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"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

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LITERATURE.

WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;
Alone with the spectres of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There glooms one shadow dark and vast,
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impatience of thought.
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb,
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been,
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving our meed to win,
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;
Shrinking from naught that the world could do;
Fearing naught but the touch of crime;
Labouring, struggling, all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years;
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,
And washes away all things beside?
Who shall give us the strength e'en now,
To leave forever this holiday rhyme,
To shake off this sloth from heat and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew;
But e'en from the rust of his cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through;
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And maketh each year outdo the last,
There is no Wasted Time.

GOING UP AND COMING DOWN.

This is a simple song, 'tis true,
And songs like these are never nice;
And yet we'll try and scatter through
A pinch or two of sound advice.
Then listen, pompous friends, and learn
Never to boast of much renown;
For Fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some come down.

We know a vast amount of stocks
A vast amount of pride insures;
But Fate has picked so many locks,
We wouldn't like to warrant yours.
Remember then and never spurn
The one whose hand is hard and brown;
For he is likely to go up,
And you are likely to come down.

Another thing you will agree,
(The truth may be as well confessed),
That "Codfish Aristocracy"
Is but a *scaly* thing at best;
And though the fishes, large and strong,
May seek the little ones to drown,
Yet fishes all, both great and small,
Are going up and coming down.

Our lives are full of chance and change,
And *chance*, you know, is never sure;
And 'twere a doctrine new and strange,
That places high are most secure;
And though the fickle god may smile,
And yield the sceptre and the crown,
'Tis only for a little while;
Then B goes up and A comes down.

This world for you and me, my friend,
Hath something more than pounds and pence;
Then let me humbly recommend
A little use of common sense.
Thus lay all pride of place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown,
For fear you will see him going up,
When you are only coming down.

A NIGHT IN A LONDON WORKHOUSE.

(*Concluded.*)

Whether there is a rule, says the writer, which closes the casual wards after a certain hour, I do not know; but before one o'clock our number was made up, the last comer signalising his appearance with a grotesque *pas seul*. His rug over his shoulders, he waltzed into the shed, waving his hands, and singing, in an affected voice, as he sidled along—

"I like to be a swell, a-roaming down Pall Mall,
Or anywhere, I don't much care, so I can be a swell,"

A couplet which had an intensely comical effect. This gentleman had just come from a pantomime (where he had learned his song, probably). Too poor to pay for a lodging, he could only muster means for a seat in the gallery of the "Vic," where he was well entertained, judging from the flattering manner in which he spoke of the clown. The columbine was less fortunate in his opinion. "She's werry dickey!—ain't got what I call 'move' about her." However, the wretched young woman was respited from the scourge of his criticism, for the critic and his listeners were soon fast asleep; and yet I doubt whether any one of the company slept very soundly. Every moment some one shifted uneasily; and as the night wore on, the silence was more and more irritated by the sound of coughing. This was one of the most distressing things in the whole adventure. The conversation was horrible, the tales that were told more horrible still, and worse than either (though not by any means the most infamous things to be heard—I dare not even hint at them) was that song, with its bestial chorus shouted from a dozen throats; but at any rate they kept the blood warm with constant hot flushes of anger; while, as for the coughing, to lie on the flagstones in what was nothing better than an open shed, and listen to that, hour after hour, chilled one's very heart with pity. Every variety of cough that ever I heard, was to be heard there; the hollow cough; the short cough; the hysterical cough; the bark that comes at regular intervals, like the quarter-chime of a clock, as if to mark off the progress of decay; coughing from vast hollow chests; coughing from little narrow ones—now one, now another, now two or three together, and then a minute's silence in which to think of it all, and wonder who would begin next. One of the young reprobates above me coughed so grotesquely like the chopping of wood, that I named him in my mind the Woodcutter. Now and then I found myself coughing too, which may have added to the poignant distress these awfully constant and various sounds occasioned me. They were good in one way: they made me forget what wretches they were who, to all appearances, were so rapidly "chopping" their way to a pauper's graveyard. I did not care about the more matured ruffians so much; but though the youngest, the boys like Kay, were unquestionably amongst the most infamous of my comrades — to hear what cold and hunger, and vice, had done for them at fifteen, was almost enough to make a man cry; and there were boys there even younger than these.

At half-past two, every one being asleep, or at least lying still, Daddy came in and counted us; one, two, three, four, and so on, in a whisper. Then, finding the pail empty (it was nearly full at half-past nine, when I entered), he considerately went and refilled it, and even took much trouble, too, in searching for the tin pot which served as a drinking cup, and which the last comer had playfully thrown to the further end of the shed. I ought to have mentioned that the pail stood close to my head; so that I had peculiar opportunities of study as one after another of my comrades came to the fountain to drink, just as the brutes do in those books of African travel. The pail refilled, Daddy returned, and was seen no more till morning.

