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No. I.

THE RECIPROCIITY TREATY.

THE existing agreement for a free exchange of certain of the products of Canada, for similar ones of the United States, will terminate in the course of a few months. We have had no evidence as yet of our government having taken any pains to ascertain whether the existing Reciprocity Treaty has secured for us any permanent tangible advantage; whether the treaty has really accomplished for us what its friends and promoters assured us it would. It is to be hoped that our government will carefully ascertain whether by that treaty we have derived the advantages promised and expected from it before they decide to renew, amend or terminate it. The present is a proper time to look back upon the causes and for reviewing the arguments urged for and against it during its negotiation and upon the results.

That treaty was argued for at a time when prices of grain were very

low in the English market, upon which we depended. It was at a time when the United States, by a 30 per cent. tariff, virtually excluded foreign manufactures and foreign produce from their country, and had consequently furnished their own people with abundance of work and prosperity, as well as a home market for a vast amount of unexportable produce.

Incredible as it may appear, their statistics show that in 1850 the manufacturers, in the State of New York alone, annually used 178 millions of dollars worth of raw material, and produced therefrom \$317,428,331 worth of manufactured goods, showing that that one state alone directly and indirectly netted \$139,428,331 to be distributed among its population annually. That pleasing state of prosperity was secured by a tariff of 30 per cent. But previous to that tariff, prosperity and stagnation followed the ups and downs of their tariff, and fluctuated precisely in the ratio of the changes made.

If we recollect right, it was in 1832 that Daniel Webster was paid \$50,-

000 by a few long-headed patriotic Yankees* to secure it. At that time, where Lowell now stands, was a meadow; and numberless other localities which were either meadows or barren hills, now sustain, through that tariff, millions of busy operatives and rich manufacturers, surrounded by the then poor but now wealthy farmers of their country.

Our Legislators, either not wise enough to learn or to profit by the lesson they could or should have learned of the Yankees, allowed them to flood our country with their manufactures and produce, over a nominal tariff of 12 per cent. only. The result was, that prosperity prevailed in the States and stagnation ruled in Canada.

The 'theoretical Legislators' and politicians of Canada got up, or rather imported the old 'huc and cry'—first used by a German mountebank to swindle a crowd he had gathered by it out of their money—of '*buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market,*' and argued from the idea thus inculcated, that the prosperity in the States arose from their farmers being paid more for their wheat and wool, and better prices for their lumber. That if Canadian farmers and lumberers could sell in the United States markets, upon equal terms with the people there, an equal tide of prosperity would flow over our land.

Those better informed—judging by the results—and more thoroughly acquainted with commercial, manufacturing, agricultural, political and national prosperity, recommended and argued the necessity of raising our tariff from 12 per cent. to the same level as that of the United States, that thereby we would secure

equal prosperity with them. Those opposed to Reciprocity also argued that, as it was of no advantage for one farmer to sell his produce to a neighbor farmer and to take his produce for pay, and no advantage for one manufacturer to exchange his goods with another manufacturer in the same line of business; that the same procedure on the part of two different neighboring countries, similarly situated, commercially and agriculturally, could not be mutually advantageous; that as the Yankees were also an agricultural people, who from natural causes could raise cereals and live stock cheaper than we could, especially on their Western prairies, and from their superior facilities and immensely greater production, would be able, whenever it was to their interests, to flood Canada with their farm produce as they then did with their manufactures, and thus in the end as seriously injure our farmers as they already had our Canadian manufacturers. On the other hand, those in favor of the treaty utterly ignored the idea that any one could manufacture in Canada, boldly asserting that we were unable, incapable and unfitted for manufacturing for ourselves; that Yankee manufacturers could furnish us with goods better and cheaper than Canadian manufacturers would ever supply them. Then repeating their 'huc and cry' of selling in the 'dearest and buying in the cheapest' market, never considered it worth their while to endeavor to discern or discover which, in the long run, would be the cheapest or dearest market for them, but followed on after their blind leaders until they had reached the bottom of the 'ditch,' and found themselves in company with a flood of bankrupts, whom they helped to drag down to utter ruin.

On the 7th of August, 1858, a new era dawned upon our country; the sun of our national prosperity began to illuminate the midnight darkness,

* The early New England settlers conquered a noble and powerful tribe of Indians called the Yankoes, then contracting the name to Yankee, assumed it in place of New Englanders. We do not use it in an invidious sense at all, only from its more clearly designating that people than the name American, which cannot properly be exclusively allowed to them.

and though yet scarcely above the horizon, it has given light to many a dark corner, and began to cheer many a disponding heart. A country skinned and peeled and desolated as Canada was found to be in 1858, was no promising field for a Finance Minister to reap for a depleted treasury. Much against his declared convictions he raised our tariff, on leading articles of manufacture, from twelve and fifteen to twenty per cent. It then averaged about sixteen per cent. over all our imports not effected by the Reciprocity Treaty, while that of the United States was thirty per cent. on their leading articles of manufacture, and averaged about twenty-four per cent. over the whole of their imports. Extraordinary as it must appear to our then Finance Minister, and those imbued with his commercial ideas, and entertaining his conceptions of the best system to secure our individual and national prosperity. It was from the date of that new tariff that capitalists began to invest their money in manufacturing operations, that foreigners came here to engage in and invest their capital in manufacturing pursuits; and they have gone on increasing, extending and multiplying from year to year, as they became assured that no reduction of the tariff would take place. If any change, that it would be an advance to more nearly approximate to that of the United States. As predicted by those opposed to reciprocity, we have with a tariff only two-thirds as high as that which the United States then maintained—it is much higher there now—far better and much cheaper goods are manufactured in Canada than are imported from the States. As collateral evidence of which, we will here cite a few instances out of any number we can produce.

SHODDY CLOTHS.

Not long before our tariff was raised we were shown by the agent of a

New York house a number of samples of light cloths which he was selling at 30 cents per yard, by the case. On examining the samples we told him that, being acquainted with woollen manufacturing, we could tell him how much they cost; that they were made of cotton warp filled in with a mixture of cotton and woollen waste, and then printed to represent checks, stripes, &c., by a similar process as that for printing wall paper; that the outside cost was not over ten cents per yard. He admitted we were correct. He sold several cases of those goods in the city of Hamilton, and we afterward saw them on sale at 62½ cents per yard; and noticed when worn a few weeks, and even a few days, if exposed to a shower of rain, that they were too shabby to be decent. No Canadian manufacturer would dare to make such goods: his make of goods are known to dealers; his market is limited; his reputation would be ruined, and his occupation would be gone.

In the States, on the other hand, with thirty millions in place of three millions to supply, they were sold first in one section of their country and then in another. The style or pattern was then changed, but not the quality, and the country supplied again. Many large establishments are thus enabled to dispose of all they make. The profits were large, and Canadian farmers, mechanics, laborers, &c., were thus swindled; when good Canadian, all wool goods, could be furnished at seventy-five cents per yard, that would give five times the service, cost no more for making up, and continue to look well. Another instance from another class of goods.

COTTON SHOES.

In Toronto, the wife of a clergyman purchased a pair of shoes at a store on Yonge street, designated by the name of a Yankee City. The price was not over one-half or two-

thirds of the usual rates she had previously paid, and at once considered it was the place to get shoes cheap. Three hours wear in her own house used them up. We helped to examine the material and structure. They were found to be cotton oil cloth uppers, sewn on to light leather soles, with the stitches fully one inch apart, and the imitation was so perfect that the uppers had to be cut through with a knife before the lady could be satisfied that they were not leather. Thus another proof that the *cheapest* market is often a perfect swindle.

It may be thought that those facts have nothing to do with reciprocity; yet they have. They bare upon the question from the advocates for reciprocity, arguing against raising the tariff as demanded by their opponents, because they said it would enable our manufacturers to cheat them by charging more for their goods than the Yankees would, and that it would prevent them buying in the *cheapest market*. The advocates for reciprocity got it. The theoretical politicians have been able to purchase goods in their cheapest markets; they have been swindled more than a hundred books could enumerate, and we hope and trust to their hearts content.

- An outside necessity compelled our government, against their convictions, to raise our tariff, and although yet very much less than the United States tariff was then, and much more so now. It has secured for us fully as great and numerous advantages as its advocates ever promised for it. The tangible proof is, that today we have better and cheaper goods manufactured in Canada than we ever imported from the States. In every store and shop in the country they are daily spread out to stare out of countenance the sneering 'theorists,' who in their ignorance asserted it never could be done.

It was also advocated, by those opposed to reciprocity, that a higher tariff would secure work for our sons and daughters; for our laborers, mechanics and operatives; for our farmers, merchants and manufacturers' customers. To-day we have the soundness of these arguments verified. Our manufacturers all over the country have or may have work, besides the thousands upon thousands who have 'skedaddled' to Canada for and in the name of liberty.

OUR WOOL, LUMBER AND WHEAT.

We will now refer more particularly to those, our then, three leading articles of export—for they were the primary ones for which the necessity for reciprocity was argued—and enquire if supplying the Yankees with those articles has been most beneficial to us or them.

WOOL.

Ever since our tariff was raised our manufacturers have paid more on an average for our wool than the Yankees did, and are now importing large quantities from foreign countries to be manufactured in Canada. Thus we have the proof that an increase in our tariff was all that our farmers needed to secure a good and permanent market for their wool at home. Before our present tariff the Yankees were manufacturing more or less of our wool, sending us their goods, and having the profits to enrich themselves and their country. They were benefited and we were not; but under our present tariff we are benefited and they are not. Those facts prove that the 'theorists' were wrong; that a higher tariff, and not the reciprocity treaty, was the necessity of the times, to secure a high and reliable market for our wool. And yet we have further facts to sustain these conclusions, for United States statistics show that we imported from them, for the year ending June, 1859, \$224,881 worth

of wool, and our own show that for the year 1862, ending the same date, we imported from the States no less than 1,349,476 lbs. of wool at a cost of \$333,570, which we trust will satisfy all interested where the best and most reliable market for Canada is.

OUR LUMBER.

The reciprocity treaty greatly developed our sawn lumber trade, especially all along the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie. The good results of reciprocity say the theorists. We admit the results; but were they really good, were they beneficial to individuals or to the country at large? That is the question which should be answered, that our people and our statesmen should be certain of before they decide to perpetuate that treaty. Travel all over and through that section of the country west of the river Trent, and make it your business to enquire into the merits of the question as we have done, and you will find that of those who engaged in the lumbering trade to supply the United States market, and you will not find one in fifty, if one at all, that has been benefited by it. Those who continued exclusively in it were ruined; lost their time and their money in supplying the Yankees with lumber cheaper than they could make it at home. Their losses do not cover one half of the injuries, for almost every mechanic, merchant, laborer, or farmer who had given them credit, were directly or indirectly injured—many of them ruined.

It is true, the lumber sawn on the Rivers Trent and Ottonabee, and east thereof, is from natural advantages produced cheaper than through the West, and realized a profit when a loss was sustained in the West. Some of the leading producers on those rivers in the eastern portion of the Province are Americans, and their opinion is reliable, and is, that if the duty is re-imposed, it will make but

a temporary difference to them, for the consumer in the States must have it, can get it no where else, must pay the producer his price. The re-imposition of the tax would make the lumber higher in the States, but not at our expense.

It certainly seems strange that so large a class of business men should be so completely ruined. The reasons are well known, but our space will not allow us to fully explain them at present. Our principal object now being to draw attention to the fact, and to argue therefrom, that a business which ruined those engaged in supplying a foreign people with material cheaper than they can get it at home, must be beneficial to them and a serious loss to our own country. That the reciprocity treaty, therefore, secured for us no advantage in the second leading article of export, for to benefit which that treaty was argued to be necessary. We have found those who had taken it for granted that the treaty was an unmitigated blessing, who staggered in their belief from the facts above stated, have put forth the idea that the money received for the lumber was spent in the country. To such we would say our imports were every year millions of dollars more than our exports; that the lumber cost us more than we got for it, and moreover that we should ever look with a jealous eye upon any business which robs one portion of the community to benefit another, and especially when a greater contingent benefit accrues to another country than to our own.

We will add, that those in that very same section of country who are now engaged in supplying our home market with lumber, are prospering and yearly adding to their material wealth, as well as to that of the country, which confirms another argument of the objectors to reciprocity that a high tariff would create a home demand for our lumber, to build up our own

cities, towns, villages, and agricultural homes, and thus secure a reliable home market for our lumber, unaffected by foreign contingencies. It may be said that it was the war in the States which ruined our lumbermen, but their ruin was accomplished before the war commenced.

OUR WHEAT.

The best market for our wheat today is in England, where it was before the reciprocity treaty, where it has been most of the time since, and where it ever has been, except for a year or two, about the year 1835, and again for a short time immediately before and since the accomplishment of the reciprocity treaty, which establishes the fact, that the higher prices which were obtained for wheat in the United States, in those years, were of a purely exceptional character. The fact is further confirmed by a writer in the *New York Tribune*, in some remarks on the advantage of the treaty to the United States, who says—'I see no reason why Canada is not in quite as independent a position as the United States, in every particular, excepting when the United States market is better than that of Europe.'

The last of those exceptional periods, from 1853 to 1857, was the result of short and damaged crops. In the first years, from the rapid and continued decrease in the yield of white wheat in the States of New York and Ohio. Its principal producers in the Western States had not yet commenced to raise of that much more than for their home demand. The Russian war also effected prices for a certain time. The decrease in the State of New York alone was from thirteen to nine million of bushels. That large decrease occurred during a rapid increase in the demand. An extraordinary and exceptional demand for white wheat was the consequence. Canada produced largely of that quality: the

necessities of the United States compelled them to pay higher for it than Canadians realised by sending it to the English market; yet from the high tariff of the United States, Canadian farmers were restrained from securing, temporarily, as high prices as the United States farmers secured.

Our Canadian farmers, unable to secure as satisfactory prices as their neighbors across the 'lines,' became dissatisfied and anxious to have the (to them) objectionable tariff removed. They, and the political 'theorists' who represented them, having got the 'idea' into their heads that wheat was 'king;' that Canada was unfit for anything but raising wheat and wool, and producing lumber for the Yankees; that all other interests were a mere bagatelle compared with it, were willing to make any sacrifice to secure an unfettered market for them in the States. The 'idea' became a 'hue and cry;' only one side was looked at; no desire or effort was manifested to listen to or examine the other side. Like the cracked and creaking cart-wheel, their noise monopolised the hour, while every turn rolled it along to the inevitable smash, as the result is likely to show.

Our 'political theorists' succeeded in their negotiations. It was at the time said by bribery of United States Senators from the South, as it was going to be injurious to their lumbering interests. It would enable the north to procure lumber at their expense, for while the north would have no duty to pay on that large item of import, the south would still be subject to a high tariff on all their imports, and would, therefore, secure no corresponding advantage: at all events, if we recollect right, eighty thousand dollars has already been paid. And in the supplies asked for by the present retrenchment Premier of our country, there was a further item of about thirty thousand dollars more. Why it has

been deferred nearly ten years for a retracement ministry to settle, is a piece of political economy which will, we hope, be satisfactorily explained; but we shall believe in the interim that we have already paid sufficiently 'dear for the whistle.'

The treaty accomplished, we find, secured to us a free exchange of products with a people who can at almost all times flood us with their comparatively inexhaustible supplies of the same description of produce as argued by those opposed to the reciprocity treaty. What has been the result? The deficiency in the United States has not lasted forever. The yields of white wheat in the States of New York and Ohio have vastly increased, and the Western States now yield enormously. Mr. Ruggles, a prominent speaker at the great canal convention in Chicago, stated that it was estimated that eight States alone that border on the head waters of the great lakes, produced, last year, five hundred millions of bushels of grain. Our large produce dealers find it advantageous, or prefer at all events, to go to Chicago, Milwaukee, &c., &c., to purchase, in place of dabbling with the comparatively small lots which local dealers have been able to concentrate at any one point in Canada, out of Montreal.

The produce dealers bring the grain, purchased there, through our routes of shipment to tide water, and thus give us the incontrovertible proof, that the reciprocity treaty does not now secure for us an advantage in the United States market over the English market. The Yankees evidently foresaw this contingency in the future; foresaw that the time was fast approaching when the great west would require a broader highway to the European market, and in the reciprocity treaty provided for the contingency, which should satisfy our statesmen that they were fully aware that in all human probability the demand for Canada

white wheat would be of short duration. To go back a little, we find that an arrangement was made by which produce or merchandize could be 'bonded' either way through the United States or Canada. The point in that fact hardly needs referring to now; but the friends of reciprocity argued that the United States route of shipment was the best and cheapest, while many of them fully believed that it was through that cause, and not from a deficiency in the States, that higher prices ruled there. The proof to the contrary has become so ample, from the vast quantities of United States produce passing through our St. Lawrence route to Europe, that we need not go more fully into it, but remind the reader, that if we had any statesmen in those days they should have foreseen, (as the Yankees did) without difficulty, that the scarcity of white wheat, or any other wheat or produce would only be of short duration, and that it was not justifiable to yield or concede any valuable right, or expose us to any future danger or injury, to procure what could only amount to a temporary advantage, as time has already demonstrated. Those facts are put forward to secure a clearer perception of our position and losses from the operations of that treaty.

In time our wheat crops comparatively failed, falling off for exportation from nearly nine and a half millions of bushels in 1856, to four millions of bushels in 1859, our millers had purchased to supply the United States market, at a time when the Yankees were paying very high to secure it to mix with their damaged wheat, to produce saleable flour for their home consumption. With that flour our millers could not compete, for they had no damaged wheat. We grew very little spring wheat for export, and by a clause in the reciprocity treaty, our millers were prevented mixing Yankee wheat, damaged or

not, with ours for flour for their consumption. And it has been stated, that their copy of the treaty was so drawn up, that while it only differed in one word from ours, that difference was of sufficient importance to enable them to demand and to be allowed to mix their wheat with ours, and to send us the flour. If so, injurious as it may have been, it was only as a drop in the flood of the final disaster.

Canadian millers were required to make affidavit on every shipment of flour to the United States, that there was no United States mixed with it, or what was virtually the same thing, that it was solely of the produce of Canada. Our millers found ere long that they had on hand for sale, principally consigned to the Yankees, a very large stock of flour in a fast declining market, some of whom lost to the extent of three dollars a barrel. They were all, with very rare exceptions, ruined. Those not ruined were indebted for their safety to outside circumstances, not necessary to detail here. The effect upon the country was, that from flouring having been the main, the almost exclusive support of a very large proportion of our villages, the very life of their existence, that the ruin of the mill-owners struck them as with palsy. No one had work; no one could get work. Millers, teamsters, coopers, laborers, bakers, butchers, mechanics, &c., were thrown idle, with provisions high, and no possible chance to get from the mill-owners any monies due them, for they were as helpless as those who had previously depended on them for a living. Merchants and others who had heavy running accounts with them and their workmen; also farmers who had not drawn pay for their wheat were heavy sufferers, and many of them ruined.

There were, it is true, other causes which made the stagnation more awfully complete—such as the cessation of the heavy expenditure on our rail-

ways and other public works. We may refer to them again, but it is easily shown that they were actually of a secondary character, and it is of more importance to discover what hand the reciprocity treaty had in ruining the mill owners and the thousands that depended upon them. It may be a difficult problem to solve, but it is nevertheless entitled to our closest attention.

There was a margin of profit on the wheat we sent to the States, as long as it was sold when it went forward, as it generally was. If their market had not been open to our flour, free of duty, it is very questionable if so many mills would have been built. Every mill built became a dead loss to the owner; every barrel of flour made, on which there was a loss, was a loss to Canada, and a gain to the Yankees, who purchased it for less than it cost.

If, in connection with those facts, we take into consideration the quantity of flour we imported into Canada, from the States, in 1857 and '58, which we should, and which from July 1st, 1857, to July 1st, 1858, alone, amounted to \$1,666,545, we can have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the Yankees in the end secured fully all, if not much more from us as through the flour and wheat exchange or trade, than they ever gave us in remitting their duty on our wheat.

