

*flowery* opening worded down to an anti-climax,—a county *lot* was purchased; a town *reserve* laid off; a *gaol* erected, and different *other institutions* founded. It is often inconvenient to particularize; the lot, the reserve, and the gaol, were no doubt all the known beauties of the flower; the et cetera we are to understand as a mere flourish of the pen. How history-like!

Of 7000 tons of timber brought to market in 1793, only 2,800 tons were shipped, eight years after, at 10s. per ton. The fur trade and moose hunting both failed, we are told, in 1793.

On page 54 we have the following: "Here let the reader pause for a moment, while I proceed to close this chapter, by noticing the first act of blood, that ever stained the British annals, in the county of Northumberland."

This, perhaps, is some new artifice of composition, not yet laid down for the assistance of the student; to us the meaning is inscrutable—let the *reader pause*, while I proceed to notice. We hope Mr. Cooney did not dream of being ever present with each subscriber to *recite* this important close of a chapter; but if he did not, what nonsense has he committed for the sake of a little stage effect.

On the 56th page we have another polished paragraph, set in, as gems are, amid baser materials. It tells us that the conflagration of Moscow, or the hurricane (what hurricane?) of Madrid did not reach Miramichi! And that *we* feared not, though our parent had volunteered to be the *World's Fortorn Hope*. This last original epithet, is a further vestige of the politics of auld lang syne, which in their day imposed on boys and old women.

As Mr. Cooney's own Philips somewhere says, for the Bourbon in England, for the Bourbon in France, for the Bourbon in Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, did the war party of England put forth their strength; not for the *world*, if the *people* of the world are to be taken into account while speaking of our Planet. True our country gathered many military laurels in the struggle; but why not call things and incidents by their proper philosophic titles, in a work of so grave and sterling a character as a History of New Brunswick?

The timber trade became a profitable pursuit in 1815, and, says Mr. Cooney, "our usual commerce increased; and ship building added another branch to our industry. Every thing began to wear a new aspect. A tide of emigration flowed upon us; and our population rapidly increased." Four pronouns again, in four lines, each of which implies, R. Cooney & Co. What a poverty of language, the phrases—"our commerce increased," and "our popu-