It still wanted four hours and a half to seven o'clock—the hour of rising—and never before in my life did time appear to creep so slowly. I could hear the chimes of a parish church, and of the Parliament Houses, as well as those of a wretched tinkling Dutch clock somewhere on the premises. The parish church was the first to announce the hour (an act of kindness I feel bound to acknowledge), Westminster came next, the lazy Dutchman declining his consent to the time o' day till fully sixty seconds afterwards. And I declare I thought that difference of sixty seconds an injury—if the officers of the house took their time from Dutchman. It may seem a trifle, but a minute is something when a man is lying on a cold flagstone, and the wind of a winter night is blowing in your hair. Three o'clock, four o'clock struck, and still there was nothing to beguile the time but observation, under the one flaring gaslight, of the little heaps of outcast humanity strewn about the floor; and after a while, I find, one may even become accustomed to the sight of one's fellow-creatures lying around you like covered corpses in a railway shed. For most of the company were not bundled under the rugs in the ghastly way I have already described—though here and there a cropped head appeared, surmounted by a billy-cock like my own, or by a greasy cloth cap. Five o clock, six o'clock chimed, and then I had news—most welcome—of the world without, and of the real beginning of day. Half a dozen factory bells announced that it was time for working men to go to labour; but my companions were not working men, and so snored on. Out through the gap in the canvas the stars were still to be seen shinning on the black sky, but that did not alter the fact that it was six o'clock in the morning. I snapped my fingers at the Dutchman, with his sixty seconds slow, for in another hour I fondly hoped to be relieved from duty. A little while, and doors were heard to open and shut; yet a little while, and the voice of Daddy was audible in conversation with another early bird; and then I distinctly caught the word "bundles—for my pleasing brown coat, for the warm if unsightly "jersey" which I adopted as a judicious substitute for a waistcoat—for my corduroys, and liberty.

"Clang!" went the Workhouse clock. "Now then! wake 'em up!" cried Daddy I was already up—sitting up, that is—being anxious to witness the resurrection of the ghastly figures rolled in their rugs. But nobody but myself rose at the summons. They knew what it meant well enough, and in sleepy voices cursed the bell, and wished it in several dreadful places; but they did not move until there came in at the hole in the canvas two of the pauper inhabitants of the house, bearing bundles. "Thirty-two," "twenty-eight," they bawled, but not *my* number, which was thirty-four. Neither thirty-two nor twenty-eight, however, seemed eager to accept his good fortune in being first called. They were called upon three several times before they would answer; and then they replied with a savage "Chuck it here, can't you!" "Not before you chuck 's over your shirt and ticket," the bundle-holder answered, whereon "twenty eight" sat up, and divested himself of his borrowed shirt, flung it with his wooden ticket; and his bundle was flung back in return.

It was some time before bundle No. 34 turned up, so that I had a fair opportunity to observe my neighbours. The decent men slipped into their rags as soon as they got them, but the blackguards were in no hurry. Some indulged in a morning pipe to prepare themselves for the fatigue of dressing, while others, loosing their bundles as they squatted naked, commenced an invstigation for certain little animals which shall be nameless.

At last my turn came; and "Chucking over" my shirt and ticket, I quietly attired myself in clothes which, ragged as they were, were cleaner than they looked. In less than two minutes I was ont of the shed, and in the yard, where a few of the more decent fellows were crowding round a pale of water, and scrambling after something that might be called a "wash"—finding their own soap as far as I could observe, and drying their faces on any bit of rag they might happen to have about them, or upon the canvas curtain of the shed.

By this time it was about half-past seven, and the majority of the casuals were up and dressed. I observed, however, that none of the younger boys were yet up, and it presently appeared that there existed some rule against their dressing in the shed; for Daddy came out of the bath-room, where the bundles were deposited, and called out "Now four boys!" and instantly four poor little wretches, some with their rugs trailing about their shoulders, and some quite bare, came shivering over the stones and across the bleak yard, and were admitted to the bath-room to dress. "Now four more boys," cried Daddy, and so on.

When all were up and dressed, the boys carried the bed rugs into Daddy's room, and the pauper inmates made a heap of the "beds," stacking them against the wall. As before mentioned, the shed served the treble purpose of bed chamber, work room and breakfast room; it was impossible to get fairly at the cranks and set them going until the bedding was stowed away.

Breakfast before work, however; but it was a weary while to some of us before it made its appearance. For my own part I had little appetite; but about me were a dozen poor wretches who obviously had a very great one; they had come in over night too late for bread, and perhaps may not have broken fast since the morning of the previous day. The decent ones suffered most. The blackguard majority were quite cheerful—smoking, swearing, and playing their pretty horse play, the prime end of which was pain or discomfiture to somebody else. One casual there was with only one leg. When he came in over night he wore a black hat, which added a certain look of respectability to a worn suit of black. Altogether his clothes had been delivered up to him by Daddy; but now he was seen hopping disconsolately about the place on his crutch, for the hat was missing. He was a timid man with a mild voice, and whenever he asked some ruffian "whether he had seen such a thing as a black hat," and got his answer, he invariably said "thank you," which was regarded as very amusing. At last one sidled up to him with a grin, and showing about three square inches of some fluffy substance, said — "Is this anything like wot you've lost, guv'ner?" The cripple inspected it. "That's the rim of it!" he said. "What a shame!" and hobbled off with tears in his eyes.

