and dazzled over my being. I loved, and I was beloved!

It was no time for the display of maiden art or affectation, not even for rightful maiden timidity. Solemnly as the question had been asked, my soul answered it: 'I will go in, Alcott.'

A month later I went home. I had not apprised my family of my engagement; I had only written them to expect me on a certain day, and a dear friend with me.

But the letter never reached them. It was late in the afternoon when Alcott and I left the depot in a private carriage that conveyed us over the three miles which intervened between us and home. As we drew near our cottage, I observed several persons raking hay in the fields on our right. The youngest of these suddenly lifted his head and looked at us. The rake dropped from his hands, he brushed his straw hat from his forehead, and then with one bound and a loud shriek, 'Goodness alive! if that isn't my sister Mary!' he was over the bars, and I was out of the carriage and in his arms, sobbing only, 'Fred! oh, my brother!'

He needn't have blushed, though, if his coat was off, and his handsome face so sunbrowned, when I turned and presented him to the elegant stranger in the carriage, whose eyes were shining through a mist of tears, and whose voice was hoarse as he clasped Fred's hand, and returned his greeting.

In a few minutes we were at home; my arms were about my mother's neck, my sister's kisses were on my cheek. That is all I can tell you of that meeting.

I never returned to my toil in the city. My sister Anrie took charge of the school which was to have been mine, and Fred obtained a situation in an academy. He is at college now, and winning laurels there. The next October, Alcott and I were married. Six years I have been his wife—*his wife*. Those two monosyllables embody all of happiness the earth holds for me.

We live in the country, reader, in a cottage, nestled down among the trees; and every May time the rose-vines write their crimson romances on the pillars of the portico.

My husband is not a rich man—I doubt whether he ever will be. I certainly do not care, for have I not the unfathomable, unspeakable riches of his love, and do you think I would barter these for Mr. Stowell's palace, and diamonds, and carriage?

God has rewarded me in this life for those two years of 'much suffering;' but he does not always do this here, reader.

The hereafter may hold the blessing and the benediction, but God keeps it, and He cannot forget.

I know the life burdens may be very heavy, and the heart and the flesh fall beneath them, but 'as our day is, so shall our strength be.' The light in which I walk now would not be so bright if the darkness had not gone before: the mountain heights would not look so fair, if I had not trodden the valleys.

We cannot tell what discipline would be best for us; but we know if our appointed tasks are 'well done,' our Father will come for us, and, taking our hardships gently in His own, lead us at last to the morning.

A BOY fills his pipe, and *he* sees only the tobacco; but I see going into that pipe *brains, books, time, health, money, prospects*. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck; and things which are priceless are carelessly puffed away in smoke.

TWO YOUNG MEN'S INFLUENCE, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

A TRUE STORY.

BY NINNA OORDON.

'Annie! Sister Annie! Come here this minute! I want to tell you something!'

A very sweet voice floated back upon the soft September air, 'I'm coming, soon, Charley!'

The first speaker was a young man, intelligent and handsome—unless the grand forehead crowned with its crisp rings of curly black hair was too massive for mere beauty—it may be now I think of it—but he was a noble looking fellow, and for once, appearances were correct, for Charlie Moore was a noble looking fellow with kindly impulses, and a true, honest, manly heart.

The owner of the sweet voice, 'Sister Annie' was—well you will know her better by and by. 'Charlie' who sat by the open window with his feet higher than his head, smoking a cigar, saw her in the garden coming slowly towards the house with her hands full of bright autumn flowers.

Presently she came in, and sitting down upon a low ottoman began to arrange her flowers in their pretty china vases. But her brother seemed to have forgotten his hurry to 'tell her something' till, with a smile that sent the dimples playing hide and seek in her rosy cheeks, Annie said:

'Now for your news, Charlie!'

'I didn't say it would be news to you,' replied her brother, exchanging his lofty perch for an equally graceful position on the sofa, 'I only wanted to tell you what a little bird told me the other day, that Frank Rivers comes here courting Annie Moore! Ah! Annie, when will be the happy day?'