There is yet another fact that we have not stated, which will unquestionably strengthen us in the above conclusions, and that is, that while our mill owners were ruined and our mills standing, the Yankee millers were making money, were grinding night and day to furnish us with flour.

They had bought, or we had sent them, all our good wheat, from their offering prices for it to mix with theirs, as we have previously stated,

which our millers could not touch except at a direct loss.

The chief portion of what they had mixed was for their own consumption; the flour they sent us was chiefly made from their damaged wheat from what they called '*Stub Tail*,' as it is designated in the Report of the Oswego Board of Trade, we suppose from the ends being rotted off; at all events it was half rotten, and had to be dried before it could be ground.

70,000 barrels in one year of that choice specimen of Yankee industry was shipped from the Port of Oswego alone to Canada to feed the starving multitudes they had so completely stripped, and peeled and ruined, that our government had to advance the money for the food and seed on the credit of future municipal taxes.

To find out how much came to us from other ports we may strike the balance between the value of the 70,000 barrels, which probably realized about \$500,000, and the \$1,666,546 worth before cited. If there had been a proper tariff it would have kept out the Yankee flour; Canadian millers would have had the privilege of working for their own good and the good of their own country.

The profits at the usual rates of toll on the \$1,666,645 worth of flour we imported would have been in round numbers \$150,000, which divided among say 500 millers, the probable number in the country would have been over \$300 for each one.

A high tariff, as we have previously stated, would have prevented so many mills being built; the capital in them would have been invested in other manufactories, as capital has been since our tariff has been raised, and our people would have had work and bread in place of nothing to do and nothing to eat.

The conclusions we come to, as to the effects of the treaty on our millers, and through them on every class of

the community, is, that without the treaty, and with a sufficient tariff, our wheat would for a short time have ranged a trifle higher, that the Yankees would not have so completely gleaned our country. That so many mills would not have been built if the United States tariff had kept our flour out of that country. That the money invested in mills and lost; and the amount we paid the Yankees for grinding flour for us while our mills were standing, would not have been lost, and the bribery money have been saved. Finally, that our country would not have been disgraced, though thousands upon thousands of our people living upon a bad quality of flour, and that furnished by foreigners, who in their printed records class it as only fit for hog feed.'

It is thus far evident, that to the carrying out of the 'theory' of the advocates of reciprocity for securing Canadian prosperity, in place of the much simpler and less expensive suggestion of their opponents, by raising the tariff, we were and are indebted for the truly disgraceful and ruined condition their 'theory' brought upon us—upon the intelligent farmers of naturally the richest agricultural country on the face of the globe. Could the theorists possibly bring us any lower? We answer, yes. For several years we had bountiful harvests and unexampled high prices for them; we had disbursed from 60 to 100 millions of dollars for railroad received from English Stock holders and lenders. Our municipalities had borrowed very heavily and spent it all. Large amounts had been borrowed abroad by individuals and companies through Building Societies, Loan Funds, &c., &c.

Canada should have teemed with gold, but a low tariff and reciprocity gobbled it all up and handed it over to foreigners. It may seem incredible that nearly one hundred millions of dollars, over and above the returns

from all our exports or our industry was spent in less than ten years, as fast as it was received. But so it was, and thus, we exported from July 1st, 1853, to July 1st, 1862, 287 millions of dollars worth of produce, but imported 380 millions of dollars, or 93 millions of dollars more than we were able to pay for from our own industry.

It is evident such a process of blood letting cannot last forever. Our political theorists cry themselves hoarse over what they proclaim to be the ruinous amount of our national debt requiring at least three millions of dollars annually to pay the interest. Messrs. Howland and Galt both concur in stating that the amount on which we pay interest is about 60 millions of dollars, a large portion of which is on about five per cent. interest; yet we scarcely ever hear a single member of the Legislature, excepting Isaac Buchanan, Esquire, have a word to say about the much more ruinous state of our trade operations, through which we are yearly, from the effects of reciprocity and a low tariff, paying or rather running into debt more than three times as much as the annual interest on our national debt.

Who of our Legislators will ponder upon these things, and give the evidence of securing wisdom thereby by employing it in advancing the best interests of Canada?

When our credit was strained and snapped to the last thread, the "theorists," whose scheme had brought us to that condition, and who, in their blunders, could neither see where they were or where to get us lower, insisted on our Legislature enacting, that any rate of interest might be charged on money to cause it to flow to Canada, and thus secure its prosperity. They could not, in their theoretical blindness, see that under their system it was run out faster than it could be run in.

Our wise Legislature, in that year, threw the barricades all down, and virtually said to the usurers, now is your chance. Those having obligations coming due could not pay them, for there was no money. The usurers, thus unchained, charged from two to eight times the rates at which those obligations were held for before. The rich were made richer and the poor poorer.

What wholesale swindling scheme for making Canada rich the "theorists" would have next tried to get adopted, heaven only knows. In our last extremity a deliverer came,—a *necessity*,—one which all their ideas, schemes, and theories could not provide for.

The wide-spread run they had caused left us as we have previously stated, a barren field for our Government to gather supplies from. Then, as the only final and efficient remedy, our tariff, that year—1858—was raised.

We have slowly and steadily prospered individually and materially ever since, and the truth that we wish to impress now is, that with our higher tariff, money has become more and more plentiful every year, until our banks don't know how to use their funds.

The rates of interest have continually and rapidly declined as our manufactures multiply. And let it be remembered, and ever be remembered, that it has not been the money we borrowed under those increased rates as the 'usury' 'theorists' state that has caused its comparative abundance, but from more of what we make being kept in the country, for the amounts borrowed have been less and less every year, as our manufactures have increased.

EFFECTS OF RECIPROACITY ON THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE GRAND TRUNK.

The first year the reciprocity treaty went into operation (1855) the

traffic on the St. Lawrence fell from \$33,673,128, the amount in 1854, to \$18,469,528 in 1855, or a decrease in one year of \$15,203,600. In 1854 our trade with the United States was \$24,071,096, in 1855, the first year of the treaty, it rose to \$40,827,720, which goes to prove that we took from our country and people on the St. Lawrence a traffic of over 15 millions of dollars, the very first year through that treaty. Handed over the occupation, the livelihood, and previous sources of national greatness, and industrial and national wealth to the Yankees to enrich their national canals, their railroads, and their people. A large proportion of those engaged in forwarding on the St. Lawrence were ruined, our canals built at such an immense cost, were left comparatively idle, and our grand highway to the ocean was evidently returning to its primitive aboriginal condition while Yankee forwarders, Yankee routes and cities secured the profits which our 'theorists' took from our own routes and people.

It is right to state that some yet believe that it was the Grand Trunk railroad that ruined our forwarders. If the theorists are right, how does it come that the Grand Trunk had scarcely any traffic when the river traffic was ruined, and that it now increases in proportion as the forwarding on the St. Lawrence increases.—As with the New York State Canals and railroads, the prosperity of the one secures success to the other.

It is therefore evident that the reciprocity treaty, since its consummation, has deprived the St. Lawrence river and Grand Trunk routes to the ocean of somewhere between 15 and 100 millions of dollars of traffic—ruined our Grand Trunk and our Canadian forwarders, and ruined the reputation of our railroad stocks, and the credit of our country more than will ever be ascertained.

There are several articles of our produce effected by that treaty which we have not referred to yet. The first is live stock. The Yankees have certainly purchased largely of us; but in 1856—the second year of the treaty—our imports of animals and their products, was more than all of that class of products we sold to them. What it has been since then is more than we are able to make out from the trade statistics furnished by our government since that year. Why a matter of so much importance, which our people and legislators should so fully understand, should year after year be so imperfectly prepared, that no one can ascertain from them from whom we buy or to whom we sell our produce, is very strange. United States statistics, however, show that we imported from them in 1858, as follows:—

Horned cattle.....	\$1,200,696
Horses.....	36,900
Hogs.....	544,054
Sheep.....	20,288

\$1,802,038

And of hides.....	474,366
Tallow.....	113,013
Lard.....	79,647

\$657,021

And beef.....	26,506
Pork.....	542,972
Ham and bacon.....	68,294

\$637,872

Amounting in all to... \$3,096,031

The Chicago Board of Trade extol over those figures as a portion of the advantages they have secured by the reciprocity treaty. Their exultation, under the circumstances, is our humiliation. The incidental proof of the correctness of the figures thus given by the Chicago Board of Trade is, that all over our country smoked hams, shoulders, &c., can be purchased at from 30 to 50 per cent less than they ever were before the treaty. It is so because the Yankees can and do, under the provisions of the reci-

procuity treaty, flood our country with their cheap 'grain fed,' 'swill fed,' and 'nut fed' pork, and thus monopolize our markets. The Western States estimate their exports of cut meats last year at three hundred millions of pounds. The result of our country being thus flooded with Yankee pork has been, that the long accounts on our merchants books throughout many sections of the country, but especially in the new, where those who owned them had hoped and expected to pay them off in pork at from four to six dollars a hundred, were unable to do so, when they only realized from two to three dollars per hundred. Their accounts, thus only half paid, credit gone, the future looked dark and gloomy, because the reciprocity treaty had enabled the Yankee to forestall them in their own home market. The country was further injured by our merchants being thus deprived of the ability to meet their payments.

As a further proof we find that our imports of meats from the United States in 1862 was \$1,040,269, while our exports were only \$100,828, showing that we consumed of Yankee meats, in that year, \$939,441 worth. If we add to that \$129,516 worth of tallow and \$53,381 of lard, which we also purchased of them, it shows that we consumed \$1,002,338 worth of those articles. We also consumed \$148,482 worth of their cheese, fearfully checking its production in our own country thereby. Can an arrangement which causes such depreciation of the value of the farmers produce, and further floods them out of their home market, be such as a wise legislature should re-sanction.

There is yet another product which we have not mentioned. We refer to our fishery interests. We find no statistics upon which to base an opinion, but have learned and fear that the Yankees have, as in other leading items, secured all the advantage,

The Lower Provinces are more deeply interested in the fishery question than we are, and should sift it thoroughly before they consent to extend either the time or provisions of that treaty.

Having gone over the leading articles of produce, which it was argued the reciprocity treaty was necessary to secure for us the best market, we find that it was no gain for us to sell them our wool, but a loss. We find that we gain no advantage for our lumber, but sustain a loss. We find that we secured no ultimate advantage for flour or wheat, but to all appearance, loss, and heavy loss. We find a continual loss from allowing them to flood our country with pork and other meats, cheese, &c., &c.

From the facts adduced, it then appears that the treaty has not procured for us the advantage our theorists promised; that it has, directly and indirectly injured us. Directly, through positive loss on lumber, wheat, and flour; through our country being flooded with Yankee produce and manufactures which we are capable of producing ourselves, for which we have paid them our hard earned gold, last year (1862) to the amount of \$8,192,347. Indirectly, by staving off a higher tariff, which was of more vital importance for securing permanent prosperity than any reciprocity. Further, by maintaining to the present our tariff on United States manufactures at figures very much lower than that upon any goods we may desire to send them.

By the way, if they can manufacture, as our theorists asserted, so much cheaper and better than we, they can have no difficulty in competing with us, and can find no fault to be placed on a level, in place of always having the advantage over us. That would be positive reciprocity; and common sense can conceive of no other that can be advantageous. Then balancing the facts against the

promises of our theorists, it is evident that a higher tariff, and not reciprocity, was the true and only key to open up to us the highway to individual and national prosperity; and that our legislature should secure reliable statistics, give them to the country to be canvassed, and to show therefrom that reciprocity is necessary, and that a higher tariff is or is not necessary to secure our individual and national prosperity, before they

extend or amend that treaty, or lower our tariff.

If they can show that that treaty has been particularly advantageous on the whole; has secured for us any thing like a fair proportion of them, it will be a source of satisfaction to those who believe that it has placed us at the mercy of a wiser, richer and more numerous people, who have never been loth to ask for, require and secure, our last farthing.

OUR MILITARY POSITION.

THE past is a legitimate reference to which we may look back, and from it base an opinion for the future.

That past, in the history of our country, reminds us that when our natural protector, the mother country, to maintain her own and the liberties of the world, was in arms pitted against the old world, those contiguous to us in the new world looked upon the occasion as a fit and proper time to assail our country, to deprive those, who valued the freedom of British institutions more highly than republican liberty, of the homes they had carved out for themselves and their posterity in Canada.

It reminds us that before war was declared against us, that the government of the United States had equipped its armies, had made provision for its supplies and munitions of war, and placed them upon our frontiers at every assailable position, from oppos-

ite Montreal to Detroit, and even farther west.

The same description of events are now taking place all along that same frontier. The fortresses, the depots for provisions and munitions of war, are being multiplied and strengthened in the most formidable manner. No sane man will believe for a moment that they are being erected, strengthened, and fully stocked to protect the builders against our longings after any of their possessions, although by the now notorious deception of one of their great men—Daniel Webster—we were swindled out of a large tract of invaluable territory; or that the builders are fearful or have the least suspicion that we have concocted some deep laid scheme for the conquest and subjugation of the United States.

From the views, the feelings, and the determination exhibited and expressed by the press, the people, and the governing powers in the United States. From the long known and deeply cherished intent of the motive

element now guiding the destinies of that people to secure possession of Canada, only one reasonable conclusion can be come to in accounting for the unwarrantable military preparations making upon our frontiers, and that is, that if in the coming chapter of events any opportunity should occur, as the Trent affair, they would not hesitate for a moment, as they then did for a week, whether they should do right or persist in a wrong.

When their preparations are all complete, and everything in hand, judging from the well-known desires of their people, and from the bitter tirades of their press, which so fully decrees in advance the pathway of their rulers, opportunities will not even be watched for, but *will be made*, through which a collision may be secured, and confident, in their overwhelming numbers, of sweeping every vestige of British power from Canada as they expected to do in 1812, they will surely, as they did then, rush upon us without warning, and with a bitter hate, if possible, more intense than that which they are exhibiting towards their former brothers in the South, and gobble up all within their reach as legitimate compensation for their losses through the Alabama and its coadjutors.

Those who are too shiftless or too penurious to lock their doors, when the sounds of preparation of their future plunderers are distinctly seen and heard, are beyond all question the most easily deluded mortals, making any pretence to intelligence, that the sun ever wasted its light and heat upon. And it will be difficult to convince thinking men that they would not be willing to join the invading hordes to obtain a chance share of the plunder of their nearest neighbors, as some of them did in 1837-'38.

We are cheered in our hopes of the future, by knowing from a personal acquaintance with every sec-

tion of Canada West, that the more exposed the points of danger, the more united and willing, as individuals, the people are to resist to the death every encroachment of unprincipled invaders. But as union is strength, and without union we need not hope to resist a powerful enemy, it is one of the first and most imperative duties of our government to mould and combine that strength, that it may not be worse than useless, and be found a snare and delusion in the hour of trial.

The notes of warning are becoming louder and deeper, and more frequent every day. The press in the richest and most Christian cities of the Eastern States are already, by anticipation, gloating over the plunder they intend to harvest from our fertile plains. The destruction they intend to accomplish, and the devastation they are determined to make throughout all our borders.

Thank heaven, we know that the most of our people are, and have been, at least, a year ahead of our government in the way of desiring defence, and that they are becoming so deeply sensible of the eminence of danger that our noble Governor need not be surprised, if matters do not improve, to see petitions circulating throughout the land to solicit him, if necessary, to apply to the British Government to take the matter in hand, and to aid us, through proper officers, to prepare for the worst, to make provision against impending danger and irreparable calamity.

For the last year and a-half we should have been meeting preparation with preparation, but what has our government done? The only thing to see, that stands out prominently, is the parasites of the country, using both hands and employing all their energies to keep

fast hold of their fat offices, without an ounce of strength or ability to spare for the exigencies for which it is their imperative duty to provide, and what is disgraceful in them, is still more disgraceful in those others of our representatives who look and wait, and wait and look, month after month, for them to do what they say they see the necessity for doing. This view of things is striking, day after day, deeper into the minds of our people.

An overruling Providence brought all the counsels of our wicked invaders to naught in the last war, and we have no doubt but the same providence will bring to nought their efforts for the future. But Providence never does for us what we should do for ourselves. If we are not willing to employ the blessings and bounties he puts into our hands, to provide against danger and calamity, the ruinous consequences of our neglect must rest upon our own heads. The danger is looming up denser and blacker every day; the only way to avert it is by meeting preparation with preparation. We are met in the face of such a proposition by the 'hue and cry' of retrenchment, that we cannot afford to protect ourselves. Short sighted mortals, they would not raise a hand to protect their birthright, for fear it would cost something; they just know enough to treasure up their hard earnings to be gobbled up by their invaders. As the brutish hog and the unthinking ox, they go on accumulating fat from day to day for those who intend to eat them.

Those invaders have already, in part, published their programme of the way by which they will come to invade the eastern section of our country. We have not, as yet, seen their programme for the Ni-

agara and St. Clair frontiers, but they evidently intend in extending and strengthening their forts, along those rivers, to make important demonstrations therefrom. The likely result of a raid across the Niagara river would be the destruction of the Welland canal, as they have already declared they will the Rideau, which is infinitely more difficult to reach; also, the Welland railway, its elevators and rolling stock; that the immense trade of the great West, which now finds an outlet through them to the east may be stopped, and thereby turn that carrying trade through Buffalo and its outlets to the ocean; revenge and cupidity would naturally suggest this programme.

We make no pretence to military science, but if Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo and the head of the Erie canal, was an important position in the war of 1812, it would appear to be much more so now, as a position from whence we could completely cut off the immense produce trade of the Great West from entering Buffalo harbor, and thence by the canal to the eastern market.

We could strike higher up upon the St. Clair also, and block their whole trade finding an outlet through it to Buffalo. The Western States would not long allow their produce to be completely blocked out from market in that way to please the Eastern States, and would either compel them to a cessation of arms, or make a secession of themselves, and seek a friendly alliance with us. If the Western States perceive that we are prepared and determined upon a bold and energetic resistance, and that in the strife their interests will most surely severely suffer, they will put a veto upon those evil intents and propensities of the Eastern States. Comparatively, an

ounce of prevention might save us from incalculable damage, and all the horrors of a vindictive and deadly war.

There can be no question, that if properly constructed defences are erected at Fort Erie they could not, judging by the resistance of Fort Wagner, be taken by bombardment, or by what are called approaches from the front, and to do so by the rear, until the whole peninsula was in the possession of the foe, would be a very hazardous undertaking, and at all events it could be held long enough against a foe in the rear, who should attempt to capture, to destroy Buffalo, its harbor, and the head of the Erie Canal, and by a fort down the river destroy the locks at Tonawanda; so that, independent of the destruction of the city, the harbor and the canal would be worthless for years. It can thus be seen that by a comparatively small outlay we would hold one main key of our safety. But it is also evident, that from their forts already they can, in case of hostilities, prevent us from even constructing ours, and of using the advantageous position providence has furnished us with, unless they are erected, armed, garrisoned and munitioned before a declaration of war. A strong fort erected there would be like a thunderbolt hanging over that city, over the sources of its prosperity; and, in case of hostilities, we would be perfectly justified in at once warning the citizens to leave their homes and possessions, and leveling it and all its public works with the ground: for they would, as they have repeatedly declared, ravage and destroy all before them in invading our soil. A proper fort in front of Detroit would duplicate our power over them, would doubly check them from entertaining those destructive and covetous desires so

openly manifested by the press and ruling masses in that country. If we are not willing to expend a limited amount on our Niagara and St. Clair frontiers, we may and will be liable any day to be deprived of them, or to have ruined enough to make the whole length of the rivers impassable to an enemy.

