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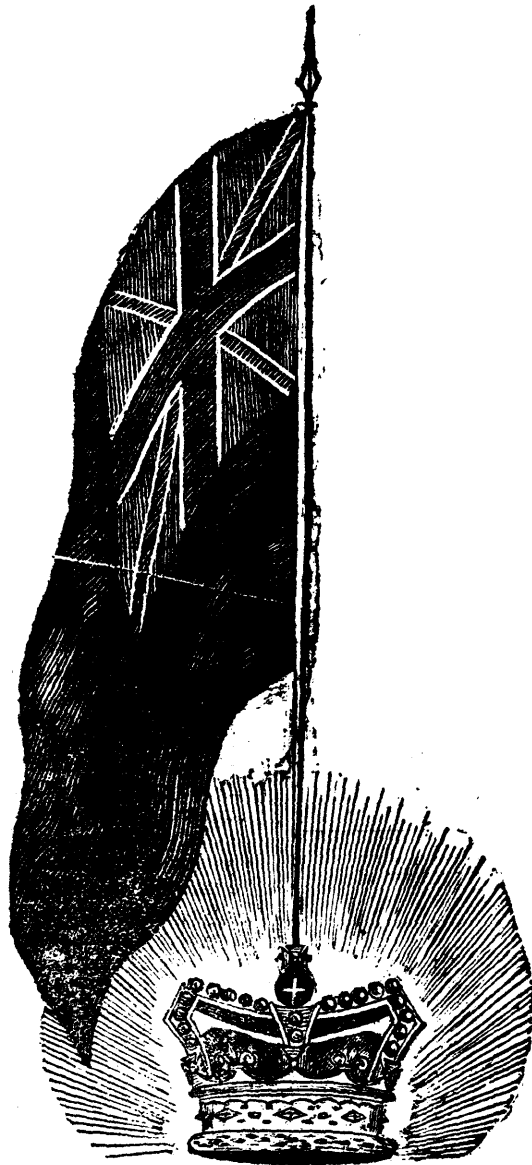
# SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

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## CONTENTS.

*Electric Telegraphs under the Sea.*  
*Adventures of a Night.*

*Poetry.*

*Correspondents.*

*Sketches of distinguished men—The Napier Family.*

*The Sikhs.*

*Canada.—Incidents of Canadian Travel.*

*Colonial Governors.*

*Advertisements.*

## Electric Telegraphs under the Sea.

A question at present exciting much attention is that of electric telegraphs under the sea. It is proposed to enclose the coated wires within a leaden tube, which, being sunk, will in a short time bend and fit itself to the conformation of the sea bottom. No difficulty is anticipated in laying down such a line across the chan-

nel between England and Ireland; it is suggested that the telegraphic communication with Ireland should be made to the nearest point opposite Port Patrick. Those who propose to cross the Atlantic with wires, say that it can only be done by the route of the Orkneys, Farøe Islands, and Iceland, to New Brunswick, equivalent to pronouncing the scheme to be impracticable, or indefinitely deferred. But more sanguine or more skilful experimentalists affirm it to be possible to establish a telegraphic communication through the sea without wires: earth and water, it appears, are quite sufficient for the purpose. The fact that such a communication has already been effected across the Thames, is quite enough to cause the parties now in motion to persevere. The *modus operandi* generally stated would be this:—A galvanic battery is placed at Dover, from one end of which a wire passes to a sheet of zinc or copper buried in the sea beyond low water mark; from the other end the wire is led into a coil, from which it is continued to a greater distance along the shore, than the opposite coast, and there terminates in a metallic plate also under water. A similar arrangement would be made at Calais, and the conclusion, as far as yet worked out is, that the resistance being less between shore and shore than between the extremities of the wires on the respective coasts, the electric current would find its way across in sufficient force to deflect a needle. The idea is most ingenious, and if carried out as anticipated, will obviate the difficulty presented, liability of submerged wires to fracture.

### ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

Imagine a young man, possibly with an outward appearance of even boyish youth—give him powers and habits both of intense study and extreme dissipation,—manners displaying at once the refinement that education must always produce, and the coarseness of what I fear I must call libertinism; the look of conscious knowledge beyond others, as much of the recondite truths of science as of all the tricks and dodges of the town, an air of pride, likewise, and perhaps of poverty: clothe him in a pea-jacket, a rusty black stock, with no shirt visible, and trousers strapped down over his shoes. Then add a big stick, and you will possess a tolerably correct notion of a medical student.

