

secured it by the whole produce of their soil, including the great cotton monopoly, a necessity for all the world: they supported it by no end of penal statutes and patriotic resolutions; they made it a felony for anybody to refuse to take it at par; and they pledged the whole taxable resources of ten millions of people for its redemption. They were constrained to support it by every motive of interest and of patriotism that could influence men; and yet, with all these aids, the Confederate currency, amounting to \$654,465,963.50, never was redeemed, and never will be redeemed. Even had the confederate arms succeeded, no people would have submitted to the taxation requisite to the payment of so vast an emission of irredeemable currency.

Not less than fifteen hundred distinct notes (including in that term the series and their letters) would be needful to make up a complete collection of Confederate currency. This, too, exclusive of the countless collateral issues of the notes of separate states, cities, corporations and individuals. Very shortly after the heavy issue authorized by the Confederate congress, August 19, 1861, of \$100,000,000 in treasury notes, to run until six months after peace, this currency began to depreciate in value. In less than six months some of the prices current in Richmond were as follows: Coffee, \$5.10 a pound; calicoes, \$2 to \$2.25 a yard; printing paper, \$2 a pound; writing paper, \$45 to \$80 a ream; lard and bacon, 35 to 45 cents a pound.—(From the Richland Enquirer, March 20, 1862.)

In April, 1862, General Winder issued an order regulating the prices of all country produce in the markets of Richmond. The papers of that date complain of this order as unfairly discriminating against the farmers by putting down their prices, while no similar attempt was made to regulate the prices of groceries and dry goods by martial law. At that moment salt was held by the Richmond merchants at \$25 a bushel; sugar, from 60 to 80 cents a pound, and molasses at \$1.40 a gallon. But the marketmen soon found out a way to nullify General Winder's martial law, and fix their own prices. They retaliated by charging their customers General Winder's prices for their produce, and then charging another price for its delivery, which just about doubled their receipts in rag-money, over what they would have been but for this ingenious subterfuge. By the month of June, 1862, bacon had risen from 45 to 60 cents a pound, eggs were 60 cents a dozen, fresh meat from 50 to 60 cents a pound, butter \$1 a pound, and lard 60 cents a pound.

The following lines on the Confederate paper currency were written by Major S. A. Jonas, of the Texas brigade, shortly after the surrender of Lee's army, at Appomattox court house. They

have been printed on the backs of many of the Confederate bills.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Respectfully dedicated to the holders of Confederate treasury notes.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
As a pledge of the Nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued today our promise to pay,
And hope to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasury quaked,
If a dollar should drop in the till.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes as a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

Keep it, for it tells our history all o'er,
From the birth of its dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the Angel Hope,
Like the hope of success—it passed.

THE DIFFERENCE. Are we not of the same blood

as England? or if any difference, is it not that we have the same blood in all its elements, and more? If England is the one nation in the world that has ever succeeded in extending its government over all climes and distances, carrying freedom hand in hand with order and progress wherever she went, who dare question our capacity for the same glorious work? Behold! we have all her advantages, and our own beside.

No one so far as we know, at least in America, has ever doubted our innate capacity, for this and other new things. But it happens that the question is not one of capacity, but need. Not what we can, but what we want, is surely the rational matter. This if we look into, we are likely to find it 99 parts in possession of ourselves, to one of anything beyond. The immense disproportion of home territory between the two countries—one an Europe in itself, the other an island patch on the border of Europe—need hardly be mentioned; but the still more practical distinction is, that England's advances have been made not because she had a capacity or a mission, but an occasion. Living largely on the sea, she needs a station here and there, a harbor and adjacency, on that sea. Be the occasion selfish as it may, and the mode of working it often unscrupulous, at least it has been something actually experienced, not an abstract notion. Becoming minister of commerce to the world, she needed to establish that commerce on whatsoever shores it could root in, and extend the domain of it through all forms of protectorate and conquest. Here it was fish, there furs, elsewhere mines, productions or manufactures of whatever nature, that attracted her inclination; in each case it was step by step, a steady growth according to requirement. Sometimes indeed a struggle inevitably

drawn on with another great power would throw some larger territory into her hands; but equally it was a matter of necessity relatively to her actual state of affairs. When we look at our own situation, and inquire, first, what is our need of new territory, and then what its relative profit is likely to be when we have to create in large measure the appliance for working it, instead of having this already to our hands, we may get some useful light on such expansion.

"Imitation is suicide," it is said. Only the new course which actual occasion leads, can flourish; when it is only "me too," it is sure to fall behind. The more so, when it is but such a fag-end and remnant of foreign conquest that seems practicable for us in any case.

This very truth is made the argument of imperialism, in the contention, that now we have got our situation, we must not back out of it, but do as it requires. Yet there is still a margin of question, what it does require; and at all events, there is a day after today. While we are in brain fever, we may not be able to proceed as if in perfect health, but at least we may provide what remedy and prevention we can for brain fever. We may "take" some islands, but will hope so to prosper that there may be as little of that dose as possible.

There are things, and great things, in which we can take a front rank. There are greatest things, in which we may live to take the foremost place of all. Shall we prefer the things in which we can play but a dull second? There are those who seem to appreciate our high destiny, but say this is the way to it; the duty that lies nearest. At the fork of the road, the wrong way is as near as the right; it may look larger and more arduous; that does not make it the way for us. At the present fork, the chances of the broader way proving the better one, are about as those of farming the world in general compared with farming ample acres of our own; or of getting to Heaven by a similar choice.

CUBAN SCHOOLS.

It is rather surprising to learn that the existing schools in Santiago were found to be so good that the United States officials thought it best to keep hands off. The schools were free, to the children of the poor Cuban as well as to those of the aristocratic Spaniard, and attendance was furthermore compulsory. A visitor states that he had "never in his life seen happier, cleaner, better-dressed collections of little children." The girls are taught artwork and the boys natural science; but there is no provision for muscular perfection for one's self and one's children characteristic of the Northern peoples?