

## A LECTURE TO TALKATIVE WOMEN.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

No greater kindness or more beneficial instruction can parents bestow upon their children than from their earliest years to teach them how wise a thing it is to bridle the tongue. But the most efficient and lasting teaching of this doctrine will be that which the children gather from their parents' personal example. If that, more than words, of a character to convince them that their parents believe in, and conscientiously endeavor to practice themselves, the lesson they attempt to teach, we may be sure the children will be quick to recognize it and to imitate.

Nothing is sweeter than true social intercourse, and the friendly or the family circle is dull and more unsatisfactory if not enlivened and cheered with frequent and useful conversation all through the day or week. But however much freedom and cordial confidence there may be among friends or in the relations of home, even if it is not wise or safe to leave the tongue unbridled.

The "word spoken in season how good it is." But even with our best and dearest, now and then, every day, there are occasions when the power of silence is far more to be depended upon and is infinitely more efficacious than the most royal gifts of eloquence. We have seen cases—and more particularly among the young—when what seemed an ungovernable outbreak of passion has been quelled by a perfectly calm silence.

Few are so perfect that some disturbance will not occasionally arise that tends toward a dispute. Even an argument may become so heated that it leads close to a dispute. Although the definitions of "argument" and "dispute," as given by the authorities, are almost synonymous, yet it always seems that disputes border more closely on to irritation or anger than arguments do. At any rate the powder magazine is so near to both that holding back a reply—although the hardest—is much the wisest way. There are times, which every one has probably known, when even "a soft answer" has not half the power of perfect silence. With the ignorant and passionate, it is not only useless but the wildest folly to give a dispute. Was Solomon with all his wisdom, in the most trustworthy state of mind and judgment when he advised to "answer a fool according to his folly?" If gifted with great self-control, sensible people may disagree or disagree on many points of interest, and yet not forget the laws of kindness and good sense; but none can "answer a fool according to his folly" without descending to his level.

In the household many things demanding forbearance and a great stock of patience are springing up constantly. In large families particularly, hardly an hour passes, even when all endeavor to be guided by the laws of love and kindness, that little clouds do not appear in the distance, shadows pass over the horizon, which, by a trifling irritation or mistake, would soon gather in black clouds, threatening a violent storm. But by silence, "setting a watch over the door of the mouth," these shadows pass away, leaving no trace behind.

None more than the wife need have the full possession of the crowning grace of silence and the ability to keep instinctively when to hold her peace—even from words of greeting or endearment. Men are so entirely different in this respect that, while loving strongly and faithfully they are not so dependent on the daily outward expression of affection as women. With her

love will die if it is not fed,  
And the true heart cries for its daily bread.

With men a word of endearment, a smile or a caress, are all pleasant enough now and then; yet these little weaknesses are not necessary to a man's comfort or happiness. But a loving wife can dispense with food and rest, and think it no hardship, if by so doing for a time—forgetting her own bodily needs—she secures the time to cater for the taste or minister to the comfort of those she loves. But gentle words and attentions especially from the one loved far exceed suffering and loss. They are her life. With their her nature expands, broadens, grows richer and nobler; without them she withers and becomes impoverished. Many husbands little understand how quickly their wives may deteriorate or become mere old machines, if they pass heedlessly on their way, forgetting the heart-famine they have at home.

But no matter how much a woman may crave gentle attentions and loving notice, if she will teach herself to understand the great power she may earn by silence—not grim, unamiable silence—but that which gently, unostentatiously tends to peace. Her patient continuance will often enlighten the eyes which have been unconsciously hidden to the unintentional neglect which she, perhaps, left shadows on the home life, and once recognized, they will love and honor the wife all the more for the quiet lesson she has taught by her silence. There are times in men's lives, far more than in women's, when any reply to hasty or careless remarks or complaints, however just, of inattention or supposed neglect, would be most untimely and, perhaps, cause serious trouble.

A woman in comfortable health naturally rises in the morning in a cheerful, happy frame of mind, inclined to sprightly conversation, and were her husband able to be equally so, could in these few moments of morning converse and greeting drink in enough nectar to make her eyes bright and step elastic all day long. But a life of business or public duties is seldom conducive to a good night's rest or a cheerful, happy waking.