But Annie made no reply. Her fair cheek flushed and paled again, and when she raised her blue eyes to her brother's face, he was pained to see them swimming in tears.

'Why, Annie,' darling, what is it? I shouldn't think you would cry about it! I told Frank I should be proud to see you his wife!'

His sister sprang from her low seat, scattering the flowers upon the rich carpet at her feet, and, kneeling down by her brother's side, laid her brown curly head on his shoulder, and sobbed aloud.

Now Annie wasn't given to crying at all, and her brother, who couldn't remember when he had seen her shed a tear before, didn't know what to make of it. He mentally exclaimed, 'if these women aren't the most inexplicable creatures! Now my sensible, merry-hearted little sister, to go off in such a fit as this, and all because she is going to be married to the finest young man in town—I can't see through it!'

But, aloud, he called her pet names, smoothed her curls the wrong way, and tried to sooth her, man-like, by saying over and over again the very things that made her cry more, and always ending with—

'But what makes you cry about it, Annie?' Annie, however, like the true woman that she was, kept on crying till she had had 'her cry out,' and then wiping her eyes, while a smile broke over her face like 'the clear shining of the sun after the rain,' said, though her voice faltered a little:

'Who says I cried about it? I don't mean to do any such thing; but, Charlie, I shall never be Frank River's wife!'

Charlie jumped up from the sofa, and looking at her as if he was sure she was demented now, exclaimed,

'The — no, I won't say it, Annie! but in the name of wonder what do you mean?'

'Just what I say,' replied his sister, in a voice that, spite of a little quiver in its tones, was very decided, 'I shall never be Frank River's wife, and I have told him so.'

'Then you are finished, little coquette. Annie Moore. For if ever a pair of eyes said anything, I have read in yours a dozen times, 'I love you, Frank Rivers,' and now,

'Now, I say I love Frank, Charlie.'

'Then what is it?'

'Only that he loves something better than he loves me.'

'Ah, ha! jealous, *ma pesite*. What is it? his horse? his moustache?—Frank's moustache is superb! his dog? no? his newspaper, or—'

Annie shook her perverse little head very gravely, saying, 'No, no! something dearer, sweeter, more bewitching. Frank Rivers loves his wine, Charlie, better than he loves the girl he would make his wife—better than he loves me.'

Whew! what a little teetotaler it is, to be sure! jealous of an innocent glass of wine now and then. Fie upon you, Annie!'

'I don't believe in an innocent glass of wine, Charlie! Only think of those young men at Mrs. Henley's party the other night! oh! it was too dreadful.'

'They did play the fool, that's a fact; but what has that to do with Frank or me?'

'It has everything to do with you both. In the first place, they drank no more than either of you; it was

only because they were more easily excited by it.'

'Then they should govern themselves accordingly. If a man can't control himself, he ought—'

'Never to touch, taste, or handle! that is my opinion exactly. And, dear Charlie, don't be angry, but you and Frank were so elated by the wine, that I trembled constantly lest you should say something ridiculous, and I hav'n't seen a happy moment since.' And Annie's head was pillowed upon her brother's bosom, while her slight frame shook with sobs.

His cheek grew crimson, and his dark eyes flashed with anger, but in a moment he replied gently, while he kissed away her tears,

'It shall never be so again, Annie! that was villanous stuff they gave us, and no more like wine than it was like arsenic. It shall not be so again.'

Annie lifted her head from her brother's bosom, and her clear, innocent eyes met his, as she said solemnly, though half shyly:

'Will you promise me, Charlie, that you will never drink another glass of wine; never, Charlie? oh, promise!'

Again the angry spot rested upon her cheek and brow, and Charles Moore put his little sister away from him, saying coldly,

'So you think I will be a drunkard, Annie! oh! I didn't think my little sister had so little faith in my manhood as this.'