Full three quarters of an hour of loitering and shivering, and then came the taskmaster —a soldierly-looking man, over six feet high, with quick gray eyes, in which "no trifling" appeared as distinctly as a notice against trespassing on a wayside board. He came in among us, and the gray eyes made out our number in a moment. "Out into the yard, all of you!" he cried; and we went out in a mob. There we shivered for some twenty minutes longer, and then a baker's man appeared with a great wooden tray piled up with just such slices of bread as we had received over night. The tray was consigned to an able-bodied casual, who took his place with the taskmaster at the shed door; and then, in single file, we re-entered the shed, each man and boy receiving a slice as he passed in. Pitying, as I suppose, my unaccustomed look, Mr. Taskmaster gave me a slice and a large piece over.

The bread devoured, a clamour for "skilley" began. The rumour had got abroad that this morning, and on all future mornings, there would be skilley at breakfast; and "skilley! skilley!" resounded through the shed. No one had hinted that it was not forthcoming, but skilley seems to be thought an extraordinary concession, and after waiting only a few minutes for it, they attacked the taskmaster in the fiercest manner. They called him thief, sneak, and "crawler." Little boys blackguarded him in gutter language, and looking him in the face, consigned him to hell without flinching. He never uttered a word in reply, or showed a sign of impatience; and whenever he was obliged to speak it was quite without temper.

There was a loud "hooray!" when the longed-for skilley appeared in two pails, in one of which floated a small tin saucepan, with a stick thrust into its handle, by way of a ladle. Yellow pint basins were provided for our use, and large iron spoons. "Range round the walls!" the taskmaster shouted. We obeyed with the utmost alacrity; and then what I should judge to be about three-fourths of a pint of gruel was handed to each of us as we stood. I was glad to get mine, because the basin that contained it was warm, and my hands were numb with cold. I tasted a spoonful, as in duty bound, and wondered more than ever at the esteem in which it was held by my *confreres*. It was a weak decoction of oatmeal and water, bitter, and without even a pinch of salt to flavour it—that I could discover. But it was hot, and on that account, perhaps, was so highly relished that I had no difficulty in persuading one of the decent men to accept my share.

It was now past eight o'clock, and as I knew that a certain quantity of labor had to be performed by each man before he was allowed to go his way, I was anxious to begin. The labour was to be "crank" labor. The "cranks" are a series of iron bars extending across the width of the shed, penetrating through the wall, and working a flour mill on the other side. Turning the "crank" is like turning a windlass. The task is not a severe one Four measures of corn (bushels they were called—but that is doubtful) have to be ground every morning by the night's batch of casuals. Close up to the ceiling hangs a bell connected with the machinery; and as each measure is ground the bell rings, so that the grinders may know how they are going on. But the grinders are as lazy as obscene. We were no sooner set to work than the taskmaster left us to our own sweet will, with nothing to restrain its exercise but an occasional visit from the miller, a weakly expostulating man. Once or twice he came in and said mildly, "Now then, my men, why *don't* you stick to it?"—and so went out again.

The result of this laxity of overseeing would have disgusted me at any time, and was intensely disgusting then. At least one-half the gang kept their hands from the crank whenever the miller was absent, and betook themselves to their private amusements and pursuits. Some sprawled upon the beds and smoked; some engaged themselves and their friends in tailoring, and one turned hair cutter for the benefit of a gentleman who, unlike Kay, had *not* just come out of prison. There were three tailors; two of them on the beds mending their coats, and the other operating on a recumbent friend in the rearward part of his clothing. Where the needles came from I do not know; but for thread they used a strand of oakum (evidently easy to deal with) which the boys were picking in the corners. Other loungers strolled about with their hands in their pockets, discussing the topics of the day, and playing practical jokes on the industrious few; a favourite joke being to take a bit of rag, anoint it with greace from the crank axles, and clap it unexpectedly over somebody's eye.

The consequence of all this was that the cranks went round at a very slow rate, and now and then stopped altogether. Then the miller came in; the loungers rose from their couches, the tailors ceased stitching, the smokers dropped their pipes, and every fellow was at his post. The cranks spun round furiously again, the miller's expostulations being drowned amid a shout of "Slap bang, here we are again!" or this extemporised chorus:—

We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple tree,
And then go grinding on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, &c., &c.

By such ditties the ruffians enlivened their short spell of work. Short indeed! The miller departed, and within a minute afterwards the beds were reoccupied, pipes lit, and tailoring resumed. So the game continued; the honest fellows sweating at the cranks, and anxious to get the work done and go out to look for more profitable labour, and the paupers by profession taking matters quite easy. I am convinced that, had the work been properly superintended, the four measures of corn might have been ground in the space of an hour and a half. As it was, when the little bell had tinkled for the fourth time, and the yard gate was opened and we were free to depart, the clock had struck eleven.

I had seen the show—gladly I escaped into the open streets. The sun shone brightly on my ragged, disreputable figure, and showed its squalor with startling distinctness; but within all was rejoicing. A few yards, and then I was blessed with the sight of that same vehicle—waiting for me in the spot where I had parted from it fourteen weary hours before. Did you observe, Mr. Editor, with what alacrity I jumped in? I have a vivid recollection of you, sir,—sitting there with an easy patience, lounging through your *Times*, and oh! so detestably clean to look at! But, though I resented your collar, I was grateful for the sight of a familiar face, and for that draught of sherry which you considerately brought for me, a welcome refreshment after so many weary, waking hours of fasting.

