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# THE CANADIAN



# QUARTERLY REVIEW

AND

# FAMILY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

National Politics and Interesting Family Literature.

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HAMILTON, C. W.

PUBLISHED FOR GEORGE D. GRIFFIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
BY LAWSON & CO., WHITE'S BLOCK, KING STREET.

PRICE—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Buying Foreign Goods, that we can Manufacture Ourselves, impoverishes the Country.

Buying Foreign Agricultural Products, that we can raise ourselves, impoverishes the Country.

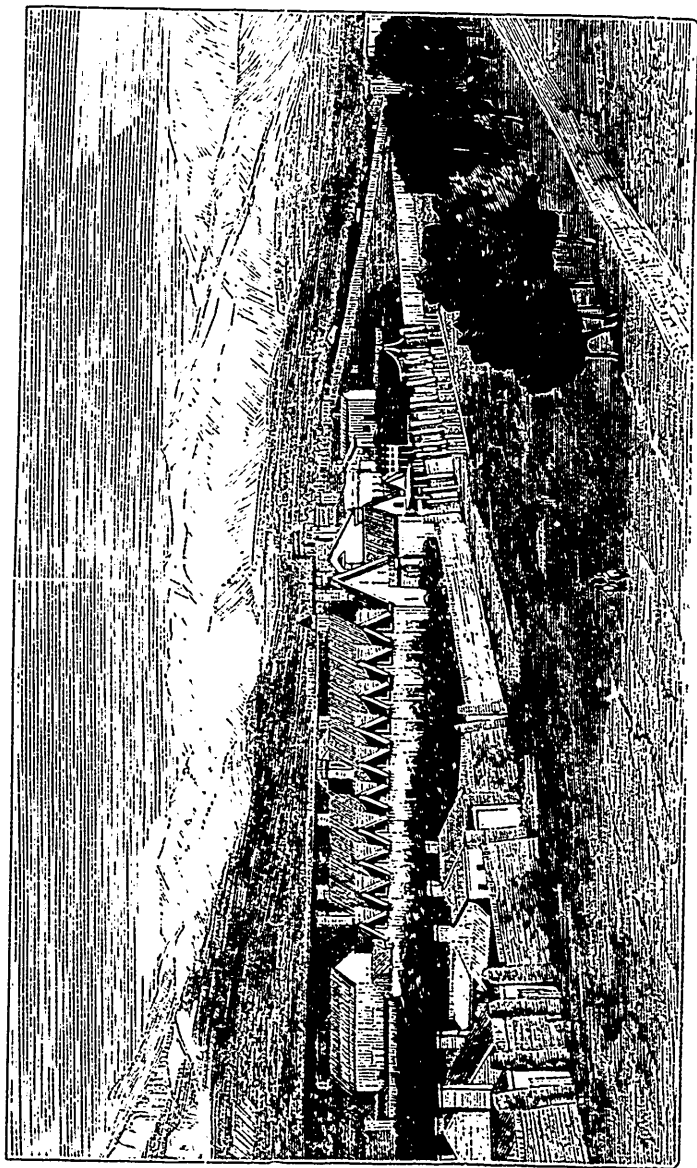
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SALT LAKE CITY.—THE CAPITAL OF UTAH.

THE CANADIAN  
 QUARTERLY REVIEW  
 AND  
 FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2.

JANUARY, 1865.

No. 1.

WHAT THE BALANCE OF TRADE IS.

THERE has been a paragraph going the rounds of the Canadian "Press," enquiring "What is the balance of Trade?" It first cites that during the past year the "imports" into Britain have vastly exceeded the exports, and yet that Britain was prospering beyond all precedent, and closes with the enquiry "What is the balance of Trade?"

That is a question which every Editor in the Province should be able to answer, and to answer correctly, and not as so many have, one after another, enquired of their readers, "What is the balance of Trade?" The *Globe* took upon itself the responsibility of stating that "We cannot get the balance of trade in our favor without involving ourselves in ruin."\* The *Globe* appears to understand that

there may be a *balance of trade* which so many of the "Press" appear to consider a myth.

Every business man can understand the necessity of having a balance in his favor, at the end of each year. The *Globe* is *excepted*; for it says that a balance in favor of the country "Would involve Canada in ruin."

We thus see that there are those so weak in understanding that they can believe truth to be *mutable*—that true principles may be violated with impunity—that the business of the country, in the aggregate, can be conducted upon a system—or principles—the very reverse of that which can alone secure success to the individual trader or merchant. That the blind leaders and propogators of such erroneous commercial ideas may not lead their followers into a deeper night of ignorance, we will give a few facts that bear upon the question, and thus

\* See page 152 of this *Review* and the *Globe* for February 18th and 19th, 1864, in an article on the "failure of protection."

show that there are such things as *balances of trade*, and how injurious an adverse *balance of trade* is to the country which has it to carry or remove.

#### BALANCE OF TRADE IN BRITAIN.

The imports of Britain, for the past year, were £248,980,942 sterling; the exports £146,489,798, which shows a balance of trade against Britain of £102,491,174 sterling, or in round numbers over \$500,000,000, of which the *Toronto Globe* of September 9th, 1864, in a leading article on "British trade," says: "*In whatever aspect the account is viewed, remarkable evidence of sound commercial prosperity is seen.*" We are entirely at a loss for words to adequately describe the amount of undiluted ignorance set forth in those few lines. The *Globe* appears to have made that statement upon the ground that the imports and exports together showed for Britain an increased trade with the world of £45,000,000 more for 1863 than in 1862, and, that therefore she must have been benefited—as it stated last winter—from our "*Commerce with the United States having increased, we of course were benefited.*" That of course is to our mind very like an old woman's "cause" a matter of opinion—opposed to the fact—given in ignorance—and confirmed by egotism, for no effort was made to show how Canada was benefited, except its declaration that "to get the balance of trade in our favor would involve us in ruin," and it being against us, we were, in its opinion, surely benefited.

Those of our people who have paid attention to the fact, will have noted that our Ministers of Finance of both sides of politics, year after year, base their opinion of our increasing prosperity upon the same basis—the increase of trade—and not as they

should, upon the balance of trade for or against us. It is surely time an end was made of our statesmen and our leading "Press," writing themselves down before the world as its incomparable financial ignoramuses. The over-importations of Britain for the year 1862, have been stated at about \$130,000,000. That is an amount of adverse balance of trade which she can pay without embarrassment every year, but when it rolls up to \$500,000,000 her banks and her people fairly stagger under the excessive load. The reason that Britain can readily pay an adverse *balance of over \$130,000,000* arises from the fact that, during the *protection* era of her existence she accumulated vast wealth, and loaned a portion of that wealth to other countries, the *interest* on which we cite as the first item in her annual receipts which enables her to pay an adverse balance. Canada is said to pay Britain over \$9,000,000 a year of interest. If a dependency with only two and a half millions of people pour that amount of interest into her lap annually, we may safely state that the sum total that she receives yearly, for interest on account of loans, cannot be less than \$150,000,000. The next item is the net profit to the country, on all those purchases which England makes and sells again to other countries. They were estimated in 1850, at \$70,000,000, and are now probably \$120,000,000. To those amounts we must further add the profits on the carrying trade of the world in her hands, which in all probability, yields her \$120,000,000, a total in those three items of \$390,000,000, which leaves her *short* \$160,000,000. There are other minor items on both sides of the account which we will leave to balance each other—a few millions one way or the other is of little consequence in connection with such tall amounts. It is that \$160,000,000, or *final* adverse balance, which



has raised the price of money at the Bank of England from two to six, eight and nine per cent., referring to which the *London Economist* of July or August 13th—we forget which—states :

“It is a *grave question* whether the Bank ought not to have raised the rate of discount on the preceding Thursday, in view of the fact, that they have not, in cash, a third of their liabilities, amounting to £19,913,162, against which of reserve notes and coin only £5,909,285 is held.” “On the whole, therefore, though we would not altogether assert that the Bank has been unduly slow and lax in not already raising the rate of discount, we are sure that they cannot go on long in the state they are, and that, unless they see considerable means of relief very distinctly and clearly, they should at once try again the efficacy of the remedy which has so often been so quick and effectual.”

The *remedy* referred to is to raise the rates of discount which prevents purchases from abroad, until the country secures sufficient from the sources we have above cited, and from sales of stocks on hand, to replenish the coffers of the Banks. As stated by the *Economist*, raising the rates of discount has always proved effectual, and it should have further said, always cripples the whole industry of the people, to cure the evils which their false system of currency puts it into the power of the speculator in foreign productions, or foreign loans, to bring down upon the country. And the *Economist* should have further stated that it was the duty of a wise Legislature to provide a national currency that could and would effectually protect the masses—the whole internal industry of the country—in place of as at present using all their monied resources to protect and sustain the speculators in foreign products and foreign enterprises.

The more immediate point of interest is that adverse balance of trade amounting to \$160,000,000. But it

is easy to be seen that when the Bank, by raising the rates for money, puts an end to speculation in foreign products and to foreign enterprises, that those vast resources referred to soon come in to replenish the Bank's vaults, and what is called Britain's *fixed* standard of value slides down again to a point which no man can calculate upon. When money is high, prices are high; when money gets up to eight, nine, and ten per cent. manufacturers hesitate to produce, for they know by experience that the money will get cheaper, and that the goods manufactured with dear money will have to be sold at a sacrifice. Their operatives are consequently thrown upon short time, or out of employment altogether.

In 1857, the time of the last commercial crisis in Britain, money went up to 10 per cent., yet the Bank failed to find gold to meet its notes, then the government stepped in and, by “*Order in Council*,” made its notes legal tender from the “12th of November, 1857, till twenty-eight days after the next meeting of Parliament.” Such were the effects of and the cure for Britain's last *adverse balance of trade*.

#### UNITED STATES BALANCE OF TRADE.

The following from Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for December, 1857, will give a more extended knowledge of the *balance of trade* :

“In 1836 the foreign debt of the country consisted of national and state stocks, or bonds, and a large mercantile debt, for goods imported, the aggregate amount of which has been carefully estimated at about \$200,000,000, on the 1st of October, 1837, at \$232,000,000.”

Then they had a crisis.

“That amount was gradually reduced under the tariff of 1842, to about \$166,000,000.” “For the four years from June 30th, 1851, to June 30th, 1855, our foreign debt increased about \$113,000,000, though we exported \$38,000,000 more coin and bullion than we imported;

and that, during the last two fiscal years (from July 1st, 1855, to July 1st, 1857,) we exported \$98,200,000 more specie than we imported, and yet our foreign debt was increased about \$30,000,000. There has been an increase of the foreign debt of the country of about \$150,000,000 during the six years, while we were enjoying peace and great apparent prosperity—during more than two years of which period the great nations of Europe were involved in war—and we enjoyed the advantages of their markets for our agricultural products, at high prices.”

From a long table of imports, exports and interest, the Magazine, in conclusion, shows that

“There is no reason to doubt that the real foreign debt of the country, on the 30th of June, 1857, was at least \$400,000,000.” And asks, “How long can a people stand up under such an accumulation of debt, without embarrassment and panic?”

That \$400,000,000 of balance against them, produced a “monetary crisis,” in which thousands were *involved in ruin*; although, as the writer has remarked, they were “enjoying great *“apparent prosperity.”* They were, nevertheless, as a country, rushing rapidly into a commercial crisis which soon awakened them from their dream of prosperity and crushed thousands upon thousands of the enterprising and wealthy classes in those States. The balance of trade was no fiction to them, it was a *debt* they had to meet, to *lift* or be *crushed*. The writer estimated the “interest at six per cent.” or \$24,000,000 a year, at that time \$1.00 per head for every man, woman and child, black and white, in their whole confederacy. The greater portion of that \$24,000,000 of interest was only a small part of the balance of trade due by the States to England, and went to enrich that country, and so impoverished their own, that a **MONETARY CRISIS** was the result.

“In the monetary crisis of 1837,”

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, December, 1857.

\$440,000,000 went through the insolvency process under the National Bankrupt Law. *less than one cent. on the dollar of which was paid.”*

The same writer further says:

“If we estimate the aggregate wealth of the people of the country at one thousand millions of dollars, (a low figure,) and the depreciation of property on the average at only 15 per cent., the loss by the present revulsion—that of 1857—will be fifteen hundred millions of dollars, a sum four times larger than the whole banking capital of the United States.”

The United States Banks in 1837 stopped payment—failed—were unable to pay their debts—and Hunt's Merchant's Magazine says: “*by their own insolvency saved the country.*” Their bills still freely circulated and saved the country from immeasurably greater stagnation and ruin than had already ensued, from the use of a metallic currency.

Those were the *known* and *estimated* results of over-importations—of an adverse *balance of trade* to the United States in those years. The States, however, rapidly recuperated through the immense tide of emigration—the increased production through them and the large amount of money they brought. A feint idea of that amount may be formed from the knowledge that—as stated by their authorities—\$18,000,000 were, in the first five months of this year—1864—thus added to their national wealth.

#### BALANCE OF TRADE IN FRANCE.

The *balance of trade* against France for the year 1847, caused a *monetary crisis* in that year. The specie in the Bank of France fell from the 1st of July, 1846, to January 14th, 1847, 174,469,000 francs, from 202,894,000 francs to 71,040,000 francs. The Bank, to save itself from the adverse *balance of trade*, bought 15,000,000 francs of government, and of others in the country about 5,000,000 more. Then it borrowed 25,000,000 from England. Those amounts were procured in the latter part of 1846.

In January, 1847, the drain continued, and the bank sold the Emperor of Russia 50,000,000 of government stocks. "To save the bank nothing less was necessary than the support of two governments and that of the English capitalists." The failures that occurred through that *adverse balance of trade*, in Paris alone, in the twelve months ending July 31st, 1847, were 1,139, and the debt 68,477,803 francs. The government then stepped in and made the bank notes legal tender, which they remained until the 6th of August, 1850, at which time the Bank of France was full of gold, and notified the government that it was prepared to pay gold in place of bills. The exports had lately largely exceeded the imports, and secured them that supply of gold. If we now follow the course of trade for the seven following years to 1857, we will find that the exports largely exceeded the imports, whether in the aggregate or those entered purely for home consumption, as the following table will show:

YEARS.	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.
	[francs.]	
1850—	781,000,000	1,011,000,000
1851—	781,000,000	1,119,000,000
1852—	1,006,000,000	1,278,000,000
1853—	1,217,000,000	1,572,000,000
1854—	1,291,000,000	1,413,000,000
1855—	1,594,000,000	1,589,000,000
1856—	2,011,000,000	1,924,000,000
1857—	1,912,000,000	1,694,000,000

It will be observed that the *balance of trade* was in favor of France for six years, that in the last two years it was against France to the extent of 231,000,000 francs, or nearly \$50,000,000. That the years of expensive war, in a distant region, did not cause a pressure for money, but when peace returned and imports exceeded exports, the crisis of 1857 fell upon the country. The balance of trade was adverse and the result inevitable ruin and dismay—commercially, more

disastrous than war, it sat as a fiend upon the threshold of hitherto happy homes.

#### BALANCE OF TRADE IN RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia a few years since had a Minister of Finance who believed in the theory of *free trade*. The Emperor allowed him practically to adopt the theory, the result was that an *adverse balance of trade* soon began to accumulate—to press upon and distress every class of producers in the Empire. The dissatisfaction became so great that the Emperor discharged his free trade statesman and secured a protectionist. Under a protection tariff trade soon revived. The progress of Russia, during the past fifteen years, is ample proof of the benefits that accrue to a country whose internal industry is wisely protected, and that the true policy adopted by the new Minister of Finance can fill an Empire with prosperity, happiness and continually accumulating wealth.

#### BALANCE OF TRADE AGAINST CANADA

In the years 1854, 1855 and 1856, Canada imported \$45,128,348 more than she exported: that amount was principally balanced with money from England for railroad and government expenditure. In 1857 we over-imported \$12,423,974. The expenditure for railroads had comparatively ceased; government spent several millions, but the deficiency added to that of the three former years still left the balance of trade so heavily against us, so completely drained the Province of money, that on the first of May, 1858, the bank returns show only \$1,020,948 in coin and bullion. We believe that at that time the Gore Bank and Bank of British North America made no returns to government, and that the amount they possessed would swell the amount to \$1,250,000. That scarcity of money was the result of having an *adverse balance of trade*—from importing

vastly more than the country had earned, or could borrow money to pay for the goods with. The balance against us was all-sufficient to produce a serious crisis, but we, at the same time, through advantages we conferred upon the Americans by the Reciprocity Treaty, indirectly handed over to them, nearly all the business of all the flouring mills in Canada, and left all our milling villages nothing to do. Further, we had previously, by that treaty, given \$15,000,000, or nearly one-half of the \$33,000,000 of our shipping business on the St. Lawrence to the canals and railroads of the State of New York.\* We then had a large *balance of trade* against us at a time when, by false legislation, the people in every walk of life were deprived of employment, and the result a stagnation of industry during immunity from war scarcely paralleled in any age or country.

For the years 1858, 1859 and 1860, the over-importations were \$14,000,000. In those years government borrowed about \$10,000,000; large amounts were raised by loans for private enterprises, for cities and railroads, which, in the aggregate, were nearly sufficient to enable both retail and wholesale merchants to clear off their liabilities.

In another place will be given a table of the whole amount of our imports and exports since 1849; but here we give the amount of adverse balance against us from that time up to 1861. It amounts to \$88,420,818, or nearly one-fifth of the amount of the whole assessable property of Canada at that date; and it must be recollected that that amount is over and above the amount borrowed by government from England, which, on the 31st of December, 1862, amounted to \$64,551,412, added together they make \$152,972,230. While many of the leading papers of the Province

have written miles of editorials about the fearfully ruinous nature of the debt due by the Government, they have never uttered a word as to the vastly more oppressive nature of the large and more important commercial debt, more important because it was incurred solely for food and for manufactures imported from the United States, that we could and should have produced ourselves. Moreover, much the largest half of the government money borrowed is at five per cent. interest, while the other varies from eight to thirty per cent., and will average fifteen per cent.

We know what a large number of our readers will think when they read these facts. They will ask, are our leading News-papers and our Statesmen the *Rip Van-Winkles* of the nineteenth century? is Canada one great *sleepy hollow*? We have had nearly similar questions often repeated to us already.

Canada has comparatively none of those resources to recuperate from that enables Britain to recover from a crisis, consequently when a *crisis* comes upon us the period of recuperation is slow, unless aided by unforeseen causes. The expenditure for railways helped us out of the crisis of 1847. The expenditure of the British troops, and the sum of from \$7,000,000 to \$9,000,000 deposited by the Americans in our banks, with fare crops for several years, and an unusual production of lumber and timber, has enabled our merchants to recover from the crisis of 1857, and to tide along without pressing their customers for pay during the past three years. In 1860 the merchants' books were in a very satisfactory state; in 1861 their customers were ten, fifteen and twenty dollars behind, as much more in 1862, and in the same proportion for 1863. They can wait no longer; all the money has gone which causes an impending crisis.

\* All the figures will be found on page 11 of this Review.

The balance of trade of Canada is

an *adverse balance*—is a load that it cannot lift or remove—alike injurious to every class in the country, except the usurist, and until the legislation of this country is turned toward securing a balance of trade in our *favour*, we will have revulsions and panics and losses every few years, which will destroy all prospects of permanent prosperity for our people; and the legislator who cannot perceive how to prevent that *adverse balance*, or who believes we would be involved in ruin if we had it in our *favour*, should at once be informed that his services are not, and cannot be appreciated, are not worth the wages.

We think we have sufficiently shown, for the present, what the *Balance of Trade* is, and that so far as Canada is concerned, the *adverse balance* against us up to 1861—and it has largely increased since—is sufficient to wake up the Rip-Van-Winkles of Canada, and to cause even the *Globe* to doubt its financial logic, that “to get the *balance of trade* in our *favour* would ruin us.”

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### CAUSE OF THE BANK PANIC.

THE *Quebec Daily News* referring to the Bank panic says:

“It originated with the leading bank of Canada, and is a piece of financial brigandism discreditable to those who conceived and carried it into effect, and deserving the censure of every right thinking commercial man in the province.”

We contend it originated in a false system of currency—in a *corporation currency*—which not only gives the Bank of Montreal but nearly every other bank the facility for becoming an unrestrained *financial brigand*, that had we a true National currency neither the Bank of Montreal nor any other bank could possibly cause a Bank panic.

The conduct of that bank not only deserves censure, but demands the attention of our legislature also, and determination on their part to replace with a national currency our *corporation currency* which has just been proved by the Bank of Montreal to be so unreliable and rotten that any fool of a bank manager can crush it

at pleasure, can at pleasure deprive a whole people of money and cause both a Bank panic, and a commercial crisis, that would sweep over the country and as effectually destroy the accumulated wealth and industry of the people as the fire fiend which occasionally rushes through our magnificent forests consuming every thing in its progress.

The *News* further states:

“The Bank of Montreal accumulated Bills and Checks against the Merchant's Bank for \$260,000 and without previous notice made a demand upon it for payment in gold giving the manager but two hours and a half to comply with the demand. The principle laid down in this instance was followed up with regard to other institutions until every one of them felt a reign of terror hanging over them and knew not the moment they might be called upon by a similar demand.”

We would here remark that there is a distinction to be made between a Bank panic and a “Monetary crisis. A Bank panic is when one bank cannot trust another, a Monetary crisis is when the money has all gone from the country and one merchant dare not trust another nor the Banks

any of them. It will be remembered in this case that—as stated by the *Quebec Daily News*—“all the other banks stood in terror” of the Bank of Montreal, and not knowing which one it would try to crush next, neither knew which of the others to trust. It was a difficulty among themselves. They only knew that not one of them was safe. That terror arose from a knowledge of their weakness, individually and collectively, of their inability to pay their own debts due on demand, and not from a fear that the notes discounted for their customers would not be paid, which refreshes our mind with the statement we previously made that while “nine tenths of the merchants and business men of Canada have better assets than the banks, that the banks are in a position to break nine tenths of those industrial classes,” can there be any soundness or safety for business men under a system that puts them in jeopardy every hour.