'It isn't that, my brother. I do not fear for you, at least, not so much, though we know many strong and noble, and talented men have fallen—orators, poets, and jurists—who, like you, once only drank a little wine now and then. But, Charlie, I couldn't think it of you or of him. It is your influence over others weaker than you; it is your example I fear, oh! so much!'

'I am sure I never used my influence, whatever it has been, to lead any one astray.'

'You would not intentionally, I know. But you do lead every young man wrong who, with his glass in his hand, says (I heard it said, Charlie, more than once, at Mrs. Henley's, the other night), 'Squire Moore drinks wine; he is a smart lawyer, a noble and honourable fellow, and—and a Christian; why shouldn't I?' Oh! Charlie, how wretched we should be if, through your influence, one young man should become a drunkard!'

Squire Charlie began to feel a little uncomfortable now. He didn't quite like the idea of those young rowdies setting him up for their example; and after taking a few hasty turns across the room, he came back to his sister's side, every trace of anger banished from his expressive face, and said, kindly,

'I will think of it, Annie dear; for, to tell you the truth, I never did think of this sort of thing before! But what put such sober thoughts into that nice little head of yours, pussy?'

'I don't know. Somehow I couldn't help thinking. Especially once that last letter of Kitty Lee's. Did I tell you of poor Kitty's troubles?'

'Your Kitty Lee in trouble? No; what is it?'

I don't know as I have ever told you that Kitty and only brother were left orphans a few years ago; that they were comparatively poor; and that Kitty nobly spent nearly all they had left after the debts were paid in educating her brother, who is several years younger than herself. He is a handsome, talented fellow, and loves his sister better than anything else in the world; but he was always impulsive and easily influenced from his boyhood, and at one time during his college life he grew quite dissipated,

and but for his sister's influence would have been expelled. But after that he won golden opinions from all, and graduated with the first honours. But, unfortunately, one night at a party, Charlie, he was persuaded to take 'an innocent glass of wine.' That was since he came to Boston, and Kitty says in her letter that she believes it was the first step to her brother's ruin, for Edward Talbot has lately—'

'Edward Talbot her brother! how can that be?'

'He was the son of her mother, by a second marriage. He is very dear to Kitty, and but for this would be every thing she could desire. But I was going to tell you that Edward—'

'I know all about him, Annie,' interrupted her brother, rising and hastily pacing the room, his manner when excited or anxious; 'I know all about him, and a precious young scamp he is, too; though more sinned against than sining, I do believe. The poor fellow has been the dupe of a villain who induced him to drink and gamble, and yesterday Edward Talbot was committed to jail under arrest for forgery.'

'In jail for forgery—oh! Charlie!' and Annie's bright face grew pale with terror, as she gasped, 'poor, dear Kitty, it will kill her.'

'She must not know it. We must get bail for him, or save him in some way, for I know he is innocent of this crime. I did not hear of his arrest till last evening, and that was why I rode back to the city so late. I visited him in jail, and offered my services as counsel. I found him pale and haggard, and in a sort of frenzy, and I really fear for his reason. Poor fellow! if money or influence can save him, he shall be saved. But I must go now, for Frank is doubtless waiting for me to go to poor Edward's prison—we agreed to meet at the office at nine. So kiss

me Annie, and wipe away your tears. We'll see what can be done.'

He bent down for the kiss, and Annie threw her arms round his neck, and held him while she whispered, coaxingly,

'You will promise me, Charlie, and speak to Frank about it too, please!'

'Ah, ha! you can't afford to lose so nice a husband, can you, puss? Kiss me and let me go. I'll see about it—there!' And directly Annie saw him driving rapidly down the broad shaded avenue towards the city—for the old Moore mansion was situated in the suburbs of one of those pleasant cities that cluster in a neighbourly way around the capital of dear old Massachusetts.

I suppose it would be polite in me to tell you something of the antecedents of all these people I have so unceremoniously thrust upon your notice. I will do so now.