And now I come to the end, I can remember many little incidents which escaped me in writing the previous articles. I ought to have told you of two quiet elderly gentlemen, who, amidst all the blackguardism that went on around, held a discussion upon the merits of the English language—one of the disputants showing an especial admiration for the word "kindle," "fine old Saxon word as ever was coined." Then there were some childish games of "first and last letters," to vary such entertainments as that of the Swearing Club. I should also have mentioned that, on the dissolution of the Swearing Club, a game at "dumb motions" was started, which presently led to some talk concerning deaf and dumb people, and their method of conversing with each other by means of finger signs; as well as a little story that sounded strangely enough coming from the mouth of the most efficient member of the club. A good memory for details enables me to repeat this story almost, if not quite, exactly. "They are a rummy lot, them deaf and dumb," said the story teller. "I was at the workhouse at Stepney when I was a young un, don't you know; and when I got a holiday I used to go and see my old woman as lived in the borough. Well, one day, a woman as was in the house ses to me, ses she, 'Don't you go past the Deaf and Dumb School as you goes home?' So I ses, 'Yes.' So ses she, 'Would you mind callin' there and takin' a message to my little gal as is in there deaf and dumb?' So I ses, 'No.' Well, I goes and they lets me in, and I tells the message, and they shows me the kid what it was for. Pooty little gal? So they tell her the message, and then she begins making orts and crosses like on her hands. 'What's she a doin' that for!' I ses. 'She's a talkin' to you,' ses they. 'Oh! I ses, 'what's she talkin' about?' 'She says you're a good boy for comin' and tellin' her about her mother, and she loves you.' Blessed if I could help laughin'! So I ses, 'There ain't no call for her to say that.' Pooty little kid she was! I stayed there a goodish bit, and walked about the garden with her, and what d'ye think! Presently she takes a fancy for some of my jacket buttons—brass uns they was, with the name of the 'house' on 'em—and I cuts four on 'em off and gives her. Well, when I gave her them, blow me if she didn't want one of the brass buckles off my shoes. Well, you mightn't think it, but I gave her that too." "Didn't yer get into a row when you got back?" some listener asked. "Rather! Got kep without dinner and walloped as well, as I wouldn't tell what I'd done with 'em. Then they was goin' to wallop me again, so I thought I'd cheek it out; so I up and told the master all about it." "And got it wuss?' "No, I didn't. The master gave me new buttons and a buckle without saying another word, and my dinner along with my supper as well."

The moral of all this I leave to you. It seems necessary to say something about it, for the report which Mr. Farnall made, after visiting Lambeth Workhouse on Saturday, seems meant to suggest an idea that what has been described here is merely an irregularity. So it may be; but an irregularity which consigned some *forty men* to such a den on the night when somebody happened to be there to see, is probably a frequent one; and it certainly is infamous. And then as to the other workhouses. Mr. Farnall was in ignorance of what was done at Lambeth in this way, and I selected it for a visit quite at random. Does he know what goes on in other workhouses? If he is inclined to inquire, I may, perhaps, be able to assist the investigation by this hint; my companions had a discussion during the night as to the respective merits of the various workhouses; and the general verdict was that those of Tottenham and Poplar were the worst in London. It is true, as I heard it stated, that at one of these workhouses the casual sleeps on bare boards, without a bed of any sort!

One word in conclusion. I have some horrors for Mr. Farnall's private ear (should he like to learn about them), infinitely more revolting than anything that appears in these papers.

GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

Our files of late Canadian papers, received at the end of last week, give us a large amount of interesting information respecting the negotiations for the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, and the spirit in which the people in Canada view its repeal. We are informed that it is to the influence—and we have all along suspected it—of Mr. Morrill, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, "the financial head of the radical party now in the ascendant," that the result of the negotiations at Washington must be attributed. The Committee seemed to be so constituted that he really had the control of it in his hands. The *beau ideal* of his policy is to completely isolate the commerce of the United States—to make the country a second Japan. He starts with the principle that the producer pays the taxes imposed at the Custom House; and of course there is nothing to be done with a man who cannot get any other idea through his brains. In addition to barriers of this nature, the Colonial Ministers found a strong leaven in Washington society of the views of Mr. Potter set forth at Detroit. It is doubtful if Mr. W. H. Seward is not the mainspring of this policy. Just now the protectionist party is in the ascendancy at Washington. It has a majority in Congress, and with it has learned how to use that majority for its own purpose. But there are signs that this supremacy will not last forever. It is evident from the tone of the leading journals of the Union that the theory of the protectionists does not find acceptance with the intelligent part of the population; and the organization of free trade leagues throughout the country shows that the intellect of the nation is rebelling against the false and injurious theories of the Morrill school. A reaction will assuredly take place, and the free trade leagues will assist in hastening that day. In the meantime these Provinces will know how to take care of themselves.