To make apparent how readily one bank can thus operate upon and ruin a sister institution, we cite an instance that occurred in this city not many years ago. A private bank felt insulted by the refusal of its paper by one of our chartered or corporation banks, it at once set to work to gather up the bills of that bank, and to promptly present them for gold, until its more mighty neighbour began to tremble for its reputation, when it offered terms of compromise. Then, as at the present time, the banks only possessed one dollar in money for every seven of liability against them for circulation and deposits. We can thus clearly perceive, as we have stated, how easy it is for one of our banks to crush its neighbour by simply scheming: to get hold of one seventh of its vouchers and demand immediate payment. The Bank of Montreal through the deposits made into it on government account for duties, was enabled to accumulate \$260,000 against the Merchant's Bank at a time

when it knew that that bank only had \$90,000 in money. That the reader may not suppose the Merchant's Bank weaker than the other banks we need only state that the Bank of Montreal itself at the same date—1st. of August—owed \$11,471,061 for bills and deposits alone while it only had \$1,509,571 in specie to pay it with and had consequently sold every dollar of its \$6,000,000 of paid up capital and nearly \$10,000,000 of its \$11,471,051 of deposits it is liable for on demand and short notice.

The *Daily News* further on truthfully remarks:

“May we not ask, is a giant institution like the Bank of Montreal justified by seeking to create a monopoly for itself, in crushing out the smaller banks in the Province? Is it for this it is pampered and fostered by the Government? Was it for this purpose the Government account was transferred from the Upper Canada Bank to it, to place more means at its disposal to carry out its nefarious purpose? Was it to legalize an extensive shaving concern, that this bank was chartered? If so it is well we should know it, and know it in time, that the public may be prepared to avert the evil it may cause; but if not we call upon the Government seriously to consider the danger to be apprehended from the course now adopted by the Bank of Montreal; and we also direct the attention of the members of the Legislature to the evils likely to arise from giving unlimited power and unlimited aid to so dangerously managed a concern.”

Those pointed remarks are encouraging to us in our endeavours to show that the Banking system of this country is unsound and alike injurious and dangerous to the banks and every other class in the country. They afford us hope that the “*Press*” will ponder upon—endeavour to understand and to clearly set before their readers truthful views and sound advice upon such all important questions. We have often been asked by business men why it is that the newspapers do not give them any information on those points.

The following quotation from the *Witness* will make it apparent that the feeling caused by their *General Manager* against the Bank of Montreal on account of its FINANCIAL BRIGANDISM has already caused the Directors to inquire for explanations.

"The *Globe* has a statement that the cashier of the Bank of Montreal had explained to the Directors of that institution, the recent alleged attempt to crush the Merchant's Bank, giving as the reason for demanding gold for a large amount of cheques, &c., at once, that the Merchant's Bank had advertised to give interest on current deposits, if over \$500. This was an attempt, in the first place, to take away business from other banks; and in the second place, it was, in the estimation of Canadian Bankers generally, an eminently unsafe mode of doing business. It was, we understand, to give a practical proof of the dangerous character of such a business that the demand for obligations of the Merchant's Bank were allowed to accumulate for a while in the Montreal Bank, whilst the former was presenting regularly the obligations of the latter for payment in gold."

It has been said that a green Irishman once swallowed a peach with legs on it, from not having learned that a tree toad was the same color as the fruit of the tree it inhabits. There is a possibility of that statement made to the *Globe*, and as above further explained by the *Witness*, having some legs to it, that the gulability of the *Witness* was not aware of. Some information that we have gleaned may make it apparent that there was more tree toad than peach, in the particular explanations the "*General Manager*" of the Bank of Montreal has, with so much affected innocence, afforded to his employers and the public.

First. It seems that the Merchant's Bank thought it would pay it, to allow interest on all accumulation of deposits over \$500, which is, it seems, better terms than the general Manager of the Bank of Montreal sees fit to allow its customers. The Manager, Mr. King, becomes jealous of the

progress to favour of his enterprising neighbour, and exactly like an old established merchant with a first-class credit, who becomes jealous of a new beginner that is honest, but has but little capital. The old merchant is offended because he is undersold, and at once lays a plan to buy up the young man's obligations, the payment of which, in the regular course of trade, would be partly extended by renewals. Payment is consequently unexpectedly demanded, and ruin inevitable, unless a friend at hand can afford adequate assistance. The *General Manager* of the Bank of Montreal in thus accumulating a large amount of cheques, &c., is just as innocent as the old merchant would be. Moreover we are aware that at about the same date the bills of the Merchant's Bank were refused by the agent of the Bank of Montreal in St. Catharines. Thus the agent—by instruction, no doubt—refusing to take only \$60—the amount—endeavoured to utterly destroy the credit of the Merchant's Bank in Canada West. Many will say that is Jesuitism united with brigandism, and more like the serpent than the dove.

The *Witness*, in trying to hang the cloak of innocence upon shoulders the garment was apparently not made for, says that paying interest on deposits of "over \$500 was, in the estimation of Canadian Bankers generally, an eminently unsafe mode of doing business."

Now, no Canadian Banker can point out anything unsound in paying interest on those deposits. Their dividends might be less, but if they done sufficient extra business they would be more, and for Mr. King to assert the Merchant's Bank was doing a risky business, was simply to blacken his own management, which may be seen from the fact that while the Merchant's Bank possessed \$96,746 of coin for \$544,554 of liabilities;

or in round numbers, nearly one dollar in coin for every five-and-a-half of liability. The Bank of Montreal had only \$1,509,571 in coin to \$11,705,867 of liability; or in round numbers, not one dollar in coin for every seven-and-seventy-five cents of liabilities, was, in fact, fifty per cent. weaker in ability to pay coin than the bank it tried to crush. Further, how did Mr. King know the Merchant's Bank was doing a risky business? It had never yet made a return to government; he did not know but it had more specie than liabilities, and therefore made no requisition upon it until he learns from its first monthly returns the amount of coin in its vaults; and then—brigid like—makes a prompt demand for nearly three times the amount. Mr. King, in his efforts to give the Merchant's Bank and the country a "practical proof of the dangerous character of a banking business," when interest is paid on \$500 deposits, thus thoroughly demonstrated the "dangerous character" of the Banking business of Canada, dangerous alike to the banks, to the merchants, and the public at large.

The *Witness* further remarks, "Canadian Banks are ALL interested in each others stability." If actions speak louder than words, Mr. King holds a different view—that it is to the interest of the Bank of Montreal that the Merchant's Bank should be crushed, and that all others should "feel a reign of terror hanging over them." He had no qualms of conscience in regard to suddenly crushing or ruining the reputation of the other banks. A man may know enough to be a fool and not enough to be a successful knave. If Mr. King had stated that he had advised with the managers of other banks equally interested in the *interest* question, and that they had concurred in giving this new and inexperienced bank a wholesome lesson and practical

proof of the "dangerous character" of its offers to pay interest as promised, his course would have been sufficiently iniquitous, but would have savored a little of honesty. In place thereof, he left them completely in the dark; and, in the language of the *Quebec News*, "all the other Banks stood aghast, not knowing why the Bank of Montreal thus operated." He thus caused a Bank panic, which would soon have produced a monetary crisis, which would have deprived business men of the ability to realize for their goods, our manufacturers would have thrown their operatives out of employment, and disaster, distress and ruin, to overflow the country as a flood.

The Legislature that for another year permits any one man, or any Bank Manager to so foolishly jeopardise the interests of the bank he manages, and to so wickedly and recklessly try to crush the whole industry of the country, will no longer deserve the confidence of Canadian voters. Every business man, yes, every class of the community, should be thankful to an over-ruling Providence, which has saved us from the gulph of ruin, on the verge of which we stood. And to remember that Providence only helps those who do not know enough, or cannot help themselves, and from the short lesson given, determine to have the banking business and currency of the country placed beyond reach of injury from either knaves or fools.

The whole blame of the Bank panic evidently rests upon the shoulders of the General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, and all efforts of the *Witness* to soften his rough-shod operations with the oil of innocence, or to clothe them with the garb of honesty, or wisdom, falls to pieces before the light of the information and facts set forth.



## OUR MONETARY POSITION.

The following statements and enquiry are from the *Montreal Witness* of August 24th :

"Money has been *dangerously scarce* and is worth far too high a rate on 'the street.' The reason for this *unexpected* state of things are variously assigned by well informed persons."

A correspondent in the same paper enquires :

"How is it that the Banks are now forced to shut down, and refuse discounts and accommodation? We hope some satisfactory solution of the Bank position will be vouchsafed, and some indication given how the commercial community may be able to avoid what is supposed to be an impending crisis."

Those enquiries by and through the *Witness*, stand strangely when placed face to face with its prophecies, which were endorsed by the *Globe*, in regard to money matters, only a few months before. A grain of truth is more valuable than a cargo of error. In opposition to the *Montreal Witness* and *Toronto Globe*—as will be seen further on—we in January last, distinctly set forth certain facts as the premonitory symptoms which were then fast drifting us into another "commercial crisis." The *first* shell has already exploded in the camp, and startled the sleepers in their false security. They—the leading importers and financial Newspapers—are now hunting about in the night of ignorance for the light—truth—which they have hid under their free trade bushel, and also covered it over with the multitude of figures which represent the liabilities—deposits—of our Banks, calling them veritable gold, upon which they have based their prospects for long years of future industrial and commercial prosperity.

Ignorance can go no farther, nor sink no lower in finance than to call the debts that a man owes, gold in hand, or the "*deposits*" our Banks have sold to foreign countries, an

"accumulation of capital in our own land."

The *Montreal Witness*, in its review of the Bank Statements for September, 1863,—which can be seen in the *British American Almanac* for 1864, page 173—states :

"Deposits exhibit a considerable increase. Last month they amounted to \$21,327,000, this month they have risen to \$22,121,000, the largest amount ever returned under this head. The steady and gradual increase of the deposit line is a very gratifying circumstance, and points to an *accumulation* of capital in the country, which will have much to do with lowering the rate of interest on money and developing the resources of the country in an economical manner. Hitherto there has been a good deal of neglect in this last particular. Money has been borrowed at high rates for the extension of *agricultural* operations, milling, manufacturing, and what not, all good in themselves, but which may be purchased at too great a price. The consequence is, that vast numbers of farms, mills, stores, &c., have cost far more than they are worth, and though a future generation may reap the benefit, the people of the present have been in many instances ruined. There are villages in which the property is mortgaged for probably more than the whole place would sell for, at the present moment; and mainly on account of money borrowed being at such a heavy rate of interest, that fresh mortgages had to be taken in addition to the original ones in order to provide for it. • • • The Bank of Montreal has considerable more specie than its circulation. The other Banks, too, are mostly in a very good position in this respect, and a few are nearly as strong in this respect as the Bank of Montreal. We hope they may continue so to be, and do not know of any reason to prevent it."

An accumulation of *deposits*, without an accumulation of gold in the banks, is the evidence of an increase of *debt* and not of capital. To do the banks no injustice, we add their liability for notes in circulation, and for their deposits together, and compare the relative amounts at two different

periods, to learn whether they are accumulating debt upon themselves, and the country, or accumulating capital to benefit our own land.

In March, 1862, the deposits were.....	\$18,342,095
Circulation .....	12,048,566
	<hr/>
	\$30,390,671
Specie .....	9,986,750
	<hr/>
	\$20,403,921

The above shows they possessed one dollar of coin for every three they were thus liable for.

In September, 1863, the month referred to by the <i>Witness</i> , there were:	
Deposits .....	\$22,121,469
Circulation .....	9,985,801
	<hr/>
	\$32,107,270
Specie .....	7,247,380
	<hr/>
	\$24,859,889

The banks thus had nearly \$2,000,000 more debt and over \$2,500,000 less money, and were, so far as accumulating capital in their vaults and in the country \$4,500,000 poorer in September, 1863, than they were in March, 1862.

#### THE DECREASE ACCELERATING.

On the first of August, 1864, the latest returns the *Witness* had to guide it, we find

Deposits .....	\$25,000,000
Circulation.....	8,811,433
	<hr/>
	\$33,811,433
Specie.....	4,512,448
	<hr/>
	\$29,298,985

Which shows \$1,700,000 more debt on interest, and \$3,734,831 less money in hand, thus in the eleven months we have \$5,434,832 less capital for the country; for that increase of deposits must be paid before we stand on the level we should had the banks not sold those deposits to pay for foreign goods.

Borrowing will not increase the

capital of the country. The money borrowed is the capital of another country; it cannot be the capital of both. The capital of a country is only increased by the net profits of the industry of its people, or by the gold of emigrants, and if any more of that net profit is paid out by way of interest, or for interest, and foreign products; the country is unquestionably getting poorer, and if we pay out more money in a year, for foreign goods and interest, than we receive for the fruits of our industry, and through emigration, the money capital is growing less.

#### WHAT IS OUR POSITION ?

Have we paid more for foreign products than we have received for our own? For the years 1861, 1862, 1863 we imported \$25,438,313 more than we exported.

To meet that immense over importation we have paid out all the increase of deposits in our banks, which since the war in the United States commenced is said to amount to about \$10,000,000, of which the *Globe* said last January "of course a *very considerable* portion of those deposits consist of American capital," and the *Montreal Witness* referring to them only a few weeks since stated that the amount was now so large that the banks did not feel safe in holding them on short notice and contemplated refusing more American deposits on interest, except on longer terms—or notice—of withdrawal. If to that increase of deposits we add the \$5,474,502 decrease of coin in the banks since March 1862 we will have about \$15,000,000 of the \$25,438,313 accounted for. To those amounts we must add the increase of specie received through the expenditure for the British troops during that period, which no doubt amounts to at least \$5,000,000, and probably much more. Besides these items there have been large amounts borrowed on security of the country both by the government and

individuals. There has in the aggregate been also, a large amount invested by Americans in various manufactures as well as the amount that others of them—who self expatriated or otherwise—have spent in the country.

The amounts thus given show what has kept our banks from being *scuttled* long ago, by our *importers*, and that instead of our accumulations of money capital as represented by the *Witness* and the *Globe*, we have had a continually increasing accumulation of *commercial debt* which in 1861 and 1862 alone reached an amount equal to more than one third of our national debt of \$64,000,000.

Is it not marvellous that a paper of of the financial reputation of the *Montreal Witness* should in the face of facts so easily noted—and its first duty to do—go so far astray in the deductions it has so distinctly set forth? Or that the *Globe* which also aims to be a reliable guide to the merchants of Canada should, with the statistics before it, declare as it did, the 20th of last November, in an article predicting a “coming inflation” of money in England that there was no danger of an inflation in Canada, the *Globe* predicted an inflation in England, while she was over-importing at the rate of nearly \$500,000,000 for the year. The *Globe* should have known that the \$130,000,000 over-importations of England, the previous year, must, if thus so rapidly increased, lead to extreme stringency in money—as it has—in place of inflation.

Then it predicts “no inflation in Canada, but a steady increase in population and wealth.” Two months later, January 16th, the prophetic spirit came again upon it, new light had dawned upon its sanctum, whether it was the light of the *Montreal Witness*, we cannot say; but it *beholds* the same *accumulation* of capital—the same *inflation* in which all kinds of go-a-head ativeness will have full sway. It sees “more imports,

new banks, vessels, mines, lands, houses and shops—each of which will have its share of the “fructifying stream.

“We should look forward to a period of steady prosperity unmarked by great events, by a *permanent* and stable growth in *wealth* and population.” Again, January 16th, 1864, it says:—“We are a year farther off from the great crash of 1857, and the steady industry of seven years is showing its legitimate fruits in *accumulated* wealth and *capital*. Money for loans is abundant, and the rates comparatively low. The *rapid accumulation of capital* in the Province is very clearly shown by the *enormous* increase of the deposits in the Banks. At the end of 1860 they were a little over \$9,000,000, at the end of 1862 they were \$20,717,000; and now, at the end of 1863, they have reached the large figure of \$23,000,000. This single fact affords a strong indication that the Province is on the eve of a *general inflation*. This money cannot long remain in the banks. However cautious people may be, however afraid of the result of the American war, they will not be satisfied long with the interest which the bank allow, the damming up of capital will produce the natural result—an overflow. The import trade, banking companies, vessels, mines, lands, houses and shops, each will have its share of the fructifying stream; labor will be in demand, and wages will rise.

*There will be inflation*—good times, as the people call it. If business men will not incur large expenditures, nor extend their credit beyond bounds, they will make money during that period. If they think the inflation will last forever, and act on that belief, they will probably lose in the fourth year all they gain in the three preceding.

The farmer is prosperous, the mechanic and the labourer are well employed, and *all may safely* look forward to a period of prosperity of *considerable duration*.”

In the same month we, in this *Review*, gave facts for data to show that there would be no overflow, no fructifying streams, that the fountains whence the *Globe* beheld the overflowing was drying up—that the Banks with continual streams of de-

posits flowing in were drying up through *waste gates*, of which the importers held the keys, and were draining out those resources and pouring the streams therefrom into the bosoms of foreign lands, to nourish and invigorate them; and, that in place of inflation, those waste gates would drain off those *accumulations* and cause a collapse. One Bank, at least, has already felt the effects of our rotten system of currency. The Merchant's Bank, last month, was made to tremble for its existence, and others for their reputation. Just to hand, as we write, comes the *Montreal Witness*, which tells us—

“The bank returns have been anxiously looked for, to ascertain as far as practicable, the cause of the present stringency of money; and we perceive, by the official *Gazette*, just issued, that the common opinion which casts the chief blame on the Bank of Montreal, is not borne out by the figures.”

In the first place, we would like to know how all those anxious lookers could get any figures from the monthly statements of the Montreal Bank that would afford a reliable basis to found an argument or conviction upon, as to the action of the Bank or cause of that stringency of money. They might just as well stare at the moon and hope to see the cause delineated on the sides of its volcanic hills.

Those who have attentively read this *Review*, saw the causes that would produce it set forth months ago, and by watching the monthly statement of the banks have been able to clearly see the pressure, the contraction of the currency, and ultimate stringency becoming more apparent each succeeding month. As to the Bank of Montreal, however, there appears to be abundant evidence that it accumulated “checks, &c.,” of the Merchant's Bank which were, no doubt, to a large extent, given in payment for duties, and thus, through the government

account, deposits, was indirectly aided by the government funds, in an attempt to crush a competing bank. The action of the Bank of Montreal should teach others that have only from thirty to forty thousand dollars in cash, that under the present system of currency—*which is as injurious to them as to the people who have to use it*—they exist at the sufferance of the Bank of Montreal. Further from what we know of the character and intention of the manager of the Bank of Montreal, it is probable that, if not checked, he will, at his opportunity, crush out all the small banks that may seriously interfere with his *cherished idea of concentrating the discount business of Canada* into the city of Montreal, and if possible into the Bank of Montreal.

We charge the merchants—of Canada West in particular—not to forget this warning. Further on, under another heading, we will give a choice of two ways of averting a purpose so ruinous to those who trust in our banks, and to the bankers who will be ruined if that manager accomplishes his intentions—which we clearly perceive, if unchecked, he is capable of doing. Many of those merchants who have had accommodation at the agencies of the Bank of Montreal will now be able, from the information we afford, to understand why the promises made them by the agents of that Bank can be so little relied upon, and therefore repeat that we have learned that his intentions is to concentrate the *discount* business in Montreal. Returning to the question from the *Witness*, we in the second place, further observe that there was no necessity for the *anxious lookers* to either stare at the moon or wait for a monthly statement of the Banks for the information they longed for. It had been furnished monthly for years, but for the *Witness*, *Globe* or *Leader* to see the correct bearing of the information thus afforded would be utterly

impossible—for they cannot be seen of those deposits in Canada, that through *free trade* glasses. To the rest had all been sold for foreign goods; and further, that all the capital in all the banks was previously show the fallacy of their principles and teachings. It would compel the *Globe* to acknowledge that a balance of trade in our favour would not “*involve us in ruin.*”\* It would compel the *Leader* to admit that we ought to legislate for ourselves, and that it should be our aim to legislate for the industry of our own country, that we may not ever be drained of all the money we can earn and all that we can borrow. It would compel the *Witness* to acknowledge that it had all its days been blind to the teaching of history; that it had been trusting in the theoretical teachings of men who had no practical knowledge of national industry, or of the means necessary to secure the production and accumulation of national wealth; that by its teaching it had blinded the importers of the country to their own and their country’s interest; that it had been the blind leading the blind, to the yawning gulf of destruction. We learn from the *Witness* that on the edge of that gulf teacher and scholars were waiting a month for light, having turned their backs upon the “*ruth*—having ignored the facts already given them, we behold them at last “*anxiously looking*” for wisdom among figures that will not enlighten them, that are fathomless to their understanding, for in their ignorance they fancy the gold that has gone to pay for foreign goods is yet in the banks,—any figures they may find in the monthly statement of the Bank will not undeceive them. They call the \$24,486,961 of debt we owed on the 1st of September, for deposits, the accumulated capital of the country, which is just about to overflow and fructify every corner of the land. They cannot see that at the same date there was only \$4,639,394

The banks had periodically rendered statements showing that their money—specie—was becoming less and less from month to month, and were thus virtually declaring that they continually depended for specie upon the streams of American deposits flowing into them. The day *peace* dawns upon the American people, a demand will come for their deposits that will beggar the banks and leave them as poor as Job amidst his ashes, and sitting like the man of “*Uz*,” greaning in spirit, surrounded by their comparatively worthless assets.

The net receipts from the bankrupt estates, involved in ruin by the crisis of 1837 in the United States, is stated in Hunt’s Merchant’s Magazine as one per cent. only of the assets, or \$4,800,000 out of \$480,000,000. In a crisis how much more will our bank assets be worth?

To “*post*” the *Witness* we sent it a copy of this *Review*. It simply noted its receipt, and informed its readers that there were “*some Yankee stories in it.*” When bigotry and ignorance, and egotism depend upon each other for light, we need not wonder when dangers appear to see them “*anxiously looking*,” or to hear them earnestly enquire where they are. We say to the *Witness*, in the language of *One* wise to know, “*ye love darkness rather than light;*” you have been trusting to error for wisdom and are necessarily unexpectedly swamped in the midst of your ignorance.