An evidence of the correctness of those conclusions came under our notice a few days since. A gentleman from Buffalo, here on business, passing the Crystal Palace asked what it was. He was informed of the purpose for which it was erected, but that it was now occupied by British troops. He then wished to know if there was many here, (he previously had no idea there was any,) but was told there was a large number, and with them a magnificent force of field artillery, and that we now had in Canada a sufficient supply of arms, ammunition, and equipments for the whole militia of the province, and that they would be energetically used in case of invasion. The gentleman was astonished, for he had previously supposed that as we were apparently so slack in our preparations for defence, that they would only have to make up their minds to come over and take possession of the country without any opposition.

If wealthy business men, so near us as Buffalo, know so little of Canada, what may we expect of the minor freemen of that enlightened Republic. It is evident our supineness imperils our all, and leads our neighbors across the line into temptation, leads them to covet our silver and gold, our houses and lands, and that our safety depends upon convincing them that it is futile to covet, that our door is locked, that we are the strong man armed, that those who have the tenacity to

trespass upon our domain will surely meet an untimely fate, as their fore-fathers did at Lundy's Lane, Stony Creek, and Queenston Heights.

Where glorious monumental'd Brock,
A hero witness ever stands,
Of our fathers' deeds of valor
For this our own and father-land.

As an example of their desires and intentions, we give the following words from the speech of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, on the presentation of a sword to General Meade, in Washington, a few days since :

'When this rebellion is suppressed, when all the people have returned to loyalty and fidelity to the government of the United States and the Constitution, when the rebels have been punished by the sword and the halter—then we will have time to turn our attention to the foreign powers which have interfered with our affairs, cheered and directed our foes and supplied them with ammunition and means for the contest. (Great and long continued cheering, continued and repeated by the soldiers.) Then we will have an opportunity to see about an Emperor being forced over an unwilling nation in the South. (Renewed cheering.) Then we will settle with the perfidious nation which has supplied arms, means and ammunition to the rebels, (cheers) then we will make a sequel to the bread we sent to the starving subjected Irish and the perishing English operatives, and have an answer for the ship-burning on the high seas, the blockade-running and the blockade-breaking, the interference with and destruction of our commerce, (continued cheering,) and the American nation, the freest and strongest in the world, will be able and content to settle our own difficulties, and to settle all others (applause and laughter)—all others that are created by their conduct in this way. (Cheers.)

Another specimen from the *Boston Pilot*, sums up thus :—

'When we have the revolt put down, we will turn our swords on Britain, the main cause of the revolt.— A successful suppression of the rebellion is impossible without this.— Decency demands it; justice demands it; national pride demands it; national malice demands it; our immense standing army and our great navy demands it; our own future safety demands it. When causes like these are united they must have their effect. It is to be lamented that Canada is the frigid, ice-bound, sleet-driven, miserable, beggarly, inhospitable country it is. But such as it is, our soldiers will ravage it, desecrate it, drag through its horrid impenetrable surface the accursed flag of England. hold it in absolute military despotism for a time, and then fling it back to its original hoary possessors, eternal frost and snow.'

The 'high falutin' and 'spread eagle' style are fully represented in those effusions and isolated would only receive the guffaws of any sensible reader, but when they become and are only a sample of the every day expression of the desires and inclinations of that people, they assume more importance, for they must naturally gather a strength and impetus which it is easier, by preparation, to hold in check (through a fear of the consequences) than to control or resist after hostilities have actually commenced.

It is certain that our government have kept us in a false and dangerous position. They first put a head to the service of whom it is notoriously declared that the only national flag that ever floated over his domicile was the star spangled banner. One whose military knowledge extends no farther than *making charges* with a pen, higgling for condemned shakoos with some sub-contractor for the reg-

ular army, furnishing artillery, faced suits to the cavalry volunteers, and charging the officers prices for their outfits that would disgrace a shoddy contractor for Yankee troops. To that experienced charger they furnished a militia law, which, if enforced, would soon confine—at government expense—large numbers of the volunteers in jail from default for fines. They refuse artillery companies the necessary guns for practice, although they are in store ready for use.

Canadians—we except our commander and retrenchment, penny wise and pound foolish, government—think that the more numerous our volunteers, and the better drilled they are, the cheaper in the end will be the cost of our defence. They think it a disgrace and a shame that, in view of the hostile preparations making all along our borders, the government of the country is asleep in the cradle of retrenchment, and their friends, of Washington predilections, who, fed with green backs, are singing them to sleep with the lullaby song of ‘no defense is the best defense;’ and ‘we cannot afford it,’ ‘we must retrench.’

Loyal Canadians do not want such retrenchment as that. They are willing to freely contribute money, time and life itself, for their country’s safety and freedom, but they begrudge the vast sums that are annually so wilfully, shamelessly, and recklessly spent by our representatives in talking against time, or for want of know-

ledge and honesty to use it more economically.

Every loyal Canadian, from eighteen years old and upwards, would be willing to contribute, in the shape of a poll tax, one or two dollars a year for defence. Such a tax would make every man feel that he had an interest in the country, would stimulate his patriotism, and unite all by the knowledge that each was bearing the burthen, and encouraging the volunteers by bestowing upon them just compensation for the time they devoted to the service of their country.

The number of our volunteers, their reviews, &c., are cited as an evidence of what the government has done, and of the willingness and ability of the government to meet the wishes of the country. But others see, in the facts cited, rather an evidence of what the officers and volunteers have done; that it is through the interest they have taken in the matter, and the strenuous exertions of the officers, and not to the government, that we are indebted for their efficiency; and that the few are bearing, comparatively free of cost to the country, an expense which it is disgraceful to the government that they should have to assume.

We leave the subject with the hope that a different system will ere long be adopted, which will be more equitable and more efficient, to secure to us the heritage and freedom preserved to us by the patriotism and bravery of our fathers.

OUR FREE-TRADE LEGISLATOR.

GEORGE JACKSON, Esq., M.P.P. for Gray, appears to consider himself the champion and exponent, in Canada, of the theory called free-trade, and has succeeded in securing for a late after-dinner speech, and for a previous 'complimentary dinner' speech, on the 24th July, 1862, the benefit of the wide-spread circulation of the *Leader*. In that speech of July, 1862, after recommending the minister of the Gospel in his constituency to promulgate free-trade principles, and selecting for them texts ready to hand from the Bible, he declaimed as follows:—

'I have no misgivings in my own mind as to the advantages and correctness of a free-trade policy.' Further on he says, 'they will try to impose upon you their protection theories, and in order to soften the thing down and to obtain your acquiescence, they will call it incidental protection. Well, call it what name they like, it is a fallacy;' and 'the system will disappear in proportion to the increase of intelligence. Honest men will strive for its removal.'

The practical lessons we learn from experience are more costly, but they are more reliable, than those we have imposed upon us by theorists. We have now free-trade with the Yankees, in pork, and those in Canada who deal in pork, or require large quantities, go at once to the 'cheapest market.' They purchased and imported into Canada, in 1862, as our government statistics show, \$1,040,269

worth of meats, fresh, smoked and salted. Our whole exports of pork were only \$100,828; the balance, or nearly one million dollars worth we consumed that year of American pork. That was independent of live stock, tallow, lard, wool, &c., to an immense amount.

If the member for Gray is in the habit of raising pork, he will recollect that of late years he gets from two to three dollars a hundred for his pork, in place of four to six, previous to our country being flooded through free-trade, in the article with Yankee pork, now raised in the States so cheap and in such inexhaustable quantities. If the member for Gray does not recollect it, thousands of farmers in his constituency and all over Canada thoroughly understand the ruinous effect it had upon them, the serious losses and privations they had to endure, through free-trade in pork.

That description of trade should be called *robbery trade*, in place of free-trade, for it robs the farmers of Canada of their own home market, and allows it to be flooded with Yankee pork, while their own moulds at home. This is no fancy sketch; it is not theory; we know it to be a fact.

The next fact is, that in the year 1862, we imported from the United States \$8,192,347 more of their produce than we sold to them, and that the whole of our imports that year were \$15,104,508 more than we exported, more than we had earned to pay for them. It is, therefore, clearly evident that the \$8,192,347 worth of Yankee produce, above cited, had to be paid for with borrowed money. Now let us trace the history of the

transaction, for it was conducted on the free-trade principles advocated by the member for Gray of 'buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market.'

We in reality went to England and borrowed in the 'cheapest market' \$8,192,348, then took it to the States and bought \$8,192,347 worth of their produce, and brought it to the 'dearest market,' which was our own loved and theory-cursed Canada. Those are the naked facts, and we leave it for the member for Gray to explain in what way his constituents—the farmers and business men of Gray, or any other in the country—was benefited by the transaction; also to select any other article of our produce, except lumber, and prove that we are in no danger, under the system of free-trade, of being flooded out of our own market by the overwhelming amount of similar products from the Northern States. Until the member for Gray does so, we submit that he is not entitled to brand, as he did at that dinner, as 'dishonest' and 'wicked,' those who do think, and think that facts are more reliable than any man's theory, even though it may be endorsed by the member for Gray, who, notwithstanding the high opinion he entertains of his intellectual faculties, would appear on the day of that dinner to have got a little higher than usual, or looked down upon his hearers and their fellow-countrymen as a little lower than usual, for he informed them that the 'outside opinion of the general intelligence of this country is by no means flattering, and that he is not very sanguine in the expectation that his views will be generally entertained, for a very small proportion of the people are addicted to thinking.'

We need not trouble ourselves about the 'outside opinion,' if our own (the inside one) is all right. It is evident that, if that inside opinion consisted in a belief that to borrow money, in the cheapest market, to

buy food in another cheaper market, to feed our country, which is considered by the advocates of the free-trade principles as only fit to produce food; or further, with such money to purchase the cheap shoddy goods, and other inferior trash, from the Yankees and elsewhere, with which our limited market has ever been so continually flooded under low tariffs, and through which our people have been continually swindled out of their money, and our own manufacturers deprived of a home market for more reliable, sometimes higher priced, but actually far cheaper goods, we would deserve the stigma the member for Gray has branded us with, we should at once admit that the 'outside opinion,' that the 'general intelligence' of this country is by no means flattering, was correct, and the 'proportion of the people addicted to thinking' exceedingly limited.

But the member for Gray should have taken the yearly imports and exports, and exhibited to his hearers the fact that, under a half free-trade system, we have imported in ten years nearly one hundred million of dollars more than we exported or earned, and from that fact have shown how, by entire free-trade, we should have imported less, or have been enabled to pay for more. If, with statistics at hand, he was not aware of our imports, we at once conclude that he is incapable of searching, thinking, and judging, and that he should be the last man to measure the 'intelligence' and 'thinking' capacity of this country in his measure.

The member for Gray may possibly object that it was not for products similar to our own, but for foreign manufacturers that that debt was increased. That is our reason why we advocate protection, so as to have all the goods, for which we have the raw material and facilities for manufacturing, produced in the country, that we may retain to circulate and

strengthen our own material system, the millions of dollars that have annually gone, and are still annually going, to strengthen and enrich our neighbors.

It will not be amiss, however, to examine whether we have annually raised sufficient for our own home consumption, without seeking a market in the States for them, and purchasing of the States the privilege by permit of free egress to flood our land with their more cheaply produced products from their western prairies. To strengthen the 'inside' intelligence of our country, and satisfy Canadians of the correctness of our conclusions, we select the following statistics from the British American Monthly Magazine for July, which proves that we have nearly every year, for the past ten years, bought more of the Yankees, in the way of animals and their products, than we have sold them. The amount for 1853 is not given.

1854. The exports of animals and their products fall off, and the imports increase and we require an import of \$558,699 to supply our home demand.

1855. The trade in animals and their products increase over last year, but we require an import of \$221,173 to supply our home demand.

1856. Trade in animals and their products increased; an import of \$197,052 still required.

1857. The trade in animals and their products much the same; an import of \$216,044 still required for home demand.

The amounts for the subsequent years are not given; and we do not wonder at it, for it is next to impossible from the way they have been prepared since then to clearly make them out. United States statistics, however, show that we imported of live animals in 1858, \$1,802,038; and of the products of animals, \$1,297,892.

In all, for that year, of animals and their products, \$3,096,931.

Those figures show that the balance against us, and the gain to the Yankees in those articles alone, which it has been considered such an advantage to us to sell them, amounts to millions of dollars. No wonder that emigrants go to the States—they go where the money goes; there is no inducement for them to come to or to stay in a land thus annually bled to death.

Mr. Taylor, the Yankee Commissioner appointed by the government to examine into the workings of the reciprocity treaty, came to the same conclusions that we have, viz: 'That it has been advantageous to them;' and if they are one of the parties who constitute the outside 'opinion,' which the member for Gray cites, it is not to be wondered that they hold the opinion that we are not overly shrewd, to desire to perpetuate the treaty on the present footing.

We have now seen that, year after year, the balance of agricultural imports under the reciprocity treaty have been against us. The member for Gray should tighten up the reins on his free-trade roscate until he can clearly show how we are to get rich by buying millions of dollars more of agricultural produce of the Yankees, for our home consumption, than we sell them, that under the yet looser system of free-trade, which he would impose upon us, we be not dragged into the more fathomless gulf of wide-spread ruin, which stands ready open to receive the votaries of that principle and destroyers of the country if guided by the theories of such theorists.

Further on, the member for Gray says he is willing, in order to please 'the people of the United States and remove all cause of complaint, he would remove even the appearance of proscription—or tariff—open every

Canadian port to the productions and manufactures of the world. If the history of Britain, of our own country, or that of the United States, or the statistics we have given, teach anything, it is, that a more insane and comprehensive scheme was never announced to any constituents in any constituency under the sun, and if foreigners—the ‘outside opinion,’—considered it a type of the sentiments of the people of Canada, we need not for a moment wonder at their low estimation of our intelligence.

‘The adoption of my theory,’ says the member for Gray, ‘would command the approval of British statesmen of the English manufactures, and that even the great Goldwin Smith might submit his colonial theory to re-construction.’ No British statesman would risk his reputation for a moment to propound so wild a theory. If the men Mr. Jackson refers to as statesmen, are Goldwin Smith, Cobden, Bright and such like, he is welcome to his opinion, but we only accord that position to those whom the British nation, by the representatives, are willing to trust the welfare of their nation too. They have never yet been found to adopt those wild schemes of impracticable theorists; for we find that Britain, with all her resources, with a capital no other country can compete with even-handed, has not one among her statesmen who dare throw down all the barriers, but that on many articles they retain, and will likely ever retain, a considerable tariff.

The British manufacturers allow but one idea to absorb their attention, and like other theorists, without deigning to investigate the question, assume that our tariff is injurious to them, an embargo on their goods; looking at it from a practical stand point, we find that the classes of goods which we import from Britain are nearly all, of those descriptions which we do not manufacture, consequent-

ly, as we have to have the goods, we must pay their prices, and our tariff added thereto (which we believe the best system for obtaining necessary revenue, and we know British statesmen approve of and continue it, and raise thereby a large proportion of their resources). The classes of goods we manufacture are almost solely of those descriptions which we have been accustomed to import from the United States, consequently the more we manufacture ourselves, the larger our population will be, and the less money we will send to the States.

Thus we will, by keeping out American goods, secure a population, and that population will consume more British goods and have more money to pay for them with, and thereby increase our revenue. On the other hand, reduce or remove the tariff, and our country would at once be flooded with Yankee goods as the United States were with British goods at each different period in which they were induced by free-trade theorists to lower their tariff, and the natural and inevitable result was the ruin of their manufacturers, merchants, and agriculturists.

Our past history of a low tariff, and their experience in the States, will satisfy any practical man of common sense, that such a course would ruin us, greatly diminish the sale of British goods in Canada, and no one be benefited but the Yankees. From such plain considerations it is evident that the higher our tariff is, through which our manufacturing population, and money increase, and with it the demand for British goods, the English manufacturers will be benefited as well as the people of Canada, and the lower it is the more beneficial to the Yankees, injurious to England, and ruinous to Canada.

At a future time we will likely more fully discuss this question, and show that with a high tariff emigration and permanent prosperity can

alone be secured. We have a living example before us in the United States. Would that our Legislators would study it and get wisdom from their experience, and cease to look upon Joint Authority, Rep. by Pop., Free-Trade, Separate Schools, Seat of Government, and such like ideas as the only and all important theories upon which the prosperity and happiness of Canada can be built.

CANADIAN RETRENCHMENT.

RETRENCHMENT was the question which, more than any other, received prominence at the late elections. The ministers in power retained their position, and secured preference for their adherents, more for their expressed determination to carry out the wish of the people in that respect, than from any extra legislative ability they were supposed to possess over their opponents.

When a servant professes to be more able to manage the affairs of his employer than another, that employer expects him to set forth, in some reasonable shape, the method by which he shall accomplish his master's benefit, in what way his plan or method is superior to that of the servant's in hand, or his system over the one hitherto in use.

The ministry in power had for years been declaiming upon the extravagance of their then opponents. They had every facility, not the responsibilities of office, and therefore more time to investigate the state of

affairs, and to devise the ways and means to accomplish their absolute promises. Yet we find that after years of time to ascertain and devise those ways and means; and after a years' tenure of office, to put their schemes in the way of accomplishing it, they present themselves before the country without any definite programme of what they have done, or of what they intend to do, in the way of carrying out the wishes of the country, upon which they secured their tenure of office.

We have learned, through their financial member of the ministry, that our public debt, on which we have to pay interest, is as we had been told for years, about our parliament buildings cost what they would, were not to be completed for any less, through their retrenchment; and it is further clear, when balanced up, that though they have in some of the public offices, and in some portions of the service, effected retrenchment, that when all their expenditure and retrenchment is

balanced up, the country has made no actual saving; and that through the depreciation of our debentures, since they entered office, we have suffered considerable loss, and it is stated that in England the loss has amounted to three millions of dollars: that may be said to be their affair, but when our credit is our capital, it also becomes our affair, for they can do without us better than we can do without them.

A ministry going into power, resting their sole claim to office upon their ability to retrench the expenditure of the country, should, when they presented themselves to the country, have at least shown a balance sheet, and exhibited a comparative statement of the saving secured through their administrative ability. That would have been business like, and would have done more to establish their reputation than years of declamation. It may be said such a course is not usual; for that reason they had an extra chance to display their ability over the old ministry. The present ministry have, in one of their prominent commissioners, a man—Mr. Shepherd—noted for his knowledge of book-keeping, and his ability to prepare the very statements which, as we have said, would have established the retrenchment reputation of the ministry, upon facts, in place of declamation. And it is not too late yet for such a balance sheet to be prepared. The country wants the truth and an end of humbug.

The ministry further inform us now, that there is very little, if any possibility, of retrenching our annual expenditure; but as yet we have no evidence of their having devised any efficient plan for increasing the revenue to meet the necessary annual outlay. There are many sources through which it can be very materially increased.

One of those is the *Excise*. The past three years it has yielded to the

revenue as follows: 1860, \$280,428; for 1861, \$385,947; for 1862, \$480,848. If the brewers' and distillers' return, as last year, nearly half a million of dollars, what might not be raised from the *adulterators*? They obtain from five to ten times the profit the distillers and brewers do. We have known a barrel, of forty-two gallons of whisky, made from two gallons of proof, and about one-and-a-half dollars worth of other ingredients, and sold as superior old rye, at \$1.00 per gallon, and twelve gallons of brandy from twelve gallons of whisky, and twenty-five cents of the deadly poison which effects the transformation. We have seen brandy offered at \$1.00 per gallon, *warranted to be as good as any in Canada!* When we know that it takes six gallons of the best wine to make one gallon of brandy, we cannot place much reliance on its purity; but when we know it can be made from whisky, for thirty cents a gallon, we see over two hundred per cent profit, and contend that a business which secures such liberal returns should also contribute liberally to the revenue of the country. In fact, it must be a matter of great injustice to the legalized manufacturer, who at great expense, erect their breweries and distilleries, and have to add to that outlay a large amount for stock, and then, on the fruits of their labor, pay a large percentage of his profits, while the *Adulterator*, in any old shed or cellar, mixes and barrels, and bottles beer and whisky, and brandy, and wine, and gin, and every conceivable intoxicating beverage, requiring comparatively very little capital, securing an incredible profit, and adding nothing to the revenue. There is another point in connection with this question, but not sufficiently connected for us to more than just refer to here, and that is the deep iniquity and infernal nature of a business, which is nothing more or less than preparing the most

deadly poisons into a beverage to quench the natural and unnatural thirst of their poisoned victims. But what does particularly belong to the question before us is, the extent of the adulterator's business, and the amount of revenue which can be secured from it.