We have reliable statements of the character of the negotiations that took place between our Delegates and the Washington authorities. On the part of the Provinces the concessions offered were large and important:—The fisheries, free navigation of the St. Lawrence and Canadian Canals, the subjection of Provincial agricultural and other products in the reciprocal list to the United States excise duties; the improvement of the Canadian Canal system to meet the wants of the Western trade; assimilation of Canadian excise duties on spirits, beer and tobacco to those of the United States, to prevent smuggling; an assimilation of the patent laws. These terms showed the great anxiety that the Delegates felt to renew the treaty, even on terms which no doubt many persons in the Provinces will think should not have been offered. On the other hand they were met by a disposition to ask everything and give nothing in return; the United States negotiators demanded the fisheries, the free navigation of the St. Lawrence and Canadian Canals, with tolls proportioned to the mileage; and abolition of the Canadian free ports; in return they were willing to agree to reciprocal free trade in unwraught Barr millstones, rags, firewood, grindstones, and unground plaster and gypsum; and that is all. They proposed, it is true, to abolish the fishing bounties now paid to American fishermen, but in return they would put a heavy tax on Provincial fish. We shall not go over the lengthy list on which those generous gentlemen proposed to place duties, but shall merely refer to the articles which we chiefly export to the States:—Mackerel, one dollar and fifty cents per barrel; herring, pickled or salted, one dollar per barrel; salmon, two dollars and fifty cents per barrel; shad, two dollars per barrel; all other fish, pickled, one dollar and fifty cents per barrel; provided, that any fish in packages other than barrels, shall pay in proportion to the rates charged upon similar fish in barrels. All other fish, one half cent per pound. Coal, bituminous, fifty cents, and all other, twenty-five cents per ton; potatoes, ten cents per bushel; hides, ten per cent "ad valorem." Pine logs, $1.50 per thousand feet, board measure, or 30 per cent; sawn or hewn pine, $2 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure; dressed pine, 25 per cent; other woods, round, hewn or sawed, 20 per cent, and dressed 25 per cent. Of course propositions like these could not be entertained for an instant by the people of the Provinces.

The Canadian press, without an exception, are unanimous in expressing satisfaction at the rejection of the unfair terms proposed by the Committee of Ways and Means. The Montreal *Gazette*, which may be held at the same time a ministerial organ and a journal thoroughly devoted to the commercial interests of the country which centre in Montreal, gives the following account of the feeling evinced in the commercial metropolis on the reception of the news:—

Men met in little groups to discuss the question in the Exchange, and the expression of satisfaction at the turn things have taken was far more general than we could have expected. A dozen callers at our office of men whose opinion on public affairs we greatly respect, expressed, in decided terms, the same view. We have not, on the other hand, heard one single expression of regret; nor yet of anybody who has. There has also been, as we remarked the other day, a singular unanimity among the newspapers throughout the Province on this subject—a general expression that it would be folly to say too much for Reciprocity, and that we can do without it. There is a feeling in the city and throughout the country that it will be an advantage for us, as a people to touch bottom, to know where we stand, and to feel our own resources. Some men even go so far as to express annoyance that these provinces should have gone to Washington at all in the position of suppliants. But those go too far. There is no humiliation in what has been done; and it is of advantage that we should know the exact measure of our commercial relations with our republican neighbors.

The Toronto *Globe* and *Leader*—the two most influential and largely circulated papers in Canada—for once agree. The former journal says:—

But serious as the coming change in our foreign commerce from the abrogation of the treaty undoubtedly is, we heartily congratulate the country on the escape it has made from an unspeakably greater evil. The imposition of duties on our products sent to the United States is but a temporary loss which by energy and enterprise may be triumphantly overcome, and better outlets for our traffic opened up in room of those we have lost. But to have submitted to the humiliating conditions—whether offered by our negotiators, or attempted to be exacted by the Americans—as the price and penalty of a renewal of the Treaty of 1854, would have been to draw down upon ourselves lasting injury and disgrace. To make modifications in the terms of the Treaty, to amend its details, to extend the scope of its operations—to meet, in short, the views of our neighbors in any reasonable manner that could be suggested—so long as the principle of Reciprocity was adhered to, our connection with Great Britain respected, and our own self-respect as a people maintained—every one in Canada, we are persuaded, was heartily prepared for. But to permit the Americans to remodel our whole fiscal system—to permit them to dictate the removal of certain custom duties, the imposition of certain customs and excise duties, and the closing up of our Free Ports, simply to suit their convenience—permit them to go over our import list of manufactured goods, and select from it just such articles to be included in the free list as pleased them, without or selecting any—to permit them to fashion our Customs Tariffs in just such a manner as suited their interest, while to the Government of Great Britain we grant no such privilege—to permit them to levy any rate they choose on our natural products, in the shape at an internal revenue tax, while we levy none on theirs—would have been simply to place in the hands of a foreign power the control of our commerce, and to sink the British Provinces to the position of a contemptible dependency of the Republic. To make the cup of our humiliation run over, it wanted but that the advantages for which all these powers were surrendered to the Americans, should be secured to us as a Treaty terminable on six months' notice, or by 'Legislative Reciprocity,' terminable any day in the week! There was but one possible end of such an arrangement as that. It meant that for a few brief years the people of British America should be kept dependent on American legislation for the surety of their industrial operations—looking to Washington in daily expectation of hostile changes —until sick of insecurity and fear of change, they should forget their loathing of annexation, and submit to be 'absorbed' in the American Republic.