If the facts before you show that

\* See April No., page 152.

there is scarcely any money left in our banks, and you believe from the light those facts afford that they are full to overflowing, who can beat you in believing a lie? And, alas! who can surpass you, and the *Globe*, with your united circulations, in sowing error, and causing wide spread ruin and desolation through the length and breadth of our fatherland.

We write as we feel, and we feel from our inmost heart, in advance, for those who will suffer from your prophecies and teachings, in the days of evil that are rapidly approaching, unless they are averted by wise and speedy legislation.

The following, quoted from an able article on the "*Nature and effects of paper currency, the expansions and contractions which result from the use of it, issued under the present system*" is given to show the land-marks or downward steps in the pathway to a monetary and commercial crisis. The article was furnished to *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, but may also be seen in the September number for 1857 of the *Canadian Merchant's Magazine*, page 488:

"When the contraction commences, the first class on whom it falls is the merchants of the large cities—they find it difficult to get money to pay their notes. The next class is the manufacturers—the sale of their goods falls off. The labourers and mechanics next feel the pressure—they are thrown out of employment; and lastly, the farmer finds a dull sale and low prices for his produce, and all unsuspecting of the cause, have a vague idea that their difficulties are owing to "hard times." And not only does this system—of paper money—by its great issues of *credit money*\* disturbing the

\* This writer defines credit money to be every dollar of paper paid out that has not a dollar of gold as security for it in the bank. The bankers beg to be trusted for more bills than they have gold, and when the gold is demanded of them, demand gold of those they trusted for the paper dollars—credit money—they gave them.—*Editor C. O. P.*

laws of trade, destroying all careful business calculations, and exciting, to the wildest pitch of frenzy, over-trading, one-sided over production and speculation—cause all those extraordinary fluctuations of trade and credit; but the *banks* often head the long list of bankruptcies, and give the fatal blow to great commercial houses staggering in very drunkenness under the stimulus of *expanded paper*. Periodical revulsions in trade of a frightful character, accrue from the false system. Its terrible effects have been seen by all, and we have become so familiar with them that we regard them as the natural phenomena of business operations—but it is not so—they can only be produced by a false and delusive currency."

Our paper currency is absolutely unsound; all business operations based upon and conducted with it, are inevitably unsound also.

In the quotation given we are reminded that the banks in the States often head the list of bankruptcies.

Our Merchant's Bank has already received a staggering blow from a sister institution and if it had not been for the timely aid afforded by others it would have been crushed—for it only possessed about one third the amount that the Bank of Montreal demanded of it—with it all the commercial houses depending upon it, the manufacturers who sold to them could collect no pay, nor sell any more goods, the mechanics and laborers thus thrown out of employment would thereby unhinge and paralyze the industry of the country. If one bank had been crushed others would have followed. The manager of the Bank of Montreal endeavored to open the trap door down to that state of ruin and to shove the whole industry of the country into it. An All-wise and loving Providence brought his infernal and truly hellish intentions to naught, but has also, we believe, thus allowed us a timely warning to guide us for the future.

We will here notice the *Globe's* statement that "*money for loans is*

abundant at comparatively low rates of interest." Months ago we inadvertently gave the reason for the deceptive anomaly to be, that there was comparatively no more property in the country to mortgage that men will loan money upon; that over two-thirds of all the landed property in Canada was already encumbered for all it was worth. The *Witness* colaterally confirms our statement when it mentions that lands are "mortgaged and re-mortgaged for all and more than they are worth." One of our loaning institutions, having British capital, in its last report to the stockholders in Britain, informed them that many of the mortgages that had been taken were guaranteed by "colateral securities." It is our poverty that makes money for loans abundant, and not our wealth as supposed by the *Globe*. It is our poverty that now secures a premium for good mortgages, and the earnest enquiry for vastly more Municipal debentures than are issued.

The Montreal *Witness* of August 29th, set forth that "money has become dangerously scarce;" that the "reasons assigned by well informed persons are:"

"1. The great rise in the value of dry goods, caused by the rise in cotton and other materials, and in duties, renders nearly twice the banking capital necessary to turn the same quantity of goods."

We answer that by stating, that it is the *cost*, and not the *quantity* of goods that makes money scarce; that more goods have been imported than our banks could get money to pay for, and that the banks and the country have been and still are at the mercy of the importers—and that either a very high tariff or a National Currency, as we have heretofore described, are the only legitimate remedies that can be adopted to insure us against the periodical calamities that the importers—the speculators in foreign goods bring upon us.

"2. The derangement of the currency in the United States has prevented the settlement of large contracts for lumber, extending to almost two years' supply, a good deal of which is borne by our banks. The dullness of the English market also prevents the prompt realization of lumber in Quebec, and the burden, in one way or other of that great business, rests chiefly on the banks."

That lumber and timber idea is all a fallacy: the United States advances nearly all the money for the lumber manufactured for them, and England advances nearly all the capital for the immense timber trade of the country. Those who use it pay seven per cent. interest on it, and seven-and-a-half per cent. commission to the agent in Quebec through whom it is forwarded; and if the notes are a day overdue they have an extra  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to pay. Our banks have no burthen to bear therefor. It is true they furnish the bank notes that are paid out, but they get dollar for dollar in British gold, and make a handsome profit by the exchange.

"3. The high rate of interest in Britain prevents the Banks from using their credits, except at a considerable loss."

That simply amounts to saying, our banks are accustomed to borrowing money in England, and are in danger of becoming insolvent, because the rates there are now so high. How does that tally with those accumulations of capital in the banks that the *Witness* tells us of? One statement evidently conflicts with the other.

"4. The almost complete displacement of bank bills by silver in the circulation of country parts of Canada."

There is no legal money in Canada except specie, and therefore it is a truly original idea to suppose the abundance of silver money in circulation is the cause of a scarcity of money. In Montreal the silver is deposited in the banks in \$50 sums, and silver receipts are given by the banks for that amount, which circulate in place of the silver. They

were asked to issue such receipts for sums of \$10, they would have circulated in the place of silver, which would have taken a large amount of it out of circulation. The banks said they approved of the plan, but were afraid the English stockholders of the banks would not like it. The complaint the Banks made was that the silver throws their bills out of circulation, and thus diminishes their profits. If they adopted the silver certificate system they could issue three dollars of bills for each dollar they received in specie. We however, showed, in a former number, that the circulation of bills can only be maintained to a certain point. When that is reached gold will be required for every note issued, or gold be demanded of the banks on account of deposits, consequently when that margin is reached they may as well pay out gold as their notes. As the crisis advances the deposits will gradually decrease with the decrease of gold in the bank. Our deposits, *not on interest*, are now decreasing or being transferred to the deposits *on interest*. The banks are at the mercy of the depositors who require high rates of interest, and so ruin comes on apace. This fact is also established by the average circulation which the Bank of England maintains during a crisis, and of that of our Canadian banks also. Our circulation in bills and specie is now about the same in proportion to population that it was during the last crisis, and any increase in the issue of notes would cause a demand on the Banks for an increase of gold, which would leave them no better off than if they issue no silver receipts, and the country would suffer for change. It can thus be seen that the disease is vastly deeper than the silver question.

“5. The necessities of the government, which requires almost as fast as it comes in the large amount of duties now paying.

Lastly, over-trading generally; inferred

from the fact that the loans of the banks are higher than ever, and yet money is exceedingly scarce.”

(Correspondence of Witness.)

“Those of our readers interested in financial matters, must have at least noticed allusions in the commercial department to a “tightness” in the money market, if they have not felt it. So serious does this stringency threaten to become, that some shrewd observers think there is a crisis at hand. Whatever may be the result, it is a fact that the banks are limiting their discounts, to the serious detriment of the commercial community; for, the fall importations are now coming forward, and unless money can be promptly obtained to pay duties, the goods must lie in bond instead of being on the shelves of importers, while the government is also kept out of money of which they are ever in need.”

The fifth reason assigned by the “well informed person,” whose views the *Witness* gives, and the correspondence added, betrays anything but that serene state of affairs promised by the *Globe*, or of that inflation anticipated by the *Witness*. The two extracts put together show that the importers have so overdone business that they cannot raise money in the country to pay the duties on their imports this year, how then will they pay for their goods? Over-trading is spoken of as one cause of no money. We have, in a previous number, shown that no over-trading, within a country, will make money scarce in it—that it arises from importing goods that should be and would be manufactured in the country, if the wholesale men were not so blind to their own interests.

We further add, that had it not been for the seven to nine millions of dollars that the banks have, as deposits, borrowed from the Americans, that the importers would have crushed *themselves* their customers, and the banks, before this. The correspondent, above quoted, sets forth six reasons to apparently attempt to prove the whole blame rests upon the banks,



which is not so. It is not necessary for us to give them, for they have been published by a great number of the press, and they are of so purely local a bearing that the observing reader will conclude that the correspondent imagines Montreal city to be the whole of Canada.

We remark here, that a vast amount of ignorance prevails in regard to the trade and commerce of the country, through men judging from the operations in their own locality, of the whole business of the country. The following example is one among any number we can give :

We were mentioning to a party near Goderich the vast amount of pork we bought of the Americans. He would not believe it, because Americans were buying up all the pork in his section. During the conversation the agent of a wholesale house in Hamilton came in, and inadvertently mentioned that his house was then buying *cured* pork in Buffalo by the car load. The American capital bought our pork, sent it down the Huron road to Buffalo, cured it, and sent it back by the Great Western to Hamilton, retaining the whole profit of the operation in their own hands, which we have enabled them to do by paying them \$50,000,000 for produce, under the Reciprocity Treaty, that we should have raised ourselves. Our banks cannot furnish money to buy, for curing, the pork we raise. If the pork is to go to England or the States, and *exchange* can be secured for it, then the banks will furnish money, otherwise they dare not, for they have not the gold to redeem their notes, which will be purchased as fast as issued. And this scarcity of money has been increasing for two years, while the *Globe*, the *Witness* and *Leader*, were rejoicing in the continual accumulation of capital in our banks.

The London *Free Press* is far more

reliable in its views of the future financial prosperity of the country. It endorses the facts we set forth in previous numbers of the *Review*. In an article on "*Commercial Tightness*," August 23, it remarks :

"With all the economy practised by the farmer, it is questionable whether he can maintain his ground at the present rate. It is notorious that the farmer generally is largely indebted to the country merchant, and that the greater part of the present harvest is forestalled to liquidate existing obligations. The merchants, many of them, are heavily indebted to the wholesale houses and the banks, and the strain put upon their credit is probably as much as can be borne."

Further on, it reminds its readers :

"It is the painful experience of all business men that, at the very period when they require the greatest amount of assistance from the banks in the way of accommodation, those monetary institutions contract their discounts, refuse to renew notes in part, and by "putting on the screws," as it is termed, test the stability of their customers to the utmost. It is at such periods that those who have been trading too extensively on borrowed capital go to the wall, while even the most solvent houses are necessarily pinched to protect their own and their customers' paper. If we mistake not, a trial more or less severe is about to be made of the commercial standing of all our business men."

Upon that paragraph we again remark, that the banks are helpless in the matter, that they simply have the choice of ruining others, or of being ruined themselves. The "putting on the screws," and "testing the ability of their customers to the utmost," is simply an extension of the operation under which they are pressed to the wall. Borrowed capital is slippery. The banks, in proportion to their capital, have borrowed gold and loaned it for paper, much of which, in a crisis, will be found worthless. The importers—the speculators in foreign gold—have sent the \$25,000,000 of

Bank Capital, and 20 out of the \$25,000,000 of deposits the banks borrowed for them out of the country. They still cry give, give, and wonder there is no more. Heedless as oxen fattening for the slaughter, they find themselves at last at the mercy of their foreign creditors, and the banks unable to help them. It has been the efforts of the banks to hold them up, that has brought the country to the edge of the unfathomable gulf, and not any efforts the banks have put forth to aid the internal industry of the country. We would say the banks were wrong, but we know they are controlled by a *false system of currency*, which utterly deprives them of the ability to do a safe, sound or eventually remunerative business.

We have just to hand the imports and exports for the 1st 6 months of 1864 ending June 30th. Imports,

\$23,877,385. Exports, (including, \$750,000 for short returns) \$12,729,385. That there is a balance of trade against us of \$11,148,280 for the past That is the way and the where the money goes; let the *Globe*, the *Leader*, the importers, and every body else ask how is it to be paid.

We think the information given will, for the present, sufficiently show the cause of the present scarcity of money in Canada; why it is that the banks shut down upon their customers, and the reason there is not money enough of our own in the country to even pay the duties on the goods we have imported this year, and the immediate necessity for the Bankers and merchants of Canada to enquire how they may be relieved, and the country saved from the "impending crisis."

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## HOW TO AVOID A CRISIS.

WE are repeatedly asked, what about a crisis in the United States? We answer that, in the Northern States they have nearly \$500,000,000 of legal tender notes in circulation—that they have between Bank notes and United States *interest* notes in circulation over \$100,000,000—the three classes of currency together amounting to more than \$600,000,000, or \$30 a piece for every man, woman and child in the country.

### TWO CLASSES OF CRISIS.

There are two classes of crisis. The first is an individual crisis, which arises when a man has, by losses or mismanagement, become entirely destitute of money and utterly unable to procure any. The life-blood of his business—currency—has all run out, stagnation ensues, he is commercially dead—that death is seen to have re-

sulted from absence of money.

The second class of crisis, is a National crisis, which results from precisely the same cause. It should always be remembered that principles are immutable; that similar causes will always produce similar effects. A National, Commercial or Monetary crisis, can alone result to a country when it becomes destitute of money—when it has not sufficient circulating medium or currency to prevent all trade operations being carried on by barter—a barter business can only be conducted upon the most limited or semi-barbarous scale.

In August, 1822, there was £10,097,960 of specie in the Bank of England; by the month of February, 1826, there was only £2,459,510 of it left, and had it not been for the accidental discovery of £1,000,000 of Notes less than £5, which had not been cancelled—that by act of Parlia-

ment were legal tender—the specie would have been reduced another million. Then there was a national crisis. The elder Sir Robert Peel, in a speech, stated that if it had not been for the accidental discovery of the notes referred to, the country would in one hour have been reduced to barter—to a semi-barbarous state of currency. And Alex. Barring, one of the heads of the political house of Barring, in a debate upon the resumption of Bank payments, spoke of the country being placed in “a situation without a parallel in any other nation or time.”

“No country before ever presented the continuance of so extraordinary a spectacle as that of living under a progressive increase in the value of money, and decrease in the value of the productions of the people.”

That state of affairs resulted from making Bank notes payable in gold on demand, and by the same Act allowing the operators or speculators in foreign stocks, merchandise or products, to take away the gold, to reduce the amount from ten to two millions—a crisis resulted.

Several crisis, more or less severe, have occurred in England since from the same cause; but in that of 1857, the government, “*by Order in Council*,” made the Bank notes *legal tender*, and absolutely for a time done away with all gold money for the internal trade of the country, when business at once revived. If so absolute a remedy could so suddenly cure the evils from the gold, or *false* currency, why not perpetuate it.

In 1857 Canada had a crisis. The Banks only had about \$1,020,000 of money left—incalculable ruin resulted. If our government had made our bank notes legal tender also, a large proportion of those evils and losses would have been avoided.

France, as we have shown in “*What the balance of trade is*,” had a national crisis in 1847, and by pursuing the same course that England did in

1857—in making its Bank notes legal tender—like England in 1857, it furnished a currency for the internal industry of the country, enabled it to lift its head and to stalk on toward prosperity.

We have seen that an individual crisis stops a man's business operations; that a National crisis stops the business of the nation; that gold is not necessary to revivify that business; that Bank Notes, or National either, *made legal tender*, can do it as effectually as gold, and much more permanently. When an individual crisis occurs, the man is at once out of employment. When a National crisis occurs, the whole people are thrown out of employment. If the man had money he could still do business, and there would be no crisis; consequently, there cannot be a National crisis in the United States, in the usual acceptation of the term.

There will, undoubtedly, from individual losses that will occur, be a number of men who will fail, will be subject to a crisis in their individual operations, but those crisis will not have any perceptible effect upon the business operations of the country as a whole, for there will be about the same amount of business *to be done*, and the same amount of money *to do it with*. Many cases will occur in which employers and operatives will be thrown out of employment, but there is the work to be done, the men and the money to do it, therefore their suffering or losses will be limited in duration.

In England the operatives have to wait until, in the course of business, the money returns from other countries to which it has been sent, and the quantity becomes sufficient to reduce the rates of interest, so that it will pay the manufacturer to use it.

The foregoing remarks are presented as a basis for the following proposition for relief from the present and increasing scarcity of money—to indicate

how we may secure immediate and ample relief in a perfectly legitimate way.

#### THE PROPOSITION.

*That the Government of Canada by an "ORDER IN COUNCIL" make the Bank NOTES of this Province "LEGAL TENDER" for a term of two years, and grant to the Banks the privilege of issuing on the security of the Provincial Debentures they may severally hold, the same proportion of bills that they are now allowed to issue for the specie in their vaults—that they be allowed to dispose of all the coin and bullion they possess to the importers of foreign goods.*

The Canadian banks possess about \$5,500,000 of Government Debentures. The proposition made would enable them, without risk, to discount about \$7,000,000 more paper for the retail merchants, manufacturers, and industrial classes in the country, and about \$1,500,000 more for the importers who wish the gold the banks still possess.

We trust there is no business man in Canada, let him be banker, merchant, manufacturer or tradesman, of any class, who cannot appreciate the advantages such a currency would secure for the country.

The banks would be benefited to the extent of getting interest on \$16,000,000 of bills in place of the less than \$9,000,000 they now have in circulation. The importers would be able to get the \$4,500,000 now locked up in the banks; the tradesmen of the country would have nearly \$16,000,000 of bills in place of \$9,000,000.

When we call to mind, as above shown, that in the United States there is \$30,000,000 of bills in circulation to each million of inhabitants, and if we had the same proportion here we would have, on the basis of two and a half millions of inhabitants; the sum of \$75,000,000 of bills in circulation, there need be no fears of \$16,000,000

being an undue amount. In November 1861 our banks had \$14,956,080 in circulation, but now while from the increase of business much more is required, we have nearly one half less.

There is only one class of persons that can object to a *legal tender* currency—The bankers cannot object if they have any common sense, for they can then do business without risk of inability to pay their debts when demanded. The importers cannot object, they will have all the gold we earn and all we can borrow, just the same as they have now, with the additional amount now held by the banks. There are no industrial classes in Canada that it will not benefit.

#### FOREIGN DEPOSITORS.

Foreign depositors are the only parties that can be injured, and if the step we have recommended is taken in time it will be advantageous to them, for if they were to demand their deposits now the banks have only about one half enough money left to pay them, and the banks would be placed in a position to pay them off much faster than they possibly can as now situated, for they must redeem their bills or forfeit their charters, if they were forfeited it would be long enough before the bill holders and depositors would get their dues, for the incalculable ruin that would inevitably ensue would result in losses that would utterly prevent them from realizing enough from their assets to meet the claims.

It is true the Stockholders are liable for them to the amount of their capital, that for every dollar of capital they possess they are liable for an extra dollar, but four-fifths of the Stockholders are said to reside in a foreign land, and consequently their liability, like some other things connected with banking in Canada, is a myth, a delusion, and a snare.

The usual system in this country has been for the merchants to get up

a bank, pay in the capital, when hard times come along and they can't meet their payments they hand over their bank-stock to pay their indebtedness in foreign countries, and the security the foreign Stockholder is supposed to be, for the liability of the bank may therefore be estimated as entirely worthless.

Numbers of merchants have asked us why the newspapers do not refer to these all-important matters. The answer we have given is, that they are questions which the Editors of the leading papers are entirely unacquainted with, and the subjects being altogether new, the most of them have yet to understand them, as they are the reverse of ideas and views so persistently propagated and worshipped by those interested in maintaining the existing system, that it cannot be reversed in a day. But we trust the proposition we have made, having for it precedents in other countries, placed by the course of trade in the same position, will meet with their approval, and that they will suggest the propriety of business men calling meetings of themselves in each locality, to pass resolutions to be forwarded to the Governor in Council, recommending or requesting that an order embodying the idea or proposition be made.

BUSINESS MEN,

The remedy for hard times—the

preventing of a crisis—is now in your hands. If you require its adoption, it will be done, and reasonable prosperity and safety your reward; neglect it, and losses and ruin will occur, through which you will lose more, during the next two years, than you have made during the past five years, and the whole country be thrown back ten years at least.

We repeat, let business men hold meetings, and have their meetings reported. Agitate, and you will succeed; if not, sleep on. Rip-Van-Winkle awoke at last, found his occupation gone, and himself looked upon as an outcast of the country, just as thousands of Canadians have been from the effects of the last crisis. One fact and we are done. A few days since a respectable lady, whose husband had been an esteemed and prominent merchant in a Canadian city, explaining to one whose sympathies were interested for her family, that her husband could get no employment, that she had worked night and day, and with tears rolling down her cheeks, stated the future was fearfully dark; how they should live she could not conceive. We are certain that there are very many families now living in affluence that will, if the impending crisis is not stayed, likewise, sooner or later, similarly suffer.

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## THE ROYAL CANADIAN BANK.

WE intend to introduce this new institution to our readers by quoting a portion of its charter, as may be seen in the 25th and 27th clauses thereof. In the 25th clause we find that when it fails to pay its debts, it is allowed "sixty days" to decide whether it will or will not pay them.

The 27th clause states:

"The total amount of the debt which the said Bank shall at any one time owe, whether by bond, bill, note or otherwise, shall not exceed *three times* the aggregate amount of its capital paid in, and the deposits made in the bank in specie, and government securities for money."

The simple meaning of that clause is, that the Royal Canadian Bank has

been authorized by an Act of the Parliament of Canada to run in debt three times the amount of its paid in capital. Four-fifths of that capital will eventually be held by foreigners, where then will be the security that is to guarantee depositors or others it may be indebted to? If that is not "kiteing," what is? But that is solid ground compared with what comes after. It is further allowed to run in debt to three times the amount of the "deposits made in the bank," "in specie and government securities for money."