There is scarcely a wholesale grocer or liquor establishment in the country which does not adulterate and furnish such liquors. Nearly all the alcohol from some of the largest distilleries in the Province is transformed, in the hands of the adulterator, into the most expensive liquors. Take Mr. Morton's distillery, in Kingston, where the government keeps a watchman constantly to gauge the quantity manufactured. We have been credibly informed that the greater part of the alcohol he makes goes to Montreal and Quebec, and is there transformed into high priced liquors and represented as imported, and sold without paying the extra heavy tariff imposed upon that class of liquors. It is not, however, in the large towns and cities, and by wholesale dealers alone, that this business is carried on; retailers, in very many places, are fully up in the trade. One in the village of Strathroy, makes not only his liquors, but his vinegars, in some similar way. Again, more or less of the hotel keepers furnish themselves. One instance: Not long since, two gentlemen from Toronto, at a hotel in Guelph, ordered brandy; when brought, the flavor did not suit; they wanted Toronto brandy. The landlord said he had it, and stepped back into his laboratory, and with the necessary ingredients at hand, in a few minutes produced an article of Toronto brandy, which was commended by the thirsty souls who imbibed it, as the pure, unadulterated—the genuine article.

From extensive observation, and attention to the subject under consideration, we are satisfied that if half a million can be annually raised from

the present excise, that, taking profit and quantity into consideration, at least one-and-a-half millions of dollars could be realized from an excise upon those adulteration-made liquors. To give a little more definite idea of the extent of the business, we will instance a local fact as comparative evidence.

The number of British soldiers stationed in this city—Hamilton—continually entering and multiplying in the hospital last winter, led Lord Russell, the General in Command, to examine into the matter. With specimen vials ready labeled for the names of the sellers, he in disguise, one evening visited a large number of the establishments of those who sold alcoholic beverages, purchased samples, put the name of the venders on the label. He then had them analyzed, and with his regiment on parade exhibited to them the deadly poison which was carrying them to the hospital and the grave so suddenly and rapidly. Holding up different specimens, he would say—'Corporal _____, I saw you drinking this stuff at _____, on _____ street; it consists of so and so; and Private _____, I saw you drinking this stuff at _____; it is a compound of _____ poisons, and they are fairly boiling now as I hold it up before you to look at. The specimens were numerous. 'I entreat of you,' he said, 'for the sake of your health and reputation, and the reputation of the service, that if you need and must have a beverage, that you will, in the future, procure elsewhere something more wholesome and nutritious.'

Such an exhibition of those poisons was worth a world of declamation, and thereafter the number of poisoned soldiers previously seen staggering on the streets, was very much lessened.

Notice has just been given in Parliament, by Mr. Bourassa, the member for St. Johns, for a bill to prevent the sale of adulterated liquors. If he

succeeds in carrying a proper Bill, which we hope he will, there will be no necessity of an excise on our adulterated beverages. To make it efficient, it needs to be very stringent, providing for a heavy fine, the confiscation and destruction of those beverages wherever found, and further, the immediate cancelling of the sellers' license for that year, and upon sufficient proof, damages for the retailer against the party of whom he may have procured them. The evidence of the analyser should be made sufficient to obtain conviction. He should have power to search for and analyze all liquor on the premises.— There is no doubt, in our mind, if such a bill can be carried through Parliament, it will greatly increase the revenue from the excise. It will appear stringent to those whose business may be curtailed by it, but it is no more stringent than that continually submitted to by the brewer and distiller, and we can't see why a much more deadly and a clearly unlawful occupation should be less mercifully dealt with, so long as the wants of the country require every dollar that can be raised. We hope it will carry.

There are many other ways, which we have not space in the present number to notice, through which retrenchment or increase of revenue can be secured. But there is one of an indirect character, through which a great saving to the people could have been effected, and still can, to a limited extent. We refer to the discount on silver. It has been esti-

mated by one of the most successful business men, and able financiers, in the city of Ottawa, that the people of Canada have already lost more than a million of dollars thereby, which could have been saved by a simple order in Council, making it a legal tender for either \$100 or £100. The most of that percentage has gone into the hands of foreigners, either directly to the United States, or indirectly through the Bank stock held abroad.

It is exceedingly annoying to see those banking institutions, which are allowed to require seven per cent. on discounts, and by a well known system of short drafts often realize much more, skinning the depositors of several cents on the dollar, to increase dividends; which, before the permission to take seven per cent. was allowed, were greater than in any agricultural, manufacturing, or other regular business. Through the incompetency of the government, the manufacturer who sold goods, and had to take silver for pay, lost on all that he had to take up his notes with: his operatives were in many places shorn by the merchants, as a means of protection to themselves. No one should wish to see silver obtain a fictitious value, but the habit of requiring from eight to twenty per cent. discount, as has been done when four per cent. was the only intrinsic difference, and that percentage going to those who never earned it, has been too much like taking from the poor for the benefit of the rich.

CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

THERE are a certain class of men—well educated, talented, and in many respects very able—who, placed in high and responsible situations, are capable of devising and accomplishing much good; yet like other men, may, from a want of practical knowledge, or personal observation, conceive ideas and promulgate them as sufficient panaceas for many notorious evils which, if depended on, are at last, found to be mere theories, and insufficient to secure the end for which they were conceived.

Mr. McGee, in reflecting upon the peculiar political condition of this his adopted country, has come to the deliberate opinion that a Canadian aristocracy is required to secure that strength and harmony to the government of the colony, which he conceives necessary for its prosperity and security. He thinks a Canadian court and aristocracy would secure that end.

One plan suggested for securing a 'Canadian Aristocracy' is, to sell considerable portions of wild land to monied men from the old country, to be settled by a sort of semi-retainers, who shall clear, and rent, and work the domain, while the proprietors live on the proceeds of his investment. Another is, that he shall buy a tract, already under cultivation, and save the trouble, the expense and risk of clearing.

The experience of such a process is considerably in the way of an appreciation of the theory, that would come up to a standard which would be satisfactory to Mr. McGee. Whatever may be the necessities of the position, existing facts give evidence that the theory propounded would not likely realize the advantages expected.

The Canada Company illustrate two difficulties that would be likely to arise, prejudicial to the best interests of the country. They got possession, for a mere song, of a large tract of land, sold and leased large portions of it, and yet retain, in a state of nature, more than is good for the country. Nothing can be said against their selling the lands: they were purchased for that purpose. But their system of leasing land is objectionable. Theoretically, the system would naturally be looked upon as possessing many advantages; but the actual result has shown that, under the leasing system, a man goes on and clears up the land, spends, in improvements or otherwise, all he can realize from it: the ten years for which the leases are given hasten round, and at the end he is unable to pay the dues, leave alone purchasing the land; and then, as we learn from the report of the last meeting of directors, he gets six weeks' notice to quit, which even one of the directors had the wisdom to state was 'rather short shrift.' Some of them are able to pay the dues, but to pay for the land is out of the question. The land is then re-valued, and a higher rental is charged. Others, discouraged, leave their lands and improvements.

In either case, there is an end of healthy improvements; miserable fences, and delapidated buildings are the blotches, the leprous spots, that mark all over those fertile plains, where the notice to quit has a six weeks' limit.

Contrast those lands and the improvements with that of those who have purchased of government, or purchased and paid the company; land and fences, and barns and dwellings, indicate improvement and progress and thrift.

The leasing system has a tendency to curtail improvement; it retards the progress of the country; it is injurious to its resources, to every laborer, tradesman, manufacturer or mechanic in the land. We are not now blaming the Canada Company for the system, for when suggested at first, it looked feasible, and as if it would be advantageous to the new settler. Its value could only be ascertained by experiment. The theory has now been tried and found to be injurious to the country, and will, in the end, be found unsound and injurious to the Company.

If we add the fixedness of a hereditary state of things to the injurious system which has thus been developed by the Canada Company, we will have a fair idea what the result of McGee's theory would likely be. But to get a clearer idea of the matter, let us look upon a settlement where the land has been bought, by settlers, from the Government, and one from the Canada Company. In a few years we see the difference in continual improvements. If the original purchaser is unable to get on satisfactorily, he sells out to others who possess the ability to continue and increase those improvements; and in succession we see good fences, orchards, barns, and outbuildings; then the snug farm cottage, or the yet more extensive large two storied dwelling, and we may say, now,

most generally, constructed of stone or brick, in place of wood, where those material are sufficiently within reach. Go in, and you will find comparative opulence, carpeted rooms, excellent furniture, the melodean, piano, and the children educated and qualified to use them. If off for church or pleasure, good horses, comfortable carriages, are ready for use. This is no fancy sketch. There is hardly a township in Canada where this condition of comfort and prosperity may not be found considerably developed.

Contrast that pleasant and prosperous state of things with that on those farm lands, where each succeeding tenant only exerts himself to glean all the good possible, during his short-lived occupation; for it must be recollected, that in this country it is utterly impossible to dispose of lands on the long leases which prevail in the old country.

Those facts, to a thinking man, are sufficient to make him doubt the propriety of initiating a state of things which, if there was the least possibility of its succeeding, would at all events, be unsuited to the state of society, to the genius and inclinations of the people of Canada.

There is yet an injury to future settlers, and the country, from allowing either individuals or companies holding large tracts of land; as an evidence, the Canada Company are now selling off the best timber on their lands, and yet charge the same high figure for those lands, which is keeping them out of the market; the timber is sold both by the tree or in block. There was sold at Widder Station, last winter, by auction, the whole of the timber on thirteen thousand acres of land, at the mouth of the river Sauble, for three hundred pounds, upon the condition that it should be taken off within five years. There were parties at the sale who would have given from five to ten

times the price realized, if it could have been sold in smaller lots, but there was only one party who wished it, and was prepared to pay down for the whole. We were not sufficiently behind the scenes to learn why it was sold so in one block, and not divided up; but did learn that the reason assigned for the sale was, that parties were using the timber for shingles, and they could not watch them. It is difficult to believe there was not some other motive behind that, from the fact the timber would grow faster than all the shingle-makers in that section could use it.

The country must evidently be injured by such a wholesale gleaming of the land, for that land can never be settled advantageously to the country, after it is stripped of its natural resources. From natural causes the lands sold to the Canadian Aristocracy would be liable to the same process of being gleaned, as those of the Canada Company.

In this connection, it is no harm to state that it is to be feared that the great Land Scheme Company, for the purchase and settlement of the North West Territory, will, if not properly provided against by our own and the British Government, be disposed of upon some extensive leasing system, in place of absolute sales, which in the end, will curse that territory for ages, by the blighting system which has been developed in or through the Canada Company's management of their territory; and we trust our Canadian government will be wise in time to use its exertions to provide against the introduction of any extensive leasing system, in connection with the settlement of the great North-West.

Mr. McGee's idea of securing, through a Canadian aristocracy, a more intelligent House of Canadian Lords, a House that will exhibit more honor and independence than that at present possessed by Canadians, is good, and of far more value, and de-

serving of more attention than his system for securing that aristocracy. It is deserving of careful consideration, for it is notorious that the present composition of our House of Lords is of the most unsatisfactory description. The present system for electing them is one open to the gravest objections; it leads to a system of 'log rolling' unworthy of any honorable man. They are elevated to an honorable and responsible position, more particularly to hold rash legislation in check than for anything else; it becomes doubly disgraceful in them when their position is not used for the conservative purpose which that House is ever, in the workings of the British Constitution, expected to exert.

We observed an example, a few days since, among the notices for bills before the Upper House, one by the Hon. Mr. McMaster, for an amendment to the Division Court Act. We believe the same measure was brought before and passed through the Upper House last session, but from the early dissolution, did not get through the Lower House.

There is a rumor afloat, in the Division, which the hon. gentleman represents, that the object of that bill is to indirectly pay a Mr. Brett, who was once a merchant in Toronto, for his services at the last election. It is said Mr. Brett has had a several years' longing for the position of township councillor, but has always been defeated by a certain Mr. McMannes, who is, and has been for years, the Reeve of the township. He is a magistrate, and highly respected by the whole people, and besides all that, is the Division Court Clerk. Mr. Brett having utterly failed to secure the coveted position, he secures the services of the Hon. Mr. McMaster to get the Division Court Act altered—*not amended*—so that no clerk can hold any municipal offices, or other office of emolument. This effected,

he anticipates the clerk will resign his councillorship, and then Mr. Brett will walk the course unopposed. A further improvement, it is said, is in this way introduced. It is known that in many places, those Court Clerks are either clerks or treasurers of the municipality, and sometimes we know of the County, and by the union of one other office of emolument to that of the clerkship, a barely respectable living is obtained. By the act contemplated, the officers will be so cut that other business will need to be engaged in, detrimental often to the efficiency of the offices, and inconvenient to the public; and then, it is said, further, that such clerk shall not even be a magistrate, when it is well known that they are the very class who make the most efficient magistrates. We have known many, and have never known one of them but was. The reason assigned, let the reader remark, for this change, is, to preserve the *purity of elections*.

If facts can be produced that will establish that the holding of two or more of those offices are sources of political corruption, that such office-holders are in the habit of using their

position, as Division Court Clerks, to influence votes, let provision be made against that evil, and not make radical and unnecessary changes that will interfere with the liberty of the subject, and beggar his position.

If those reports, which we have cited, are true, they are sufficient evidence that a high office is prostituted in the basest possible manner, to pay the election bill of a member of our Canadian House of Lords; and, as Mr. McGee believes, it needs to be differently constituted ere the people of the country can have confidence in it. And whether directly true in this case, it is notorious that many members of the Upper House have, at late elections for the Lower House, prostituted their position to become the runners of political aspirants for the Lower House, and consequently to insure our safety, and the proper balance in our Legislative Assemblies, a higher and different standard of ability must be secured, otherwise the whole concern is useless, and worse than useless, for it becomes the very originator of those radical measures which it is established to restrict or modify.

BRANTFORD MILITARY REVIEW.

LONG before the day dawn we scanned the numerous tangled clouds that, high in mid air, scud in various directions, as if uncertain whether they should put their threats in execution to veto the pleasures so fondly anticipated. They were strengthened occasionally, in their foul purposes, by lurid flashes from their distant electric batteries. Their appearance was typical of the tangled clouds of danger

all along our southern frontier, wishing, but not daring to meet, face to face, their old resistless foe, who, aided by Canada's guardian angel, hurled them back shattered and crushed, in by-gone days.

Now and then, by the moon's gentle rays, we could see up through those threatening elements to the fairer fields beyond. Ere long, from the depths of the eastern sky, strong in

the power of his might, with heralding rays in advance, came up the glorious King of day; nearer and nearer as he approached, we could see that Canada's good angel had secured his services to hurl back the portentous clouds, and in his beneficence make glorious the scene with his presence, and by his power transform the angry elements to cool and fan, with refreshing breezes, the thousands and tens of thousands who came to see Britain's veterans and Canada's volunteers in friendly column, ranged side by side, as in days of yore; to form and reform, to advance in line and solid column, to feel the enemy charge home to victory, and when the day was done, return as they ever have, with notes of victory peeling all along the sky.

TO THE GROUND.

We reached the rear of the railway station just as the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, from 800 to a 1,000 strong, ascended the heights towards the review ground. As they passed steadily and firmly up the steep, we called to mind the Crimean heights and the plains of India, up and over which they had pushed and scattered Britain's foes and covered themselves with glory.

Passing on to the field, we secured a favorable position for viewing the gathering hosts. From our standpoint the ground appeared of the most suitable and interesting description. It is said there are none in Canada, except the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec, that can vie with them. In the distance, bordering the limits of the field, was just sufficient suitable trees to relieve it from dreariness, the ground rolling and sloping beyond. On the northern and southern limits

were extensive stands erected, from which a splendid view of the magnificent country down the valley of the Grand River, could be obtained.

The ground had been examined by the Commander the day before, and staked out, by which each battalion knew its proper position. Opposite the centre limit of the northern slope there floated the glorious old flag that has for more than a thousand years braved the battle and the breeze.

THEY COME.

Onward, onward came the marshaling hosts, with their bands playing in advance, the Prince Consort's Own Rifles in invisible green; the volunteers in green and in red, the sheen of their bayonets in serried ranks indicating their position among the thousands and tens of thousands that accompanied them upon the ground.

As soon as most of the troops had reached the field, they began to form in line two deep, and by the time all were up, extended over a half of a mile in length, and numbered nearly 2,500 volunteers, beside the regulars, royal artillery, the volunteer artillery, and the cavalry.

When thus formed, General Napier and his numerous staff were seen rapidly approaching in the distance, and passing up the whole line to the extreme right and returning down to the centre. Immediately after, the rifles and the volunteers were wheeled into companies, the General and staff, retiring to the point of salutation, indicated by the Union Jack. The advance, by companies, around the field then commenced, the Prince Consort's Own Rifles led the way, preceded by their unrivaled band; then volunteers and royal artillery, then cavalry, volunteer artillery and more volunteers, preceded by the band of the 63rd regiment from London.

There were thirty-nine companies of volunteers besides the artillery and

cavalry, and ten companies of the regulars, all saluting the General as they passed. When the band of the rifles reached the salutation point, they wheeled out of the advance, formed in front of the General and his staff, all the while playing for the passing companies, until the band of the 63rd arrived at the same point, who relieved them, and they then passed back and wheeled in front of succeeding companies, which secured a continuation of the martial strains to which the companies marched.

After marching twice around the field, they were formed into battalion. The P. C. O. Rifles and Royal Artillery passing off the field to the south for refreshments. Several battalions of the volunteers marched forward and wheeled to the right, and advanced upon the enemy, which consisted of a company of volunteers thrown forward to a fence on the eastern limit of the field. As the battalions advanced, they deployed into line, the advance battalion throwing out skirmishers from each flank, who commenced loading and firing rapidly at the enemy, as they proceeded.—The enemy were supposed to appear in force, consequently the skirmishers fell back behind the advancing line, which commenced a heavy fire upon the enemy, still they were not strong enough and fell back, when the volunteer artillery wheeled into position upon their flank, and opened fire upon the foe. Another advance was now made with firing, and when well forward several battalions formed into squares, with fixed bayonets, to resist cavalry, which was now seen coming down in heavy force, their bright helmets glittering in the sun; they made a charge on the squares, in the centre of which, on their horses, sat their commanders, (the horses appearing to enjoy the sport as well as the rest); the steady front and regular firing from the squares

induced the cavalry to wheel off to the right, and pass on beyond the squares. The whole force now retired to the rear of the field, when another advance of two battalions of the volunteers was made. They, however, fell back a little from the heavy fire of the enemy. At this moment, the P. C. O. Rifles, followed by the Royal Artillery, were seen advancing up on the field, and forcing their way rapidly through the crowd of spectators, deployed into line, and, as a heavy reserve, pushed up and passed through the ranks of volunteers. So beautifully was this done, that the spectators were astonished to see them in front, from the suddenness of their appearance there. They at once threw out skirmishers, which almost immediately returning, the whole line rapidly advanced with heavy firing. The Royal Artillery on the right also opened fire on the enemy, until the trees and all the air was filled with the rattle, the roar, and the din of war. And thus they were driven home. After the action had closed, the rifles formed into squares, and went through various evolutions, which gave a clear idea of the efficiency of the service.