The commercial editor of the Montreal *Gazette* observes that many unforseen results and new outlets to Canadian commerce will spring up to compensate the country for the discontinuance of reciprocal trade with the States. He points out that it is not too much to expect the establishment of depots for Canadian products at Halifax and St. John, N. B., almost immediately. Produce can be stored at these points in the fall of the year as conveniently as in Montreal or at Toronto, and be more available for the English or West India markets, besides having the advantage of a home trade from the Lower Provinces.

We are glad to see this brave spirit exhibited in Canada, for it will prove to the Americans that these Provinces are not frightened at the prospect before them. The people of British North America know now what they have to expect. The depression arising from uncertainty is removed, and it only remains for the people to prepare at once for the changes which the termination of Reciprocity in trade involves. There is a vast amount of latent energy in our people, and now, if ever, is the time for its development. —*Hfx. Reporter, Feby. 27.*

THE CANADIAN PRESS ON THE REPEAL OF THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

We perceive by papers received from Boston by the *Europe*, that Mr. Morrill, Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means, has reported to the House of Representatives, a bill relative to trade with the British North American Provinces. It is substantially the same proposition that the Delegates rejected with such commendable promptitude. As far as Nova Scotia is concerned, she cannot complain so much, as the duties proposed to be imposed upon her chief exports are low, with the exception of that upon coal. We gave in last Tuesday's issue, an enumeration of these duties and it is therefore unnecessary to refer to them again in detail. The bill in question is to come into effect on the 16th March, the day when the Treaty expires. It is not to be debated next week, and no doubt will pass.

In a previous issue we placed before our readers the more notable utterances of the Canadian Press on the subject of the recent negotiations with the United States on the subject of Reciprocity. Their most remarkable features are unanimous approbation of the conduct of the Provincial delegates, indignation at the absurd propositions of the Federal Committee of Ways and Means, satisfaction at the termination of negotiations with a people apparently unable to rise to a level with the great interests they have sacrificed, and a cheerful determination to meet the altered circumstances of the Provinces with the courage and energy necessary for the occasion. The Montreal *Telegraph* very opportunely says:—"No Ministry ever had such an opportunity to inaugurate a new commercial policy as that which now wields the Government of Canada; it has the whole people with it; and has only to show itself equal to the occasion to carry triumphantly any measures it chooses to propose. Here and there a doubtful protectionist raises a little cry in favour of his darling supposed to be in danger, but the majority recognise the fact that the best protection for Canadian manufactures is freedom from taxation, and the cheap labour that flows from it. Absolute free trade, the dream of enthusiasts, Utopia without a custom house, we cannot reach, because in the present circumstances of the country the necessary direct taxation is impossible; but the next best thing, moderate duties upon all imported articles, so as to give the largest possible development to, trade is within our grasp, with the probable result of a larger revenue than we obtain from a higher tariff. Ten per cent. duties may be substituted for twenty and twenty-five, and half, our taxation thrust upon our neighbors by their purchases in a cheaper market than they can find at home. Wealthy Americans by thousands will make a trip through Canada conducive to their health and advantageous to their wardrobes; and the belles of Newport and Saratoga will find the attractions of our shops as necessary to the enhancement of their charms as the fine breezes of the St. Lawrence. American manufactures feeling the weight of taxation will transfer their skill and carry it to Canada, for while they only partially lose thereby the trade of the United States, they gain in exchange that of nearly the whole world beside. The tide of emigration will flow from over taxed America, torn by internal dissensions, to a country where freedom exists in the largest measure with the maximum of taxation, and the maximum of political and social order." There opens up for these Provinces a grand future if our rulers are only wise enough to see where the stream is bearing us, and to cast themselves fearlessly upon it. Providence has given us marvellous strength for the occasion; never before were the Provinces so rich in means; never before so united in sentiment; never before was the determination of independence so general, and never the material means to conquer it so plentiful. What we want is the statesmanship to guide, and the mercantile energy to secure the fruition of wise legislation. Let us hope that these will be forthcoming.—*Ib, March* 3.

AMERICAN INSOLENCE.

We ought to feel thankful that we have got Great Britain at our back in these troublesome times. Otherwise, the tender mercies of our American neighbours would be extremely cruel. Indeed, it has been a difficult matter, of late, to read, calmly, the remarks of the American Press on Colonial questions, so abusive and insulting is their tone. A case in point is found in the Boston *Journal*, which, when forced to admit the value of a Reciprocity Treaty to American commerce, advocates a new basis of trade, chiefly because it believes that extended trade with the States would perpetuate Colonial disunion! Hear this moderate journal on the failure of recent negociations:—

"*It will be dangerous to give encouragement*, even temporarily, *to the Intercolonial feeling which certain influential men*, both in Britain and in Canada, *are doing all in their power to cultivate*. The suspension of reciprocal trade will be a cogent argument with the Canadians in favor of the building of the Intercolonial railway, WHICH EVERY INHABITANT OF NEW ENGLAND SHOULD SEEK TO PREVENT BY ALL PROPER MEANS, and which, with the continuance of reciprocity, and the prosecution of the Intercolonial line, will, in our opinion, never be built. Closely allied to this is the political Confederation of the Provinces, which can never be brought to pass unless an unfriendly policy on the part of the United States *shall force them, for their mutual protection and prosperity, into a closer compact and alliance than now exists.*"