Here then we have a new Canadian Bank, which has been authorized to run in debt three times all it is worth; three times all it can borrow as deposits, and for the three times all the government securities it can purchase with those deposits.

Putting the proposed capital at \$2,000,000, and supposing that the business done will be in the same proportion as that done by the Bank of Montreal, the exhibit would be:

Capital .....	\$2,000,000	
Multiplied by 3 .....		\$6,000,000
Deposits would be .....	3,043,873	9,131,612
Multiplied by 3 .....		2,629,016
Government Securities ..	\$76,335	
Multiplied by 3 .....		2,289,005
		<hr/>
		\$17,760,637

There we have the right to be worth \$2,000,000, and the right given to be \$17,760,637 in debt, upon the security of that \$2,000,000, and the further guarantee of "sixty days" immunity, although those who trust it may be ruined in the interval.

Why, we ask, are such monstrous privileges desired? Why do our legislators grant such privileges, except it be to demonstrate their utter incapacity to legislate for the material prosperity of the country. "Wild-cat Banking" in Michigan surely never exceeded in rottenness this proposed and now chartered institution. Those privileges were asked for designedly, or they were not; if designedly, knavery is at the bottom; if

ignorantly, what is the security the projectors and managers of this Royal Canadian Bank propose to give, as a guarantee for their honesty and ability to prudently manage what on the face of it appears to be a Royal Canadian swindle?

The Toronto *Leader*, October 8th, has become god-father to this new institution, and in placing its claims before the public, informs its readers

"That another bank is needed in this city, that will deal more liberally with the general public." • • That the other banks are mainly in the hands of capitalists for whose benefit they are mainly carried on. • • That it is proposed to make the Royal Canadian Bank a local bank, as far as possible—a people's bank in the fullest sense of the term."

As an inducement to the "general public" to become stockholders, the *Leader* promises them accommodation at this new bank. The idea thus impressed upon the minds of small trade men, manufacturers, and others is, that this bank will afford the accommodation they so anxiously desire, which cannot be obtained at the other banks. It is only necessary to state a few facts to clearly indicate that the *Leader's* promises, or the assurances of the projectors cannot be relied upon, not from not having the will to fulfil them, simply because it is an impossibility, and always will be so long as our imports so vastly exceed our exports, and every new bank only increases the evil.

The new bank first takes up refuse customers, as has been done to a certain extent by the agency of the Ontario Bank started in this city, and has already—it is said—lost \$60,000 in gold by them. That bank also reminds us of the system upon which more or less of its stock was paid in, viz: A and B took stock, paid a little of it, then A endorsed a note for B and B endorsed a note for A and upon their connection as Stockholders got them

discounted, took the bills, traded them off for other bank bills, and with them paid up the calls. The notes were renewed, some were paid and some were not. It is possible a similar process will be followed in getting up the stock for this new bank.

If we trace the inevitable operations of this new bank we will find that as fast as it discounts paper and gives its notes for them, that gold will be demanded for them to pay for over-importations, it will have a deposit account and as the capital paid in is drawn out to redeem its notes, it will encroach upon its deposits exactly the same as the bank of Montreal has. We cite this bank because we are often asked for a comparison with it. The bank of Montreal has paid out all its capital, \$6,000,000, all its deposits *on interest*, \$5,524,171, and on the first of September only had \$1,592,369 of its \$3,607,450 of deposits *not on interest* left. Remember if it does not furnish exchange it must furnish gold and can only prevent that drain of gold by refusing to discount, and as soon as it refuses to discount there is a demand made for deposits and for notes in circulation.

It is deprived of all control of its gold through the *over-importations*, and is—and all the other banks with it—floating down a stream that has no bottom, and the moment they try to hold up they are drawn under and sunk. The Banks in England are now in the same position. England has immensely over-imported during the past year, and the inevitable result is, that they are being one by one scuttled.

Our existing banks dare not loan money, unless it is to be paid out for

produce for shipment to foreign countries, that it may get back the exchange or gold, before the bills will be presented for the gold.

If Canada did not over-import and our banks had in their vaults their paid-up capital in gold, amounting to \$25,000,000, they could issue \$75,000,000 of bills upon its security, as authorized in their charter. They would besides have a large amount of gold deposits and government securities, on the basis of which they could issue a still farther amount of notes. It is thus clear to see that no bank in the country can safely loan, to carry on the internal industry of Canada, so long as we so vastly over-import. If it is not possible for any of our existing banks to furnish accommodation to our manufacturers and tradesmen, how can it be expected that a new and weaker institution can do so? It proposes to furnish more money capital for the country. Capital only accrues from money earned in the country, or from that invested by those who permanently settle in the country.

This new scheme for furnishing money originates with those who have no money; with those who wish to get the money of others that will be placed in their hands as deposits, upon the security of which they have secured the privilege of running three times the amount in debt. If they succeed, the fools are not all dead.

We would much like to see the *Leader* show how it is possible, under existing circumstances, for this new bank to afford the accommodation and advantages it promises to the classes it asserts, will be benefited.

#### QUARTERLY REVIEW NOTICE.

MANY of our subscribers have desired that the second volume of the Review should commence with January; for many reasons it is better: to that end we have dated this number for January; the April No. will be due in February, the July No. in June, and the 1st number in October; with the October No. will be furnished an *Index* for the two years.

## GOLD CURRENCY.

WHEN two or three generations, in regular succession, have had it instilled into their minds that certain ideas or systems of doing business are absolutely the most perfect ever devised, the man who suggests any change, any improvement, is looked upon as visionary—no matter that the ideas suggested have been worked before, and worked well; no matter if the new system proposed has been put in operation, in times of calamity, to save whole peoples from ruin; Man is constituted so much like a machine so particularly animal in his habits, that he will return to the evil like the drunkard to his cups, the hog to his wallowing in the mire, and the dog to his vomit. Men and nations have been comparatively ruined again and again through a gold currency, and cured themselves with a *legal tender, paper currency*.\* And as soon as they got cured have returned to their worship of gold to the mud, and vomit currency and ruin of commercial nations.

A machine was lately on exhibition in London, that would add and subtract, and multiply and divide, and also execute many other difficult operations, hitherto conceived to be impracticable to all things not endowed with human intelligence. The automaton thus exhibited suggests the idea that there is in man's composition—dependent of course upon the mind—a considerable amount of machinery so particularly like perpetual motion, that the mechanism does not often stop when set in motion in a given direction, and note is not often taken whether the operation going on is guided by a direct act of the mind, or is merely a continuation in the previously given direction. If the given direction is the right one, it is well; if it is wrong, the mind, the controlling power, the divine nature in man—"the light within"—must first be led to perceive that the given direction is wrong—that it will lead to serious results, or ruin, before it

will exert its innate power to turn back or direct the human machine from the given direction. The mind is, so to speak, the *pilot*, and if it can be led to perceive that there are snags, or rocks, or quick sands, in the given direction which, by foresight, may be completely avoided, there is some hopes that it will act wisely in time. There are those, however, and a great many of them, who will examine no new chart, or listen to any warning. They will tell you they have no time to learn a better way; that their way is the way their fathers went, and they will chance it. There are those also, who grow up with uncertain things, and reap harvests out of the losses of others whose interests and influence helps to keep whole communities in ignorance of their true interests.

These preliminary remarks, the truthfulness of which are established by the attendant facts, are set forth as introductory to a few extracts, on currency, from the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, decidedly the ablest Magazine published in the United States. In the article referred to, there is indirectly suggested a National currency for the United States nearly identical in principle with that we have suggested for Canada, but no plan upon which to issue it, and not near so practicable for reasons that will be noted at another time. But the *Atlantic* states:

"That the people of the United States have reached the degree of science and civilization proper to the creation of such a currency is not yet evident; but there is reason to believe that they will take the lead in this, as they have in some other actions of advance—that they will ere long understand the impropriety of attempting to measure value by merchandise, that is by a means that is subject to variations of quantity—a conclusion that may not appear obvious in this aspect, but it will be readily understood that in commerce a *variable* measure is absurd in theory and intolerable in practice."

It might have added ruinous also.

"Yet this is precisely parallel with using gold or any other article of merchandise, as a measure of value." "To use an inconstant quantity as a measure is

\* As the United States did in 1837, France in 1817, and Britain in 1857—and from 1797 to 1819.



absurd." "The merchant who believes it more immediately profitable exports coin—that is, finding the currency to consist of an article of merchandise that suits his immediate purpose, he treats it accordingly—though by so doing he causes a rise of prices where he buys and a fall where he sells, and to that extent nullifies his own business intentions and deranges those of others." If this derangement be sufficient, hoarding commences; and as this action multiplies itself, the currency is soon reduced to its minimum quantity, and business of every kind with it, until the industry of the country is reduced to a state of atrophy—until a mere commercial derangement is converted into an immense loss, because the rise in the value of the currency, due to its scarcity, causes a corresponding fall in the value of all the wealth of the country, and thus checks industry and stays production."

That was our position in Canada in 1857, and it will soon be again unless wisely averted. The *Atlantic* further says:

"That the currencies of the world have great defects is so well known that the statement of the fact would be superfluous, except as introductory to an attempt to ascertain the nature of those defects and to propose an adequate remedy."

#### SPECIE CURRENCY.

Of specie currency the *Atlantic* says:

"The merchandise attached to a specie currency, is an evidence of former barbarism, a remnant of the primitive practice of barter, an incongruous element, tending to impede rather than to assist circulation, to destroy rather than to create a currency."

The more blind man is to the truth, let it be either in material or spiritual things—in earthly or heavenly matters—the more he will worship his false gods or ideas. In confirming that law of ignorance the *Atlantic* remarks, in connection with specie currency:

"Much is said about it, as is usually the case with subjects little understood. It is, however, of some use; it seems to show that mind and matter are governed by the same general laws, that either being put in motion will continue to move in the given direction, although it is of no good, but absolutely injurious and toward incredible evil."

The *Atlantic* thus confirms the views we above gave, that those trained up within a certain circle or given pathway

seldom ever find their way out of it, which leads us to remark that it is all-important and imperative on those who desire improvement and progress to act promptly and energetically in ridding asunder the bars of ignorance, and to display to the unbiassed the brighter and better pathway, and to invite co-operation therein.

#### IS A VALUE CURRENCY POSSIBLE?

The *Atlantic* then asks, is a value currency possible?

"It is a value currency possible? It is to a people enjoying universal equality before the law, and knowing that every individual has a direct and immediate interest in it—knowing that it is a part of the business policy of each."

In the National Currency we have suggested every individual would have that interest; in our present bank or corporation currency the stockholders alone possess any interest, and Canadians pay them now about \$500,000 of net profit annually, for furnishing Canada with an average of \$10,000,000; and, if they could furnish us with the amount that we should, as a people possess, they would annually receive from us nearly \$2,000,000 a year for simply furnishing us with pieces of printed paper, the amount of which annually accidently destroyed, pays the whole cost of preparing them. When we for a moment consider that four-fifths of our bank stock is held in England, we may at once estimate the amount we pay and the amount we would pay a foreign people for furnishing us with literally worthless "tokens" for a currency to transact our business with. Can the insane worship of a specie currency go farther? Yes; for through it we annually, as a people, lose many times as much more through the losses it originates.

The *Atlantic* further says, that it is only a people that can see the propriety of having a currency in which each one will have a share of the profits that will establish such a currency.

"And it is only such a people that will dare to inaugurate and persevere to sustain it. Nevertheless, as it cannot but appear problematical to minds that have not given to the subject the most earnest attention, its adoption will be most strenuously opposed, by habits of thought, by modes of action, and by interests, as ancient, as universal, and apparently as

fixed as the race itself. Yet, as Mr. Argo justly remarks, in one of his biographies, addressed to the French Academy—The moral transformations of society are subject to the laws of continuity; they rise and grow, like the productions of the earth, by imperceptible gradations, each century develops, discusses, and adapts to itself, in some degree, truths—or, if you prefer it, *principles*—of which the conception belonged to a preceding century; this work of the mind usually goes on without being perceived by the vulgar; but when the day of application arrives, when *principles* claim their part in practice, when they aim at penetrating into political life, the ancient interests, if they have only this same antiquity, to invoke in their favour, become excited, resist, and struggle, and society is shaken to its foundation. The tableau will be complete, gentlemen, when I add, that, in these obstinate conflicts, it is never the *principles* that succumb.”

The following quotation is from the “*City of gold*,” in Blackwood’s Magazine for September, 1864, in which, after directing the attention of its readers to the causes of the rise and fall of gold, and the unsuitable nature of a varying standard of value, and stating that the *Paper currency* of the Bank of England never varies, that unlimited confidence has always been placed in it, whether the Bank stopped payment or redeemed its notes in gold, and thus exhibits the fallacy of gold currency, and the ruinous losses that occur through it:

“But never—not in a single instance—is gold demanded from the Bank from any loss of faith in its notes. No one doubts the value of the Bank of England’s notes, and the power of converting them into gold is never desired save as a means of procuring gold for export, by the parties and for the purposes which we have specified.

LONDON,

“This City of Gold is based upon gold, and the foundation is found to be pre-eminently unstable and perilous. The golden base perpetually oscillates to and fro, and each of its greater oscillations is felt like the shock of an earthquake. It rises and falls, expands and contracts, and sometimes seems to slip away from beneath the city altogether. Then goodly houses go down by the dozen, not because they are ill-built, not from any fault of the architect and occupants, but simply because the foundation upon which they

all stand has given way. Of late years these oscillations have become more frequent and more serious; and every ten years or so, a convulsion takes place—not of nature, but by Act of Parliament—which spreads terror and disaster through the Golden City, and paralyses the whole country as effectually as if an earthquake had strewn with ruins the great seats of our national industry. The merchant and the manufacturer, the shopkeeper and the day-laborer, alike find their trade stopped, and their gains swept away. Suffering and want spread over the land, as if there were a great famine. There is a paralysis of trade, a dearth of employment; and the hard times are felt by the mill-worker and the bricklayer, not less than by the magnates of the trading and commercial world. Is there not something wrong here? Ought the presence or absence of a few millions of gold to make the vast difference between national prosperity on the one hand, and national disaster and widespread suffering on the other? How will posterity speak of us when it sees that we made the huge fabric of our national industry stand like an inverted pyramid, resting on a narrow apex formed of a chamberful of yellow dross? Will they not laugh at our folly, our barbarism? When the usual supply of gold is temporarily diminished, why should our usual credit-system be restricted in proportion, or totally suspended? Of what use is Credit but to take the place of payments in coin? Was it not for this purpose, and for this alone, that credit and paper-money were adopted? Why, then, not make use of our credit-system as a means of compensating the temporary absence of gold? Why not tide over the difficulty instead of aggravating it? and so avoid the tremendous sufferings which are ever-recurrent under our present system of monetary legislation. Suffering thousands and starving myriads signalise each great monetary crisis. Even during the last year, though the crisis of evil has been escaped, the usurious Bank rate of nine or ten per cent has swept away the profits of trade into the pockets of bankers and capitalists. Parliament inflicts misery upon the country out of an antiquated deference to some bits of yellow dross. Is this wisdom, is it humanity, is it civilisation? It is barbarism and folly, preached up by the moneyed interest, the high priests of Mammon, at the expense of the community.”

In the foregoing quotations we have presented the latest views on currency by

the ablest Magazine in Britain, and by the ablest Magazine in the United States. In perusing these views and perceiving how much in unison they are with those we have previously put forth as to the causes of crisis and the fruitful nature of the evils gold currency produces, we think that we have reason to feel satisfied with the stand we have taken, of the principles we advocate, but more from their being founded upon truth.

Those Magazines have delirated the failures of specie currency and its attendant evils. We have not only done the

same, but have also shown, in previous numbers, how a National Currency for Canada may be inaugurated and issued upon a basis which would prevent undue-inflation, and would yet meet all the necessary requirements in that respect; and, further, would be entirely beyond the undue-control of the political party in power.

It is our intention, in the next number, to present it again, and therewith further and more complete explanations of its advantages than we have hitherto.

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## CANADIAN SHIPPING.

CANADIAN legislation appears to have been as much at fault in regard to our shipping interests as in many others.

To-day's, October 12th, telegrams from Quebec state that three Americans are there, to carry away \$30,000 of gold that was voted, last session of Parliament, to pay the balance of the *bribery money* our statesman promised to pay them for consenting to the Reciprocity Treaty.

We wonder if after ten years refusal that balance is now paid, as a sop to induce the Americans to continue it. It is reasonable to suppose so after hearing some of our leading representatives suggesting in their places in Parliament that we should be very careful, and avoid in any way hurting the feelings or prejudices of the Americans, for fear they would give the notice to end the Treaty. About the same date the *Leader*, of May 30th 1864, said,

"We Submit that Mr. Galt has saved the Reciprocity Treaty, which whatever may be its advantages to the people of the Federal States is admittedly a benefit to our farmers, and the present Government deserves the thanks of all true Canadians for having taken such an important step to break the force of the strong feeling of opposition to the Reciprocity Treaty which at one time rose so high in the Northern States."

The Americans having directly and indirectly sold us \$50,000,000 more of their products and manufactures for our *home consumption* than we have sold them. Will the *Leader* wake up

and tell us where the advantage of such a transaction is to be found—in Canada, or the United States? Whether to the farmers of our own country, or to the farmers of those States?

Will the *Leader* also show what benefit it has been to our *shipping interests*? We furnish it with the following facts to enable it do so satisfactorily.

In 1854 there arrived at Quebec from sea 1416 vessels, rated at 618,926 tons and manned by 20,301 sailors, to carry away our produce forwarded down the St. Lawrence. In 1855, the first year of the "Treaty," that business was reduced to 712 vessels, rated at 348,430 tons and manned by only 11,082 sailors.

Will the *Leader* tell us in what way Canadian shipping was benefited by that decrease?

To prove that it was the Reciprocity Treaty that thus reduced trade, business and employment on our Canadian waters, and Grand Trunk Railroad, we need only state that our trade with the United States, that was borne on the New York canals and railroads increased from \$24,071,096, in 1854, to \$40,827,720 in 1855—increase \$16,746,624—and decreased on the St. Lawrence from \$33,673,125 in 1854 to \$18,569,528 in 1855, or a decrease in the first year of the "Treaty" of \$15,203,600.

We presented our sources of national wealth to the Yankees and *bribed* them to take them, 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 immense cost, were left comparatively idle, and our great 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 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.

We ask the *Leader* to show why "the thanks of all true Canadians" are due to our Government for perpetuating a "Treaty" that produces such results to farmers and shippers.

If we take a trip up the Welland Canal we will find ship timber in large quantities being sawn to build vessels in the United States while our own ship-yards are comparatively empty. How is it? it will be asked. Where is the enterprise of our shippers? We answer there is no enterprise where there is no money. The farming and shipping interests of the country having, by the action of the Reciprocity Treaty, been so injured through the losses of our shippers in the forwarding trade and the withdrawal of \$50,000,000 of gold for their products. There is no money left. That assertion scarcely needs proof, but we will give it.

A ship building firm, on the Welland Canal, who have several vessels afloat, and are rich, but needed less than a \$1,000 for two or three months to pay their men. The bank refused to let them

have it to pay men with, but offered them \$10,000, if they would take it to the States to purchase grain to load the vessels they had running.

#### THE REASON.

The \$50,000,000 given to the Yankees has used up all the capital of the banks, and within a trifle all they could borrow, therefore they dare not lend their notes on two or three months for fear they will be presented—as they would be—before they would get their pay for the note discounted, whereas, if the money was paid out for grain in the States they would get in the gold from the sale of the grain before their notes are returned upon them. And yet our currency is called the best in the world. Can absurdity go farther?

A parallel case is, when a man lends for interest his own note, not on interest, with the assurance virtually given that he will be paid before his own note comes due, for he has no money to meet it.

The end of the ship building industry of the country is, that vessels are built in the States with the money our legislature bribed them to take, and more or less of the vessels are brought to Canada and sold to a people who have furnished them the timber, which they can do by paying 20 per cent duty; while, if a Canadian wants to sell a vessel there, he would have to pay from 40 to 50 per cent duty, is really prohibited. He consequently has only his own market to supply, and is in danger of having it glutted any day by the Americans.

#### THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Example: This year there is but little for tugs to do on Lake Erie. One was brought to Canada and sold. The tug business in Canada is limited. A firm at Kingston has ample tugs to do the whole business of the lakes from Hamilton to Prescott. On a trip from Prescott to Kingston, not long since, we observed an American tug thus bought towing a raft, aided by an American tug, which is an infringement of our *Revenue* laws, except by special permit, which they have found no difficulty in procuring of our government. Thus American tugs are sold to Canadians, and American tugs unsold to them are doing the work, and will get for it the Canadian gold, while, on arriving at Kingston, we found our Canadian tugs lying idle at the docks. In busy times the American tug

have work in their own waters; when out of employment they will come and work in Canada for less than they charge at home, not only depriving our own people of work, but cut prices so as to make it folly for any capitalist to invest in Canadian enterprises.

The firm we referred to, Messrs. Calvin and Beck, have, we believe, fifteen steamers arranged with powerful engines for tugging, and employ from 800 to 1,000 men. The system in vogue tends to ruin them, to enrich the Yankees, and to destroy all confidence on the part of business men in the wisdom of our legislature, or the propriety of wasting their energies and capital in a country, so far as its material prosperity is concerned, so scandalously misgoverned.

There was also a cheap floating elevator brought this summer from the States to Kingston, to divide the business with men who had invested their capital in a permanent structure.

#### TO CHICAGO.

If we go to Chicago, or any other American port, our vessels have to pay a tax of 10 cts. a ton of the vessel's capacity, for the right to come away, while they come and go from our ports free. If our vessel is 360 tons, it is rated by them at 400, and we have \$40 to pay.

Under the Reciprocity Treaty we were to have a free interchange of products; but now they charge us an export duty on all the cotton, tobacco and hides, we purchase of them, which is an injury to our manufacturers, and enables them to secure undue advantage in our markets, which virtually reduces our tariff to them upon all goods manufactured from their products.

#### CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.

The Canadian government, on the other hand, allow them to come to Canada and take our products—free. They annually take from Canada immense quantities of unmanufactured timber and saw-logs. From one stream alone called "Big Creek," in the county of Norfolk, it is said, \$500,000 worth were taken the past year. On several streams entering into the Bay of Quinte, all the pine logs for thirty or forty miles back have been stripped off, so that in large tracts there is not enough to put up the necessary farm buildings. That was done through the sale of "timber limits." A saw

mill was put up in the township of Clarendon, back of Napauce, when it was ready to run the owner of the "timber limit"—if we recollect right, the Hon. Mr. Skead—sent on men and slashed down all the pine timber within reach of it. The investment was worthless—the man ruined—and a new settlement deprived of building lumber. On the "Big Creek" referred to there is \$100,000 worth of saw-mills idle, rotting down, in consequence of the Americans preferring to raft the logs across the lake in place of shipping the lumber. The slabs pay for the rafting, the lumber thus costs nothing for carriage, and American towns and cities are built up through the manufacturing of it.

Why not take a leaf from American political economy? Why not put on an export duty which would retain that manufacturing in our own country? when by the way, under a wise government, the lumber would all be wanted to build up our own towns and villages, in place of those in a foreign country.

What must business men and capitalists think of the government of a country whose ideas and acts are antagonistic to its material prosperity? It is easy to conceive what they must think when on property, thus idle and rotting down on their hands, they are compelled to pay taxes to support the government which thus indirectly deprives them of their hard earned accumulations.

#### ANOTHER FACT.

A load of lumber is shipped for Albany, on a Canadian "craft," to be carried through. Arriving at Tonawanda, on the Erie canal, "where from?" is the enquiry: Canada. Where bound? "Albany." "Unload!" Why? No Canadian *craft* goes through those gates. And yet American vessels float gaily through all our canals. Again; if a Canadian vessel loads at Chicago for San Francisco, it is called coasting.

#### LOOK ABROAD.

Look abroad over Canada and investigate its various industrial pursuits, and wherever you look you will see that the whole legislation of the country is apparently particularly directed for the benefit of foreign lands, to the injury of the agriculture, manufactures and shipping of this Province.

## BANK AVERAGES.

1864.	CAPITAL.	DISCOUNT.	SPECIE.	CIRCULATION.	DEPOSITS.
July 31.	\$27,397,663	\$46,086,547	\$5,116,127	\$8,954,440	\$24,209,463
Aug. 31.	27,661,222	46,739,451	4,512,448	8,811,433	25,114,996
Spt. 30.	27,702,459	46,809,309	4,639,394	8,525,475	24,486,961

During the past three months there has been an increase of \$457,853 Bank Capital paid in, \$272,780 of which is the amount paid up of the new Merchant's Bank. The Deposits have increased \$1,174,233; the specie decreased \$278,189. If we add together the increase in capital and deposits, and decrease in specie, it will be \$1,910,275. If there is no more specie in circulation than there was three months ago, it will show that the country has that much less money than it should have. If we deduct the decrease of Bank Notes in circulation we will have \$1,487,826; that the Banks are comparatively weaker in money than they were three months ago.

1863.	CAPITAL.	DISCOUNT.	SPECIE.	CIRCULATION.	DEPOSITS.
Sept. 31.	\$26,807,642	\$45,740,007	\$7,247,381	\$9,985,801	\$22,121,469

Comparing, in the same way, our position on the 31st September, 1864, with our position September 31st, 1863, we find an increase of \$894,817 of Banking capital, an increase of \$2,635,482 in deposits, and decrease of \$2,607,787 in specie—a total of \$5,867,096, showing a decrease of that amount of money for the country. If we deduct from that amount \$1,460,326 for less notes in circulation, the balance of \$4,406,770 will show a balance of that amount against the Banks in their gold account for the same year.

Will the *Witness, Globe*, or any one else, indicate from those facts where the signs of the "coming inflation" are? To remember, at the same time, that we have bought \$11,148,280 more in the first six months of 1864 than we have sold. If there is not an increase in deposits and specie, during the next three months, it will show the country in a worse state than we even think it is. Let business men, therefore, remember that in proportion to that increase or decrease will be the progress to the coming crisis.

## EXPORTS AND IMPORTS OF CANADA FOR 14½ YEARS.

	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.	EXCESS.	INTEREST ON EXCESS AT 6 PER CENT.
1850—	\$12,943,795	\$16,682,049	\$4,738,254	\$3,149,705
1851—	13,810,405	21,434,149	7,623,755	5,489,556
1852—	15,317,807	20,286,483	4,968,676	3,279,463
1853—	23,801,203	31,971,436	8,170,233	4,902,070
1854—	23,039,180	40,529,328	17,490,148	9,422,872
1855—	28,188,461	36,086,170	7,897,709	4,264,958
1856—	32,047,017	43,584,487	11,537,470	5,518,794
1857—	27,006,424	39,430,799	12,424,374	5,513,234
1858—	23,472,609	29,078,527	5,605,918	2,018,130
1859—	24,766,981	33,555,161	8,788,180	1,716,730
1860—	34,631,890	34,447,935		
1861—	36,614,195	43,054,836	6,440,641	1,059,397
1862—	33,596,125	48,600,633	5,104,508	1,812,540
1863—	41,831,532	45,964,493	4,132,961	247,977
1st. 6 m <sup>th</sup> to June 30	1864— 12,729,105	23,877,385	11,148,280	
<b>TOTALS.</b>	<b>\$383,946,539</b>	<b>\$508,982,418</b>	<b>\$125,035,879</b>	<b>\$48,100,331</b>

The above table of imports and exports shows, first, that for the first 6 months of 1864, after adding to the exports \$750,000 for short returns, we have imported \$11,148,280 more than we have exported. Second, that we have in 14½ years bought \$125,035,879 more than we have sold. That the interest that would accrue on those over-importations at the rate of 6 per cent, paid annually would be \$48,100,331. Of those over-importations we have paid the Americans \$36,611,388 in gold, moreover, we have paid them in lumber and timber, which is the same as gold to us, \$14,000,000, in round numbers, making \$50,000,000 for products we could, and would, with sound legislation have produced ourselves.

# THE FAMILY MAGAZINE.

## THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship *Peter-sham*. She was an old craft and had seen just as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice was above the water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm region of the gulf stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury, for the shock was light; but I was angry, and gave the look-out a severe punishment without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in time to escape it.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated, that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright intelligent lad. I soon made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever met with. I made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and had resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I had done with him. In reply he told me that I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen top-gallant

halyards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he'd got enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished to. I felt a strong inclination to put him overboard, but at that moment he staggered against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most intelligent and faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it then came the disposition with which I found fault.

One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him to bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me: the next time I spoke I ripped out an oath, and intimated that if he did not move I'd help him.

"I didn't hear you," he said, with an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I suppose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion-way.

His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again like that, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life," said I.

"You can flog away," he replied, firm and undaunted as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope and beat him till

my arm fairly ached ; but he never winced.

"How's that," said I.

"There's a little more life in me : you'd better flog it out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail ; and I sent one of my other men for my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down, and swore I would keep him there till his stubborn will was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunction of conscience for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. "I will do it," I said to myself ; "I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation."

After supper I went to the hatchway and called out to him, but he returned no answer. At ten o'clock I called again, and again got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they heard him not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him. I called out several times but he would make no reply, and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. He'll beg before he'll starve, I thought ; and so determined

to let him stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulkhead in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused, and threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hole thirty-six hours, and all of forty without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there of actual starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and jumped down upon the boxes alone. A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to this point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out there, but could get no answer. A short distance further was a wide space which I had entirely forgotten, but which I remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would let anything that might have been stored there rest directly upon the thin planking of the ship. To this place I made my way and looked down. I heard the splashing of water and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing ; but as I became used to the dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him, and thought he looked up—"Jack, are you there ?"

He answered in a faint, weary tone,



"Yes! help me! Do help me! Bring men and bring a lantern; the ship has sprung-a-leak!"

I hastened, and headed in a more eager tone,—

"Make haste, I will try and hold it till you come back."

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken, and would burst in any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the plank before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw the plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up.

Other men were called down with planks and spikes and adzes, and, with much care and trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak and averting the danger. The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long before we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I know it must be where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin and there he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead-lights, he looked for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were very sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and was sure

that he saw a small jet of water springing up through the bottom of the ship. He leaped down, and, in a few moments, found that the timber had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go and the ship be lost, and perhaps all hands perish. And also saw, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask, and called for help. But he went too far away—so low down, with such a mass of cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talk to himself, and there he sat, with his feet braced, for four-and-twenty hours, with the water spirting all over him, and drenching him to the very skin. He had several times thought of going to the hatchway and calling for help, but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His limbs were racked with pain, but he would not give up. I asked if he should not have given up, if I had not come to time as I did. He answered that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself; he was ready to die; but he would save the rest if he could—and he had saved us, surely saved us all from a watery grave.

The boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands; nursed him through all his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms round my neck, and told me if I would be kind

to him he would never give me cause of offence; and, added as he sat up again—

“I am not a coward; I could not be a dog.”

I never forgot those words; and from that hour I never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men, that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue licence; but make my crew feel that they have a friend and superior in the same person.

For nine years I have sailed in three different ships with the same crew. A man could not be hired to leave me, save for an officer's birth. Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of my foremost hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me he refused the command of a new bark, because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best the country ever offered. Such, gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard.

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SINGING.—The effect of music is powerful. In a school it has a tendency to promote cheerfulness and help discipline. It also furnishes a pleasant relaxation from study. Wherever it has been faithfully and systematically tried, with well qualified instructors, it meets with general commendation. To unite in singing at the opening of a school, seems to compose the mind and fit it for study; and to sing at the close of the school, when the perplexity and duties of the day are over, tends to allay all irritable feeling—to unite hearts—to bring rays of sun to clouded countenances, and make the associations of the school-room pleasant and inviting. Good singers, have been in all ages and countries, fully appreciated. They are welcomed everywhere; at the fireside, the festive board

—at the altar and at the grave. The sweet music of the voice has more power “to soothe the savage breast” than the purest instrumental notes.—*Maine Teacher.*

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### PICKING BERRIES IN THE RAIN.

Do you remember, Emma,  
One misty afternoon,  
Of a sweet, blue, laughing summer,  
That passed away too soon,  
When we with willow baskets,  
Went over hill and plain  
With John and his umbrella  
For berries in the rain,

Oh! how we laughed and shouted!  
As free as were the birds,  
Provoked to mirth uproarious,  
By Johnny's witty words;  
And when the rain came pouring  
In torrents from the cloud,  
Crouched beneath the umbrella,  
We woke the echoes loud.

And when the sun was setting,  
And glory lit the hill;  
And clouds and mists were fleeing,  
We picked the berries still;  
And piled them high, and higher,  
Beneath the golden light,  
And watched the twilight armies  
Draw up the eve of night.

I watch the golden sunset,  
When mist and clouds depart,  
Then memory lifts the pictures,  
I've treasured in my heart;  
And brightest of these pictures,  
And one that brings no pain,  
It is a gay group picking berries  
Beneath the summer rain.

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Religion is the best armour, but the worst cloak.

A liar is daring towards God, but a coward towards man.

## THE LOST SON.

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beatty's church, Union street, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service. A holy calm hung over the city; no discordant noise broke the solemn stillness of the day of rest and worship; scarcely a whisper was heard in the assembly of waiting worshippers who crowded the broad pavement on which I stood. All seemed profoundly impressed with the solemn and sacred character of the day, the place, and the occasion which had called them together. It was, in short, a Sabbath in the land of Knox and Chalmers. I had been in this position probably ten or fifteen minutes, when I observed two young men turn a corner and walk towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. Some of the bystanders expressed their horror at the occurrence, others wondered what had become of the police; but my mother turned to me, and said "Follow these two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully and began to swear; the other paused and pondered, and was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away. But he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, "When I was a boy like you, I have went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three

years. *I don't feel right.* I believe I will go with you." I seized his hand and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. The doors were now open, and the church was filling rapidly; we entered, and I conducted him to the pew where my mother was already seated. A most excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. 11: 1: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it in many days." The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast.

At the conclusion of the service he hastened out of the church, but he was closely followed, and soon overtaken by my mother, who kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible, young man?" "No, ma'am; but I can get one," was his reply. "Well, take my son's Bible until you procure one of your own. Read it attentively during the week, and come to meeting next Lord's day. I will be always happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the Bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closest devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. My mother looked at him with great earnestness, and a

gleam of satisfaction and thankfulness overspread her pale intellectual features. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid down my Bible, and left the house without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired, of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed "W.C." The writer stated that he had been confined to his room by sickness for the previous two weeks. He declared his inability to express his gratitude to my mother, for the interest she had manifested in his spiritual welfare: he asked to be remembered in her prayers, and concluded by stating that he was an Englishman, and would return to his native land in about ten days.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest, I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18— the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay. Between us and Penguin Island, I observed a man-of-war which I had seen before and knew well; it was her Majesty's brig *Chanticleer*, of ten guns, Commander Forbes, on a surveying expedition. The surgeon of the brig, Dr. G—, had been my preceptor, and I resolved to pay him a visit. After dining with the gun-room officers, he proposed that on the following day, which was the Sabbath, we should attend meeting in Capetown. "It will remind us," he said, "of old times, when we used to go arm in arm to church in Union street."

Next day, in company with my friend, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman seated behind me asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I was mounting the steps in front of the hotel where I was to dine, when the same gentleman laid his hand on my

shoulder and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under intense emotion. He appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, was tall and slender, and neatly dressed, but apparently in bad health. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, and birthplace. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beatty's church. I was astonished—the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life, from the time he left Scotland to the day on which we met so unexpectedly in a foreign land.

He was born in the town of Leeds, in the east-riding of Yorkshire, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade, where he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. He confessed that, on leaving the church, on the first Sabbath, he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and her son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday-school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days

he had embittered, and whose gray hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. His conviction of sin—his battlings with temptation—his repentance—his victory over the world—the growth of his faith in the great atonement—and finally, his peace in believing, formed a deeply interesting and instructive narrative. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been laboring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognised

it, and the examination of the writing, which is still legible on the blank leaf, assured me that I was not mistaken. You now see from what I was rescued by the unfashionable love and boundless grace of God, through your own and your mother's instrumentality. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beatty's text on the day of my salvation: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.' The proud, hardened, scoffing sinner is found, after thirteen years, a humble minister of salvation to the benighted heathen; and your sainted mother is doubtless enjoying the reward of those who turn many to righteousness—shining as the stars for ever and ever."

### THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A few winters ago a little girl was picked up on one of the most opulent streets in the city of New York, frozen to death. She was about ten years old, and aside from the wasted form and tattered habiliments, as pretty a child as we ever looked upon.

All ragged stands she on the street,  
Her wants need not be told,  
Her little hands and naked feet  
Are numb and blue with cold,  
She shrieks with fear as the heartless jest  
Comes from the passer by,  
And rising hopes within her breast  
Are chilled by mockery.

"Oh! please sir, something give I pray,  
My mother's very ill,  
We had no food all yesterday,  
To-day we hunger still."  
"Begone, you little brat, I'll kick  
You if you ask me more—  
I've heard that tale of mother's sick  
A hundred times before."

From alabaster girendoles  
The light steals softly forth,  
And on her ear sweet music rolls,  
And sounds of joy and mirth;  
Ah surely 'mid the glad ones there  
Are hearts that feel for woe,  
If that wee shivering thing did dare  
Up to the door to go.

She does—the marble steps she mounts,  
And trembling rings the bell—  
The menial comes, but to pronounce  
To her last hope its knell;  
He slams the door too in her face,  
And with a feeble moan,  
She strives to quit the gilded place  
Where all seems made of stone.

She sinks upon the icy ground,  
Too weak and worn to weep,  
And soon the revelers gather round  
The form that seems to sleep;  
They bear her to the bright fire-side  
And strive to rouse in vain—  
She's gone where mercy's not denied,  
She'll never beg again.

[EONERWAL.

## WHO AND WHAT ARE THE GIPSIES.

The popular belief points to Egypt as the birth-land of this mysterious people. This tradition, which is proudly and persistently held by the Gypsies themselves, was in the first instance contrived by the mediæval theologians, to suit some theory of biblical interpretation. It has no credible basis. Nor can the theory of a Jewish origin hold good. There is no affinity between the Gipsy and the Jew. Their habits present a perfect contrast.—“The Jews seek towns, the centres of population, where they can trade; the Gypsies on the contrary, spread over the country and the heaths.” The Jew is naturalised, and readily falls in with the habits and peculiarities of the people among whom he settles; the Gipsy, all the world over, is a stranger. The one is borne on the tide of civilization, the other retains the primitive barbarism.

Buttner, the philologist, was the first to throw out the hint that India was the cradle of this vagrant people. His view was subsequently confirmed by Grellman and Prichard, who discovered in the language of the Gypsies—a language which, with slight variations, they everywhere speak—some elements of affinity to the Sanscrit. The cause of the dispersion of the original race is involved in obscurity. Grellman speculates on the probability of their having been driven from India by the great invasion of Tamerlane. As, however, they must have belonged to a low caste (Grellman says the *Sudras*;) it is not likely that foreign invasion would lead to their dispersion. M. Esquiros supposes that certain depredations and misunderstandings with justice were the true secret of the expulsion of the Gypsies from their native land. If national characteristics be permanent, there is

too much ground for assuming the truth of this suggestion.

More than three centuries ago, Gypsies made their first appearance in England. Their reception was far from flattering. In two decrees of Henry VIII., they are represented as rogues and vagabonds, and commanded to quit the kingdom forever. So anxious were the English to get rid of them, that they were shipped to France forthwith, at the cost of the State. They must have made their way back again very rapidly, for we hear of them in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. According to the statutes of the period, the Gipsy was regarded as a capital offender; and in the days of the second Charles, thirteen Gypsies were gibbeted at Norfolk, for no other crime than belonging to the prescribed race. The statutes against the Gypsies were not repealed until the reign of George III.

There are in England five principal Gipsy tribes. The Stanleys have their headquarters in the New Forest—The Lovells hang on the skirts of the metropolis—The Coopers infest the royal demesne at Windsor—The Hernes traverse the northern counties—and the Smiths pitch their tents in the east of the island. Anxious to know the inner life of this strange people, M. Esquiros wandered over commons and deserted districts, with the hope of finding a Gipsy track. He was at last fortunate enough to light upon an olive-faced boy whose countenance and color betrayed his kindred. He induced the lad to lead him to the encampment. He describes his reception; it was certainly inferior to the hospitality which he encountered in Wales.

“I found myself in the middle of a wild and striking scene. A naked

hill though covered here and there with tawny heath, joined with the most majestic relics of the old forest; aged oaks whose shadows fell over the slopes of the hill, proudly displayed their gnarled limbs, and their scanty but gloomy foliage. The sun was setting on the right, in the horizon of hills whose torn flanks preserved the traces of old torrents that had disappeared. Nothing is more strange than the sight of a Gipsy camp amid this solitude and majesty of nature. Half a dozen tents were arranged in a semi-circle; and I noticed they were so arranged as to receive the rays of the rising sun. The men and women were seated on the ground around a fire, which, fed with green wood, produced more smoke than flame. . . . No one was busied with anything. Kettles hanging from a species of hook, under poles fixed in the ground, were singing the song of waters beginning to boil. A few mangy dogs displayed their heads among the bushes and began barking, though feebly, at the *Georgio*. The Gipsies kept up their indifferent and motionless attitude, they are like the savages, who notice everything, while appearing to have seen nothing. Two little girls of five or six, lively and black as demons, alone left the party, and came to ask alms of me.

Curious to know something of the art of fortune-telling, and to learn whether it had any principle or method, M. Esquiros withstood the charms of these lovely girls of the demon type, and was led into the presence of the guide's mother, an old woman who "would have gladdened the hearts of Rembrandt, Teniers or David Wilkie;" but who, notwithstanding certain traces of an ancient beauty, was hideous and ugly.— Either by a liberal use of those compliments which a Frenchman so well knows how to pay, or by the prospect of a more substantial benefit, our traveller succeeded in persuading her to

admit him to the inner circle of the camp, which contained about thirty persons. On entering the circle he was invited to take a seat on the grass, the only chair in the community being occupied by a Gipsy woman at least a hundred years old. Three old men whose "heads the winters had whitened," and one of whom "resembled the statue of Silence," were warming their hands at the wretched fire. A fine fellow of forty, with an intelligent face, wearing a somewhat superior costume, as the chief of the band and a few ill-tempered looking women, with "gloomy flashing eyes," completed the picturesque circle.

The old sorceress, true to the inspiration of her age, began to draw a sketch of the good old times, when tents might be pitched anywhere without interference; and when donkeys and horses might regale themselves on the grass-lands of the farmer. Times, however, had so wofully altered, that it was next to impossible for the Gipsies to live; and in proof of the straits to which they were reduced, the old lady asserted that they had nothing for supper but a hedgehog, which had been found on the wayside. At this part of the recital, an unhappy chicken, imprisoned in a neighboring tent, lifted up its voice, to the dismay of the whole party, and to the special confusion of the old sorceress. Relieving her irritation by a few maledictions on the head of the offending fowl, she proceeded to state that the bird in question was being kept for the marriage of one of the daughters of the tribe. M. Esquiros gracefully relieved the general embarrassment by the gift of a crown, with which a boy was despatched apparently to a neighboring farm. He soon returned bearing a fowl in his arms, the very fowl of the ill-timed chuck. This they proceeded to cook for supper, in the following fashion:

"A square piece of turf was re-

moved, and a hole dug in the opening, which was filled with small wood. In the meanwhile the fowl's toilette had been made : this consisted simply in removing the entrails, and rolling it, feathers and all, in a paste of clay. This done it was laid on the sticks, arranged so as to burn easily, and the piece of grass laid over all as a lid."