The force was now re-formed into battalions, where they first stood in the morning. They were then commended by the general for their efficiency, and the pleasure it had afforded him to meet so many of them, on this occasion. The Rifles and Royal Artillery then wheeled into companies, and marched past, saluting the General, followed by the volunteers, who from thence marched to the spacious exhibition building, to partake of the hospitality so liberally provided, at the expense of the town, and the patriotism of its inhabitants. And thus closed a day long to be remembered, for the success and the pleasure afforded.

LORD LYONS, the British Ambassador resident at Washington, whose likeness we give on the first page, is just now enjoying the hospitalities of our Governor-Gen. at Quebec. There comes to us, in connection with his name, the recollection that by his sound judgment and tact, we were saved, at the time of the *Trent* difficulty, from a passage at arms with our neighbors across the lines. From the bloodshed, desolation and horrors that have marked the pathway of the marching hosts of the Northern States, as they continue to follow the ravaging instincts of their progenitors of the war of 1812, when in mid-winter they suddenly visited with fire and sword, and ruin, the happy homes and pleasant dwellings of our people all over the beautiful and fertile plains of Niagara.

The importance and value of the services he effected, in preserving and perpetuating amicable relations between the two governments, deserved and received the approval of his Sovereign, and that mark of high distinction which secured the enrolment of his name among those of the noble Peers of the Realm, who have ever so ably sustained the prestige and dignity of the British nation and throne.

Every honorable man placed in great peril will ever cherish warm sentiments of gratitude and respect to the one who, through his reputation and wisdom, shields him from impending calamity. So will the Canadian people ever regard Lord Lyons, as a nobleman worthy of their admiration and gratitude, and cherish deep in their hearts the remembrance of the danger he averted, and the blessings of continued peace which he preserved to this and every portion of the British empire.

CANADA.

BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

They may talk of the land of the mountain and heather ;
The land of the virtuous, the brave and the free ;
They may tell us on earth there is not such another,
But, Canada, thou art far dearer to me.

The banks of the Rhine are historic in story—
The Danube once sheltered the eagles of Rome,
The Thames and the Seine are a national glory,—
But across the St. Lawrence a slave cannot come.

I love thy dark forest and deep rolling rivers ;
The moss covered ground where the red man doth roam ;
Thy touch the poor captive from bondage delivers,
He treads thy free soil and he calls thee his home.

When the poor stricken slave, driven mad by oppression,
Attempts from his Southern bondage to flee,
Thy fair, fertile fields are to him a possession,
His shackles fall off, and he says " I am free ! "

The cliffs of old England are grander and bolder,
And the proud Atlantic foams wild on her shore,
Her towers and her castle are sterner and older,
But Albion hears not Niagara's roar.

And France may have fields that are richer and fairer,
And Italy's valleys are classical ground,
But where are the wilds that to nature are nearer,
In majesty grander, in depth more profound.

O! Canada, give me thy lakes and thy woodland,
Let me live where the cataract hurls and foams,

By the banks of some stream where I've
gambol'd in childhood—
No homes are more dear than Canadian
homes.

But history warns us with useful instruc-
tion,

To mark where dissension and ruin
begin;

For of all those proud empires now
swept to destruction,

The deadliest blow always came from
within.

Then may not mismanagement mar thy
resources,

Nor internal misgovernment pervert
thy laws,

And all the true happiness freedom en-
forces

Will be the effect, aye, if right be the
cause.

DECIDEDLY COOL.—George White once had a wider notoriety as a thief than any other man, and was an inmate of almost every jail and prison in New Hampshire. He was once arraigned for stealing, before a court over which Judge Sedgwick—from whose lips the story comes—presided. James Sullivan, who was attorney general, argued the case for the government. In the course of his speech, one of the jury, leaning forward, rested his elbow on his knee and covered his eyes with his hand. White rose up in the bar, and, addressing the speaker, said—'You may as well stop, Mr. Sullivan; you have talked one of the jury to sleep!' Sullivan, who was quick and passionate, turned to the bar, exclaiming with much vehemence—'You thief! Your forehead bears the letter T., which stamps your character,' and proceeded to lecture him most severely for his frequent arraignment, not forgetting to tell him of the nine indictments then pending against him in the court. The whole audience was roused to the highest pitch of attention by this singular scene. White stood unmoved as marble through the stinging reproof of the attorney general, and when it was finished, quietly remarked—'You may proceed with your argument, Mr. Sullivan, you have waked him up.' The audience was convulsed with laughter, Judge S. remarking that he never in his life found it so difficult as then to maintain the dignity that belonged to his judicial station.

SPEEDY AND WONDERFUL CURE FOR NERVOUS AILMENTS.—In yesterday's *Canadien*, we find a letter addressed to the Editor by Mr. Joly, Seigneur of Lotbiniere, describing a remarkable and instant cure for some nervous diseases. He thus describes the manner of effecting the cure: Take the hand of the patient, place your thumb in the middle of his hand and the forefinger on the back of the hand opposite the thumb; press slightly these two digits so as to tighten the nerves of your arm as much as possible; firmly rivet the attention of the patient by looking into his eyes, and feeling the determination to cure; and then place your other hand upon the part of the patient affected, rubbing it gently for about a minute: the disease will have disappeared. I have tried it in a hundred cases, says Mr. Joly, and have not ten times failed. In toothache and rheumatism I have been invariably successful; in headache, scrofulous, nervous and inflammatory diseases, I have seldom failed, and in gout, paralysis, cancers, &c., I have always given relief, when I have not cured.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

COURT ANECDOTE.—A good-looking fellow was arraigned before court, charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was ready to plead guilty. The judge addressed him in very gentle tones; and asked him what had induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied that, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to take something, which he had accordingly done. The judge was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led him to select a watch. 'Why,' said the prisoner, 'I thought if I only had the time, that nature would work a cure!'

LIKE the beat of time, like the procession of the stars, truth moves onward; its very enemies unintentionally help it; repression adds to its intensity, opposition only wakens up its advocates.

WE women must be constituted differently from men. A word said, a line written, we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache—ache as if for a great misfortune. Men cannot feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so.—*Miss Muloch*.

KIND WORDS SAVED HIM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE car stopped, and the young man entered. He did not look to be over twenty years of age. Glances were exchanged between three or four gentlemen and ladies, from each of whom the young man received a very cold nod. There was not so much as the ghost of a smile on any one of their faces; but rather austere reproof. The new passenger flushed a little at finding so many persons in the car with whom he had some acquaintance, and all disposed to let him feel that he must keep at a distance. He sat down close beside a lady who had recognized him; but she did not address him a single word, and rather leaned away from than toward him.

'A pleasant morning,' the young man said to the lady

'Quite pleasant.' She did not do so much as turn her head, but drew herself up with the air of one who felt the remark as an intrusion.

The young man said no more, but sat very still, with a gradually clouding face, and a severe, almost desperate expression passing into his tightly closed lips.

Conversation, which had been checked by his entrance, flowed on again. The gentlemen and ladies talked cheerfully together; but no one addressed a remark to the young man, who, it was evident, had some taint of bad conduct about him, which now erected a barrier between him and former friends and acquaintances.

The car stopped again, and this time a lady passenger entered. She nodded and smiled to most of those who had recognised the young man and then, taking a seat beside him

and offering her hand, which he took, said, in a kind, interesting voice,

'How do you do, Charles?'

The warm blood mounted to the boy's face—he was only a boy, yet, unfortunately, with a man's freedom and self-confidence—as he answered,

'Very well, Mrs. Elder; thank you.'

His eyes filled suddenly with light, and his rigid lips parted with a smile as soft and gentle as a woman's.

The other passengers, who had 'cut' the young man, exchanged surprised and questionable glances.

'You haven't called to see me for some time, Charles,' said the lady. 'How is this? Old friends must not be wholly set aside for new ones.'

'I have been neglectful, and I am ashamed of it, Mrs. Elder,' was replied, and in a way that showed the young man to be gratified by the manner in which the lady had addressed him; 'and I'm going to call very soon.'

'How soon?'

'This week, sometime.'

'Why not say this evening? I shall be at home.'

'This evening then, if it will be agreeable, Mrs. Elder.'

'That's right. It will be pleasant for me to see your face again in my house, Charles. You mustn't neglect me so again, if I'm getting to be an old woman. I shall grow jealous of your younger and more attractive friends.'

'There is no occasion for you to be jealous of any of my young friends, Mrs. Elder. They can never take your place in my heart—never!'

The young man said this with evident feeling; then adding, as he arose, 'Good morning; I must leave you here,' and he made a sign for the conductor to stop the car.

'Good morning, Charles,' said the lady, kindly, giving her hand at the same time. 'And don't forget that I am at home this evening.'

'I shall not forget that, Mrs. Elder, you may be sure.' And without even glancing toward the other passengers in the city railroad car, who had treated him so coldly, he stepped upon the platform, and thence to the street. As the bell sounded for the car to move on again a lady turned to Mrs. Elder and said, with a very grave countenance,

'Are you aware how badly that young man has been conducting himself of late?'

'I have heard some things about him,' was replied, 'that caused me great pain.'

'Why, he was seen actually staggering in the street no later than last week!' said the lady, in virtuous indignation.

'Poor boy!' Mrs. Elder spoke in a tone of deep pity.

'And worse than that! He has been seen in company with persons of notoriously vicious habits. The fact is, he is going to ruin as fast as his feet can carry him.'

'I hope not,' replied Mrs. Elder. 'He may have gone astray from weakness—poor, motherless boy!—not, I am sure, from an evil proclivity. And now is the time to put forth a hand to save him, instead of pushing him off, coldly. Are all without sin—all without some sad memory of straying—that we visit a boy's first evil ways in such stern, repelling displeasure?'

'Conduct like his,' spoke up a gentleman, 'must be met with disapprobation. If you smile upon him, and tolerate him, as of old, he will think his sin a light one; but if he discovers, at once, that he must lead

a good life or forfeit the approval and society of the virtuous, he will be made fully aware, at the onset, of the loss or gain involved. I think, to speak freely, Mrs. Elder, that you did wrong to meet him in the free, kind way that you did, and invite him to visit you as of old.

'Do you think an evening spent with me likely to make him worse or better?' asked Mrs. Elder.

'No worse, certainly,' was answered.

'Yet he might spend the evening in company with those who could not fail to do him good.'

'Yes.'

'I want no other argument in favor of what I have done. It is in the quality of social life which surrounds a young man that we must look, in the main, for the causes of his elevation or depression. If, because of a single wrong step—or for many wrong steps—taken in the blind heat of youth, we thrust him out from virtuous associations, do we not make his return to right paths a thousand times more difficult? Depend upon it, these wandering ones can be reclaimed much easier by the attractive force of loving kindness, than by the stern visitation of penalties, which they may feel as disproportionate to the evil thing done.'

'He can never visit my house as of old,' said another of the ladies in the car, speaking in an indignant manner. 'The last time I had company, he was there, and became so much intoxicated, during the evening, as to annoy every one. I was really mortified at his company.'

It was on the lip of Mrs. Elder to say that she trusted the lady would keep to her resolution; but she forbore.

As Charles Tilden, the young man to whom we have referred, was going home in the evening, he met a young friend, who greeted him warmly.

'I was just thinking of you, Charley,' he said, as they stood with clasp-

ed hands. 'There's to be some sport to-night, and you must enjoy it with the rest.'

'What kind of sport?' asked Tilden.

'Billiards first, and oysters and champagne afterward — all just in your line.'

'Who make up the party?'

'Harrison, Reed and Coltin for three. Fine fellows, as you can testify.'

Tilden was about yielding his assent to join the party, when he remembered his promise to call and see Mrs. Elder. Then there arose a debate in his mind as to which he should forego. The visit could be paid to Mrs. Elder on almost any evening; but this convivial party must be joined to-night, or not at all. The temptation to break his promise was strong. He liked billiards; and oysters and wine were strongly alluring to his sensual appetites. Still he could not satisfy his mind that it would be right to break his promise to Mrs. Elder, particularly as she appeared to be the only one of many friends and acquaintances who had not grown suddenly cold to him. As to the reason of this change he was not in ignorance. He knew that he was 'getting a little astray,' as he mildly termed it; but flattered himself that any serious danger was remote; and was rather more indignant than repentant at the mortifying 'cuts' which he had received from certain people, who had once given him freely the entre of their houses.

'I believe,' said he, after standing silent for a few moments, 'that I am engaged for this evening.'

'I'm sorry for that, Charles,' replied the other, in a tone of regret.

'What is the engagement?'

'I promised to call on Mrs. Elder to-night.'

'Oh! is that all? Hang Mrs. Elder. The idea of a gay, young chap like you giving up billiards, oysters

and champagne for an old woman's company! That is what I call rich.'

Mrs. Elder and the mother of Tilden had been friends in girlhood, and their friendship had continued a closely clinging bond up to the hour of Mrs. Tilden's death, which took place nearly ten years before the period of which we are now writing. Charles, who still retained a vivid recollection of his mother, knew of this warm attachment, and the knowledge of it had always served to draw him with something like affection toward Mrs. Elder. He loved her with a kind of filial love; for he always seemed nearer to the sainted one when by her side. Now, this light speech of his young friend, instead of producing the effect designed, wrought only in the opposite direction. Charles felt shocked at hearing the name of Mrs. Elder spoken so irreverently — and more particularly so at this time, when she, of all the old circle, was nearly the only one who still offered him her hand, or spoke to him in the tones of kindness and welcome.

'I shall keep my promise to Mrs. Elder,' he answered, firmly.

'No! You're not such a fool as that,' said the other, coarsely.

'Yes. Just such a fool, if you will,' replied Charles. 'My word is passed to Mrs. Elder, and it shall not be broken.'

'Thank God!' said Charles, as he walked away, and the recollection of two or three evenings, like the one in view, came vividly to his mind — 'thank God that I had sufficient resolution to say no! I do not think the way just safe for my feet. More than once, already, have I slipped in this way — slipped and fallen into the mire.'

And he drew a deep breath, with a sense of relief.

'Ah, Charles, it is pleasant to see you here again,' said Mrs. Elder, with the blindest of welcoming smiles, as she took the young man's hand that evening. 'Your mother's son must

not desert an old friend. How have you been during these many weeks?’

‘About as well as usual,’ replied Charles. But Mrs. Elder, whose eyes were reading every line of his face, missed something from his countenance; and she also missed something from his voice.

‘As happy as usual?’ she asked.

The question, altogether unexpected, made Charles drop his eyes to the floor. Looking up in a moment, he answered.

‘No; not so happy as I have been. Is it different with any, Mrs. Elder. Do we not grow sadder as we grow older?’

‘Not if we grow wiser and better,’ she replied.

He looked down to the floor again, but made no reply.

‘At your age, Charles,’ said Mrs. Elder, ‘when the feelings are warm, the appetite keen to relish every indulgence, and reason not firmly seated on his throne, there are few who do not fall into some excess. But it is a law of our being, that excesses of any kind bring punishment with them. They always leave the mind oppressed with a sense of wrong-doing, and a consciousness that something of true manhood has departed. How is it in your experience? Are my words true?’

An involuntary sigh parted the lips of Charles, as he answered,

‘They are true, Mrs. Elder—true in my case; I speak it with shame.’ The young man lost his calm self-possession, and showed considerable agitation.

It is not surprising, then, Charlie, that you grow sadder as you grow older,’ said Mrs. Elder, speaking with even a tenderer interest than before. ‘Your experience is that of every young man who has gone one step away from the right path. The evil that entices, with its offer of wild pleasure in the present, has no opiate to dull the pain of self-consciousness

after the brief excitement is over.’

The face of Charles was very sober. True words were reaching him with convictions. He saw in the light of another mind that was helping him to a clearer vision. Vice looked more hideous in his eyes, and more to be dreaded, than it had ever done; and virtue more beautiful and more to be desired.

‘Suppose you were on a journey,’ said Mrs. Elder, ‘and were to miss your way, and get into a road that seemed at first parallel with the right one, but which gradually turned until it ran in the opposite direction.—When would the return be easiest? After the first few steps had been taken? or, after you had moved onward for a great while in the wrong direction?’

‘Easiest after the first few steps, of course,’ replied the young man.

‘It is just so in the journey of life, Charles,’ said Mrs. Elder, with impressive earnestness. The longer your feet abide in the wrong way, the harder will it be to return. The first few steps may be easily retraced—but if you get once involved in the mazes of an evil life, you will find it hard—nay, almost impossible—to extricate yourself. See what difficulties you have already encountered.’

‘I have encountered no difficulties, Mrs. Elder,’ said the young man.

‘You forget,’ she answered. ‘When the virtuous turn from us coldly, and refuse to let us associate with them: is not that a great hindrance? Does it not push us beyond the attractive power of good, and make the attractive power of evil stronger? You must have felt this already, Charles; for I know that more than one circle of the virtuous has closed against you.’

The young man’s face crimsoned. ‘I do not wish to hurt or offend you, Charles,’ continued Mrs. Elder. ‘I am only trying, as best I can, to make you see upon what dangerous

ground your feet are standing. When once you comprehend this, I am certain you will start back with a shudder of fear. Already there is a shadow on your good character. Even as your feet stepped over the threshold of mankind, you let a stain appear on your garments, and it has been made visible to many who will not fail to point it out, unless speedily removed. Wash it off, my dear young friend.'

'My wise, good, true friend,' said the young man, catching at the hand of Mrs. Elder, and showing strong emotion, 'I seem to hear in your voice that voice of my mother! And I will take heed to the warning words you have spoken kindly, even as my mother would have spoken them. It was a good Providence that sent you into that car to-day. I was hurt and indignant, and growing hard and desperate under the cold repulsion with which the persons you saw there treated me. Your face, smiling on me as of old; your kind voice; the earnest pressure of your hand; the warmly urged invitation to visit you, restored me to better feelings. It was in God's mercy that I promised; for, as I walked homeward this evening, a temptation came in my way, which, except for my promise to you, could not have been resisted. It can, I trust, have no power over me again; for, through your clearer eyes, I see my danger as I never saw it before, and stand, appalled, on the very brink of an abyss, into which a single step might at any moment have plunged me.'

The young man wept, and in his tears Mrs. Elder saw rainbows of hope.

'Charles,' said the employer of Tildon, as the young man came into the counting room where the latter was seated, the next morning, 'I think you are acquainted with the young men who are so disgracefully exposed in to-day's paper.'

'What young men?' asked Charles, with an instantly blushing face.

'Reed, Harrison, Colton, and John Warfield,' was answered.

'I have heard nothing of it, sir; what has happened them?'

'They were on a drunken frolic last night, when one of them insulted a lady, and was knocked down by her husband. He was knocked down in turn; but, recovering himself, he struck one of his assailants, and broke his arm. The final result was, an arrest of the four young men by the police, who will have to give bail this morning for their good behaviour and appearance at court. Two of them, Colton and Warfield, will lose their situations, I know; and the same result will follow, no doubt, in other cases. If either of them had been in my employment, we would have parted company here.'

The employer of Charles did not know why his clerk's face turned so pale.

'You were not with them, I hope,' he said, as a sudden suspicion crossed his mind.

'No sir.' And Charles looked at him steadily, 'I spent the evening with Mrs. Elder.'

'Ah!' The employer's countenance lighted up again. 'You could not have been in safer company.'

'She is a true, good woman, sir,' replied Charles, speaking with more feeling and freedom than usual; and the early friend of my mother.'

'If she be your mother's friend, visit her often,' was kindly answered. 'Next to a mother, is a mother's friend.'

'Oh! what an escape,' said Charles, speaking to himself, as he turned away, shuddering inwardly. 'And it was a kind word that saved me. Had Mrs. Elder treated me like the rest, I would have been overtaken in this evil and lost. But, God helping me, I will get back into the good path, and never leave it.'

THE LAND OF REST.