Here we have it broadly stated that American interests are opposed to a better understanding among Colonists themselves—opposed to the construction of a railway between the Colonies—opposed to a political union by which Colonists may mutually protect each other! We are left to understand that Americans will prevent any and all of these projects—they will promote strife among Colonists—they will thwart the construction of an Inter-Colonial Railway, and make New Brunswick and Nova Scotia dependent on them in winter for connection with Canada! These are the base purposes of our Yankee enemies. They have encouraged the cut-throat Fenians to invade us from without, and, in addition, threaten to promote internal discord! This is the Yankee programme—it is well we know it. "*Forewarned, forearmed.*"

The New York *Times*—(which is the organ of the Federal Government, as the Boston *Journal* is the true exponent of American popular desires,) is devoting considerable attention to the Provincial Fisheries, so coveted by our avaricious neighbours, and makes use of threats as cowardly as they are uncalled for. The *Times* gives a very partial sketch of the position of the Fisheries before the Reciprocity Treaty was agreed upon, adding:—

"From this position, irritating and perilous, we were relieved by the Reciprocity Treaty. Our fishermen were allowed, of right, to enter the finest fisheries of the hemisphere, and most energetically have they profited by the opportunity. An important interest has been fostered. A large and lucrative industry has been cultivated.

"But the treaty in virtue of which these privileges have been enjoyed draws to a close. On the 17th of March reciprocity will come to an end; and with its termination will come a revival of Provincial exclusiveness in the matter of the fisheries, and the enforced denial to our fishermen of liberty to labour in the localities most certain to yield profit. In the language of the Report of the Chamber of Commerce, they will be 'driven out of the Bay of Chaleurs and other teeming inlets, which are within the formerly prescribed limit of three miles.' All the old misunderstandings will recur. *There will be regressions and reprisals.* Our citizens, accustomed for the last ten years to fish in the most productive waters, *will submit but sullenly, if at all, to the exercise of Provincial authority adversely to their interests*, and even to their rights, as they understand them. This is a point to be considered, our Chamber of Commerce has said, 'as bearing directly on the subject' of the expiration of Reciprocity.

"That the provinces are preparing promptly and energetically to visit upon our fishermen the penalties of commercial non-intercourse, may be inferred from the action already announced by the Government of Canada. A telegraphic despatch published yesterday informs us of the issue of a proclamation setting forth that after the 17th proximo 'no vessel owned and manned in the United States of America can pursue the in-shore fisheries' within the territory of Canada, 'without rendering themselves liable to the confiscation of their vessels, and such other penalties as are imposed' by Canadian law. We must therefore make up our minds to meet the issue, and provide for its attendant difficulties, without delay.

"We are justified in assuming that these difficulties are not remote, and former experience points to the supposition that in their nature they will be complicated and important. In his report to the Treasury Department, Mr. Derby, in view of this contingency, suggests that '*the Government should despatch a squadron to the fishing grounds to see that our vessels are not molested, and that our fisheries are not destroyed.' If they do not*" he adds, '*we may well expect the fishermen who have been South, under Farragut to follow the advice of Gen. Dix, if any one attempts to haul down the American Flag.*' We have no fear that our Government will be found unprepared for the occasion, or, in any particular, unequal to its responsibilities; but we should nevertheless be glad to see the danger averted, and the difficulties which produce it overcome.

To fully comprehend the meanness and ferocity of the menaces employed by these Government writers, we have only to recall the fact that the Colonists, who own these Fisheries, took no part in abrogating the Reciprocity Treaty. Although they had not profited so largely by the Treaty as the Americans, they took no steps to bring about its termination. The hostility to its continuance came entirely from the other side. The Americans have threatened its abrogation for several years. Yankee protectionists clamored loudly for its repeal; Yankee "patriots" made no secret of their intention to punish the Provinces, in this way, for their sympathy with the South; Yankee politicians believed that, by this course, the Annexation of the Provinces would be secured. When the Provincial Delegates reached Washington last month, and offered terms of trade, too liberal by half, they were met by propositions that the Yankees well knew would be rejected. They intended that they should be rejected. They had determined beforehand to shackle the trade of the two countries, and they have succeeded. *Upon them, and them only, rests the blame!*

But, now, behold the magnanimity of our neighbors! By abrogating the Treaty they have lost the use of the Provincial in-shore Fisheries—"the finest in the hemisphere," as the N. Y. *Times* describes them. But they seem to have decided already that their fishermen shall not leave the fishing grounds. Their newspapers boldly tell us, that the fishermen will hardly be induced to regard the poor Provincialists' rights in the valuable property; on the contrary; the men who served with Farragut in Federal war-ships will probably "shoot on the spot" any one who attemps to interfere with their piracies! We shall have no "Inter-Colonial Railway"—no "Inter-Colonial feeling"—no "Inter-Colonial Union"—and, finally, no Fisheries!! The Yankees will eventually claim to regulate everything for us, and even prescribe our diet, dress and religious ordinances. Verily, the Americans are a great nation, and we Provincialists are miserable communities, only fit to minister to the wants of our powerful neighbors!