This method of cooking, which will probably be new to all our readers, has many merits ; for not only does it impart a delicious flavor to the meat, but it has the charm of concealing the culinary preparations,—a very valuable quality in Gipsy life. In this very case it proved so. The farmer from whom the fowl had been stolen, came up in a rage, while the cooking was in process, to inspect the camp. He walked two or three times over the spot where the animal was secretly baking, without discovering its presence. Our traveller was puzzled, as probably our readers are, as to the mode of disposing of the feathers. The clay was broken with a hammer, the feathers came off themselves, and the dainty was served up on a wooden dish.

The English Gipsics, like their brethren all over the world, have no definite religion. They take their children to be baptised, but rather as a mode of identification than as a religious practice. They have no traditional faith, though some few dogmas of an ancient creed flit, like shadows of the past, over their imagination. The doctrine of the metempsychosis, is not altogether abandoned by them. But though without religion, they are not altogether without law. They have some recognized statutes, which, however, are few and simple.

"The first enjoins on the Gipsy to live with his brethren ; to reside under a tent like a traveller, and not in a house rooted in the ground. The second is chiefly addressed to the women ; it is proscribed to them an

absolute fidelity to their husbands. The third refers to the payment of debts."

These debts, of course, are only those which are contracted among themselves. It is not a point of honor with a Gipsy to pay promiscuous debts. But a gipsy who has borrowed from his brother will make any sacrifice to free himself from an obligation which he considers to be degrading.

The marriage ceremony is conducted with all the splendor they can give it, and is continued three days, during which the tent of the Romany is open to all. Wanderers though they are, the Gipsies exhibit the deepest anxiety respecting their places of burial. With little care for the future of their souls, their one ambition is a decent coffin and a quiet grave. So great is the respect for the wishes of their dying friends on this point that they have been known to transport the body more than a hundred miles, in deference to the request of the deceased. The clothes of a dead Gipsy is burned, as well as the straw of his bed. His rug, snuff-box, any old silver spoon, his horse or his donkey, are scrupulously preserved ; and nothing but the greatest distress will drive them to part with these relics of the dead.

The Gipsies are not without a literature. Their language is not to be confounded with the dialect of English thieves. "Daughter of the Sanscrit and the Zend, it has preserved traces of its noble origin." The first book printed in the Romany idiom was the Holy Bible, translated by Mr. Barrow. Of this translation the Gipsies are very proud, not because of its moral value, but because it seems to invest their tongue with a dignity before denied to it. Songs and ballads descriptive of Gipsy life, and not remarkable for their beauty, constitute the staple of the Romany literature. The idiom, like the very existence of the tribe, is fading away.



The nomad life must vanish before the march of civilization. Another generation will probably efface from England a people illustrious, at least, for their sorrows. Their present number in England is from twelve to fifteen thousand.

In the meanwhile can anything be done to ameliorate their condition? Strange to say there have been few organizations for the benefit of these wanderers. Philanthropy has generously undertaken every other form of want and sorrow. It has almost ignored the Gipsies. The late Rev. George Crabb and others met with little encouragement in their endeavors to modify the nomadic habits of the race—habits utterly inconsistent, of course, with civilization. A very few were induced to renounce a vagabond life; but some of these, impatient of restraints, relapsed into their native ways. There seems little hope of entirely breaking the chain of habit among the adult Gipsies. The hope lies with the children, if they can be torn, at an early age, from their perilous associations. Education alone, and persuasion, and gentle measures, can reunite them to the native population, reconcile them with a home, and attach them to the soil."

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MADNESS.—There is a certain degree of madness connected with anger. This is so wherever we see it; whether in the conduct of a Xerxes, who flogged the waves, and cast fetters into the sea to bind it, or in its constant outbreaks around us.

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DANDIES may become useful in the same manner as those slaves of Sparta who were made drunk in order to inspire children with a horror of intoxication.

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An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent, that he had "a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, and very little of the new man."

## THE GIPSEY GIRL.

BY MISS LONDON.

I live by the side of the greenwood tree,  
The elm and the ash are companions for  
me;  
Through the shadowy leaves with the  
summer I roam,  
And the hedge, with the hawthorn in  
bloom, is my home!

I know where the primrose first welcomes  
the south,  
Like a love-kiss—the last from a pale,  
sweet mouth,  
Which dies in its sorrow, and dying reveals,  
Too late and too vainly, the love which  
it feels!

The earliest violet's breath, through the  
grass,  
A message that woos me to stay as I pass,  
For I am the first in the spring to discover  
Their blue eyes, that laugh as they wel-  
come a lover.

The morning is glad and the morning is  
fair,  
Song, sunshine, and fragrance awake in  
the air;  
I feel like a flower that rejoices in light—  
Yet dearer to me is the presence of night.

For then I am conscious of knowledge and  
power—  
I see the clear planets cast bright in its  
power—  
I look in the depth of their light for a  
sign—  
I ask of the future and know it for mine.

I trace on the cards what the stars of night  
tell;  
The past is before me—the heart is my  
spell:  
To me, the sweet hope—the fond secret is  
known,  
The feelings of others are read by my own.

Nay, fear not, fair lady! your life's coming  
hours,  
They are clear as the stars, and fair as the  
flowers;  
There is one for whose sake to the green-  
wood you came;  
Oh! lady, you blush; shall I whisper his  
name?

## BEGINNING LIFE.

I began life by running away from home, Bolieau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attila started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, and which he palmed off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard "words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running from home arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with little more than friendship, Helen Graham, "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted such a length of time, that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time was to come when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "greeneyed" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighbouring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we proposed to carry Helen across as we were accustomed to with hands interwoven "chair fashion," and thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I knew not for we had carried Helen across the brook

ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quick, or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank I wished Donald at the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous I burst out with—

"You need na haud sae gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa.' I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald can carry half of ye."

Surprised at the vehemance of my tone, our qucen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my power. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most essily, and I settled with myself privately in advance that the one who had obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned with Helen, with the utmost care I carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was

with feelings unknown before that I and pain.

embraced her beautiful form, and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But alas, in the very deepest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise till fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability bearing her in his arms a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house Helen feeling dry and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than generally attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated, in short, everything but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and heightened impression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now governess of a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and I was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the cause which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request proceeded to relate my ford adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:

“Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?”

I gazed an instant, remembered—and was dumb-founded. The lady with whom I had thus become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married. Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As

we approached in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of a laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style—

“Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken ye’r old fren’s?”

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to our old friends.

Different men start in life in different ways. I believe that mine, however, is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

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### THE ANGEL LIFE.

I was at a school examination a few days ago, and when a class stood up to read, the teacher selected a lesson in the Fourth Book, descriptive of the proceedings of the ichneumon-fly. This fly is provided with a sort of sting; and, seeing a caterpillar, she pierces him and leaves some of her eggs in his flesh, where they hatch into little worms. The most wonderful part of this proceeding is, that the caterpillar does not die, but goes on feeding and creeping about as before!

You have often heard that caterpillars, if no accident befall them, will become butterflies. And some good little boys I know, are very careful not to hurt the poor little caterpillars. They want to see as many butterflies as possible next year; and they know that for every caterpillar they kill, there would be one

butterfly less. If I find a caterpillar in the house, (for he doesn’t know I would rather not have him there, and so he comes in without invitation,) I carry him carefully out, and put him among the grass. You may ask “Where is the butterfly about him?” Ah, it’s there somewhere! There’s butterfly about him, or else he would never become a butterfly. Look at a grain of wheat. Where is the stalk and the leaf? It is there! You see that little knob near one end. That is the *germ*. Well, if you could unroll that little germ, you would find the stalk and leaves and ear of wheat all there, rolled up! And so with the caterpillar. He has butterfly-wings, all folded up, inside of his homely coat! But now happens a sad thing with the poor caterpillar which this fly has stung. He never comes out in butterfly shape the next spring, like the others! The *germ* of his butterfly-life has been destroyed by these little grubs. So ants destroy the germ of the wheat grains they store up for winter use, that they may not sprout and grow. The wheat seems as round and pretty as ever, but if it were sown, it would never grow. The little stalk and leaf, so beautifully rolled up in the germ, are gone. So with the caterpillar; the little butterfly hidden in his body, is killed; and when he dies, he never lives again.

Now, a good man, Archbishop Whately, thinking over this strange fact, tells us to mark how like sin were these grubs, and how like the caterpillars were we, when sin becomes deeply seated within us. The Fourth Book does not say anything of this, and so I could not help telling it to the class who were reading. Every little child has Angel wings all folded up within him, and he may hope one day to spread them in the heavenly air, and begin his Angel life. But he who allows sin to eat out his Angel life, will have no wings to spread! We cannot always tell when the wings are gone; but I think the person generally knows it himself. But I have known children who were sure *their* wings were safe. They seemed as if they felt them fluttering. They loved Christ so much, that they wished to fly home to him, if it were only his will to let them! Sometimes they get their wings much sooner than we parents wish! Dear little friends, are you sure your wings are safe?

## THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

The burning East hath caught a sign,  
 Upon the brow of night,  
 And starts the sage to see it shine  
 O'er all the morning light ;  
 A stranger with his step of fire,  
 Upon the starry way,  
 And wings that tarnish not, nor tire,  
 Amid the blaze of day,  
 But keeping still his flashing eye  
 Unshut, amid the sun-bright day

He is not of the stars who sang,\*  
 At that primæval birth,  
 When all their lyres with music rang,  
 To hail the young bright earth ;  
 When swelled the earth's high anthem out,  
 And pealed the spheres abroad,  
 And one wide pean met the shout,  
 From all the " Sons of God !"  
 He fought not with the starry train †  
 That fought on Kishon's ancient plain ;

Whence comes that glorious messenger ?  
 Why came he not before ?  
 Chaldea hath no form so fair,  
 In all her planct-t-love :—  
 The Gheber knoweth not that star,  
 Amid his creed of fire ;  
 Nor hath its beauty hailed from far,  
 The mariner of Tyre,  
 When midnight with her spirit-train,  
 Looked o'er the Idumæan main !

It prophesieth in the skies ;—  
 Oh ! Where hath it been hid,  
 For ages ; mid the myriad eyes  
 That watch the pyramid !  
 The Persian, with his starry wit,  
 He cannot speak its name ;  
 And who shall read the story writ  
 Upon its brow of flame !  
 It hath no page in Grecian art,  
 Nor sign on Zoroaster's chart !

It spreadeth forth its glittering wing,  
 And beckoneth to the west,  
 And circleth, like a living thing,  
 In haste—that may not rest :—  
 The sage hath watched its course afar,  
 And pondered it apart,  
 Till, lo ! the story of that star

\* Job 38, 7.—When all the morning stars  
 sang, &c. † Judges 5, 20.

Beams in upon his heart—  
 And brightly rises on his soul,  
 The legend of its burning scroll !

'Tis he ! 'tis he ! the light of whom  
 Those ancient prophets told,  
 The star that should from Jacob come,\*  
 To shine on Judah's fold !  
 The East shall offer odours sweet,  
 To meet its rising smiles,  
 And kings bring presents to his feet  
 From Tarshish and the Isles, †—  
 And Sheba from the desert far,  
 Be summoned by that herald star.

The angel, with his sword of flame.  
 Who watched on Eden's towers,  
 When Adam in his hour of shame,  
 Went weeping from its bowers,—  
 Perchance to that same shining power  
 The gentle task is given,  
 To point, in this redeeming hour,  
 The pathway back to heaven,—  
 And keep the new and better road  
 That opens to the tree of God.

Along the wild like ships at sea,  
 The pilgrim camel rides,  
 And through the heavens silently  
 That glorious banner glides :  
 The desert fiend, with breathless haste,  
 Stalks faint and far away,  
 And like a garden blooms the waste,  
 Beneath the holy ray,—  
 When they who weary not, nor rest,  
 Are travelling, star-led, to the west.

When Judah heard the voice of God,  
 On Egypt's hostile plain,  
 And shook again her hair abroad,  
 And flung away her chain,—  
 She followed through the desert-way,  
 Alternate gloom and light,  
 And that was, still, a shade, by day,  
 Which gleamed a fire, by night ;  
 And morning saw the Godhead shroud  
 Behind the Pillar of the Cloud !

But onward, onward gliding, still,  
 Afar and yet afar,  
 By day and night—o'er plain and hill  
 Looks out yon golden star !

\* Numbers 24, 17. † Psalm 72, 10.

Oh! never herald's presence, yet,  
 With such a glory shone;  
 And, sure, such guide must bring the feet  
 Unto a gorgeous throne;  
 And who shall meet his awful eye  
 Whose burning couriers walk the sky!

Yon herald halteth suddenly!  
 And with their fragrant freight,  
 The stately camels stoop the knee  
 Before—a stable—gate!  
 Oh! He, whose name was first on high,  
 Is lowliest in his birth;  
 And he whose star is in the sky,  
 Hath but a crib on earth;—  
 And they—the wise—have trod the wild,  
 To bow before—a little child;

So guided by that eastern ray,  
 The lowly and the poor  
 May gather precious truths, to-day,  
 Beside that stable door;—  
 That not unto the highest, here  
 The highest place is given;  
 And they who serve below, may wear  
 The starry crown in heaven:  
 And shining throngs still keep the road.  
 That leads the Christian to his God!

—♦♦♦—

**"WE SHALL BE CHANGED."**  
 STORY OF THE WORM.

On one of our autumn days, during what we call our Indian summer, when the beaver and musk-rat do their last work on their winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves away to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm haze over all the fields, a little child went out into his father's home-lot. There he saw a little worm creeping towards a small bush. It was a rough, red, and ugly-looking thing. But he crept slowly and patiently along, as if he felt he was a poor, unsightly creature.

"Little worm," said the child, "where are you going?"

"I am going to that little bush yonder, and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. Nobody will be sorry, and that will be the end of me."

"No, no, little worm! My father says that you won't *always* die. He says you will be '*changed*,' though I don't know what that means."

"Neither do I," says the worm. "But I know, for I feel that I am dying, and I must hasten and get ready; so good-bye, little child! We shall never meet again!"

The worm moves on, climbs up the

bush, and there weaves a sort of shroud all around himself. There it hangs on the bush, and the little creature dies. The child goes home and forgets all about it. The cold winter comes, and there hangs the worm, frozen through and through, all dead and buried. Will it ever "live again?" Will it ever be changed? Who would think it?

The storms, the snows, and the cold of winter go past. The warm, bright spring returns. The buds swell, the bee begins to hum, and the grass to grow green and beautiful.

The little child walks out again, with his father, and says:

"Father, on that little bush hangs the nest or house of a poor little worm. It must be dead now. But you said, one day, that such worms would 'be changed.' What did you mean? I don't see any change?"

"I will show you in a few days," says the father.

He then carefully cuts off the small limb on which the worm hangs, and carries it home. It looks like a little brown ball, or cone, about as large as a robin's egg. The father hangs it up in the warm window of the south room, where the sun may shine on it. The child wonders what it all means! Sure enough, in a few days, hanging in the warm sun, the little tomb begins to swell, and then it bursts open, and out it comes, *not* the poor, unsightly worm that was buried in it, but a beautiful butterfly! How it spreads out its gorgeous wings! The little child comes into the room, and claps his hands, and cries—

"Oh! it is changed! it is changed! The worm is '*changed*' into a beautiful butterfly! Oh, father, how could it be done?"

"I don't know, my child. I only know that the power of God did it. And here you see how and why we believe his promise, that we all shall be raised from the dead! The Bible says, it does not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be '*changed*.' And we know that God, who can change that poor little worm into that beautiful creature—no more to creep on the ground—can change us, our '*vile bodies*,' and make them '*like Christ's own glorious body*.' Does my little boy understand me?"

"Yes, father."—*Rev. Dr. Todd in S. S. Times.*

## MY NEGRO SABBATH SCHOLAR.

It was one of those perfect Sabbaths in the early June, that I walked with trembling heart along the locust-shadowed sidewalk leading to our little chapel. On that day was our colored Sunday school to be organized; and we, who only a few weeks since had professed before men and angels to love our Saviour, were to be enlisted in our Master's vineyard.

What can be done to improve the religious condition of the colored population, was a question which had long occasioned anxious thought among the goodly of our village. Originally slaves they had, when the law of liberation was proclaimed through New York, refused to remove further than grassy common, where almost within the shadow of "massa's house," they were allowed to build their humble cabins. Increased afterward in numbers, the suburbs of the town had become edged with their miserable tenements. One or two attempts were made to establish preaching among them by a minister of their own race, but thus far without success. True to the "brick ohurch," a part of the gallery was set apart especially for their use. Still the "dark corner," (as the mischievous niggers called it) was only occupied by a few old uncles and aunties, while the rest, though within sound of the sweetest of all Sabbath bells, were as utterly without God in the world as their brethren in Africa.

At length a Sabbath school was determined on. As most of those able and willing to work were already engaged, one of the officers of the church volunteered to superintend the school, provided he might have the assistance of a band of young girls, who had hitherto been privileged to assemble week after week as a "Bible class"

in the pastor's study.

On the first Sabbath, about thirty or forty children were assembled, of all ages and sizes, with wondering eyes; and in a few moments I found myself seated in a chair before six boys, whom I at once recognised as some of the worst village urchins, always to be seen at the depot or on the hotel steps, laden with baskets of apples and peanuts, they their own best customer. I was about to ask for more hopeful subjects, but our earnest superintendent only held out to me the class book and pencil—and I was alone with my destiny.

Among the names, I registered Andrew Jackson, Andrew Jackson, Jr., Marquis Lafayette, George Washington, and Byron Clarke. When about to inquire the cognomen of the last, I was forestalled by his calling out in a stentorian voice, "My name ain't nothing but Bill Jones; but I guess you have heard of the boy who sings nigger songs, and dances Jim Crow at the Harrison House." He was unfortunately not mistaken in his notoriety, and the task before me assumed a new magnitude. None of them could read, and after an hour of A B C, I proceeded to ask some simple questions of Bible history, of which I soon found that they knew absolutely nothing; their ideas of God even were as wild as those of the little Hindoos. So I began at the beginning. I spoke of the six days of creation; then of the deluge. When in my account of the ark and its wondrous freight, I was interrupted by one,

"Did they have any bears?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And lions?"

"Yes."

"Elephants?"

"Yes."

"Monkeys?"

"Yes."

And finally, Bill Jones, all eagerness, "Did they have a *clown*?"

And I found to my utter dismay, that my youthful auditors, certainly not incapable of association of ideas, had conceived of Noah merely as the proprietor of a menagerie, travelling in that wild waste of waters. Truly this was fallow ground. But our superintendent only smiled encouragement, and bade me go forward.

Sabbath after Sabbath rolled on, and rain or shine, my six boys were always in their places. They had learned to love the school, especially the sweet hymns; and their quick sympathies had gone out to one who at least tried to treat them gently and kindly. Of their affection I had many unmistakable proofs. Once I remember, walking in one of the quiet streets, I was suddenly startled by three sonorous cheers, and looking up I saw the "Marquis," Andrew Jackson, and Byron Clarke. Though not precisely the most agreeable greeting for a young lady, I could not in my heart do less than waive a return. Again they frequently brought to our door presents of flowers and fruit. In one instance the latter bore such a striking resemblance to some rosy-cheeked apples in a neighbor's orchard, that I was forced to reprove the boy, and the next Sabbath took for our "lesson talk" the eighth commandment. Not many days after the same child made his appearance at the kitchen, his hands filled with the first pond lilies of the season; and as he gave them to me, he said, "There, Miss Esther, you will like them, for *they's honest; God growed them in the outlet.*" Never, from that day to this, have flowers brought more true gladness to my heart than did those pure white blossom, plucked by swarthy hands in the "outlet," where "God growed them."

We established a missionary society among them, and many a penny, previously devoted to fire-crackers and the like, now found its way down the red chimney of our savings' bank. Poor Bill Jones had less to give than any of the boys, and this I plainly saw troubled him a great power. He had stopped "Jim Crow," first on Sabbath, and of late on week days; and this being his chief source of revenue, his spare pennies were few and far between.

One day, with a bright face, he asked me if it were not right to do good on Sunday. Of course I replied "Yes;" and then, if it was wrong to take money for doing good on Sundays. This was a nice distinction, one of which I felt him not capable of understanding, should I attempt it. So I simply said "No I think not." Though feeling rather curious I had no opportunity just then of asking as to these pious earnings. Next Sabbath the teachers were requested to wait a moment. A gentleman arose, not a member of our school, saying that a few hours since he had witnessed a scene which had so touched his heart that he could not forbear cheering us with the glad tidings. Passing the Harrison House, he noticed that the invariable group of Sunday-noon loungers had deserted their post. Just then his ear was caught by a clear, melodious voice singing. It seemed to come from the bar-room. Yes, as he drew near, from the open windows of that den of pollution, floated out on the summer air the words:

"Watchman tell us of the night—  
What its sign of promise are."

He stepped upon the platform and looked in. On a table sat a negro boy. About the room were hard-faced young men, and those older, on whose bloated features intemperance had set its livid brand. But they were all listening. The singer finished the last verse and then began again.



This time he sang,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

My own eyes were dimmed, said  
the gentleman, as he came to the lines,

"Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace."

It seemed as if for a moment an angel's wing brushed away the shadow from those darkened hearts, and tears moistened cheeks long unused to heart-rain. The singing stopped. "Go on, go on, we will pay you more," said one and another. "I cannot now," answered the boy "it is time for Sunday school, but I will sing again next Sunday, if you'll come." And as he put into his pocket the coppers that were handed to him, he said :

"I wouldn't take these only I am going to send these to the heathen ; I'll sing you the hymn—it's beautiful—about 'Greenland's icy mountains,' " and humming it to himself, Bill Jones left the bar-room.

Reader, should it ever be your good fortune to walk down this thickly shaded village street, on a Sabbath morn, you might, within those very halls, now pure and white, hear the rich baritone voice of "Bill Jones" leading in some song of Zion, and with many others, "plucked as brands from the burning."

The greatest truths are the simplest,  
and so are the greatest men.

The terror of being thought poor has  
been the ruin of thousands.

Liberality consists less in giving much  
than in giving wisely.

Who cannot keep his own secret, ought  
not to complain if another tells it.

The most splendid efforts of genius  
are less the effect of inspiration than they  
are of deep thinking.