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Far above this world of sorrow,
Far beyond this mortal shore.
Is a land of bliss and beauty,
Where they never sorrow more ;
Where the pure and holy enter,
Where abide the good and blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Pearly gates and walls of jasper,
Do inclose this city bright ;
Precious stones are her foundations ;
God, the Lamb, her glorious light.
Trees of life forever blooming,
All of healing power possessed—
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Pastures green and living waters
In this heavenly land abound ;
Endless pleasures, bliss unmingled,
There, and there alone are found.
No more sorrow, pain or anguish,
Souls no more by sin oppressed—
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Here temptations gather round us,
Satan's wiles our hearts do vex,
Cares harass and foes surround us,
Pain afflicts and fears perplex :
But in that bright world of glory
We shall be forever blest,
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Onward, Christian ! then, right onward,
Soon thy sorrows will be o'er,
Jesus soon will come and lead thee,
Safely to the shining shore,
Where those wait to bid thee welcome
Whom on earth thou lovest best ;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE HOMELESS LADDIE.

Be kind to the bairmie that stands at the door ;
The laddie is homeless, and friendless,
and poor ;
There's few hearts to pity the wee cowerin' form
That seeks at your hallin a beild frae the storm.

Your hame may be humble, your haddin
but bare,
For the poor and the lowly hae little to spare ;
But ye'll ne'er miss a morsel, though sma' be your store,
To the wee friendless laddie that stands at the door.

When the cauld wind is sougihin' sae eerie and chill,
And the snaw-flakes o' winter lie white on the hill ;
When ye meet in the gloamin' around the hearthstane,
Be thankfu' for haddins and hames o' your ain,
And think wae the feckless and friendless maun dree,
Wi' nae heart to pity and nae hand to gie ;
That wee guileless bosom might freeze to the core
Gin ye turn'd the bit laddie awa' frae the door.

The bird seeks a beild o'er the wide ocean wave ;
In the depth of the covert the fox has a cave ;
And the hare has a den 'neath the wild winter's snaw ;
But the wee friendless laddie has nae hame ava !
Then pity the bairmie sae helpless and lone ;
Ilka gift to the poor is recorded aboon ;
For the warm heart o' kindness there's blessins in store,
Sae be kind to the laddie that stands at the door !

J. THOMPSON.

AN EXPLANATION.—Some able and excellent men are never able to adapt their phrases to the comprehension of children. A man of this class, a learned theological professor, was once engaged to address a Sunday school. He read a number of verses from the Bible, and then said : ' Children, I intend to give you a summary of the truths taught in this portion of the Scripture.' Here the pastor touched him, and suggested that he had better explain to the children what 'summary' meant. So he turned around and said to the children : ' Your pastor wants me to explain what summary means, and I will do so. Well, children, summary is an abbreviated synopsis of a thing !'

THE DIVORCED.

WITHIN the softly illuminated parlor of a stately mansion in Berkley square, seated upon a rich lounge, was the widow of Sir Richard Earle and her young daughter, Constance.

The mellowed rays from a silver lamp fell full upon their faces, revealing the exquisite contour of two of the most beautiful heads in old England. What the elder had lost of youthful bloom, was amply made up by an intellectual loveliness rarely surpassed. But the broad and lofty brow was contracted now, by what seemed extreme mental anguish; and the large dark eyes that gleamed below were mournful and melancholy as death.

'Constance—Constance!' she murmured, 'my only, my beloved child! Never has your mother denied you aught that could add to your happiness. O, believe her when she solemnly assures you that William Taunton can never make you happy.—Would to God I had died, ere I admitted him to my house and hearth! But who could have dreamed of his wooing thee, my young, my beautiful child! Why, he is nearly double thine own age, and already a husband in the sight of the Almighty. But you do not, you cannot love this man. He has enlisted your sympathies, but yet your heart is untouched. Say that it is so, Constance; say that I am right.'

The sweet young face that had nestled to Lady Earle's bosom flushed crimson, and the soft blue eyes drooped till their long, brown lashes shaded the rounded cheek below, as she answered:

'Mother, dear mother, forgive me, but I do love Sir William Taunton, and believe him to have been wronged by the woman who deserted him.—

Why, O, why, if you have loved him not, have you permitted his visits here?'

'Because,' answered Lady Earle, 'because he once benefited your dead father; and I could not bare to give way to the suspicions I have entertained of him. Besides, I deemed you a child, and knew his visits could not injure me. O, Constance! promise me that you will listen to no love-words from Sir William for two years; if at the end of that time you still love him, or fancy that you do, I will make no objections to your union.'

And Constance promised, but she sighed as she did so, and her rose-lips quivered as she remembered the soft voice and the melancholy dark eyes of her lover.

As the jewelled fingers of Lady Earle gathered the heavy brown curls from her daughters neck and heaving bosom, she wondered that she had not noticed how womanly Constance had become. The rich crimson, flooding lips and cheek, the dreamy expression of the thoughtful eyes, revealed to the anxious heart of the mother, that though the innocence of childhood remained, its unconsciousness had departed forever.

One year of Constance's probation had passed, and still her veins throbbed, and her pure cheek flushed at the mention of Sir William's name. Rigidly had she adhered to her promise. Never had she given her lover an opportunity of speaking with her alone; but upon the street, in the park, at the theatre, she had met him frequently, and his reproachful looks nursed the fire that still burned in her young breast.

'Come, Constance,' said the clear voice of Lady Earle, 'it is time to dress for the theatre to-night. Re-

member the new prima donna is to appear, and with all the rest of the world, I am all eagerness and expectation.'

The light form of Constance was soon robed in a dress of blue velvet, and her soft throat and arms adorned with strings of pure, satin-like pearls. Her eyes flashed, and her cheeks glowed, for at the theatre she was sure to see Sir William. Lovely she looked, and was; and Lady Earle's heart throbb'd with pride, as she smoothed, with her own white hands, the long curls of brown hair, and fastened them back from the snowy forehead of her child.

The theatre was crowded to overflowing, and a thousand eyes, bright and eager with expectation, were fixed upon the stage, as the curtain slowly rose and revealed the fine face and exquisite proportions of the new prima donna.

Constance's glance rested upon her lover, and a sickly feeling seized her heart, as she saw him start forward in his seat, and gaze with intense interest, and visible emotion, upon that beautiful face, now the centre of attraction to countless eyes.

Robed in a dress of pink silk, totally without ornament or furbelow of any kind, her long shining mass of coal black hair streaming wildly over neck, shoulders and arms, nearly to her feet, weird-looking eyes, fixed, it seemed to Constance, upon Sir Wm. Taunton, stood the new star of the theatre! Young as that face was, there were lines about that passionate mouth rarely seen at even mature age. And within the dark depths of those melancholy eyes, gleamed an expression of conscious power and passion seldom equalled. Never rested that look in eyes that have not poured forth the bitter tears of suffering and neglect.

'O, there are those young in years, whose hearts are prematurely old.— Wise are they in that mournful wis-

dom, born of a too early appreciation and knowledge of human ills. Woe to the heart, taught by an early acquaintance with wrong, to turn from mankind with loathing and suspicion. Woe to the youthful breast that frets beneath a burden of melancholy experience, belonging only to those who have passed the meridian of life, and are moving with rapid strides downward to the grave! Bloom, beauty, hope, are the especial prerogatives of the young, and woe be to the heart robbed in childhood of that ignorance and innocence which lead it to gaze only upon the flowers bedecking the entrance into life, and not upon the faded blossoms and withered wastes that lie beyond. The dullest intellect in that vast assembly felt at once, that such had been the woman's fate now, for the first time, before the public. Bitter, indeed, had been the experience that lifted her above and beyond the necessity of even the sympathies of the multitude before her.

Clear, sweet, as the carol of a bird, rose her powerful voice upon the air. Higher, still higher it ascended, in its thrilling and sharp sweetness, until it seemed to pierce through the lofty arched roof of the building, and float onward and upward to the very gates of heaven. Not a sound, not a breath, disturbed the perfect silence, as the last note died upon the ravished ear of thousands.

Again the silver voice gushed forth in music, and Constance herself forgot all things in the deep interest she now felt in the singer, as she murmured rather than sung, in tones that brought tears to every eye:

'Restore me, restore me the depth and the truth,
The hopes that came o'er me in earliest youth;
Their gloss is departed, their magic is flown,
Despairing, faint-hearted, I wander alone.

'Tis vain to regret thee ; you will not regret,
 You will try to forget me, you cannot forget ;
 We shall hear of each other, O, misery to hear
 Those names from another that once were so dear.

What slight words will sting us that breathe of the past ;
 What slight things will bring us thoughts faded at last ;
 The fond hopes that centred in thee are all dead,
 But the iron has entered the soul that they fed.

Like others in seeming, I walk through life's part,
 Cold, careless, and dreaming, with death in my heart ;
 No hope, no repentance, the spring of life o'er,
 All died with the feeling—he loves me no more.'

'Mother, mother!' sobbed Constance, 'how much she must have suffered! Did you see that look of utter wretchedness shining from her eyes?'

Lady Earle grasped her daughter's hand in both hers, and hurried in a state of feverish excitement to her carriage. 'O, Constance!' she gasped, as the door closed upon them, 'Can you bear to hear a terrible truth? That singer is the separated wife of Sir William Taunton. I recognized her from a picture he has in his possession. I am sure of it, as that I breathe this moment!'

And Constance recalled the pale face of her lover, and his emotion at the singer's appearance upon the stage, and her heart told her it was true.

'Mother, mother!' she murmured, 'she loves him even now. O, can we not re-unite them? There is some terrible mystery, I am sure, in this separation between them! That woman was never false to him! I read it in her face, this moment present to me!' And the high-souled, generous

Constance wept in the deep sympathy she felt for her.

After all, Constance was not really in love; and Lady Earle clasped her hands in gratitude as the truth burst upon her.

But Taunton was not the selfish being Lady Earle had thought him. Had she remained a little longer at the theatre, she would have seen him rush like a madman to the stage, and with the speed of light, disappear behind the curtain. Could she have seen him, as again and again he buried his haughty head in the silk robes of his long-lost wife, she would have pitied him.

'O, Isabel! Isabel!' said Sir William, as he gathered her long black hair in his hands and held it passionately to his tearful face. 'O, Isabel, I have sought thee to beg forgiveness for the miserable past. Unjust, unmanly, ignoble was I to torture thee to the steps thou hast taken. Innocent I feel that thou wast of the insinuations I tortured thee with, driving thee from the heart too proud until now to seek thee, and confess its fault. O, my wife! my wife! I was mad to dream of taking another to my house and heart. Say that you will forgive the years of banishment, sorrow and grief, that I have caused thee! The divorce that I in my passion and madness, at thy continued absence, obtained against thee; and to the eyes of the world all shall be made clear. Come to my home—*THY* home—for O, it is thine still, at once—and I will devote my life, my whole future life, so long as God shall spare it, to thy happiness, if it is possible for me to call it back to thy crushed heart.'

And Isabel St. Pierre, the long-absent, haughty, passionate, but still loving, divorced wife of Sir William Taunton, wound her soft arms around his neck, and drew his head to her grief-worn breast.

Back to the home, once made miserable by his unworthy suspicions, was Isabel borne; and humble and loving, clinging to her garments, and following her steps like a child, was

the repentant husband. Again were they united, and with the years of happiness that followed, passed the grief-stricken lines, once so apparent upon Lady Taunton's face.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MORNING.

BY LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

[The author of the following elegant and touching lines, died at the age of seventeen. 'She was a rare creature—one whose thoughts went upward as naturally as the incense of the flowers which she nourished—and who united with the very highest capacities of intellect, the affections and the meek love of a child. And she was a child, in years at least—and yet young as she was—uneducated, and unprepared as she was—she has left a name behind, which few of her prouder contemporaries will ever attain. She passed away from among us like a bright but unenduring vision. But—here is her poetry—it is a perfect mirror of her soul.']

I come in the breath of the wakened
breeze,
I kiss the flowers and I bend the trees—
And I shake the dew which hath fallen by
night,
From its throne on the lily's pure bosom
of white,
Awake thee, when bright from my couch
in the sky;
I beam o'er the mountains and come from
on high,
When my gay purple banners are waving
afar—
When my herald, gray dawn, hath extin-
guished each star—
When I smile on the woodlands, and bend
o'er the lake,
Then awake thee, O! maiden, I bid thee
awake.
Thou may'st slumber when all the wide
arches of heaven
Glitter bright with the beautiful fires at
even;

When the moon walks in glory, and looks
from on high
O'er the clouds floating far through the
clear azure sky,
Drifting onward—the beautiful vessels of
heaven,
To their far away harbor all silently
driven,
Bearing on in their bosom the children of
light,
Who have fled from this dark world of
sorrow and night;
When the lake lies in calmness and dark-
ness, save where
The bright ripple curls 'neath the smile
of the star;
When all is in silence and solitude here,
Then sleep, maiden, sleep, without sor-
row or fear!
But when I steal silently over the lake,
Awake thee, then, maiden, awake! Oh
awake!

HARVEST HYMN.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

At Carmel's mount the prophet laid
His offering on the altar stone,
And fire descended from the skies,
And round the holy altar shone;
And thus, when spring went smiling past,
Our offerings on the earth were cast,
And God's own blessing has come down,
Our sacrifice of faith to crown.

No conqueror o'er our fields has gone,
To blast with war our summer bowers,
And stain with blood of woe and guilt
The soil that giveth life to flowers;
But morning dews and evening rains
Have fallen on our beauteous plains,
And earth, through all her realms
abroad,
Gives back the image of her God.

Bright with the autumn's richest tints,
 Each hill lifts up its head on high,
 And spreads its fruits and blossoms out,
 An offering meet beneath the sky ;
 And hill, and plain, and vale, and grove,
 Join in the sacrifice of love,
 And wind, and stream, and lake, and sea,
 Lift high their hymns of ecstasy.

It is the festival of earth—
 The flame of love o'er nature burns,
 And to the holy heavens goes up
 Like incense from a thousand urns ;
 And, oh ! let man's impassioned voice
 With nature's self in songs rejoice,
 Until the blended notes of love
 Ring from the temple-arch above.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

I know the walls are jasper,
 The palaces are fair,
 And to the sounds of harpings
 The saints are singing there ;
 I know that living waters
 Flow under fruitful trees ;
 But, ah ! to make my heaven,
 It needeth more than these ?

Read on the sacred story ;
 What more doth it unfold
 Besides the pearly gateways
 And streets of shining gold ?
 'No temple hath that city,
 For none is needed there ;
 No sun or moon enlighteneth ;'
 Can darkness, then, be fair ?

Ah ! now the bright revealing,
 The crowning joy of all,
 What need of other sunshine,
 Where God is all in all ?
 He fills the wide ethereal
 With glory all his own—
 He whom my soul adoreth,
 The Lamb amidst the throne !

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Barrow, the great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charter-house school, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Clark, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a greivous dunce.

DON'T WRITE THERE.—' Don't write there,' said one to a lad, who was writing with a diamond pin, on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel. ' Why ?' said he. ' Because you can't rub it out.'— There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of diamond upon glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever. On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase.— We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.

CONCLUSION OF A HARD SHELL SERMON.

—' My brethern and sistern ! ef a man's full of religion you can't hurt him ! There was the three Arabian children ; they put 'em in a fiery furnace, hetted seven times hetter than it could be het, and it didn't singe a har on their heads ! And there was John the Evangeler ; they put him—and where do you think they put him ? Why, they put him into a caladronic of bilin' lei, and biled him all night, and it didn't faze his shell ! And there was Daniel ; they put him into a lion's den—and what, my fellow travelers and respected auditories, do you think he was put into a lion's den for ? Why for prayin' three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethering and sistern ; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den !'

FEELING AND FAITH.—There are two classes of Christians—those who live chiefly by emotion, and those who live chiefly by faith. The first class—those who live chiefly by emotion—remind one of ships, that move by the outward impulse of winds operating on sails. They are often in a dead calm, out of their course, and sometimes driven back. And it is only when the winds are fair and powerful that they move onward with rapidity. The other class—those who live by faith—remind one of the magnificent steamers which cross the Atlantic, which are moved by an interior and permanent principle, and which, setting at defiance all ordinary obstacles, advance steadily and swiftly to their destination, through cloud and sunshine.

‘RIGHT FROM HEAVEN.’

In a miserable cottage, at the bottom of a hill, two children were hovering over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without,—a fearful tempest,—against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched down at the threshold of the miserable door. He dared not enter for fear they would ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

‘I am hungry, Nettie.’

‘So am I; I have hunted for a potatoe paring and can’t find any.’

‘What an awful storm!’

‘Yes; the old tree has blown down. I guess God took care that it did not fall on the house. See, it would certainly have killed us.’

‘If he could do that, could not he send us bread?’

‘I guess so; let’s pray ‘Our Father,’ and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread.’

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a human feeling stole into his heart; God sent some angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him a great many days; but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and listened to the wild, eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

‘It dropped right from heaven, didn’t it?’ questioned the younger.

‘Yes; I mean to love God forever for giving us bread because we asked Him.’

‘We’ll ask Him every day, won’t we? Why, I never thought God was so good; did you?’

‘Yes, I always thought so; but I never quite knew it before.’

‘Let’s ask Him to give our father work to do all the time, so we need never be hungry again. He’ll do it, I’m sure.’

The storm passed; the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren. In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage, which was his, to the laboring man. And the little children ever felt a sweet and solemn emotion, when in their morning devotion they came to those trustful words: ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’

If you have no sister of your own, we advise you to love somebody’s else.

WISER men are instructed by reason; other wise men by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and the beast by nature.

THE SEA IS ENGLAND’S GLORY.

BY J. W. LAKE.

The sea is England’s glory,
The bounding wave her throne;
For ages bright in story,
The ocean is her own.
In war the first, the fearless,
Her banner leads the brave;
In peace she reigns as peerless,
The empress of the wave.

The sea is England’s splendor,
Her wealth the mighty main;
She is the world’s defender,
The feeble to sustain.
Her gallant sons in story
Shine bravest of the brave;
Oh, England’s strength and glory
Are on the ocean wave.

Thou loveliest land of beauty,
Where dwells domestic worth,
Where loyalty and duty
Entwine each heart and hearth.
The rock is freedom’s pillow,
The rampart of the brave;
Oh, long as rolls the billow,
Shall England rule the wave.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

HAVING tarried a few days in a beautiful village of the West, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbor, he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it offered sufficient light for me to discover that he was young.— Seating himself beside it, he drew a book from his pocket and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain uttering oaths, terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book on the chair, and kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and though his soul seemed to burn within him, I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as 'mercy,' 'dying heathen,' 'sinners,' &c. Presently he seemed in an agony of spirit for those swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading to God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow-passengers to rest, not having spoken of God or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was waked by a loud voice at the door of the

companion way: 'Here, whose tracts are these?' followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against Tract Distributers, Bethels, Temperance Societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats against him; but he calmly said, 'Those tracts, sir, are mine. I have but few, as you see; but they are very good, and you may take one, if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night.' The sailor smiled, and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, 'Captain,' said our young companion, 'as the Lord supplies our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask his blessing on the repast.'

'If you please,' said the captain, with apparent good-will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologise for the profanity of the men, saying, 'it was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it.'

'With your leave, captain,' said the young stranger, 'I think we can put an end to it.'

Himself a swearer, and having just apologised for his men, the captain was puzzled for an answer; but after a little hesitation replied, 'I might as well attempt to sail against a head wind as to think of such a thing.'

‘But I mean all I said,’ added the young man.

‘Well, if you think it possible, you may try it,’ said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarter deck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him a history of the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followed the ocean. He had been tossed on the billows in many a tempest; had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do anything that could be done by a sailor.

‘I doubt it,’ said the young man.

‘I can,’ answered the hardy tar, ‘and will not be outdone; and my word for it.’

‘Well, when a sailor passes his word, he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing; and did so.’

‘Ah,’ said the old sailor, ‘you’ve anchored me; I’m fast—but I can do it.’