Well, perhaps we *are* weak and defenceless, but, God be praised, *the arm of Old England is around us*—or we would fare badly at the hands of the adjacent nation of fillibusters.—*St. John Telegraph.*

FENIANISM IN IRELAND.

Subjoined is an extract from a letter received by a gentleman in this city, which came to hand by the last mail steamer from England. The writer, who dates his letter at Lismore Castle, is an official in the service of a nobleman in Ireland, and he is also the brother of a Roman Catholic Bishop there. The information contained in the paragraph will not only be found instructive but also perfectly reliable. It is to be deeply regretted that any such delusive movement was ever made. Fenianism cannot possibly be productive of any good, and will probably result in much harm to those enlisting in its ranks. It is unfortunate in such cases that the innocent suffer equally with the guilty:—

"On Monday next we will have 100 soldiers quartered here in the Castle to menace the Fenian conspiracy. The authorities are uneasy about the sympathy for the movement, but the delusion is very prevalent among the working classes that armed assistance will come from America to fight England and take Ireland. They appear to be more inclined to spend the money collected in New York and abuse one another. Most of the aristocracy are leaving the country, and going to Dublin and England to live till this excitement is over. Of course the unfortunate people here will suffer for employment. It necessary 200,000 men, with parks of Artillery, would be here in a few hours from England to crush this most formidable outbreak. The poor people would be hunted and shot like cats. I saw several officers and soldiers from America going about here, who were hunted from town to town by detectives; most of them returned with whole skins. I think they will not be very easily seduced again. I am inclined to think that Irishmen who are nearly all very comfortable at that side of the Atlantic ought to try to keep and improve their happy position rather than venture 3000 miles from their homes to fight one of the greatest powers in the world. It is much easier for them to gather money and send over agents here among the poor working classes to fill their hearts with golden promises, but they take care not to come to Ireland to fight with a wretched set of people without a gun or a pound in their pockets. More than this: every man of standing, except the workmen, are entirely opposed to this conspiracy. There is no doubt that the poor people were and are in a deplorable state, but I believe the new Parliament are determined to do all they can in the way of employment, tenant right, &c. It is a gross delusion and a mockery for the leaders of the Fenians to be deluding the poor suffering people by false promises, but they will have the money by all means."—*Halifax Reporter, March* 3.

THE CHOLERA CONGRESS.—The suggestion for a Congress, for the purpose of arresting the north-westward progress of the Cholera, has at length been carried into practice. The latest news from Constantinople states the nomination of the members has been completed, and that its construction will be entirely diplomatic, and that the Congress is expected to meet shortly.

THE CHOLERA CONFERENCE IN THE EAST.—The following appears in the *Levant Herald* of Constantinople:—

"The nominations to the forthcoming Cholera Conference are now nearly completed, and the Conference will, we learn, hold its first sitting early in the coming month. The Hon. W. Stuart, Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy, with a medical associate not yet named, will be the British representatives; Count Lallemand, as already stated, will be the French member; and the Italian, Belgian and Sweedish Ministers will respectfully represent their several Governments. Persia will also be admitted to the hygienic concert, and will contribute the wisdom and science of Teheran, through the Melkem Khan and Dr. Sawas Bey. The other powers, including the United States, have also appointed their delegates, but the names have not yet been announced. In the meantime, it is sufficiently plain that the Conference is to be rather diplomatic than medical, and that the result will perforce put a degree of pressure on the Porte which Ali Pasha hardly foresaw when he so readily fell in with the French proposal."

SOUND JUDGE—STUPID LAW.—It is stated that, by judical decision, if a New Yorker goes over into Canada with a suit of old clothes and buys a new one in their place he may be prosecuted for smuggling, and be graciously let off by paying $140 costs and the duties. If a man goes over into Canada and drinks bitter British beer, or eats French truffles, both duty paying here, and does so for the avowed purpose of a good drink and a good dinner cheaper than in the United States, returning before digestion is completed, must he step up to the marshal's office and settle?

Since the pedantry of law which Shakespeare has so wonderfully ridiculed in Hamlet; since the pretended report Arbuthnot of the six white and black horses; since the pleading for the blind puppies in *Les Plaideurs*, there has been nothing so exquisitely ridiculous as the manufacture of smuggling out of a purchase. Men who remember that ten thousand people used to pass the gates of Paris to drink wine, untouched by *Octroi*, every Sunday, may rejoice in the superior acumen of our lawyers. Henceforth, on the frontier, Breeches and Breaches will be synonymous.—*New York World.*

The Richmond *Examiner* has been "squelched" by Gen. Terry. How do the admirers of "the best and freest Government the sun ever shone on" reconcile this with the clause in the Constitution which should secure free speech and a free press to the millions? The same thing is frequently done in France and there called despotism.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the Prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success, by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, and, by giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.

Men in Washington have no rule of dress, and go to a ball or call on the Chief Magistrate of the nation in a sackcoat as often as in a frock, and the old orthodox dress coat is no more seen. The ladies dress gaudily and with a loyal disregard of taste worthy of their courage and their despair.