## MEMORY ACQUIRED BY PRACTICE.

The history of the celebrated conjuror, Robert Houdon furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: they would pass a show window, and look in it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see who could recollect the greater number of things in the windows, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observations, by returning to the window, they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window once, and glancing at it as they passed, they would enumerate every article displayed in it.

## A TEXT A DAY.

A father taught his child, to say  
A text at breakfast every day,  
And ere at night he went to bed,  
Again the little text was said.

Friend—have you tried this simple plan?  
If not—now do—I'm sure you can—  
The youngest child will like to learn  
And say his little text in turn!

Begin betimes to sow good seeds—  
Or soon you'll see the noisome weeds,  
How easy thus to teach a child  
To be, like Jesus, meek and mild!

While you are teaching "God is love,"  
He'll pour His blessing from above,  
And while you thus your children train,  
He'll send his grace like early rain!

'Tis easy work—if you begin  
In early days—to wean from sin,  
Then teach your children every day  
At least one little text to say!

Few things are necessary for the wants  
of this life, but it takes an infinite number  
to satisfy the demands of opinion.

## STARTLING EXPERIMENT.

"In 1851, Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, in the presence of eminent physicians, and other scientific persons, resuscitated an alligator which had been killed by tying the trachea. After an hour, when neither fire nor the dissecting knife produced signs of pain, Dr. Dowler laid bare the lungs and the heart. Then a hole was cut in the trachea, below the ligature, and a blow-pipe was introduced, which Professor Forshey worked with violence. At length, a faint quivering of moving blood was seen in the diaphanous veins of the lungs. The inflating process being continued, the blood began to run in streams from the lungs into the quiescent heart. The heart began first to quiver, then to pulsate; and signs of life elsewhere appearing, the animal began to move; and soon strong men could not hold him. Again they bound him to the table, and kept the trachea tied until life was apparently extinct; when, again inflating his lungs, he so thoroughly revived that he became dangerous, snapping at everything, and breaking his cords. For the third time the trachea was ligatured—the animal expired and was resuscitated.

"Dr. Ely, of New Orleans, was one who had opposed and written against the theory of "circulation dependent upon respiration," an all important discovery made by the distinguished authoress Emma Willard. In the meantime, his infant son had cholera, and expired. His medical friends had left him, and crape was tied to the handle of the front door. Standing by the side of his lifeless babe, Dr. Ely said to himself "If this theory should be true, I might yet save my child." And profiting by the example of Cartwright in restoring the dead alligator, he restored his child to life. Remitting his efforts too soon—again the infant ceased to breathe. And again, and yet the third time, the father restored him—when the resuscitation proved complete; and months after, the child was living and in perfect health. Dr. Ely then came promptly forward, and, like a noble, honest man, reported the case as convincing evidence of a truth which he had formerly opposed."—*Theory of Circulation by Respiration.*  
By Emma Willard.

THE MORAL STANDARD.—To wrestle vigorously and successfully with any vicious habits, we must not merely be satisfied with contending on the low ground of worldly prudence, though that is of use, but must take our stand upon a higher moral elevation. Mechanical aids, such as pledges, may be of service to some; but the great thing is to set up a high standard of thinking and acting, and endeavour to strengthen and purify the principles, as well as to reform the habits. For this purpose, a youth must study himself, watch his steps, and compare his thoughts and acts with this rule. The more knowledge he gains of himself, the humbler will he be, and perhaps the less confident in his own strength. But the discipline will be found most valuable which is acquired by resisting small present gratification to secure a prospective greater and higher one.

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BE A GENTLEWOMAN.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dear child," said Gen. Jackson, once to a lady, in whose welfare he felt a deep interest, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother, your dear, good mother, say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and nasty in my temper, but it is a misfortune, which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

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A GOOD HINT.—Send your little children to bed happy. Whatever cares press give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

## TO NIAGARA.

Written at the first sight of its falls,  
August 18, 1838.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Mr. Buckingham is the celebrated oriental traveller, and was a member of the British Parliament.

Hail! sovereign of the world of floods!  
whose majesty and might  
First dazzles—then enraptures—then o'er-  
awes the aching sight—  
The pomp of kings and empires, in every  
clime and zone.  
Grow dim beneath the splendours of thy  
glorious watery throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress—no armies  
bid thee stay—  
But onward—onward—onward—thy  
march still holds its way;  
The rising mist that veils thee—as thine  
herald goes before—  
And the music that proclaims thee—is  
the thundering cataract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green—of the  
clearest, purest hue—  
Set around with waves of snowy foam, in  
spray of feathery dew.  
While tresses of the brightest pearls float  
o'er thine ample sheet,  
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems  
in tribute at thy feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient day—thy  
sceptre from on high—  
Thy birth was when the distant stars first  
lit up the glowing sky;  
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that  
shine upon thee now,  
Beheld the wreath of glory which first  
bound thy infant brow.

And from that hour to this, in which I  
gaze upon thy stream—  
From age to age—in winter's frost—in  
summer's sultry gleam—  
By day, by night—without a pause—thy  
waves with loud acclaim,  
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaim'd  
the great Eternal's name.

For whether on thy forest banks, the  
Indian of the wood,  
Or, since his days, the red man's foe, on  
his fathers' land have stood,  
Who'er has seen thine incense rise, or  
heard thy torrent's roar,

Must have bent before the God of all, to  
worship and adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O In-  
finite! O God!  
From this primeval altar—the green and  
virgin sod—  
The humble homage that my soul in  
gratitude would pay  
To Thee! whose shield has guarded me  
in all my wandering way.

## NEW NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

There is dismissal from Her Majesty's  
service with disgrace, forfeiture of pay  
and imprisonment not exceeding two  
years and with or without hard labour  
and corporeal punishment for "being  
guilty of any profane oath, cursing, ex-  
ecration, drunkenness, uncleanness, or  
other scandalous action in derogation of  
God's honor and the corruption of good  
manners."

If the above cited regulations could be  
applied to those Magistrates in Canada  
who are habitually guilty of one or more  
of the abominable practices referred to,  
there would be a great thinning out  
among them. It is high time that the  
representatives through whom they are  
appointed were regularly brought to task  
for recommending men to that position,  
who taking the oath of office regularly  
and systematically violate their oath, not  
only in their personal habits, but also in  
permitting the violation, not only of the  
law, but the Proclamation of our good  
Queen, made some two years since, com-  
manding all magistrates to be strict in  
punishing all parties guilty of profanity  
and such like criminal acts.

They pay no attention to the com-  
mands of the Queen, the laws of the  
country, or the laws of God. How long  
shall these things be? Very likely until  
the Ministers of the Gospel from their  
pulpits accustom themselves—as it is  
their duty—to urge upon their hearers  
the criminality of magistrates in this re-  
spect and the duty of all good men to  
demand the dismissal of such magistrates  
from office for violation of their oaths.

## HOW SHE GOT A HUSBAND.

In the early part of the eighteenth century a wealthy English baronet died, leaving his estates to a beautiful only daughter, who soon after disposed of herself in marriage in a very singular way.

Tradition and a cotemporaneous ballad concur in representing her as courted by many, but refusing all and keeping herself "fancy free" and heart whole, until attending a wedding at Reading, she met a young and handsome but poor attorney, named Benjamin Child, with whom she fell violently in love on the spot. For some days she reasoned with herself on the subject, trying to shake herself free of this sudden passion, but all in vain. Then, feeling that something must be done, but unable from confusion of mind to devise a proper course, she took the extraordinary step of sending the young man a letter, demanding satisfaction for injuries she alleged he had inflicted on her, and appointing time and place for a hostile meeting. Mr. Child was much surprised, and quite at a loss to conceive who the challenger could be. By the advice of a friend, however, he resolved to attend. The meeting may be described in the words of the ballad :

Early on a summer's morning,  
When bright Phoebus was adorning  
Every bower with his beams,  
The fair lady came, it seems.

At the bottom of a mountain,  
Near a pleasant crystal fountain,  
There she left her gilded coach,  
While the grove she did approach.

Covered with her mask, and walking,  
There she met her lover, talking  
With a friend that he had brought,  
So she asked him whom he sought.

"I am challenged by a gallant  
Who resolves to try my talent;  
Who he is I cannot say,  
But I hope to show him play."

"It is I that did invite you;  
You shall wed me, or I'll fight you  
Underneath those spreading trees;  
Therefore choose from which you pease.

"You shall find I do not vapor,  
I have sought my trusty rapier;  
Therefore take your choice," said she:  
"Either fight or marry me!"

Said he "madam, pray what mean you?  
In my life I've never seen you;  
Pray unmask, your visage show,  
Then I'll tell you ay or no."

"I will not my face uncover  
Till the marriage ties are over;  
Therefore choose you which you will,  
Wed me, sir, or try your skill.

"Step within that pleasant bower  
With your friend one single hour;  
Strive your thoughts to reconcile,  
And I'll wander here awhile."

While this beauteous lady waited,  
The young bachelors debated  
What was best for to be done,  
Quoth his friend, "the hazard run ;

"If my judgment can be trusted,  
Wed her first, you can't be worsted;  
If she's rich you'll rise to fame,  
If she's poor, why, you're the same."

He consented to be married;  
All three in a coach were carried  
To a church without delay,  
Where he weds the lady gay.

Though sweet pretty Cupids hover'd  
Round her eyes, her face was cover'd  
With a mask—he took her thus,  
Just for better or for worse.

The ballad goes on to state that the pair went in her coach to the lady's elegant mansion, where, leaving him in the parlor, she proceeded to dress herself in her finest attire, and by-and-by broke upon his vision as a young handsome woman and his devoted wife.

Now he's clothed in rich attire,  
Not inferior to a squire;  
Beauty, honor, riches' store,  
What can man desire more ?

It appears that Mr. Child took a position in society suitable to the fortune thus conferred upon him, and was high sheriff of the county in 1714.

As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference.

## THE STUDY OF LIFE IN THE STUDY OF SHAKSPEARE.

LECTURE BY HENRY GILES, ESQ.

Shakspeare is, in the most comprehensive meaning of the phrase, the poet of human life; and I propose to speak on the study of his works as a study. The lecturer then proceeded to speak of the study of life as a whole in Shakspeare. Direct observation is to any man extremely limited, even when a man's opportunities are the widest. The man who has travelled most and thought most, will yet have seen life in a very partial manner. If he has had a purpose, his purpose must have controlled the order of his enquiry—so that men and men's relations will appear differently, as seen by the naturalist, the trader, the moralist and the statesman. Nor will the writings of philosophers afford us the completeness for which we seek. It is the business of philosophers to take men to pieces. I blame them not for their method—it is a necessity of philosophy—for philosophy depends upon analysis. The lecturer then proceeded to speak of the different views of life taken by the theologian, moralist, legislator, jurist and poetical economist. Man, thus, as the object of either speculative or practical contemplation, is infinitely divided. So studied he is studied in abstract and separate relations, never as a living united whole.

The greatest advantage of all true poetry is, that it has its root in the intuitive elements of men's nature. In spite of time or change the states of conscience which poetry unfolds are those which belong to the inward and essential life. Poetry utters the Catholic spirit of humanity, but much even of the best poetry is, and must be fragmentary. Hebrew songs and Greek tragedies have living meaning

in them now as they had centuries ago. Homer had as vast a genius as Shakspeare—it must, on the other hand, be granted that Shakspeare had the superiority of experience. Shakspeare lived later in time. By so much as man he lived since Homer. Shakspeare had the inheritance of a mightier life. He had the huge capacity which could receive and hold that mighty life.

In the Shaksperian drama we have a condensation, an epitome of man's nature. We also study life distributively in Shakspeare; presented collectively in its unity, Shakspeare brings every reader into communion with a boundless society. There we have kings, courtiers, great rulers, great captains, great thinkers, great speakers, great doers; all the glory and pomp of station; all the might of action, all the majesty of mind. These we have in every order of character, both as to principle and aim.

But Shakspeare gives us no mere drama. He gives us a real world in this ideal world of his; a world as real—in some sense—as Livy or Gibbon, Robertson or Hume gives us. Not many of us can behold even the outside of a Palace; but by means of Shakspeare, I can go into the awful Roman Senate; I can behold the imperial Julius cover his face and bleed away his life; I can enter into the midnight solitude of Macbeth and his wife; I can hear out from the secrecies of human passion the whisperings of murder; I can look on Lear in his folly, watch him in his madness, see him as he signs away his Royalty to his daughters, and I can linger over him with pity as he dies in despair. I am thus intro-

duced into a world of the grandest personalities and energies. Then besides the multitudes of individualities in Shakspeare distinguished by grandeur and power, there is an equal multitude characterised by beauty and tenderness.

But Shakspeare does not leave us to study life merely in grandeur and beauty, he gives it to us also in oddity and rudeness, as the ideal of the sublime and fair, elevates the mind, he ideal of the vulgar and grotesque amuses it.

The lecturer then proceeded to review the vital principles of art which determine the law of the comic and tragic, and draw the line between that which is repulsive in the one case and horrible in the other. In this portion of the subject the native wit and humor of the lecturer flashed out in all its brilliancy, and he was loudly applauded. He proceeded to say:—

We study life in Shakspeare impartially, under three tendencies, which render it difficult to know man either as he is or has been. These are—the spirit of Partizanship, the spirit of Simulation, and the spirit of Egotism. The spirit of partizanship meets us in every direction in society; we lose the man in his modifications. A great deal of what comes before us in life is *seeming*, and not *existence*. “Men should be what they seem,” but they are not; and though character cannot wholly be disguised, nature is not the less perverted or restrained.

A spirit of egotism, a dim and narrow individuality, I have also marked as a hindrance to a large and clear intelligence of life. We decide on happiness and misery according to our own passions and desires—on good and evil by the standard of our own time and locality, also according to our own theories and prejudices.

Shakspeare never thus concentrates humanity or the universe into his own

individuality. Neither does he give us a mere abstract—a mere theoretic humanity. He gives us men and women in their genuine concrete existence. If Shakspeare were ever a partisan or a time-server, as some have dared to say—without evidence and against evidence—he has not in the least allowed his tendencies to control his work. His work stands clearly out from such tendencies—clearly out from himself. Life, as thus presented incites our minds to an impartial study of it, and with no confusion of distinctions or degrees. That life so presented in the region of the Ideal is a great mental advantage. The might and majesty of thought; the awful sacredness grief, as they come to us through Shakspeare, shew us the grandeur of humanity as we could not otherwise have seen it; they give us at the same time the temper to see it wisely.

We study life in Shakspeare sympathetically, and though it is presented to us impartially, it is not presented coldly; for one of the supreme qualifications of Shakspeare for teaching the knowledge of life, is the power with which he awakens sympathy. By sympathy I mean that consciousness wherein we feel with any doer or sufferer the sense of a common nature. Now it is through such sympathy that we can either learn or understand life, otherwise than merely on the surface. Without sympathy all that we see, and all that we hear are little more than appearances or echoes, with uncertain or false interpretations. Sympathy is inward light for the eye; inward sensibility for the ear; inward living soul for the whole man. It may be that the vastness of this soul in Shakspeare constituted the vastness of his genius.

Of Shakspeare in relation to study, I have no authority to speak; but speaking of him in relation to genius, I can say that “nothing human was foreign to him.” Nothing human,

therefore, was unknown to him. The fullness of his knowledge came by the fullness of his sympathy. I have said it is only through sympathy we can learn and understand life; for it is only through sympathy we can learn or understand man. The profoundest worth of experience itself consists in giving us the knowledge of our nature; and when that knowledge is deep and true, it includes the knowledge of our common nature in our individual nature. This is the experience which ripens into humility, charity, wisdom—which teaches that we have in us the elements of the worst humanity as well as of the best—which, if it lifts us up in admiration to the brave and godlike, moves us also with some touch of brotherhood for the basest. Now Shakspeare brings all our native sympathy into action. It is not that he places man before us in numberless relations; that he lays bare his soul; lets us look into every thought, image and emotion, it is that he shews us man in the utmost extent of his capacities and forces; that he sets man before us in situations which reveal to us, too, the extent of our own capacities and forces. We are carried out of ourselves and we are carried into others. This is done for us, not by logic and speculation, but by a very presence and agency of character. The study of life in the study of Shakspeare has a philosophic value. The multitude of spiritual facts alone, which the drama of Shakspeare contain, are for the student of human life of exceeding value. His metaphysics are not the less exact because they are set to music—nor the teachers of less authority because he is the king of poets.

I might shew the artistic value of this study; for to study the laws of our inward nature in their highest exemplification, is to study the conditions of truth and power in every work of creative genius. I might also show the poetic value of the study,

for it must be good to study life in that which exposes most perfectly, all that most inspires, all that longest moves it. Thought, truth, power and beauty—melted into the music of humanity, constitute the poetry, which is everlasting, and these are supremely felt in the poetry of Shakspeare. But I must pass on and make my last remark. The lecturer then proceeded to notice the practical value of the study of Shakspeare, and wound up his able and eloquent lecture with a brilliant peroration which elicited great applause from his delighted audience. The report we give is merely a summary, yet it is sufficient to show that Mr. Giles' talents as a lecturer are of a very high order, and such as must command an audience wherever he may go.

WHAT IS KNOWN OF SHAKSPEARE PERSONALLY.—That he was born in Stratford, April 23, 1564; that his father was poor; that he married Ann Hathaway, who was seven years his senior, and that their first child was born six years after marriage; that he went to London at the age of eighteen, and was connected with the Globe Theatre; that by acting, managing, and writing, he saved up some money; that he built a house in Stratford, and came there to live about 1608; that he was the companion of Ben Johnson; that his eldest daughter, Susanna, was married in 1607 to John Hall, a physician of Stratford; that he died in 1616, on the 23rd of April, (the day of his birth,) as we judge from the register of burial: "April 23, Will Shakspeare, gent." In those few lines, reader, all (sifted of tradition, conjecture, good stories, and much else) that is positively known of this man is summed up.

ONE angry word sometimes raises a storm that time itself cannot allay.

He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself has already begun his immortality.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

## THE WHITE ROSE.

Rose of the desert! thou art to me  
 An emblem of stainless purity,—  
 Of those who, keeping their garments  
 white,  
 Walk through life with steps aright.

Thy fragrance-breathes of the fields above  
 Whose soil and air are faith and love;  
 And where, the murmur of silver springs,  
 The Cherubim fold their snow-white  
 wings;

Where those who were severed re-meet  
 in joy.

Which death can never more destroy;  
 Where scenes without, and souls within,  
 Are blanched from taint and touch of sin;

Where speech is music and breath is  
 balm;

And broods an everlasting calm;  
 And flowers wither not as in worlds like  
 this;  
 And hope is swallowed in perfect bliss;

Where all is peaceful, for all is pure;  
 And all is lovely; and all endure;  
 And day is endless, and ever bright;  
 And no more sea, and no more night;

Where round the throne, in hues like  
 thine,  
 The raiments of the ransomed shine;  
 And o'er each brow a halo glows  
 Of glory like the pure White Rose!

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 H E A V E N .

HEAVEN! who will tell us where and  
 what it is? Why shall we be happier  
 there than here? Why is there such  
 music in the name, that the face of the  
 christian is lighted up with untold joy,  
 as it hangs upon his lips, or breaks upon  
 his ear? Whisper it to him when dying  
 —when the world, with all its pomp and  
 pageantry, have passed forever from his  
 vision, and eternity!—eternity with all  
 its dread realities—lies close before him,  
 and see what a glory overspreads his  
 features, and how joyfully those dull  
 eyes look out from their hollow homes,  
 like stars gleaming through the night;  
 and he answers with the last breath he  
 gives to earth, "Heaven! yes, I see it—  
 I am coming!"

Breathe it to the young convert while  
 his heart is full of JESUS' love, and you  
 might think the pure, sweet airs from off  
 the eternal plain were fanning him, or  
 that the enchanted music of the celestial  
 choir had entered in, and was rolling  
 majestically through the hitherto silent  
 aisles, and the vaulted roof of that temple  
 just swept and garnished, and consecrated  
 to the worship of God.

Heaven! Some have told us of a  
 spot somewhere in the unknown regions  
 of space, where calm, bright skies look  
 down eternally upon a scene of matchless  
 beauty and loveliness, where soft and  
 gentle winds freighted with the fragrance  
 of innumerable flowers, and bearing upon  
 their unseen wings the sweet songs of  
 birds and the music of the rustling foli-  
 age, are ever passing along, undisturbed  
 by chilling frost or unharmonious sound  
 — here field and forest, hill and valley,  
 are ever smiling in the perpetual green  
 of the early spring-time; where clear  
 streams murmur on through the green  
 meadows, and sparkle in the sunlight;  
 where the circling years bring no night,  
 no chilling winter, but the splendors of  
 noon-tide glory, and the soft, sweet airs  
 of a perpetual summer. All this, and  
 much more, have we been told of heaven;  
 and yet it gave us not so beautiful, so  
 glorious, so heavenly an idea of heaven,  
 as when in our boyhood we stood and  
 gazed entranced at the mild, yet splendid  
 beauty of the evening star, as it looked  
 from its blue home at us, and wondered  
 if it could be heaven. No fancy picture  
 can ever give us such a view of that  
 blessed home of God's people, as now  
 and then breaks through the windows of  
 the soul, flooding every avenue with  
 glory, and shutting out for a time every  
 earthly object. Such a view of heaven  
 we believe the christian sometimes gets,  
 when all that he can say of it is—"lo!  
 here is Heaven!"

Heaven! we know not where it will  
 be; whether upon this earth, renovated  
 and renewed, or whether upon some of  
 the glittering worlds that hang far off on  
 the confines of eternity; but this we be-  
 lieve—we know (and is it not enough to  
 know?) that GOD, our Father, will be  
 there, and JESUS, our Saviour, who died  
 for and bought us, will be there, and we  
 shall see him *face to face*, and we shall  
*know as we are known*.

There in the city of our God will be



found no temple; for the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY and the LAMB are the temple of it; and there will be no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God shall lighten it; and there shall be no night there. There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; and God will wipe away all tears from off all faces.