Judge Moore died when Charlie was in college, a boy of seventeen. His wife was soon lying by his side in 'sweet Auburn' cemetery, leaving their two children sole heirs to their wealth. For Judge Moore was not only a truly good and wise man, he was also immensely rich. So, at least, said the newspapers of the day.

Well, poor little orphan Annie was sent to a boarding school, where she remained till her brother graduated, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in his native town.

Now for two years they had been living together in their childhood's home. It was a large, old-fashioned stone house, half palace, half villa, with marble front, and crescent steps leading to broad halls, where, when the doors were open, one could catch glimpses of marble busts and bronze statues, and rich and rare paintings.

Some fine old trees were scattered about the grounds; huge elms, with their heavy branches sweeping earthward, and maples budding in spring, and blushing crimson when kissed by

autumn frosts, just as they did half a century ago.

Ever mindful of his little sister's happiness, her brother had added many superior modern comforts and beauties to his splendid residence, and she took possession of and graced it like a happy singing bird in its native bowers. For Charles Moore was a bachelor, at twenty-eight a confirmed old bachelor—so he called himself, and there was bitterness and sadness in the words.

He had loved once a rarely beautiful girl, but she was selfish and ambitious, and upon her had been poured all the wealth of his tenderness, all the poetry of his youth. She had deeply, cruelly wronged him, and because of her he professed to have lost faith in woman's unselfish, enduring affection—almost. He could not forget his mother; she was a gentle, loving, self-sacrificing woman, and Annie was the dearest sister in the world, loving, and faithful, and true. And so that blessed memory, and this sweet face shining tender and serene in his home, kept him from losing all faith in womanhood.

Annie was now nineteen, and just as every pretty young girl (and ugly one, too, for the matter of that) is sure to do, had taken it in her foolish little head to fall in love. Amiable and beautiful as Annie was, Frank Rivers was worthy of her love, and that is, as her brother would have said, the highest praise that we could bestow upon him.

And yet don't call her exacting or odd, she was right; she had refused to be his wife when she found he would not, for her own sake or his own, part with his wine. Strong, noble, generous-hearted young man as he was in everything else, he could not make up his mind to sacrifice his own indulgence, his own rights, to save his weak and faltering brother.

How could he? What would the world say? The wealthy, the intel-

ligent, the beautiful in his social circles, what would they say if, when the goblet of choice wine was offered, he alone should refuse? No! it would'nt be polite, it would'nt be manly, and he could not do it, though his soul responded to the truth of Annie's arguments.

'No!' he answered, resolutely, 'anything reasonable, Annie; but I cannot agree to this foolish whim of yours! I cannot, and I will not!' And so they parted the night before our story found Annie and her brother talking about the same thing. He had scarcely ever given the subject a thought before. But he thought of it seriously that morning as he rode to the city; and finally exclaimed, mentally:

'Annie is right. We who are strong, have a responsibility for the weak. We have no right to pursue a course that shall lead another in error or sin. Now I like the taste of wine and the pleasant excitement it gives one, but it will cost an effort, and he was surprised to find it so. But directly he went on again to say, 'Well, well, I'll do it, if only to please Annie. I'll take care of my influence in future, and bless my stars that it has done no mischief yet.'

Ay! fortunate, indeed, are you, Charlie Moore, if, in your high social position, influence has never caused your brother to offend! But we shall see.

At his office, Frank Rivers met him, saying that a stranger lady had been waiting an hour in the inner room to see him.

She rose at his entrance, throwing back a thick veil, and showing a fair oval face, now pale as death, and large brown eyes, wild with pain and anxiety.

She trembled violently, but came to meet him, saying in a hurried manner, 'I am Edward Talbot's sister. I received a dispatch last evening, from some one, telling me of my brother's trouble, and directing me to you. I—'

But the gentleman's face shewed so deep sympathy, that the calm exterior with which she had concealed her anguish of soul gave way, and she burst into uncontrollable weeping.