He studies, probably, at a school several hundred miles from his home. He is young, and his own master; at once, and for the first time, thrown on his own resources, and far from the advice or control of his friends. Dissection, by making him habitually familiar with all of mortal nature that men have been wont to hold in awe, renders him, in time, an utterly reckless and regardless being; while the temptations to sin, and numerous and powerful indeed they are, by which he is surrounded on all sides, can hardly fail to demoralize, for a time, a mind already so strongly pre-

disposed to their influence. But if rakish conduct be excusable in any one, surely it is him, considering that in a short year or two he settles into the quiet and strictly moral and exemplary medical practitioner.

I have known a young man of this class who frequently passed forty-eight hours of time at a spot without closing his eyes in sleep, and it was a matter of perfect indifference to him, as far as inclination went, whether he passed it in arduous study—possibly of a question in science that required the talent of a master to catch even a glimpse of—or spent it in the pursuit of furious fun, roystering and devilment. Equally alert have I seen one at Chemistry and cricket, Physiology or football, Surgery and singstick, milling and *Materia Medica*, Doctoring and drinking, these various accomplishments being diversified by the occasional effusion of a sonnet to *her* at home, or the insertion of an article in one of the magazines, with the view of raising a sovereign or two when cash was at ebb. Among this class the spirit of adventure and romance still lingers, ere she take her final flight from earth to heaven, before the advancing deluge of decency and matter of fact. Among them, disguises and rope ladders are not yet extinct, and assignations, encounters, and hairbreadth escapes are of nightly occurrence. But listen to this young fellow.

“I studied for a year at the University of Glasgow, in the north. A medical education is to be had there cheap enough, and of excellent quality. My friends, coming to be aware of these facts, packed me off thither, nor did I feel much inclination myself to revolt at the measure. It is a large town, very densely populated, and very wealthy withal, for manufacturing and trading, which have separately enriched separate cities, have here combined their resources, and in the factory districts of the city the female population is to the male as the proportion of five to one. When you take each and all of these points into due consideration you will perceive that it is not at all a very repulsive place to a medical student. For my own part I dropped into the heart of a select circle of youths, a regular clique, equally prepared for whatever might turn up of an evening—hard study, oysters, larking or love-making. We used to honor with our patronage a peculiar house of entertainment, where the senses were ravished with whiskey-punch, Scotch ale, and the notes of a horrible old spinet, dignified with the name of a piano. It was in that identical street where dwelt whilome Baillie Nicol Jarvie, of high historical fame.

From this classic haunt I emerged, one night, in company with a few others of the clique alluded to, and in a state of mental elevation which, I believe, it would puzzle a Transcendentalist to analyze or classify. My companions left me with the avowed intention of seeking their several homes—whether they did or not I am unable to say. For myself, I expressed a purpose of a similar nature, and as soon as they were out of sight, diverged away through the dark streets of the sleeping city, without any precisely definable object in view, but determined to ramble along as chance should direct, and follow out the first thing in the way of adventure that might tumble up.

It was a fine mild night for the season, and as I staggered along, my thoughts got more and more dreamy and confused, and as I speedily lost all idea of my whereabouts, at one time threading the windings of

a lane, at another lost in the yawning depths of a close, or haply floundering among the foundations of a house in the progress of being built; now exchanging greetings with some lorn wight, zigzagging his way homeward anon saluted by a grim-visaged guardian of the night, and reminded that though music hath charms, they are not generally held to be of the soporific kind. At length I emerged into a wide open street which I found myself utterly unable to recognise. It was dark and lonely, the houses of stone, very lofty, rising dim, gray, and cold-like, with here and there a taper glimmering from a window, and the gas-lamps stretching away in two approximating lines, which became, to my bewildered optics, confounded together in the distance. A few passengers were moving in different parts of it, their footsteps sounding hollow and distinct through the deserted thoroughfare, while here and there a watchman, with his will-o'-wisp lantern, lounged at a corner, or disappeared up an alley.