Heaven! when we speak it—when we write it—when it echoes through our hearts, we joy and rejoice in the blessed hope of a reunion with those we loved, gone to their reward, and the welcome we shall give those who follow us. O! what a reunion will that be! Eternity alone will reveal how much joy God has reserved for those that love Him. Ye who mourn the loss of some dear and cherished idol of your hearts, remember this and dry your tears! If God is *your* Father and Jesus your Elder Brother, surely it shall be your happy lot on some bright summer morning to clasp those loved ones to your bosom, to be separated no more forever! Yes! no more forever!

As God is infinite, the pleasures which He has in reserve for His children are infinite. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has laid up for those that love Him.

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### I AM GOING\* THERE.

Beyond the crimson sunset,  
Far, far beyond the skies,  
There is a heavenly country  
Where sunlight never dies;  
There is a glorious mansion,  
Where all is bright and fair—  
Christ has prepared the city,  
And I am going there!

Thousands of souls have gathered  
Into that heavenly home,  
Where sickness never enters,  
And sorrows never come.  
Saints with their lofty praises  
Around the throne repair;  
In heaven forever always praising,  
And I am going there!

My soul is sad to leave you,  
But oftentimes it seems,  
I hear the voice of Jesus,

Calling me in my dreams.  
You know I shall be happy;  
You must not then despair,  
For, oh! there is a heaven,  
And I am going there!

Sometimes I see those spirits,  
That bright angelic band,  
Who dwell with Christ forever  
In yonder blissful land.  
His name is on their foreheads,  
And conquering palms they bear,  
And I shall soon be with them—  
Yes, I am going there.

From friends' who love me fondly,  
And call me their delight!  
I go to higher pleasures,  
A world of heavenly light!  
A paradise eternal,  
Christ did for us prepare;  
He called me from my loved ones,  
But they will meet me there!

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### IMPORTANCE OF RECREATION.

The following felicitous passage occurs in the speech of Hon. Edward Everett, at the Webster Festival at the Revere House. The orator, in referring to Mr. Webster's taste for manly sports, added these words:

The Americans, as a people,—at least the professional and mercantile classes—have too little considered the importance of healthful, generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the very word which teaches that the worn-out man is *recreated*, made over again, by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties. The old world learned this lesson years ago, and found out (Herod. 1, 173) that as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man, forever on the strain of thought and action, will at last go mad or break down. Thrown upon a new continent—eager to do the work of twenty centuries in two—the Anglo-American population has overworked, and is daily overworking itself. From morning to night—from January to December—brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and the powers of the mind are in spasmodic, merciless activity. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations which are called amusements, but noble athletic sports, manly out-door exercises, are too little cultivated in town or country.

## THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

The idea of a whole nation being led in all their movements by the visible presence of Jehovah, is one of the most sublime and awe inspiring ideas which the mind can form a conception. Regarded simply as a natural phenomenon, the pillar of cloud and fire is one of the most remarkable that the world has ever known. Of its nature we are entirely ignorant; but it must have been wonderful in extent and brilliancy to be seen at once by the journeying millions of Israel. Probably, during the day, it extended as a cloud over the Israelitish host, protecting them from the severe heat of the climate in which they were journeying. "He spread His cloud for a covering;" We cannot wonder that Moses exclaimed, "What nation is there so great that hath God so nigh to them."

In view of God's special providence over the Jews and the wonderful manner in which he delivered them from bondage, and led them out of Egypt, keeping ever near them in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, we would naturally expect that their acts would be characterized by implicit confidence in God, and obedience to his will. Especially would we expect this after the summary manner in which He manifested His hatred of sin in the punishment of Nadab and Abihu, and the rebels Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. That they were not obedient, even after the special and wonderful manifestations of God's providence of love and wrath, is an illustration of the weakness of human nature, which remains the same through all time. There is in the conduct of men at the present time, a counterpart to the conduct of the Jews. God is as really by every member of the human family as though he was visibly present in a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. However much guilt may be kept from the eye of man it cannot be hid from the Omniscient Eye. "For the ways of man are before the Lord and He pondereth all his goings." This thought, so terrible to the enemies of God, is full of consolation for the Christian. The world may slander us, and misrepresent actions put forth with the best intentions; but God looks upon the heart, and understands the motives by which we are actuated. Resentment can never sway his love. *Even though our*

feet deviate from the straight-forward way, He understands our weakness, and the peculiar and trying circumstances amid which we may be placed, and strives by tenderest care, or the chastisement of kindness, to draw us back to Him.

Christians! if we attempt to go in our own way and strength we shall be overcome by our foes and the enemies of God. No longer the pillar of fire goes before the armies of God's chosen people; but he hath given us His Holy word, which if it is followed by us with constancy, will light our ways, and direct our footsteps through the changing scenes of the wilderness of life. His angel will go before us to prepare our way,—the cold waves that separate us from the land we seek will soon divide, and we pass over to enjoy forever the radiance of heaven, and the balmy and fragrant odors distilled by the thornless and amaranthine flowers of the Promised land.

## THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND:

[The following admirable lines by an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends, lately appeared in the *Times*. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener of the United States, and that it not only won him from the noisy taproom to his own domestic hearth, but that the judicious distribution of it was the means of much good.]—*English paper.*

You took me, William, when a girl, unto  
your home and hearth,  
To bear in all your after fate a fond and  
faithful part;  
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty  
to forego,  
Or pined there was not joy for me, when  
you were sunk in woe?  
No; I would rather share your tear than  
any other's glee—  
For though you're nothing to the world,  
you're all the world to me;  
You make a palace of my shed, this rough  
hewn bench a throne;  
There's sunlight for me in your smiles,  
and music in your tone.  
I look upon you when you sleep—my  
eyes with tears grow dim,  
I cry, O, Parent of the poor, look down  
from Heaven on him:  
Behold him toil from day to day exhaust-  
ing strength and soul;

O! look with mercy on him, Lord, for  
 thou canst make him whole.  
 And when at last relieving sleep has on  
 my eyelids smiled,  
 How oft are they forbade to close in  
 slumber by our child?  
 I take the little murmurer that spoils my  
 span of rest,  
 And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon  
 my breast.  
 There's only one return I crave, I may  
 not need it long,  
 And it may soothe thee when I'm where  
 the wretched feel no wrong;  
 I ask for not less frugal fare, if such as I  
 have got  
 Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more  
 I murmur not;

But I would ask some share of hours  
 which you on clubs bestow,  
 Of knowledge which you prize so much,  
 might I not something know?  
 Subtract from meetings amongst men,  
 each eve, an hour for me,  
 Make me companion of your soul, as I  
 may safely be;  
 If you will read, I'll sit and work; then  
 think when you're away;  
 Less tedious I shall find the time, dear  
 William, of your stay.  
 A meet companion soon I'll be, e'en of  
 your studious hours,  
 And teachers of those little ones you call  
 our cottage flowers;  
 And if we be not rich and great, may we  
 be wise and good!

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### BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I was standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun was then shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen north-west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a poor, ill-clad child: her clothes were scant and thread-bare; she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice, and she fell, with a cry of pain: but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a soft sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me." How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked!

"Oh, I can not," said the child, "I can not wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoe-maker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more work to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman—"to-night?"

"Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes; for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and—"

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but I, yes I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—

written ; but—I shall not tell it.

“ And where does your mother live, little-girl ? ”

So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes, that they might have bread ; but that sometimes they were very hungry, and sometimes they were very cold ; and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears ; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl—but she gave her nothing else ; no, not even one sixpence ; and, turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and, stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then, with her little bare feet colder than they were before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow, damp street, and into a small, dark room ; and I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother ; but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the babe slept ; and the mother laid it on her own lap, and the bundle was unrolled ; and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a *little* piece of bread, for she had no more ; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and, folding her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept, and dreamed—oh, such pleasant dreams!—of warm stockings, and new shoes ; but the

mother sewed on, alone. And as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slippers, came there no repining into her heart ! When she thought of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of *dry* bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room, and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good and nice, one little portion of which spared to her would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling ? If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repiningly, there came also another ; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, “ Father, forgive me ; for thou doest all things well, and I will yet trust thee.” Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel ? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little old grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, “ Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow ”—and she was gone : only, as she went out, I heard her say—“ *Better than diamonds ! better than diamonds !* ” What could she mean ? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went away too ; and I went to a bright room, where there was music,

and dancing, and lights, and sweet flowers; and I saw young, happy faces, and beautiful women, richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew; until one passed me, whose dress was of simple white, with only a rosebud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper glittered upon her foot: but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was indeed as an angel of God.

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### DEW.

The form of moisture known as dew arises from the deposition of water previously existing in the atmosphere as aqueous vapour which is deprived of its vapourous shape by contact with colder bodies. Grass and leaves arrive at a lower temperature than the circumjacent air in the following manner. All bodies are constantly radiating heat, and their temperatures can only remain constant by their receiving from other objects as many rays of heat as they emit. The temperature of a substance situated so as to radiate a greater number of calorific rays than it receives, must fall; such is the condition of grass, leaves, and substances of this sort, on the surface of the earth; on a clear evening, their rays of heat are emitted into the air, and lost in space, as nothing is present in the atmosphere to exchange rays with them. If a thermometer be placed upon a grass-plot, on a clear balmy evening, it will frequently indicate a temperature from ten to fifteen degrees lower than that of the surrounding air; but the thinnest cambic handkerchief held stretched above it will, by exchanging rays of heat with the adjacent grass, cause the thermometer to mark an increase of temperature. The passage of a thick cloud over the spot will be followed by the same result. But on a clear evening, as the calorific rays of grass and leaves become dissipated, their temperature necessarily diminishes, and falls below that of the surrounding air, and some of the aqueous vapour therein is converted into water by contact with the grass or other bodies whose heat is dissipated.

Grass, wood, leaves, and filamentous substances are good radiators, and con-

sequently dew is usually deposited upon them, but rarely upon smooth stones or sand, for two reasons—firstly, because they are not good radiators; and secondly, because some of the heat lost by radiation is restored by their contact with the earth. Thin clothes are also good radiators; and Campbell correctly says;

The dew on his robe was heavy and chill;

For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

As the most copious deposit of dew takes place when the weather is clear and serene, the poet, when using the epithet "wind-beaten," refers, no doubt, to the general character of the hill, and not to the state of the evening.

At the time aqueous vapour is being condensed or converted into dew, it communicates to the body effecting the conversion the whole of its *latent heat*, which is so very considerable, that it would be sufficient to raise nine hundred and fifty times the weight of water condensed into dew one degree of Fahrenheit, or more than five times the weight of water from the freezing-point to the boiling-point. Incredible as this may seem, it must actually happen, and the whole of this vast amount must be dissipated by the substances upon which any dew is deposited ere the deposition can proceed. This enables us to form some conception of the prodigious powers of radiation possessed by dew-condensing plants. It also presents water to us as a sort of what may be termed a heat or caloric regulator, for when water is converted into vapour or

steam, it absorbs precisely the same amount of heat as is liberated on the condensation of steam or vapour into water; thus, when the weather is very hot, large quantities of water are converted into vapour, thereby withdrawing or rendering latent a vast amount of heat, which must otherwise prove injurious to animal or vegetable life. On the other hand, by being condensed into dew, it restores to vegetables that heat which they had dissipated by radiation, and which, but for such restoration, might possibly operate to impair or destroy their vital functions. This is one reason why places near the sea are always more temperate;\* that is enjoy a more equable climate than those remote from it.

The reason why water distilled from aqueous vapour on the leaves of plants takes the form known as dew, depends upon the combined and contemporaneous action of three several and distinct forces, all operating during its formation. The three forces are—the mutual attraction between the dew and surface of the leaf or substance upon which it is deposited, called *adhesion*; the mutual attraction of particles of water for each other, termed *cohesion*; and the force of *gravity*, or its own weight. During the earliest period of the deposition of dew, the first force or that of adhesion predominates, and a thin film of moisture is spread over the whole radiating surface or perhaps it would be more correct to say, is spread over the whole surface proportionably to the radiating power of its several parts. As the deposition progresses and more water is distilled, the second force or that of cohesion, asserts its influence, and this thin film of water is broken up into a number of minute globules; these gradually increase in size as more water is condensed, and the third force, the force of gravity, or the weight of the dew, begins to be felt, which at last overcoming the force of cohesion, the poor little globules are ruthlessly torn from the leaf or radiating surface, and roll dishonoured on the ground. Some few however glide to a point in the leaf or blade of grass, where the force of adhesion, favoured by some accidents of surface, successfully renews its struggle with the force gravity, and the fortunate little

globules are sustained aloft. The three forces are now in stable equilibrium, the second, or that of cohesion, being locally predominant, which results in a bright little pearly sphere clear as a diamond; and thus, in our morning walks, our eyes are dazzled by Nights jewelled gifts to Nature.—*Chamber's Journal*.

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## LIFE AND CONSCIENCE.

I ask what Life is? The reply  
That Conscience gives is, "What am I?"  
Truth tells me facts, and Conscience seals  
them,

Faith rests in these, as God reveals them.  
Or, Unbelief denies, despising  
All Wisdom, Truth, of God's devising.  
Then ask what Life is? Conscience seared,  
Forbears the answer—"God not feared,  
Is awful death! Truth disesteemed,  
Is man unpitied, unredeemed!"

**DON'T WASTE.**—Waste nothing! A crumb of bread may keep life in a starving bird, a large and useful volume may be written with one quill, from the wing of a goose; and an inch or two of writing paper has served for a dispatch to save an army from falling into the enemy's power. Waste nothing—"Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost."

**PRESIDENT HARRISON** taught for several years in an humble Sabbath school on the banks of the Ohio. The Sabbath before he left home for Washington, to assume the duties of Chief Magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible class as usual. And his last counsel on the subject to his gardener, at Washington, it may be hoped, will never be forgotten by the nation. When advised to keep a dog to protect his fruit, he replied, "rather set a Sunday school teacher to take care of the boys."

Mirth is the medicine of life,  
It cures its ills, it calms its strife.  
It softly smooths the brow of care,  
And writes a thousand graces there.

Delicacy of sentiment and refined manners are a great ornament and ought always to be cultivated; all odd notions or attitudes and awkward gestures should be watched and prevented from becoming habitual.

\* It may be mentioned that the three elements which determine the climate of any place, omitting that of aspect, are the coast-line, the altitude, and the latitude.

## PROSPECTUS.

# THE CANADIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW, AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Is devoted to National politics and interesting Family Literature.

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We will insert for general information, on a few separate directory pages, addresses of manufacturers and other business men, on the following liberal terms:

One line for \$1.50 per year; two lines \$2.00 per year and four lines \$3.00 per year.

MATT HOWIE, AGENT.

G. D. GRIFFIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## CAUTION TO SAFE BUYERS.

(From the Montreal Gazette of August 24th, 1863.)

We had shown to us on Saturday by the Agent of one of the Assurance Companies a sample of the contents of a so-called Fire Proof Safe, taken out of a building belonging to Mr. Hart in Plateau St., Three Rivers, and occupied as an office by Messrs. Stearness & Co., Railway Contractors. The debris shown us was taken out of the Safe in the presence of two persons, these consist of well burned wood, charcoal and paper, burnt black and in atoms, in fact the destruction was perfect, the contents might as well have been put into the fire. The name of Kershaw & Co., Montreal, was visible on the safe. Several other safes, with the contents were destroyed in like manner except that the names of the makers were obliterated. In one case, that of Mr. Tregan the owner, said he had bought his in New York from a Mr. McFarlane. The loss and inconvenience from the destruction of papers and books is very great; the caution suggested is greatly important. Safes can be made Fire Proof and the public should have some guarantee that those they buy really are so.

## ROCHESTER FIRE KING SAFE PROVED WORTHLESS.

I certify that the Safe which I had at the time of the late fire in Lindsay, (July 5th) was marked Fire King, and had the name of Duryee and Forsyth, Rochester, proved worthless all the papers and books in the Safe were completely destroyed; my loss by the same is about Eight Thousand Dollars.

Lindsay, 23th. Aug., 1861.

JOHN HEALEY,  
Of JOHN HEALEY, & Co.,

The above extract from the Montreal Gazette, and certificate of Mr. John Healey, are only single instances from many that are well known in regard to the kind of safes mentioned.—The Scientific American in May, 1862 referring to the Lilly Safes and others made in Troy, states that they all proved worthless in the great fire that took place shortly before, and that the "Fact is that the safe makers have departed from the original practice of filling them with the only reliable fire proof material."

## ANOTHER PROOF OF THE SUPERIORITY OF J. & J. TAYLOR'S SAFES OVER ALL OTHERS.

We, the undersigned, having attended, this day the testing of a J. & J. Taylor's Patent Provincial Salamander Fire Proof Safe certify that it was exposed for four hours to a severe fire, composed of nine loads of cord wood, saturated with a barrel of coal tar. We examined the following articles taken out of the Safe after it was cooled, and found them perfectly uninjured:—4 large account books, 1 pamphlet, 3 bundles paper, 1 canister gunpowder. A.—Toussieu, Mayor of Quebec; Samuel Newton representing Royal Insurance Company; Daniel McGie, Agent Liverpool and London Insurance Company; W. A. Fisher exchange Broker; W. Millar, Secretary and Treasurer Peoples B. Society; Jno. J. Foote, Richard Nettie Smith & Co., Geo. H. Starnard, Chas. McDonald, A. Jno. Maxham, Casey & Co., W. B. Valteau, Alex. Roberson, Geo. Fytvoe, G. T. Orr, Alex. Swenton.

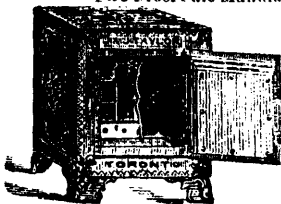
**\$5,000 SAVED.**  
**EIGHT DAYS IN THE FIRE.**  
**THE SEVEREST TEST ON RECORD.**

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.  
 FREIGHT DEPARTMENT.

MESSRS. J. & J. TAYLOR.

Fire Proof Safe Manufacturers, Toronto.

Toronto Station, Sept. 17th, 1864.



GENTLEMEN.—In reply to your application I beg to state that the Safe manufactured by you, and purchased from Messrs. R. Lewis & Son, by the Company a few months since, was in the Elevator during the late fire which destroyed that building, and remained in the burning ruins for eight days. Upon the Safe being recovered and opened, the contents, consisting of Drafts, Bank Notes, and other moneys, in value amounting to nearly Five Thousand Dollars, with books and other papers, was found to be in a good state of preservation.

Yours truly,

S. SHACKELL, Freight Agent.

**From the Toronto LEADER, September 12, 1864.**

*Dest. action of the Grand Trunk Elevator.*—As considerable anxiety has been expressed relative to the preservation of J. & J. Taylor's fire-proof safe, which was in the Grand Trunk Elevator in this city when it was recently destroyed by fire, we have made enquiries about the matter in order to gratify the curious; and are pleased to be able to state that the safe has been exhumed from the wreck of that once splendid structure with scarcely any perceptible marks of the severe test to which it was subjected. A few facts connected with the matter require to be brought out, viz.: the building was constructed entirely of wood and iron, not less than a million feet of the former having been put into the structure. An idea of the intense heat may be formed when it is stated that three-inch round bars of iron were bent and twisted like so much small wire, and slightly smaller sizes were completely melted, some of which was found sticking to the safe upon its removal from the debris. The safe was in the office in the centre of the building at the time of the fire, and many yards from grain of any kind; when taken from the ruins it was embedded in burnt beams and charcoal, having remained there for eight days, and when taken out being so hot that it could not be handled. It was an ordinary merchant's office safe, costing, we understand, about \$125, and had been purchased in the early part of the year. When taken from the burning mass its contents, which consisted of \$5,000 in bills, the office books and other valuable papers had not even the appearance of fire on them. A bank bill which was taken from the outside of a large roll merely appeared a little smoky. Parties desirous of obtaining fire-proof safes might find it to their advantage to examine the safe now on exhibition at Mr. Lewis' store, King Street.

**From the Toronto GLOBE, September 12, 1864.**

We doubt if any safe was ever exposed to a more severe trial. Five thousand dollars in notes, drafts and bank bills were in it at the time of the conflagration, together with books and papers, but save a slight discoloration they are as good as ever. If previously any doubts of the reliability of Taylors' safe were entertained they must be dissipated when the history of this one is known.

DUNNVILLE, Sept, 10, 1863.

Messrs. J. J. TAYLOR.

Fire Proof Safe Manufacturers, Toronto.

DEAR SIRS.—We have opened our Safe (of your manufacture) and found the contents all right after the long and intense heat through which it passed in the burning of our building on the night of the 4th instant. The Safe was in the office of our store, a three story brick building, and stood on a floor supported by a double set of heavy timbers, which kept it from falling into the cellar long after the flooring was consumed and in that position stood some three or four hours exposed to all the blaze from over twenty-five barrels of oils, liquors, varnish, &c. the blaze from which was drawn up around the Safe to find a vent through the office window.—When the timbers gave way the safe settled down with and still rested partially upon them.—A portion of the walls not long after fell in upon the Safe, when it was covered up with the timbers, which continued to burn over 12 hours longer, in which kiln-like position the Safe remained until the timbers were all consumed. Nails in kegs near the Safe were melted into masses: Our 'letter press' standing on the Safe was partially melted.

The powder proof lock and hinges work now as well as ever, although the door side of the Safe was more exposed than any other part from the way it lay, with that side partially laid upon the timbers. The books, from the position of the Safe, had pressed snugly against the door, yet all the books, papers, bills, and coin, were well preserved, even to the delicate India rubber bands round the papers, proving the perfect reliability of your safes.

We will only add that we had four thousand dollars on risk in the Safe, and feel thankful that we were induced by your Agent, Mr. Griffin, to purchase a Safe of your manufacture, which has so satisfactorily insured us against irreparable loss.

We are respectfully yours.

BROWN & PERRY.

We the undersigned are personally aware of the leading facts cited in the above certificate of Messrs. Brown & Perry—

JOHN AROUR, Post Master.

JOHN YOCUM, Agricultural Implements,

W. A. McCRAE, Collector of Customs.

JOHN PARRY, Reeve.

J. B. BROWN, Druggist and Express Agent

T. TIPTON, Collector Canal Toll.