

hadn't a drame' lady whin will ye go out of this, for ye're troubling the earth! Don't ye hear how the thunder growls?"

"May I not wait till the storm is over, Daddy?" I inquired, not without some apprehension, for the old man's features were assuming a troubled aspect, though my little guide did not seem alarmed.

"Oh, *agra*! yes; a lady and a stranger; only the sooner the better, unless ye could sleep, and tell me yer drame. God help me," he added shiveringly, for the wind had risen, and was rattling amid the ruins and the ivy; "God help me! I shall soon be little more than a drame myself."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the sadness of the tone with which he uttered this prophecy. They were the last words he spoke to me. The storm was short-lived; and though I bade him good-day, he would not answer me; the boy said he was vexed the "tunder" was over. Be that as it may, I heard the click-click of his sharpening the end of his axe, as if determined on his singular purpose.

Poor Roger Whelan! one of my last received letters from Ireland contained this passage: "I have just left the prosperous and contented dwelling of Michael Whelan; he is a very old man, full to the brim of the happy years of an industrious life, though just now much grieved by the death of his wandering brother, 'the Treasure-Seeker'; for despite his eccentric obstinacy, which, as he advanced in years, deepened in my opinion into positive madness, he loved him tenderly. Roger's end was as remarkable as his life. He had been occupied, as usual, one stormy night in the old church-yard of Bannow; and the storm he so delighted in, but too faithfully assisted the excavation he had made. A portion of the north wall gave way, and buried the picturesque old man beneath its ruin."

Poor dreamer! he had left his brother's house under the strong excitement of a new vision, and his end was in keeping with his life. The prosperity arising from the industry of the one brother, and the comfortless life and tragical end of the other, from the best commentary upon the most feasible means of obtaining a *crook of gold*.

It is said in the day of perplexity, when every one must have money, and there is no money to be had, that it would be an excellent thing to learn to live without means. Setting aside the aged and the helpless, such a situation can hardly be found. who, in this wide world, in this universal magazine, this great storehouse, cannot find means for a living? There is no honest, industrious, resolute individual but can find means. Ye, who have been lingering on, hoping for better times, rouse up your energies, feel that you have that within that may stir you up to the best purposes of life; resolve to find means; it may not be that they will exactly correspond with your taste, but it is an honest living you are seeking, and the world is full of material. The very rocks and stones we tread on, which nature scatters so liberally, may be converted into gold. They are hewn into a thousand forms, rise into the noblest structures, and are broken into the macadamised pavement beneath our feet. Water, the free gift of Heaven, is not suffered to flow idly on, telling its history in gentle murmurs; it is made the source of wealth and industry; it turns wheels, spouts forth in stream, and becomes a revenue for thousands. Turn which way you will, and the world is full of materials! But these materials must be converted into use by those who think, those who invent, and those who labour.

REMOVAL.

P. SINCLAIR in announcing to his friends and the public his intention to leave the premises that he has occupied since his commencement of business in Quebec, takes the opportunity of expressing his gratitude for the very liberal patronage that has been bestowed upon him and begs to say that in the commodious store, 12, Fabrique Street, where his business will be carried on from the 1st of May next, every attention will be paid to the accommodation of those who are pleased to patronize him.

He is proud in being able to inform his friends that "SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL" has steadily and rapidly increased ever since the appearance of the first number—it is scarcely three months old—yet it can now number "fifteen hundred subscribers and constant readers" and although this number may appear comparatively small, those who know the actual circulation of any of the local papers will admit that its short life has been most prosperous and that the public are pleased with its career, it was the intention of the proprietor to issue a number weekly, during the summer, but as that is the busy season with the population of Quebec, he has, by the advice of several interested friends, altered that intention, and purposes to continue to publish, as usual, once a fortnight, believing that as he has hitherto succeeded so well, the wisest plan he can adopt is to "let well alone." The subscription for the year will be SIX SHILLINGS AND THREE PENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received two or three angry letters from anonymous contributors, expressing their annoyance because their contributions were not published: we beg to assure these gentlemen that we have acted kindly towards them, ourselves, and the public, by consigning their writings to oblivion.

H. S. M.—The first stone-arched bridges built in England, were erected by command of Matilda, Queen to Henry the first. Two were built at Stratford, in Essex, thence called De Arcubus, or Le Bow, where she had nearly been drowned for want of such a convenience.

CHARLOTTE EMILY.—Your verses have considerable merit but you prove your inexperience by saying that you could "break the marriage binding," if you found your husband unworthy. Let us advise you to consider well before you take the step and remember that once

The words are repeated

The bridal is done,

The rite is completed,

The two, they are one:

The vow, it is spoken

All pure from the heart,

That must not be broken

Till life shall depart.

A SCHOLAR.—As you call yourself a scholar you ought to know that the following is from Hudibras, B. III, Canto iii, v. 243:

"For those that fly may fight again
Which he can never do that's slain."

W. D.—Is informed that SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL can be mailed to any port of Great Britain free of Postage, the same as any other Colonial Newspaper.