I stood bolt upright, steadying myself in the middle of the causeway, mustering all my wits to my aid in order to come to a correct idea as to my precise position on the chart. Presently I heard a clock chime, then the half-hour called, and after a while a distant rumbling sound. It increased louder and louder, nearer and nearer, when at once, ere I was aware, a carriage rushed furiously round a corner, and flying rapidly on, was all but over me as I stood. The wheels grazed my elbow, and it was past me in an instant. I cast a look after it as it went. Thereupon my mind flew homeward, and away back to the days of my childhood, and I minded how my little brother and I, when going to school, long ago, used to jump up behind coaches, carts, and vans, and get whirled along in beautiful style. A chaise may travel fast, but thought travels faster, and all this had passed through my mind ere the vehicle was gone twenty feet from me. Acting from the impulse of the moment, I made a sudden bolt after it, by a sharp run caught hold of the springs, and with a bound swung myself up, and got seated very snugly upon the hind axle.

And a trick of this sort was just the thing which at that time I took delight in. I was about seventeen years of age, a very slight, agile little fellow, much slighter than I am now, and as active and alert as a cat, very fond of fun, and very careless how I came by it. I wore a kind of tight-fitting surtout of pilot cloth, single-breasted, and buttoning up to the chin, with no collar for any one to hold on by, and having in front, below the waist, two immense pockets, possessed of nooks and ramifications innumerable, the correct topography of which was known only to myself. In these I carried books, instruments, and sometimes other things not so easily named. Along with these a pair of shoes lacing on the instep, and a blue cap without lining of any description, formed altogether an equipment very suitable to the character of the wearer.

Away we rattled along the rough pavement, the sparks glancing from the stones as the wheels flew over them. The motion was most exhilarating, and I began to feel perfectly happy in the excitement and novelty of the adventure. I watched the street lamps as they streamed away in a line, one after another, to the rear; now and then a watchman or passenger caught my eye, standing to look at us while we were whirled away, and on the instant had left them far behind. Now I had no idea where we were going

nor did I much care—all I wished was that it might be some distance. Presently I got hold of a lucifer, and lighting a Cuba, was speedily in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. Still more and more swiftly flew the carriage; twelve miles an hour I am sure was under the speed we were travelling at, and the more rapidly it flew the more rapidly I puffed, till the frag end of the cigar dropped from my mouth, and I looked about me. My head was anything but clear, I must confess; but still I could make out that the town, with its gas, its stony pavement, and tall houses, had been left behind; and while we were flying along a smooth Macadamized road I could see the green trees by its sides, like dim shadows, gliding away to the rear, as the moon looked through a big fleecy cloud, like a fair lady through a jalousied window.

I began now to feel a little anxiety. I had not the slightest notion what road it was we were coursing along, or where it led to, or how I was to get back to my snug lodging, to be ready for lecture next morning. I began to ruminate, but still as I ruminated the vehicle was whirling me along, farther and farther into the dilemma. At last I came to the highly commendable and student-like resolution of leaving it all to luck, and yielding myself up altogether to the spirit of the adventure. When I had done so I felt marvellously comforted and once more at ease, while the delicious uncertainty of what was to befall me again took possession of my mind. I bent back as I sat, and holding on by the straps looked up to the sky, watching the clouds as they darkened over the face of the moon, and listening to the wind that was shaking the trees by the wayside, and rushing away with a winnowing sound up the heavens.

In a little I was sensible of a slackening in the pace, and immediately the vehicle stopped and a voice hallooed. I bent aside, and looked past its body. There was a turpik-gate shut. The postboy hallooed again, and I could see a light moving about in the little gate-lodge. The window of the carriage was let down, and a voice spoke.

"How many miles to go now, Thomas?"

"Eleven of road, sir, and about a mile and a half of avenue."

The other voice said something in an impatient tone, and the vehicle moved slightly upon its springs, as if the speaker was accompanying his grumbling with a corresponding shrug. Shortly the turpikeman appeared with a lantern, and we dashed away along the road once more.

We might have gone a couple of miles when I felt the speed slacken again. I looked out and saw some horses standing before what I judged to be a little road-side inn, from the square sign-board that was swinging half across the way. Several men were lounging about with lanterns, while a bright stream of light issued from the open door of the house. I immediately dropped to the road, and walked along close by the hedge. The coach stopped before the inn, and while four fresh horses were being harnessed to it a girl emerged with some refreshments, which she presented to an elderly gentleman who sat in it. The postboys addressed him by the title of Doctor, but I could not say I had ever seen him before—at all events he was not one of the lecturing doctors at the schools. Presently the word was given, "all right," and away they went. I had walked on a little way, and as soon

as the carriage came past I chased it again, and jumping up, resumed my seat.