He gently led her to a seat, and his own eyes grew moist as he strove to comfort her, and to place the unhappy affair

in as bright a light as possible. She regained her composure in a few moments, and asked, with touching earnestness,

'Only tell me, Mr. Moore, you don't believe him guilty in heart? He surely could never knowingly have done this dreadful thing.'

'Upon my word, I believe not. He has been the dupe of a villain, who has somehow entangled him in some mysterious manner, which I don't doubt can be explained. I know Edward Talbot too well to believe him guilty of such a deed.

'Thank heaven, he may be saved! And now, Mr. Moore, I must go to my brother. My place is by his side, even though he be in a prison.'

It was in vain that he urged her to take some rest or refreshment, for she had traveled all night, to no purpose; he begged her to go to Annie, and promised to bring her brother to her in a day or two at longest, but her pleading answer was always the same:

'I am strong; I am not weary; I must see poor Edward first. He has no one in the world but me. I must go to him and tell him I love him better than before, that he is dearer to me than all the world beside. Then I will go to Annie, but oh! first take me to my brother.'

He could not resist the pale, sweet face raised so earnestly to his, and after consulting Rivers, who was despatched for a carriage, they were soon driving out to the old jail that, in the midst of the gay, populous city, reared its gloomy walls as a monument to human frailty and human misery. It was a day of wondrous beauty. The sunshine lay bright and soft upon the dark, old building, and flickered among the branches of a tall elm that stood near, a thing of life and beauty. But Catharine Lee did not see the sunshine or the beauty of the day. Pale, calm, and tearless, she took Charles Moore's offered arm, and was barely conscious of passing through a long, gloomy corridor, of hearing the rattling of keys, the clanking of a heavy door, and she found herself, like one in a dream, standing in a small cell, in the further corner of which, upon

a low bedstead, lay her brother, Edward Talbot.

'He's asleep now,' the jailor said in a low voice, 'but he was tearin' round like mad all night.' I called in Dr. Bowen, for I was afraid he would beat his brains out afore morning.' He said he'd got a brain fever, and gin him something to make him go to sleep, and said he must not be waked.'

They approached the bed softly. He was lying in a troubled slumber, his glossy hair turned back from his broad, low forehead, and something of boyish grace in the arms thrown carelessly above his head, and the long curlish lashes falling softly over the beardless cheek. He moved restlessly, and the muscles of his face worked convulsively. Presently a mournful smile flickered over his face, and his parched lips moved.

'Mother! Oh my mother!'

Oh! what yearning tenderness, what touching sadness sat upon that youthful, upturned face! It was a sight to move any but a heart of stone; and what a world of sad memories the words stirred in the heart of poor Catharine Lee! With a bitter cry she threw herself down beside the low iron bedstead, and wept as if soul and body would part company in her terrible sorrow.

Suddenly her brother woke, and springing up wildly in bed, clutched her by the shoulder, and turned her white, ghastly face to his. She threw her arms around him, and clasped him to her heart, raining down kisses upon cheek and brow, and calling him by every endearing name.

But in his wild eyes there was no glance of recognition. He endured her caresses, but looked at her mournfully, saying, in a hoarse, terrified whisper:

'What officer are you?'

'Oh! Eddie, Eddie! I am your sister—I am Kitty! brother darling, speak to me.'

'You are not my sister; you with your faded eyes and pale face! Why the roses bloomed on her cheeks and the

violets in her eyes—and you should hear her laugh! It is music—you never did laugh!'

'Oh! Eddie, speak to me—your sister.'

'No, no! but you look kindly at me! you speak softly—but don't tell Kitty—I am going to prison! to prison for forgery.' And the last words were spoken with such a tone of remorseful agony that it smote the hearts of the listeners, and rung in their hearing for years afterwards.

'Here's Mr. Rivers and Lawyer Moore come to see you,' broke in the jailor.—'They'll help you; they'll get you off.—Keep up good courage, my young friend!'