Unfortunately, however, it often happens that the short time devoted to waking and dressing are the very moments when a wise woman will hold her peace, content to know that kindly attentions and pleasant words have more power, and are better appreciated after a hot steak or chop, and a good cup of coffee, than before.

This state of things does not strike one especially of a woman—as exactly just. But here are the facts which in many families are so common that one cannot gainsay or resist them. Can a change be effected by constant repining? Will a long, sad face make the delinquent more thoughtful?

Will it not enhance that evil and tend to change occasional carelessness into habitual indifference? Worse still, by a habit of complaining, perhaps reproaching, does not a wife endanger her own love? While that shines undiminished there is always hope that "the dove of peace and promise" will yet fold its wings and take up its abode

with them, and then the last days of that household shall be brighter than the first. The virtue of silence—a cheerful silence—when tempted to "last words," will do more to scatter all threatening clouds than the sharp, bitter words wounded pride or irritated love tempts one to utter. The first, faithfully acted upon, insures hope of brighter days; the latter, if not at once and forever repressed, is sure destruction of all true love and domestic peace.

But it is not alone in home life that "silence is golden." There is no position in life that would not be better for being and acting upon that rule. In all our intercourse with friends and neighbors how many disturbances would be calmed and passed away, if that unwhimsical tongue—could be kept in proper subjection. Too frequent visits to saloons, and frequent potations there, leave little power to resist temptation or to exercise self-control. In such a condition one word spoken unadvisedly is like a match to powder, and in a moment sharp words, blows, and perhaps murder, is the result, when but for the untimely word the saddest part of these disgraceful orgies might have been avoided. It might be found difficult to decide which has done the most harm in this world of ours—intemperance or the unregulated use of the tongue.

### The Inventor of the Spinning Frame.

One of the most prosperous and busy towns in the great manufacturing region in northern England is Bolton. A hundred and thirty years ago it was a much smaller town than now, but it had then the reputation of being one of England's most thriving industrial centers. At that time Bolton was a queer straggling place, with many old grimy houses, and many narrow lanes and alleys branching off from the streets. One of these alleys conducted the wayfarer to an ancient, cozy inn, the Old Millstone. If you had been walking in this alley about the year 1750 you would have seen a rude sign hanging over a cellar on one side, bearing these words: "Come to the underground Barber! He shaves for a penny!" Descending into the cellar, you would have seen the barber to be a bright-eyed, active, keen-looking young man about twenty-one years of age, standing ready in his shirt-sleeves to shave the customer. Nor would he have to wait long, for the cheap rate at which he relieved people of their stubby beards brought an almost continual succession of artisans from the neighboring machine shop to his dark little cellar. When he had shaved a customer, the latter would hasten to a lead cistern against the wall to wash his face, for barbers in those days did not "fix up" their customers as comfortably after shaving as they do now.

This lively barber, besides being very expert at his trade, was, like many another barber before him and since, a great talker. Everybody who came under the swift sweep of his razor had to pay his contribution of chatter. The barber asked his customers about their various trades, and he was always especially eager to learn what anybody would tell him about machinery. He loved to hear all about the new machines which now and then were introduced into the shops and factories—how they were made, how they worked, how much labor they saved, and what kind of goods they made.

The name of our inquisitive and energetic barber was Richard Arkwright. His childhood and boyhood had not been very pleasant. His father was a very poor man, and had thirteen children. Of course, as there were then no free schools in England, he could not hope to give this large family a good education. The result was that Richard grew up without learning much of anything, and just as soon as he was strong enough to work he was set about it. Yet Richard was a youth of a very persevering, determined spirit. He had a manly independence about him and a cheerful courage, which enabled him to bear whatever hardships came upon him bravely, and to studiously carry on his struggles with the world. While he was shaving for a penny, he was always dreaming of something better and more profitable. He knew that he had a good deal of mechanical ingenuity, and he resolved to put it to use as soon as he could. He spent the little leisure time he had in studying machinery, and in trying to invent something. By the time he was thirty Richard made up his mind that he had had quite enough of the shaving business. He worked hard, yet he only made enough to keep body and soul together; he was laying up nothing for the future. So throwing aside the razor, he took up the trade of a dealer in hair. He wandered about the country, buying the hair of rustic young girls, making it up into wigs and selling them to the old people. Meanwhile he invented a new way of dyeing hair, which brought him in quite a brisk trade. He thrived so well in his new business that he laid up quite a little sum of money, and falling in love with a farmer's daughter, he married her.