For more than an hour we rattled along with unabated velocity, when on a sudden we turned abruptly into another road, with a sharpness that all but unseated me, making the vehicle oscillate violently upon its straps. It was narrow, full of ruts, and overhung with immense dark trees; we jostled along this for a mile or two, up hill and down again, round angles, and over bridges, till we stopped before a very magnificent gateway, with a porter's lodge beside it—of Gothic architecture—a most princely entrance altogether. The large carved iron gates were thrown wide, the horses sprang forward, and through we went, the motion being so rapid, and the darkness so great, that the porter, busied with his keys, did not observe me shrinking in behind.

We were now on a smooth avenue, skirting an immense park, dotted with trees, with their branches sweeping down to the very grass, while I could see animals like deer, starting out from under them as we rattled past. On the other side of the avenue was a close plantation of large trees, their stems surrounded by dense bushes.

I began now to entertain some serious misgivings about the issue of the affair.

"Here's a nice predicament to be caught in!" thought I; "what account could I give of myself now, or who would believe me? What will they do if they catch me? A precious scrape I have got myself into for no end nor purpose! This will never do, by Jove!"

And disengaging myself from my perch, I dropped to the ground, and fell aside among the bushes of the plantation, while the vehicle was speedily whirled away out of sight and hearing.

I sat me down upon a stone, and in solitude and darkness began with a heavy heart to bewail the absurdity of my situation.

"Here am I," quoth I to myself, "more than twenty miles from home, in the middle of the night, God knows where—and with how much? ah! let me see."

"I began searching my pockets, and after a rigid scrutiny made out the following inventory of their contents. A handkerchief—a little silver lancet-case, containing four of these lethal weapons—a small printed note, from a kind uncle of mine, acknowledging my committal to his care of a Mackintosh—the bones of the hand of a skeleton, wrapped up in a piece of brown paper—a thin little book, entitled "Sparks from the wheel of a man wot grinds"—a fourpenny-piece, with a hole in it—a cheroot (right Manilla,) broken in two by being sat upon—and a letter from *her*, and I kissed the paper, sweet Eliza Baster!

With a deep sigh, I restored these valuables to their former quarters, and giving scope to my imagination, began again to ponder upon the strangeness and folly of the adventure.

"All my comrades," thought I, "are now snug in their beds, and here am I, cold and alone, where I have no business to be—never was before, and with help from Heaven never will be again!—What's to be done?—Shall I lay me down among the bushes till daylight, and then pad home, a score of long Scots miles, or what the d— I shall I do?—And then there's that fellow to get a new nose at the hospital to-morrow,

and I meandering cold and hungry about the country all the while it's being so nicely shaped out and stuck on. Oh, murder! isn't it provoking?—Ha, hush!—what was that?" and I sprang to my feet in a panic of alarm, the hair rising on my head, my clothes feeling cold and rough upon my skin.

It was a sound as of some one moving stealthily among the bushes, close beside me, followed by a kind of tiny groan.

"I listened attentively; but all I could hear was the wind, and its sweeping rush, high over the treetops, and presently the bark of a dog, faint, and far, far away. It was most lonely, and the fumes of the liquor I had had overnight, being now completely dissipated, I began to feel wofully desolate and at a loss.

I had once more fallen away into cogitation, when directly I heard again the sound that had formerly disturbed me. It was now plainer, and appeared to be a kind of sputtering among the brushwood, and again there was the small cheeping infantile cry. My curiosity was now fairly roused, and summoning up all the fortitude I could command, I moved towards the spot it came from—step by step—often looking round to make sure of a clear retreat, while, at the same time, my heart was going, thump, thump, against my ribs, every beat vibrating up to my throat.

Presently the moon shone out brightly for a moment, between two passing clouds, and by the aid of a few beams penetrating under the foliage, I was enabled to perceive a hare, caught by the leg in a snare of brass-wire, planted very nicely in the interstice between two thick bramblebushes.

My eye—here was a discovery! I paused a little, looking at the struggling animal.

"What shall I do with it?" thought I.