‘I know you can,’ said the young man, ‘and I hope you will anchor all your shipmate’s oaths with yours.’

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul’s salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

By this time I was much interested in the young stranger, and determined to know more of him. There was nothing prepossessing in his appearance; his dress was plain; his manners unassuming; but his influence had, by the blessing of God, in a few short hours totally changed the aspect of our crew. The tiger seemed softened

to a lamb, and peace and quiet had succeeded confusion and blasphemy.

After supper, he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a Bible, which he said was given to him in early life by his father, with a request that he would never part with it. We listened as our friend read Matthew’s account of Christ’s crucifixion and resurrection; and then, looking round upon us, he said, ‘He is risen—yes, Jesus lives; let us worship him.’

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before, now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sang a hymn. It was a happy place, a floating Bethel. Instead of confusion and wrath, there was sweet peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last cheering rays.

‘Look yonder!’ he exclaimed. ‘You who have been nursed in the storm and cradled in the tempest, look at the setting sun and learn a lesson that will make you happy when it shall set to rise no more. As rose that sun this morning to afford us light and comfort, so has the Son of God arisen to secure salvation to all who accept and love him; and as that sun withdraws his beams, and we are veiled in darkness for a season, so will the son of righteousness withdraw his offers of mercy from all who continue to neglect them. But remember, that season is one that never ends—one dark, perpetual night.’

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and was engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

In the morning, as soon as we were seated at the breakfast table, the captain invited our friend to ask a bless-

ing. 'There, gentlemen,' said he, 'this is the first time ever I made such a request, and never, till this young man came on board, have I been asked for the privilege of holding prayers, though I have a thousand times expected it, both on the ocean and the lakes; and have as often, on being disappointed, cursed religion in my heart, and believed that it was all delusion. Now I see the influence of the Bible, and though I make no claims to religion myself, I respect it, for my parents were Christians; and though I have never followed their counsels, I cannot forget them.

After this, for three days, we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects, for there was nothing in the religion of the young stranger to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives; and from his fearless, but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the Gospel. From all he saw he gathered laurels to cast at his Master's feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port we ascertained that he was a MECHANIC.

Before we reached the wharf, the captain came forward, and with much feeling, bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live, as he had done, no longer—his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added, 'I have had ministers as passengers on my vessel Sabbath days and week days, but never before have I been reminded of the family altar where my departed parents knelt.' As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many and the esteem of all.

We soon found ourselves in a canal boat, where were about thirty passengers of various ages and characters; and my curiosity was not a little excited to know how my companion would proceed among them. The afternoon had nearly passed away, and he had conversed with no one but myself. At length he inquired of the captain, if he were willing to have prayers on board.

'I have no objection,' said he, 'if the passengers have not; but I shan't attend.'

At an early hour the passengers were invited into the cabin, and in a few minutes the captain was seated among them. After reading a short portion of scripture, our friend made a few appropriate remarks, and earnestly commended us to God.

As soon as he rose from prayer, a gentleman, whose head was whitening for the grave, said, 'Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a Deist. I once professed religion, but now I believe it to be all delusion.'

'Sir,' said the young man, 'I respect age, and will listen to you; and, as you proceed, may perhaps ask a few questions; but I cannot debate, I can only say that I must love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner.'

'I do not deny that men are sinners,' said the man, 'but I don't believe in Christ.'

'Will you tell us how sinners can be saved in some other way, and God's law be honored?'

We waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded: 'Not many years since I was an infidel, because I did not love the truth, and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer is my conviction of its truth, and that there is no way of salvation but through a crucified Redeemer.'

As the passengers sat engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder recently perpetrated by a man in the neighborhood, while in a fit of intoxication. To this, all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity for the stranger to begin his work. He was the fearless advocate of temperance, as well as religion, and here gained some friends to this cause.

'But,' said he, at length, 'though alcohol occasions an immense amount of crime and misery in our world, I recollect one instance of murder with which it had no connection.'

He then related, as nearly as I can remember, the following story—

'In a populous city at the East, was a man who seemed to live only for the good of others. He daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence towards his fellow-men; sought out the poor and needy, and relieved their wants; sympathized with and comforted the sick and the afflicted; and, though he was rich, his unsparing benevolence clothed him in poverty. He deserved the esteem of all, yet he had enemies. He took no part in politics, yet many feared that his generosity was a cloak of ambition, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself the reigns of government. Others feared that his religious sentiments, connected with his consistent life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length a mock trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and put to death.'

'Where was that?' 'When was it?' 'Who was it?'—was heard from several voices.

'It was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. By his enemies he was hung upon the cross, and for us guilty sinners he died.'

'Every eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested on every countenance. He opened a Bible which lay upon the table, and read the account of Christ's condemnation and death; the captain nodded to him as a signal for prayer, and we all again fell on our knees, while he wept over the condition of sinners, and for the sake of Christ, besought God's mercy upon them. Here, again, was a floating Bethel.

In the morning the stranger was not forgotten, and he evidently did not forget that there were immortal souls around him, hastening with him to the bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with each individual, except an elderly gentleman who had followed him from seat to seat, and showed much uneasiness of mind; the realities of eternity were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with many hearts.

As the mantle of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested an interview with the aged man.

'Yes, yes,' said he, 'I have been wishing all day to see you, but you were talking with others.'

He acknowledged that he had tried to be a Universalist; and though he could not rest in that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw his lost condition. 'And now,' said he, 'I want you to tell me what I shall do.'

The young man raised his eyes to heaven, as if imploring the Spirit's influences, and then briefly explained the nature and reasonableness of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly, that he burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'Oh, my soul! How I have sinned against

God! I see it—I feel it—yes I have sinned all my days.’

‘O, yes, yes, if I had a thousand hearts he should have them all,’ was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something, in an hour like this, awfully solemn. Heaven was rejoicing, I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again; ‘Yes, I will serve God; I will, I will.’ After a time, his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, with both hands raised, he broke out in singing—

‘There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.’

And then again he wept, and said,
‘O, yes, Jesus, precious Saviour.’

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master’s service, he had stolen our hearts, and each pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.

Such was the influence of one individual, whose unwavering purpose it was to live for God. He felt for dying sinners, and relying on the influences of the Holy Spirit for success, labored for the salvation of souls around him. Will not the reader solemnly resolve, in God’s strength, that henceforth, whether at home or abroad, he will make the glory of Christ, in the salvation of men, the one object of his life? When Christians, universally, shall do this, we may expect soon to hear the songs of Zion float on every breeze: ‘Alleluiah!’ ‘The kingdoms of this world are becoming the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.’

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

There’s a land far away, ’mid stars we are
told,

Where they know not the sorrows of
time;

Where the pure waters wander thro’ val-
leys of gold,

And life is a treasure sublime.

’Tis the land of our God, ’tis the home of
the soul,

Where ages of splendor eternally roll;

Where the way-weary traveller reaches
his goal.

On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful
land,

But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gar-
dens are fanned,

And we faint in the desert of this;

And we sometimes have longed for its
holy repose,

When our spirits were torn with temp-
tation and strife,

And we’ve drank from the tide of the
river that flows

From the evergreen mountains of life.

O! the stars never tread the blue heavens
of night,

But we think where the ransomed have
trod,

And the day never smiles from its palace
of light,

But we feel the bright smile of our
God.

We are travelling home thro’ changes
and gloom,

To a kingdom where pleasures un-
changingly bloom,

And our guide is the glory that shines
thro’ the tomb,

From the evergreen mountains of life.

THE BLIND GIRL.

The following account is given by the Rev. L. Foote, of Delevan, Wisconsin :

We have been called to follow to the grave one of our number who has been acting Deacon in our church for several years. His death was peaceful. We had already buried his wife, who was also a decided Christian and a member of our church. Among a numerous family of children, they had one young daughter who was blind, and who had for some time past been attending the blind asylum at Jamesville. She was greatly attached to her father, and he to her. He died quite suddenly, while she was away. She was sent for, but did not arrive until the people were assembled at his funeral. The scene was most affecting. The services were being commenced; she was led into the family group, and seated near the coffin; and now, in order to satisfy herself of the fearful reality of what she heard, but could not see, we presently saw her tiny arm extended as if to find some token that she was now verily a blind orphan! And when her sensitive fingers touched the coffin, she bowed her head in silent grief. It was with difficulty, for the moment, that I could proceed in my discourse. But the most affecting part was yet to come! The services being ended, the lid was opened, and when friends and neighbors had taken their last look at this good man, then the family group gathered around his remains, and she among the number. They looked and wept. Presently I saw her feeling her way along up to the head of the coffin, until her hand rested upon the open lid. She stood a moment to gather strength, and then with her other hand she withdrew her glove, and her little fingers were placed over against the cold forehead. They went from that to his ear, his neck, his eyes, his mouth, his nose, his chin, his neck, and his hair, as she had wont to do in other days, until she had formed on her mind an image of the physiognomy of him whom unseen she had loved. But the voice was not there; and she stood and sighed as if all the world was lost to her. It was too much! I had to turn away my head and weep!

Good at distance is better than evil near at hand.

EYES.—Emerson, in his new volume, the 'Conduct of Life,' thus discourses of the human eyes:—'The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage, that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, his eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shews he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company, in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep,—wells that a man might fall into,—others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadways, and the security of millions, to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'Tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes; and eyes full of fate,—some of good, and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye.'

The longer I live, said a good man, the more I am convinced that vital religion is less an opinion than a living force, and the conditions of its diffusion and growth are very much like those of other vital forces.

You cannot go anywhere to make crooked things straight without being exposed to suffering, and without, therefore, needing to be fortified against it.

WHAT HE HEARD.

'HAVE you heard the news?'

'No; what is it now?'

'Squire Dunham is gone—was found dead in his bed this morning—was carried off by a stroke of apoplexy.'

'He was one of our prominent citizens. He will be widely missed.'

'I'm not at all certain about the last remark. In my opinion there'll be very few mourners at Squire Dunham's funeral. He was a hard old customer, from first to last; and all he thought of, or cared for, was to make money. He was shrewd enough at a bargain, and always got the best of it; but I think you'd have to go a long way to find the man, woman, or child, that's any the worse off 'cause Squire Dunham has finished his days.'

'It's a great pity he couldn't take any of his bank stock or real estate with him. I tell you, my friend, after all, it's a losing operation to have all one's property in what goes for nothing on the other side. They want a different kind of coin there.'

'That's a fact. I suspect Squire Dunham has learned some new truths by this time.'

The above conversation took place in a city omnibus just as the night was falling, so that the passengers could scarcely discern one another in the dim twilight. The speakers were two plain-talking men, in the prime of their years; and the conversation was suddenly cut short, for the omnibus stopped, and the friends hurried out together.

In the seat behind them sat an old man, of somewhat portly figure and dignified presence. He had a hard, cold sort of a face—a face which no tender sympathies, no high and noble purposes—no earnest, unselfish strivings for right and truth, had softened

or spiritualized, and looking into the keen, grey eye, under the shaggy eyebrows, a heart that had gone to them for pity or mercy would have been turned away. Beneath lay no sweet, gushing springs of human love; only the cold, hard rock where no flowers blossomed, and from whose bosom gushed no streams gladdening the waste desert of the man's soul.

But it was evident the old man had been an interested listener to the conversation which had transpired in the seat before him. At the first mention of Squire Dunham's name he had leaned forward, and drank in breathlessly every word which followed; while quick flushes and strange agitation went over the hard, thin face. He leaned back, so that the men could not catch a glimpse of his features as they left the omnibus, and his reflections went on somewhat after this fashion:

'Well, it's pleasant, is it not, for a man to sit still and have his life held up after he's laid in the coffin. I never met either of those men, but it appears that one of them, at least, is pretty well posted up about me, and the estimation in which I am held in public opinion—though he has mistaken my name for Silas Dunham, the old lawyer, who died last night. Complimentary, wasn't it, Stephen Dunham? I 'spose there was a little spite and envy at the bottom of it all, just as poor folks always have towards those who have got more money than they; but then—'

At that moment the omnibus stopped in front of the stately dwelling in which the old banker resided. And that 'but then' followed him into his house, and sat down with him at his solitary supper-table, and after it was through, these words were the text

which the roused conscience of the rich man took up and preached to him after this wise :

‘But then, Stephen Dunham,’ it whispered, as the rich old miser walked up and down the gorgeous parlors of his lonely home, ‘you know that what that man said about you was true. There is no use getting away from it, for he hit the nail straight on the head. You know, too, that your object and aim in life has been to make money, and that there isn’t a human being above ground who would have reason to shed a tear if you were laid beneath it. You’ve got money, as that man said. You generally get the best of a bargain, but, after all, your hundred thousand that you have given your whole life to get together, won’t pass for anything in that world to which you are getting pretty near; and, as there’s nobody now to mourn you here, it isn’t likely that you will have any welcome there.’

And here Squire Dunham sat down in his velvet arm-chair, by his marble table, and his thoughts went back through the long winding path of the years of his youth. His boyhood—his glad, careless, boyhood, came back to him. The gentle, loving mother, the young sweet face of his sister, rose up before him, and he saw the little brown cottage where his life came up to him. The old apple-tree in front was frosted with the blossoms of May; and he stood there with Hetty, his little sister, and her laugh, sweet as the mountain brook, was in his ear, and her little, round, plump arms were about his neck. How she did love him, that little sister Hetty, over whose sweet face had grown the grass of so many summers—how proud she was of him! and he could see the little golden head dancing out of the house every night to meet him, when he came home from his work.

Stephen Dunham’s mother was a poor widow, and he had his own way

to work in the world. His had risen step by step in his native town, and he saw at least that greed of money had taken possession of him, until every other wish and purpose of his life had been swallowed up in the pursuit of riches.

He was still a young man when he came to the city, but he brought with him the title of ‘squire,’ which he had borne for three years. He took to himself a wife, the daughter of a rich man, and she brought him twenty thousand pounds for her dowry; but in a few years der’h had summoned her away, and she had left no children, whose soft, sweet voices, calling him ‘father,’ should melt the cold heart that knew but one love, and that was money.

All this Squire Dunham thought of, as he sat alone by his table, with the bright light of the chandeliers gilding the gray head that rested on his hands; and he thought, rich man that he was, that his money didn’t pay; that, after all, the great object of his life had been, as the man said, ‘a losing operation;’ and he longed to feel that in the wide world there was one human being who would be sorry to hear that he was dead—one human being, man, woman, or child, who would say, ‘I am happier this night, because you are on earth.’

And in the midst of want and yearning, a sudden declaration flashed across the mind of Squire Dunham. He rose up and walked again to and fro with his hands behind him, and his forehead knit with perplexing thought, and a variety of emotions flitting over his face. But suddenly he stopped, and set down his foot resolutely, ‘I’ll do it—I will do it this very night!’ And he went into the hall and took up his cane, and passed out into the street, contrary to his usual habit, for the night was dark and cold.

'Did you see Mr. Minor, Henry?' It was a faint, mournful voice which asked this question, and the speaker was a pale, sad-faced woman, whose sunken eyes and hollow cheeks at once told you she was an invalid.—The chamber where she sat was very poorly furnished, but everything was neat. A small fire was burning in the grate, and a solitary candle on the stand.

'No, mother, Mr. Minor won't be at home for a week,' answered the boy slowly, as though he disliked to communicate the news. He was a slender, delicate-looking boy, apparently in his twelfth year.

'It is my last hope,' said the mother, looking despairingly on the thin hands which lay in her lap. 'There is no way to pay the rent, and the agent said if I wasn't ready when he called to-morrow, we must go into the street. What will become of us, my poor children? I had trusted Mr. Minor's getting back, he was so kind to your father before he died; but my last hope is gone now. I could have earned the money if it hadn't been for this sickness; but to-morrow we must go into the street.' She said the words with great tears slowly chasing themselves down her pale cheeks.

'Don't cry, mother, I earned a shilling this afternoon, selling papers, and bought you and Mary each a nice orange,' interposed the boy, trying to speak in a bright, hopeful voice.

And now a small hand was thrust out for the fruit, and a small, little voice said, earnestly, 'Oh! mother, don't let us feel ill now that we have got the oranges.'

At that moment there was a loud rap at the chamber door, which started the little family, but Harry was not long in ushering into the room an old gentleman, who inquired if Mrs. Carpenter resided there.

His glance took in the room and its three occupants, and after taking the seat which Harry Carpenter brought him, he said—

'I am Squire Dunham, and I called here to say, Mrs. Carpenter, that I would not press the matter about the rent; that if you could not meet it you might stay here, and I would not trouble you.'

A flash of joy went over the three faces, but the mother broke down into a sob. 'Oh! sir, God in heaven will bless you for this!' and they were the sweetest words which Stephen Dunham had heard for many a day.

But before he could answer, his gaze was attracted to a small, wistful, upturned face in the corner, and its sweet blue eyes, and the golden gleam in its brown hair, were like that face which shone away off in the morning of his boyhood, the face of his sister Hetty!

As his gaze met the little girl's, she rose up and came toward him. 'You won't send mamma, and Harry, and me into the street, will you?' she said, in her sweet, pleasing way; 'cause we can't live there when the wind blows, and the rain comes, and the great carriages will go over us; and mamma's sick, and I am a little girl you know, and Harry isn't big enough to do anything but sell papers.'

'My child,' said Squire Dunham, 'you shall never go into the street!' and his voice was not quite steady, and there was a strange moisture about his eyes. He took the little girl on his knees, and she nestled her bright young head on his shoulder, chattering away to him, and thinking what a good, kind man, Squire Dunham was!

The landlord remained some time with his tenants. Many kind words and promises cheered them, for that little head nestled softly against his heart, and warmed and gladdened it; and before he left Squire Dunham

bent down and kissed the little girl, and left a five pound note in her chubby hand. He went home that night a happier man than he had been for years, sure that three hearts beat lighter because he was in the world!

And the lesson that Stephen Dunham learned that night going home in the omnibus took deep root in his heart, and brought forth much fruit.
Episcopal Recorder.

THE BRIGHTER WORLD ABOVE.

Alice.—The other Sunday my teacher said this was a beautiful world. I thought the only beautiful world was the bright world above. Do you think this is a beautiful world?

Ida.—Do you recollect that Sunday School pic-nic down in Oakwood Grove, where all through those grassy woods were little beds of beautiful flowers, the wild rose, the sweet briar, the blue bell, the daisy, and lily of the valley, decked hill and dale with their variegated beauty, and scented it with their rich perfume?

Mary.—I recollect them; and that teacher said that God had planted the giant oaks and stretched out their mighty limbs and clothed them all with countless leaves to shelter the sweet little flowers from the scorching rays of the burning sun.

Emma.—And I, too, recollect that happy day, and how beautiful the birds were and gleefully they sang; some were in green, some in gray, some in golden colors, tinged with royal blue. They made me think of the 'Concert song.'

Ellen.—What do you mean by the 'Concert song?' I never heard of it before.

Emma.—Did you not. Then I will tell you the first verse of it—

'There is a concert—a concert of gladness and glee,
The programme is rich, and the tickets are free:

In a grand vaulted hall where there is room and to spare,
Without any gas light to eat up the oxygen there.

The musicians excel in their wonderful art—

They have compass of voice and the gamut by heart;

They travelled about in the winter recess,
And sang to vast crowds with abundant success;

And now it is a favor and privilege rare,
Their arrival to hail, and their melodies share.

Ellen.—I don't wonder that those beautiful birds, singing so gaily and sweetly, reminded you of such a pretty song.

Ida.—*Alice*, don't you now think things looked beautiful there that day?—you see your school mates think they did.

Alice.—Oh! yes, everything was pleasant and beautiful, and we had a happy day.

Mary.—If, when you look at living things, you would always think how wonderfully and beautifully God has made them all—the moss, the grass, the flowers, the shrubs, the trees, the beasts, the birds, the vallies, the water and the wind, which we can feel but cannot see—you would soon find that every thing that God has made in this world, is beautiful, is good, is pleasant.