One day he was in a manufacturing town, and heard some weavers talking about the threads used in the weaving of cloth. The cloth they made consisted of linen thread woven with cotton. But it was hard, they said, to get enough cotton thread to form what was called the "weft" of the cloth. A machine for spinning cotton thread had already been invented by a poor weaver named James Hargreaves, to whom his invention had been nothing but a misfortune, since he had been persecuted and driven from place to place, because the spinners thought that his "spinning-jenny" would deprive them of work. But the spinning-jenny did not produce enough thread for the demand, nor was its thread fine and close enough for the weft.

Richard Arkwright listened intently to all that the weavers were saying. He plied them with questions. He found one of Hargreaves's spinning-jennies, and examined closely its every part. From that time he had but one idea—to invent a machine which would spin thread faster and finer than the spinning-jenny. And now, like many inventors who absorb themselves in their one idea, Richard began to neglect his regular business, his young wife saw with anger that he was daily growing poorer, and poorer, and instead of saving money, he did not even earn enough to give them the common comforts of life. Instead of going up and down the country for his stock of maiden's tresses, he stayed at home, making models of his, chimes, and brooding over them by the hour together. One day he would feel sure that the model he had just made would answer the purpose, and bring fame and fortune at last; the next, he would discover some fatal defect

would throw the model aside, and begin on a new one.

They finally grew so poor that it was with difficulty they could procure enough to eat from day to day. Richard's wife, who was a young woman of rather violent temper, was always upbraiding him for what she thought his idleness, and crying out to him that his attempts to invent a spinning-machine were all nonsense. At last her patience gave way entirely, and one day she seized the last model which he had carefully and laboriously made, and in a fit of rage threw it violently on the floor. Richard could not stand this. He was infuriated to see his pretty model lying on the floor in twenty pieces, and told his wife to leave forever. She obeyed him, going away from their humble home never to return.

After several years of great poverty and suffering, during which he met and overcame many great obstacles, Richard at last completed the machine which has made his name immortal in the annals of invention. It was while he was struggling with his troubles that one day he arrived at Preston, which he has made his home. An election for member of Parliament was going on, and his vote was greatly needed. But he looked so shabby and ragged that his party were ashamed to take him to the polls. So they took him to a tailor's, fitted him out with a new suit of clothes, and so brought him up to the voting place. But the old days of want vanished forever after Arkwright had at last introduced his spinning frame. This machine produced a cotton thread fit not only for the "weft," but also for the "warp" of the cloth, so that the cloth could now be woven wholly of cotton.

In a few years the beautiful vale of the river Derwent, in the centre of England, revealed to the eye several large mills busily at work with Arkwright's machines, and not far from them rose a stately country house, with parks and lawns, known as Willersley Castle. Both the mills and the castle belonged to Richard Arkwright, who was now rich and prosperous, and growing richer every day. He who had once been a humble barber in a dingy cellar, shaving workmen for a penny a piece, was now one of the chief men of his neighborhood, and one of the most famous in all England. He was made high sheriff of his county, which in England is a high honour; and once when King George III. paid a visit to his locality, Arkwright, as sheriff, presented the monarch with an address of welcome. For this light deed, and not because he was the inventor of one of the most useful machines ever made, the king made Arkwright a knight, so that he rose from his knees with the title of Sir Richard Arkwright. Thus titled, rich and renowned, the inventor lived to a good old age, happy in the respect of all men.

### Early Winter Millinery.

As the cold weather approaches, the female mind naturally turns to the consideration of that most important part of her costume, the hat, or bonnet, and well may the modern woman be bewildered by the variety of shapes displayed for her to select from. If she is young and partial to the English style of dressing, she will likely select a stiff, moderately high crowned shape of the glossy beaver or hatters' plush, as milliners term it, which was worn somewhat last winter, and will be still more in favor this, as it now comes in a variety of colors as well as in black.

In felts, the low crowned English turbans are still worn by conservative people, and some of these have the crown indented toward the front; indeed the leading features of the newest round hats are lower crowns and projecting brims. These brims, however, are most eccentric, and it is in this the variety exists. Some extend from the crown far out in front, some are wide on one side, some turn up in a point at the back of the hat, and others roll toward the front, and become gradually narrower on the right side, while still, another style rolls up on both sides close to the crown. These are often stylishly trimmed with a long, rich plume extending over the crown towards the back.