He sprang from the bed and stood before them, bowing with a grace that would have done honor to the court of a monarch. Then striking his forehead with his clenched hands, he muttered, as he commenced walking up and down the narrow cell.

'Rivers, Frank Rivers! Moore, Lawyer Moore. The names are familiar. I have surely heard them somewhere.—Let me see! It is Christmas eve; there is a party—music, dancing, wine, sparkling, ruby wine! Oh! I remember it all now,' and now it seemed as if there was a 'method in his wildness,' as he stood again before the silent trio with folded arms, and grave, stern face.

'Yes, I remember, and so shall you, gentlemen,' and for a moment he bent his head low and compressed his pale lips, as if to say the words of indignant wrong and wild desperation that the next moment rushed torrent-like from his heart, maddened by reproach and condemnation.

Fixing his dark eyes, glittering like ice, on his hearers, he went on: 'The story may seem flat and stale to you, but it shall not be an unprofitable one. Now listen! It was two years, as I said before, a Christmas eve, and a Christmas party in a palatial home in this city.—No matter about names now. Among that gay crowd of wealthy pleasure-seekers was a young man, poor and proud, but handsome, and educated, and ambitious. But he was weak—was this proud, handsome boy, for he was nothing more than a boy, though he had just graduated from old Harvard with first class honors. He had one of those impressi-

ble, sensitive natures, one of those feeble physical organizations that cannot bear ridicule or excitement. Why, a glass of wine that to men of strong mind and body like you, gentlemen, would only be a little pleasant stimulus, would send the blood rushing madly through his veins and set his brain on fire. I blush for him—that he could not control his passions better, but he found that there was no safety for him save in total abstinence. For more than once his feet had stood just over the awful gulf that yawned to swallow the weak and unwary. So he promised himself, and one dearer to him than his own life, that he would forever abjure wine or any drink that can intoxicate. And so that Christmas eve, two years ago, when wine was offered, he refused to drink it. Fair ladies and brave men pressed it upon him, but with unwonted firmness he still declined. But there were two gentlemen present, both older and wiser than he—both men of influence, of talent and wealth, both his superiors, and his friends, so he thought, poor fool that I was! For Frank Rivers and Charlie Moore (you start, gentlemen, you change color now—now I come to names you see) were not friends, else they would not have whispered, “drink, Edward, it will do you good—drink, Edward, it is so odd to refuse,” and added ridicule to persuasion—would they? They knew I could not bear that and I drank. You know, gentlemen, how deeply I drank, how wildly I talked, and how my two best friends, Moore and Rivers slipped me away slyly and sent me out of town to my sister, whose heart was almost broken at the sight of me, disgraced, miserable wretch that I was. Well, sirs, that glass of wine ruined me, soul and body. That one glass of wine, that but for you, and you, sir, I should never have touched, has sent me here, my body here, my soul to its Maker, for I never will live to bear this awful disgrace. God only knows if I am guilty of this crime; if I have done this thing it was when I was stupified with drink, for as God Almighty is my witness, I know nothing at all about it. Nor am I the only victim of that fatal Christmas party. Do you remember, gentlemen, hearing that young Averill was killed in a street fight last week, in New York? And that St. John Pierce

was found with his throat cut in his prison cell, where he was sent for passing counterfeit coin? Well, sirs, they went to that party resolved, like me, to abstain from wine. We had talked it all over, we three, and made an arrangement to that effect. But through your persuasion I drank. They followed in a single glass—where was the wrong in that? Ay, sirs, they were weak like me and that glass of wine was their first step backward in the road which hurried their souls, unbidden to the judgment. They are dead! the rest remains with God.