Emma.—How wonderful the winds are; sometimes they come in wweet, pleasant breezes—sometimes they are a sultry burthen, a load we can scarcely lift, yet cannot see; again, how mighty to lash the ocean into a foam, and to root up the vast forests in its pathway, as if they were but a very little thing.

B.—The action of the winds were cited by our Saviour to portray to our minds the action of God's Holy Spirit upon our spiritual natures.—That as we can feel and enjoy the power and balmy influences of tem-

pestuous winds or genial breezes upon our bodies, though we can never see them; so we feel the action of God's Spirit upon our spirits—may enjoy his presence, power, and love in our spiritual natures, though with mortal eye we cannot possibly see Him.

Alice.—I begin to see that many earthly things are wonderful; that some are bright and beautiful. But are not things much more bright and beautiful in the bright world above.

Ida.—Oh, yes, everything is surpassing bright and beautiful in that bright world above; and the music is richer, more melodeous and sweeter by far than that of those feathered songsters we heard that day in the Oakwood Grove. But the more we think of and examine the things of this world, and try every day to enjoy every good thing that God has given us, the happier we will be in this world, and the more glorious and perfect will be our conceptions of the exceeding beauty and grandeur of that bright world above.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THERE were few men with names inscribed on the imperishable records of genius, whose lives present a more melancholy subject for reflection, than that of Henry Kirke White. Endowed with poetical talents of the first description, and possessing that shrinking modesty and over-refinement of feeling which are the result of a poetical temperament, he had to struggle with poverty and obscurity, until, in the language of Byron's beautiful description of him :

Keen were his pangs, but keener far
to feel,
He cursed the pinion which impelled the
steel;
While the same plumage that had warm-
ed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding
breast.'

This delightful poet was born in Nottingham, March 12, 1785. His father was a tradesman in that city. He early discovered a great desire for reading; and, it is said by his biographers, that when he was about

seven years of age, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; a practice he continued for some time before it was discovered that he had been so laudably employed. It was the intention of his father to bring him up to his own business; but his mother, who was a woman of respectable family and superior acquirements, overcame her husband's desire, and made every effort to secure him a good education, and with this intention, and by the request of her friends, she opened a lady's boarding and day school at Nottingham, in which she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations; and by these means accomplished her wishes.

It was, however, at length, determined to make him acquainted with some trade; and as hosiery is the staple manufacture of his native place, he was placed in the stocking-loom, at the age of fourteen. This employment was entirely uncongenial to his taste, and rendered him truly unhappy. His feelings at this period are portrayed in his address to Contemplation.

His mother, who was the repository of all his boyish sorrows, was extremely anxious to have him removed to some other business; and on his attaining his fifteenth year, had him placed in an attorney's office; but as no premium could be given with him, he was not articled until two years afterwards.

The law was now the chief object of his attention; but during his leisure hours he acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and also made himself master of many of the modern languages. These employments, with the study of chemistry, astronomy, drawing, and music, of which he was passionately fond, served as relaxations from the dry study of the law.

He now became a member of a literary society at Nottingham, where his superior abilities procured him to

be elected a professor of literature.— He wrote occasionally for the *Monthly Preceptor*, (a miscellany of prose and other compositions,) and gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and, the following year, a pair of twelve-inch globes for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh.

These little testimonies of his talents were grateful to his feelings, and urged him to further efforts; accordingly, we find him contributing to the *Monthly Mirror*, which fortunately procured for him the friendship of Mr. Capel Lloft, and Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work. An anecdote is related of him, during his connexion with this work, which is highly interesting. His modesty prevented him from confiding the efforts of his muse to any other criticism than that of his own family. They, however, were proud of the young poet's talents, and would occasionally show portions of his works to their friends. The natural envy which genius is sure to excite, prevented these pieces from being justly appreciated, and Henry was subjected to some ridicule on their account. One friend, in particular, was extremely sarcastic on the occasion, and calling on the family one day, while the poet was present, he produced a number of the *Monthly Mirror*, and directed Henry's attention to a poem, which it contained, saying, 'when you can write like this, you may set up for a poet.' White cast his eyes over the article, and found it was one of his own performances. He informed his friend of the fact; and it may well be imagined experienced no small gratification in thus disarming the satire of his ungenerous antagonist.

At the request of Mr. Hill, he was induced, at the close of 1802, to publish a small volume of poems, with the hope that the profits might enable him to prosecute his studies at College, and qualify him to take holy

orders, for which he had a strong inclination. He was persuaded to dedicate the work to the Countess of Derby, the once fascinating actress, Miss Farren, to whom he applied; but she returned a refusal, on the ground that she never accepted such compliments. Her refusal, was, however, couched in kind and complimentary language, and enclosed two pounds as her subscription. The Duchess of Devonshire was next applied to, who, after a deal of trouble, consented, but took no further notice of the author.

He enclosed a copy of his little work to each of the then existing Reviews, stating, in a feeling manner, the disadvantage under which he was struggling, and requesting a favorable and indulgent criticism. The Montly Review, then a leading journal, affected to sympathize with the penury and misfortune of the author, but spoke in such illiberal and acrimonious terms of the production, as to inflict a wound on his mind which was never wholly cured. Ample justice was subsequently done to his memory, through this very review, by the laureate Southey, whose 'Life and remains of White' is justly considered an ornament to British biography.

He now determined to devote himself to the church. His employers agreed to cancel the articles of his apprenticeship, and freely gave up the portion of the time that remained unexpired, and further exerted themselves in his behalf. The difficulties that presented themselves were numerous. At length, with the aid of a few friends, he was enabled to enter the University of Cambridge, where his intense application to study speedily brought on an alarming disease, which at length terminated in his death, on Sunday, October 19, 1806.

A generous tribute to his worth and talents has been paid to his memory by Francis Booth, Esq., of Boston, who, on a visit to Cambridge,

caused a splendid monument, executed by Chantry, to be erected in All-Saint's Church, Cambridge; and which remains as a striking contrast to the apathy and neglect with which the unfortunate poet was treated during his life.

'Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none.'

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

No, Henry, no, thy name shall live,
While nature to her sons doth give
A spark of that pure burning flame
That gained to thee a poet's name,
Or sympathy hath one warm tear,
To shed on dying Genius' bier.

Shall worth like thine neglected lie,
And fame her greenest bay deny?
Shall Science never stoop to see
Her brightest hopes o'erthrown in thee?
And Virtue's incense cease to burn,
Extinguished on her Henry's urn?

No! bard immortal! Henry's name
Hath gained an everlasting fame;
And learning's loveliest laurels now,
Are wreathing on thy faded brow;
And long, above thy early tomb,
Shall flowers of sweetest fragrance bloom.

With tears of truest sorrow yet,
Thy hallowed memory is wet;
And time's full years may roll away,
And life renew an endless day,
Ere virtue cease to love thy name,
Or Learning to repeat thy fame.

Yes, on eternity's bright shore,
Where earth shall hinder thee no more,
Thou, sainted bard, shall strike thy lyre,
Enkindling with angelic fire,
While kindred seraphs list the song
Poured on celestial plains along.

Why should the envious angel death,
Blast with his chill and withering breath
Such hopes as were by thee inspired,
When with immortal genius fired,
Thy mighty mind grasped science deep,
And touched the harp with plaintive sweep!

Was there no spot for thee to toil,
And pour compassion's healing oil,
And cheer with bland religion's smile,
The broken spirit's woes awhile?
No dwelling for thee here, that Heaven
Should claim the boon so lately given?

A mind so pure, so great as thine,
Was fit in holier climes to shine ;
Thy home was in a purer sphere ;

We drop not one repining tear ;
But joy that thou hast left the pains
That bought for us, thy dear ' Remains.'

PAUL HOLLAND KNOWLTON.

THE following sketch of the early days of the late Col. Paul Holland Knowlton, Esq., M. L. C., was, from its singularity, selected some twenty years ago, from a Canadian paper, and is now reproduced as of fresh interest, on account of his late decease :—

A writer in the Brattleboro' Phoenix, relates the following romantic history of a Green Mountain Boy—

'The town of Newlane, in this county, was many years since the birth-place of an infant, who was christened Paul Holland Knowlton. As he grew up to manhood the Yankee spirit of enterprise carried him to Canada, and in the interior of the country he commenced the practice of law.—His industry and perseverance were rewarded with success, and after a time he removed, for more lucrative practice, to the city of Montreal.—Prosperity and good fortune attended him, and he soon became a delegate and was elected to the Canadian Parliament, where his ability and good judgment secured to him a respectable position and influence. While a member of the Parliament, he received a letter purporting to be written by an old lady in England, also of the same name of Knowlton, stating in substance, that she had not a single relative, and was alone in the world ; that, seeing his name in the papers, as a member of the Canadian Parliament, and it being the same as hers, she thought he might be of the same family. She further stated, that she

was possessed of considerable property, and knew of no kindred to whom to leave it, and that if he would come to see her, she would pay his expenses, and make him heir to her property.

Mr. Knowlton, supposing this to be a hoax, made no answer, and paid no attention to it. Two or three months after, he received another letter from the same person, urging in still stronger terms his visit to her, and with so much apparent sincerity and earnestness, that he resolved to go to England and see what truth there was in it.

He did go, and found his correspondent as she had described herself. She was living in an elegant mansion, in the country, and in handsome style. She was delighted with the visit of Mr. Knowlton, and spared no pains to make it agreeable to him. After spending some time there he prepared to return home. The old lady defrayed all his expenses, and made him many presents, and before his departure she renewed to him her promise to leave to him all her property, and related to him the incident which led to the correspondence.

She informed him that in early life she was betrothed to a young man of the name of Paul Holland, who was an officer in the British army. That he had fallen in battle before the consummation of his nuptials, and that she had since remained unmarried and true to his memory. That seeing his name uniting the name of her

lover and her own, she was struck with the singular coincidence, and thought she could not better show her devotion to the memory of her betrothed, than to bestow her property on him who seemed by his name to be the representative of both.

He left her and returned to Montreal, and within a year afterwards received intelligence of her death, and that by her will he was made sole heir to her estate. He set out immediately for England, and found on his

arrival everything prepared for him. His claim was recognized, and he entered at once into the possession of a large fortune. He is now living in the enjoyment of his good fortune, at Montreal, and is now, or recently has been, a member of the Canadian Parliament.'

This is a true sketch of the history of one Vermont boy. The regions of fiction, and the highest flight of the imagination, do not furnish a more romantic adventure.

BIDDY.—A BIT OF COURTSHIP.

BY CHARLES S. CHELTNAM.

I HAD put it off till I was ashamed of myself for being so shamefaced, or what others might have called so, if they had known how I was worrying myself, day after day, and week after week, with Biddy there all the time ready to be spoken to, and too kind a girl to take ill what I might say to her. 'Are you not well,' she said, feelingly.

'Not quite, Biddy,' I said.

'What is the matter with you?' she said.

'Nothing much,' I said; and the next moment wished I could have kicked myself for being such a humbug, but a thousand times more that I could have taken back my foolish words.

'If it isn't much, I dare say you'll soon be right again,' said Biddy, smiling.

'I dare say I shall,' I said; but as soon as I had said so, I could have howled with disgust at my false speaking tongue, that was telling lies by itself without my having any power to stop it.

'Good-by,' said Biddy, holding out her hand.

'Good-by,' I said, taking her hand and holding, without shaking it.

'Good-by,' she said, softly taking her hand out of mine.

I felt that I could not let her go, and yet I could think of no way of keeping her except one, and that was the way of all others I could not force up courage to take. 'She was going, and, in my desperate need of resources, I could almost have taken hold of her to stay her even for a moment.

'Biddy?' I cried.

'What?' she said.

'Biddy, I want to say something to you,' I said.

She laughed and said, 'Why don't you say it, then?'

I desperately tried in my mind half-a-dozen different ways of telling her what I wanted to say; but no way seemed possible to me.

'What is it you want to say to me?' said Biddy. 'Can't you recollect it?'

I dare say I looked as pale as a ghost; I felt, of all things, most inclined to burst into tears. Biddy—I could see it by the smiling calmness of her face—had no idea of the agony that was making me dumb.

'Tell me to-morrow,' if you can't recollect now, what it was you wanted to say to me,' said Biddy. She held out to me her hand again, and I took it in mine, trying to hold it so that she might now feel how mine trembled.

'Biddy,' I said, 'it is not that I can't recollect what I want to say to you; but that I have not courage enough to say it.'

'Oh, well, if it's anything you are afraid to say, don't say it—for it might frighten me to hear it,' said Biddy, laughing.

'No, no,' I said; 'but—but, Biddy, I love you.'

'Do you?' she said.

'Indeed—indeed I do, Biddy,' I said.

'How very strange,' said Biddy.

'Strange, Biddy?' I said.

'Yes,' said she; 'for it is what everybody says to me.'

'Do they, Biddy?' I said.

'Yes,' she said; 'and isn't that very strange?'

'I don't think so, Biddy,' I said, while a sort of tremor ran all over me, and the cold sweat burst from the roots of my hair.

'Don't you?' she said.

'Well, I'm sure I don't mind their saying it, if they like,' she said; 'it does not do me any harm.'

'No harm,' I said.

'None that I know of,' said Biddy.

'Nor any good, Biddy,' I said, with a lump in my throat growing bigger and bigger every moment.

'What good should it do me?' said Biddy.

Words again went away from me altogether. 'If all the gold from all the diggings in California had been offered me for an answer at that mo-

ment, I could not have given one; and the more I tried to make an answer, the more I could not speak or do anything but think of—I don't know what harm that might happen to Biddy, from everybody telling her they loved her. And the lump in my throat was choking me so, that, when Biddy once more said, 'Good-by,' I could hardly say, 'Good-by, Biddy,' in return.

It was little that I slept that night—I don't think I slept at all that night, nor many nights after it. The idea of anybody being in love with Biddy besides myself was a torment to me; and it did me no good to think that it was as natural for others to love as it was for me to do so. But my greatest misery was in thinking that, while I had been tongue-tied, others had told her that they loved her; and it nearly made my heart die within me to think what answer Biddy might have given to one of those.

I fretted, and thought, and watched for weeks and weeks; but Biddy was always the same—always cheerful, unconstrained, and kind. I took heart again, and, once more, told her I loved her, and asked her to be my wife. I only know that she said yes, and that Biddy could never have given herself to be the wife of a man whom she did not love. 'Biddy, I said, 'many have told you that they loved you,—'

'I told you so,' she cried; 'my father, mother, sisters, everybody.'

'Oh! the comfort of those words! And the mystery, that Biddy should speak them without knowing the load of happiness they would carry with them into my heart.

While I have been writing, Biddy has been sitting near me by the fire, her baby asleep upon her lap. I show her what I have written, and she reads it, bending towards the fire-light. When she has read to the end, she puts up her mouth to be kissed; and as she does so she encircles my

neck with an arm that is not employed in nursing baby.

'You never thought I had been in love with you so long, Biddy, did you?'

She kisses me again, and then says, laughingly: 'You dear goose, I was sure of it three months before I knew it yourself.'

For a moment, as I look at her, she seems to me as if she were suddenly become somebody else; but after that she seems to me more than ever like no woman under heaven but my Biddy.

And this is all that I will write, I think.—*From Colman's Magazine.*

DR. BEECHER'S 'TEMPERATE' PARISHONER.

DR. BEECHER'S views upon the use of alcoholic drinks, were, previous to the year 1825, like those of many wise and good men of that day, adverse to excess, but tolerant of moderate drinking. A writer in the *Recorder*, after stating the above fact, gives an interesting account of the occasion of the radical change that made the doctor so bold a champion in the temperance crusade.

'The revolution in Dr. Beecher's views originated in discussion with one of his parishoners, Mr. Hezekiah Murray. This man, who lived in the extreme south-eastern corner of the parish, was remarkable for the depth and clearness of his ideas, and for his far-reaching grasp of truth. Without more than ordinary education, his mind, cultivated by thought and exercised with great themes, ripened in wisdom and judgment. Nor were his convictions speculative. To know duty was, to him, to yield unflinching obedience. In the intervals of his farm-work he carried, for himself and others, produce and merchandize to and from New Haven. Upon the wagon box, slowly threading the long route among the hills, his thoughts were busy with questions of religion and humanity.

'On one of these occasions he reviewed the list of his neighbor's and

acquaintance from childhood up, and was startled to find how many of them had reached a drunkard's grave. His own habit of moderate use, and his example in thus setting temptation before his family, disturbed him. At length, step by step, he came to the point of total abstinence, then to a resolution against furnishing spirit to others, and then against aiding and abetting the manufacture, traffic in, or use of alcoholic drinks.

'He even refused to transport the article with his team. More than this. He had for some years distilled cider-brandy for himself and others. That very year, at the expense of one hundred dollars, a new copper still had been set up on his premises. Now he determined it should never be used for distilling. These conclusions he had reached, not only without hearing a word in behalf of temperance, but even before any public effort had been put forth in that cause.

'The apple-harvest arrived. No persuasion, no price, could shake Mr. Murray's purpose. People called him a fool—said he was insane—tried various intimidations or inducements, all in vain. At length Mr. Beecher came down in hot earnest to cure him of his fanatical delusion. Mr. Murray stated the process by which he had been led to adopt these princi-

ples. Mr. Beecher rejoined, and urged the Scriptures: 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.' 'Let not your good be evil spoken of,' etc. He argued, that if Mr. Murray were consciously too weak to resist the fascinating cup, he might abstain, but not judge for others, etc. Mr. Murray defended his position, and with such effect that his pastor went home discomfited, though not convinced. It did not so end. Mr. Murray followed his neighbor home, and again and again pressed him to come out thoroughly for temperance. 'He would not give me peace,' said Dr. Beecher to the writer. 'He stood up in the middle of the floor, and counted the names of my people, who had died drunkard's, and of those who were going to ruin; he pictured some dreadful boat scenes, and pleaded with me till the tears rolled down his face. And, do you believe, after all that, I made flip with a crow-bar;—alluding to the bar used for rolling back logs on the fire in the huge chimney-place, and which, being always hot, served instantly to thrust into the pitcher of flip, when one returned from a wintry ride.

'However, the stern, fixed conviction at length seized the pastor's heart, and, shaking off every prejudice, he poured into the temperance work his whole energy of body and soul. Then, ere long, came the 'Six Sermons' into being.'

AFFECTION, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last, and the heart which asks but for another heart to make it happy will not seek in vain.

WE live amid surfaces, and the art of life is to skate well on them.

PROPOSE continually to yourself new objects. It is only by enriching your mind that you can prevent its growing poor. Sloth benumbs and enervates it; regular work excites and strengthens it; and work is always in our power.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY REV. I. J. STINE.

I was dreaming last night of the days of my childhood,
The time and the scenes of my once happy home;
When, the butterfly chasing through meadow and wildwood,
I lived in the hope of the future to roam:
And I sighed when I found 'twas a dream of the past,
Like the scene it depicted, too pleasant to last.

There were father and mother, the girls and the baby;
The old-fashioned hearth and the old-fashioned fire;
And my mother was singing—her boy thinking may-be
He one day should meet her fond heart-felt desire.
And I looked in her eyes, and I saw there the tears
That betoken her care, and her hopes, and her fears,

Then I knelt once again by her side, and repeated
'Our Father,' and kissed her, and bade her 'good-night';
And I vowed, when a man, by my own hearth-stone seated,
My mother should share the gay fire burning bright.
Ah! how fondly I dreamed of 'the good time to come!'
And how little I knew of the wanderer's doom!

But the badges of mourning—I'm learning to wear them;
The warm-hearted, love, the cold-hearted, forgive:
While my trials are coming, I'm learning to bear them,
And still in the hope of the future to live,
And how cheering to know that, unlike all the past,
The bright scenes of the future forever shall last.

It is right to make an example of men whom it would be wrong to take as an example.