Another odd conceit is a pinked edging of felt around the rim of both hats and bonnets, while other felts are embroidered in small leaf and flower patterns. A new gray-blue shade known as "Gobelin blue" is fashionable for millinery, as well as walking suits, replacing "heliotrope," which has had its day; but the useful browns and navy blues will, as ever, be the most popular, next to black.

### A Wonderful Mare.

"The following," writes a correspondent from Colombo, Ceylon, "is probably a unique case. A bay mare, Berlina, granddaughter of Stockwell, aged 3 years, was brought up here from Australia in March last. She won two races on the hills in April, and was trained for the chief events at our annual meeting in August. She was galloped, sweated and physicked more than any horse in training, and yet the fat didn't come off. On Aug. 15, carrying ten stone nine pounds, she won the Government Cup, one mile, in a common canter, beating a large field. On Aug. 17 she started for the Turf Club Plate, two miles, got off with a bad start, and went round all the way, finishing nowhere, in evident distress. The following morning she was found to be 'in pain,' and died undelivered on the Friday, three days after. I fancy this is the first time it has ever been recorded that a mare carrying an 8 months' foal won a race in good time."

To the ordinary mind, full of busy schemes and plans for future good, in the many active and fruitful years which people are so sure remain to them, the condition of one condemned to die at the hands of the law is inconceivable. To the sick, oftentimes the restraints which come from their own weakness, the irksomeness of inactivity, is harder to bear than all the agonies of pain and disease. This is but the beginning with the prisoner. Withdrawn from all the interests of the world, having no longer any part in humanity, destined at a fixed hour to have the poor remnants of his pale and shadowy life choked out of him at the hands of the race of the days and hours that remain, he must count the days and hours that remain to him till that agonizing moment when he shall, before the unquenching eyes of the community he has wronged, writhe out that wretched existence, to which he yet as an animal clings. All crime probably has an element of insanity in it. There is something abnormal and unbalanced, there is no sense or proportion, no idea of values. All things are seen through a refracting medium which strangely distorts and falsifies them. But under the strain of prison life the sanest mind cannot long retain its tone.

## POOR RUSSIA.

BY ARTHUR WARREN.

Our voyage to Odessa was not one of unclouded joy. In the first place there were certain obstacles in the way of food, and the food did not readily pass the obstacles and reach the tables. When, by some mysterious dispensation, it was set before us, its flavor was more than suspicious of a disorganized galley. Investigation revealed a disorganized cook. What was the matter with him nobody knew, but the passengers held an indignation meeting, and the captain removed the cook, who, in self-defence, said that the heat of the galley made him ill. That cook was a marvel of incapacity. He had been taken on at Constantinople, where his successor had deserted. The captain put him to work as a deck hand, saying that he would find that job cool enough, but the varlet speedily developed a lame neck which made it impossible for him to walk from the fore-castle to the mainmast in side of half an hour. He was then transferred to the wheel-house, but before the day was over he declared that he was too blind to steer. Gargoyles heard of this and became exceedingly putty. A blind man at the wheel, and he forthwith fired at the captain.

### VOLUMES OF EXECRABLE FRENCH.

I don't blame Gargoyles. A man must lose his temper at times. There are species of beings who would try the patience of a saint—the compositor who knows more than the author, and the proof reader who doesn't consult copy. Some such wight it was who last week made Gargoyles say that henceforth he should call Constantinople "The City of the Bosphorus," when I had written in the most distinct fashion, "The City of the Bosphorus." The only remedy for such crimes is a dynamite bomb.

Going into Odessa is like treading the path of righteousness, it's so easy to get off the course. The captain of the Liberte had a man at the bow taking soundings. Consequently we ran aground and had to wait for the flood-tide to float us off. I say consequently, because French sailors have an indomitable tendency for doing the wrong thing and losing their heads. The fellow with the lead and line found the channel rapidly shallowing and he proceeded to scream and tear his hair and call on the saints. Then the captain put the wheel to port when he should have put it to starboard, and the Liberte stuck in the mud. A dozen hours later we were off and making for the dock. There was a French steamer putting out with a huge hawser directly across the entrance to the Liberte's dock. When our captain saw that hawser his hair stood on end.