He stopped a moment, gazing wildly at the three, who, pale and panic stricken, stood close together in one corner of the cell, dumb with sorrow, and shame, and fear. Then he went on more madly than before:

‘You, gentlemen, sit in earth’s high places, you will doubtless fill the highest offices in the State. Against me the doors of society are barred—me, the inmate of a convict’s cell. But I have shown you how I came here—why I am this hateful thing I have become. God have mercy on me! As for you—you are murderers of those two young men, and of me. Cruel, disgraceful, wicked! Here, jailor, bring your chains, your handcuffs—bind them—’

He had been growing more and more excited, and now, with a cry that smote the hearts of the listeners with horror, the poor fellow staggered forward and fell to the floor—the blood gurgled from his mouth, and flowed a crimson rivulet over his sister’s breast, for she knelt by his side, and laid his head in her arms tenderly as his mother ever folded him to her heart when he was a baby.

Edward Talbot did not then and there die within the walls of that prison cell; but after weeks of delirium and fever, during which the banner of the King of Death seemed unfurled over his sick bed, he woke one morning from a pleasant slumber in the old Moore mansion to recognize the dear faces bending over him—woke to the pleasant consciousness that his innocence of the crime charged against him had been proven to the world beyond a doubt.

But he was never well again. Though the pale cheek glowed with crimson spots, and in his eyes was unwonted

brightness, it was not the glow, or the hue of health.

He lingered a few months, and all that love or skill could do was done, but vainly, and Edward Talbot added one more to the long list of victims to New England's scourge—consumption. He was patient and hopeful to the last, and died, as all the good die, 'blessing, hoping,' and bequeathing to Charlie Moore his only earthly treasure—his sister, Catherine Lee. And as no story is complete unless it ends in a marriage, I might as well state here that in a year after Edward's death, there was a double wedding at Lawyer Moore's. For months before, Frank Rivers and Charlie Moore signed the pledge, kneeling beside poor Edward's sick bed, he first affixing his name with his own hand, already white and diaphanous as the dead.

So the only obstacle to 'sister Annie's' happiness was removed, and as for Charlie Moore, with man's perversity, after slighting, for all these years, the brilliant beauties that would any of

them have willingly endowed him with his name, and heart—well, he fell in love with this little pale-face school mistress—sweet Kitty Lee.

Edward Talbot never knew anything of that eloquent Temperance lecture he delivered in the old Boston Jail, but his two most interested hearers never forgot it—it was burned into their hearts, and they never forgave themselves the great, irreparable wrong they had thoughtlessly done. They never drank another glass of wine, but ever afterward, two bold and fearless watchmen stood upon the walls for the cause of Temperance, for the emancipation of their weak and faltering brethren from the tyrant whose lightest fetter holds its victim in a death-like grasp.

Hundreds in the old Bay State, whose mad cry 'fill up the glass,' once rang high and loud, for whom the last ray of hope had gone out in the hearts that loved them, now lead lives of purity and peace, saved by

Two Young Men's Influence.

THE LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly gate,
They had ever kept in view?

GREENLAND: 'I from Greenland's frozen land,'

INDIA: 'I from India's sultry plain;'

AFRICA: 'I from Afric's barren sand;'

ISLANDER: 'I from islands of the main.'

'All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by;
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!'

GUIDE: 'From the blaze of heavenly day,

Now hear the herald angel say.'

'There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crown his followers win;

Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!'

KEEP YOUR CHARACTER UN-SPOTTED.

Money is a good thing, especially in these hard times, but there is something a thousand fold more valuable. It is character—the consciousness of a pure and honourable life. This it should be a man's first aim to preserve at any cost. In such times of commercial distress, while some are proved and found wanting, others came forth tried as by fire. Here and there one comes out of the furnace far more of a man than before. Amid the wreck of his fortune he stands erect—a noble specimen of true manhood. We have occasionally witnessed an example of courage in such a crisis, of moral intrepidity, that deserved all honour. Let it be the aim of every business man, above all things else, to keep this purity unstained. This is his best possession—this is a capital which can never be taken from him—this is the richest inheritance which he can leave to his children.—*Evangelist.*