### HE SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS.

He waved his arms, stamped his feet, and made faces at the captain of the other ship, who retorted by calling our man an "imbecile." The two captains stood on their respective bridges and shrieked, while their crews swore at each other. Still the hawser, drawn taut, blocked the way. Then the captain of the Liberte backed his ship a little way, stopped her, ordered the engineer to put on full head of steam, and he made straight for that hawser and at it with the Liberte's iron bow, so that the other vessel drifted off and collided with a fishing smack.

There is more red tape to the square inch in Russia than in all other countries combined. Russia is bound up to the eyes in red-tape, and the red-tape, in the logical course of things, breeds Anarchists, as venerable cheese breeds other vermin.

We left the ship in a hurry, and rushed around a corner against a squad of fierce-looking soldiers armed with murderous, layonnetted guns. Gargoyles got behind me. Gargoyles is exceedingly polite; he never yawns for precedence. We were surrounded by the military and marched through a pair of enormous gates into a gloomy stone building that looked like a jail.

"What have we done now?" whispered Gargoyles, as a big official with enormous whiskers and a Chinese-gong voice muttered something in the Szezevski language.

As we did not understand the official, we bowed and did our best not to look idiotic. Then the official spoke about three sticksful of lingo which sounded like a mowing machine on a gallop.

Gargoyles said something in French, I forgot what, and the official looked blank. Then he plunged into Szezevski again and touched his head significantly with one hand, pointing to Gargoyles with the other.

"Gargoyles," I remarked in my blindest fashion, "this fellow says there is a screw loose in your head." Then the official pointed at me and reared with his Chinese-gong voice.

Gargoyles gazed at me pityingly and said "I am afraid you've murdered a proof-reader. You look capable of it, and I'm sure these fellows have a warrant for your arrest."

I said nothing. If I was not guilty in fact, I was certainly guilty in desire. I stood motionless, lost in musing. Presently Gargoyles said: "They want us to remove our hats, that's all."

By what miracle my cherished friend had divined this I shall never know. Suffice it to say that we uncovered, and the big official sat down and smiled graciously and directed his minions to examine our baggage, while he inspected our passports, which, by the way, he could not read.

There are several good things to be said of the Hotel de l'Europe in Odessa, chiefly however that it is as comfortable as it is large, and that its staff, by speaking French and English, relieve you of

### THE MORNING NECESSITY

of struggling with Russian. I suppose that the rooms are large in order that they may admit the armed brigades that are sent to inspect the passports of the guests. After a while one becomes accustomed to these big Russian warriors, and is quite disturbed in mind if they do not go to visit him at least once a day. Gargoyles suggested that it would save trouble if we hung our passports on the doorknob when we were in, and pinned them on our coats when we went out. Gargoyles is not the most practical man in the world, as you may understand by a little adventure that befell him on our after-lunch stroll.

We were crossing a very wide street, and Gargoyles, having his architectural mania on, was gazing intently at the upper stories of some public building, when he was nearly run down by a gallant equipage which dashed by at a prodigious pace. The carriage was as glorious as a circus-van. Four white horses plied it madly along, and half a dozen outriders on gallant black steeds accompanied the solemn personage who, wrapped to his ears in a fur-trimmed cloak, sat

in the vehicle and glared at his coachman as if the latter had erred wildly by not running down the inoffensive Gargoyles. As it was, Gargoyles had escaped by an inch only, and his coat was specked by foam from a careering charger. Gargoyles waxed wrathful, turned like a flash, and shook his fist at the mighty personage, an act which was detected by one of the outriders, who

### WHEELED HIS HORSE IN AN INSTANT

and made for the luckless archaologist, who, in turn, fled precipitately down a narrow alley. The horseman gave up the chase, as it would have been beneath his dignity to dismount, and Gargoyles, in the course of half an hour emerged discreetly from his hiding-place, where he had been tormented, as he afterward confessed, with visions of Siberia.

Fast driving is the most conspicuous thing in Odessa. Horses rush along the streets at their highest beat. The coachmen of Odessa are like the herdic-drivers of Boston in their total disregard of foot passengers' bones. In Paris, if you are run over you are arrested or obstructing the streets. In Odessa you are sent to the undertaker's.

If the official or semi-official Russian loves anything he more than red-tape it is the monarchical humbug. He is always telling what the Great Czar has been pleased to do, or what the Holy Czar has graciously deigned to think, or what the White Czar has been pleased to command, the fact being that the Czar has had nothing whatever to do with the matter in question, and has not the remotest notion concerning it. If you go to one of the numerous money-changers in the streets and ask him what he will give you, a five-pound note, or a twenty-franc piece, he will roll his eyes, and cast with a hypocritical whine: "It has pleased the Great Czar to declare that the rate of exchange to-day is so and so," and the arrant knave knows perfectly well that the imperial puppet at St. Petersburg has no more to do with the rate of exchange than the man in the moon has with the price of butter. Brightened Russia is

### HOPELESSLY BOUND IN RED TAPE.

and cruelly burdened with a mass of rapacious bureaucrats who suck the very life-blood of the nation. I am sure that if I were a Russian I should be a revolutionist, and by this time I should be either starving in Siberia, or dying in the rotten dungeons of St. Peter and Paul. Officialism in its most conscienceless and most corrupt form is the curse of Russia, and it flourishes by nursing superstition, feeding ignorance and spreading poverty. In its hands the Czar is a puppet; he is the nominal governing power, it wields the actual tyranny. It, more than the Czar, is responsible for the hideous injustice of the Autocracy. Russia is an interesting country to visit, but a wretched country to live in. It is absolutely at the mercy of the bureaucrats, who exile a man for expressing a forbidden political opinion, but only imprison him a dozen years if he is guilty of the most horrible murder; who will consign him to Siberia on the strength of an anonymous letter; who convict him without the form of a trial; who forbid the publication or possession, on pain of punishment, of Huxley's, or Adam Smith's, or Carlyle's, or Mill's or Herbert Spencer's books; who would confiscate every copy of the paper containing this article of mine; who would without a warrant, break into your house at dead of night and carry you off to jail on mere suspicion that you had denounced the Czar; who forbid you even the right of petitioning the throne; who turn the very prisons into spies; who have even hanged a lad of nineteen because they had found among his papers a proscribed political pamphlet. Poor Russia! Its burden is heavy and its hope is nil!

### Illustrious Dunces.

Isaac Newton, when a boy at the bottom of his class, was kicked by the boys above him. He fought the bully and beat him, out of which victory arose the thought that as he had beaten him with his fists he might also do it with his brains. And he did. Isaac Barrow, the divine, was a quarrelsome, idle boy. His father said of him that "if it pleased God to take away any of his children that it might be Isaac," Adam Clark was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce;" but it is recorded of him that he "could roll large stones about." Take note, writes Edward Butler, of boys who can and do roll stones about. They may take to rolling great ideas about. Dr. Chalmers was expelled from the parish church of St. Andrews as "an incorrigible dunce." Walter Scott, at Edinburgh University, was labelled by Professor Dalzell, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain." John Howard was an illustrious dunce, "learning nothing in seven years." And then Napoleon and Wellington were dull boys at school.

The New York Sun speaks bitterly of a fellow-editor as the "omnicidalist prince-cox who daubs darkness over the vast editorial page of the Brooklyn Eagle."

An Irishman stopped at one of our hotels, got supper, breakfast and lodging, and told the landlord in the morning he had no money. The landlord asked him why he did not say so last night. "Och, I thought you would feel sorry enough to hear it this morning."

"I have ventured," he said, "to buy this diamond ring, hoping that you would allow me to slip it on your finger as a token of our engagement." "I am very sorry," she said, "but you are too late. I am already engaged; but if you will have it altered to fit my little finger I will shower upon you the wealth of a sister's affection."

The church of Hucknall Torkard, Nottingham, England, in which is the tomb of Byron, is being rebuilt, but it is said that not a stone of Byron's tomb will be disturbed, and the block of marble sent for the purpose by the King of Greece, and embellished with the laurel wreath wrought in brass by Mr. Richard Bell, which marked the poet's grave, as well as the tablet to his memory, and the mural monument in memory of his daughter, Lady Lovelace, will, after the restoration occupy the same positions relatively to the grave as now.

New Zealand has never enjoyed the favor of the Australian continent for its gold produce, but nevertheless since 1857 the gold-fields of New Zealand have produced about £54,000,000. The gold exported reached its highest point in 1866, when 735,376 ounces, at £2,344,517, were exported. The present production is valued at nearly £1,000,000 sterling. A total area of 21,000 square miles of gold and silver bearing land is already known, both metals having been found over that area at numerous localities.