I took the creature up, kicking and spurring, into my arms. As I did so, I felt its little heart beating, and its breath panting away, as my own had been a few minutes before. My first resolution was magnanimous.

"I shall set it free," said I. "Go, poor wanderer of the wood and wild—liberty's a glorious feast!"

"So is haresoup!" said a still, small voice within me; not from my heart, I fear, but rather from the region of the stomach. "And Nancy at the Hen and Hatchet can cook it like an angel—and then with this tail to it," said I, in continuation, "the adventure will bear telling; they can hardly laugh with their mouths full of soup. "Puss," now I turned to the trembler in my arms, "it's all up with you—prepare for death—had you as many lives as your namesake, you should die and be turned to soup;" and here I began to ponder how I should commit the murder.

Shifting the noose from its leg to its neck, I hauled tight, and waited to see it give up the ghost. But here certain rather unaccountable escapes I had had from drowning rose up in my mind, and a strange fellow-feeling possessed me.

"No, puss," said I, "you shall not be hung," and and I groped in my pockets for a knife.

But as the reader is in possession of the inventory of their contents, he will at once be aware that such an instrument was not come-at-able. The lancets, however, obtruded themselves upon my hand, and I drew forth one of them from the case, and began digging about with it, sounding for poor puss's carotid artery. But as this mode of procedure seemed hardly more speedy or effectual than the former, I put the

instrument into puss's medulla oblongata, at the back of her head, when she immediately stretched herself out, and certainly died game. And I forthwith stuffed her body into one of the capacious pockets of my surt-out.

But judge of my dismay when at this moment I heard two voices whispering together, apparently not many yards from my side. I stood rooted to the spot, and once more did absorbing terror take possession of me.

What was I to do now? Was it the poachers that had set the snare, or the keepers that were searching for it? What would be my fate in either case? For a moment my presence of mind and confidence in myself forsook me, and I gave myself up for lost; but the next instant they rallied, and I looked about for a way of escape.

I was close to the foot of a tree—reaching up my hand I touched a branch—it felt elastic, but secure. Catching hold of this I slowly and gradually swung myself up, till I got my chest, and then my leg, upon it, and immediately I felt myself safe once more. I climbed a branch or two higher into the tree, and waited, with a beating heart, for whatever was coming.

I now heard as if the owners of the voices were moving slowly from place to place among the brushwood. There were intervals of silence, and then the whispering and talking would begin, and anon there was a sound of footsteps, picked slowly, and with groping among the bushes.

After shifting about, hither and thither, they at length came to the root of the tree right under where I sat. I could dimly discern two figures, one of them a very large man, and the other a boy. This fact was further certified by the voices; one being gruff and harsh, and with difficulty subdued to a whisper, the other childish and piping. I held my breath as the man stooped and groped about where I had caught the hare.

He searched for a little and then apparently getting hold of the torn and disarranged snare, he gave vent to a broadside of oaths, which prefaced the following speech.

"What the——has been to do here, Jeray—has this been a tod,\* or a brock, † or a dog?"

"What's out now, father?" said the other.

"Why the gurn ‡ I set here last night is all knocked to the devil"—here an oath or two—"I'll have to stay and set it up again—so off you go home with what you have got; and mind you go through the wood, and up by the hunter's cairn—and don't be sneaking away by the holm—and tell Madge to have the trouts fried for me—do you hear?"

The boy went away, and as he went I thought I could see a dim something, like a large bundle, slung over his shoulder. The old chap continued to stoop, now humming a scrap of a tune, and now muttering an imprecation, as he appeared to be twisting the wires once more into a trap.

I was sitting perched above him, waiting with the utmost anxiety for his departure, and praying Heaven my situation was not as plain to him as his was to me, when I heard a distant whistle from the direction of the park. He started to his feet, and stood motionless.

The whistle was repeated; there was a pattering as of small feet scampering over the grass, a loud abrupt barking, rising into a fierce snarling yell, and a dog sprang at his throat. But immediately there was a sound as of a heavy body dashed violently against the stem of the tree—I felt the blow thrill up to the branch I sat on, and the dog lay a couple of paces off, with its back broken, writhing upon the grass, and howling and yelping with agony.

The whistle sounded once more, accompanied by a loud cry of "Here, Viper, Viper!" and presently came a noise of footsteps, rapidly hurrying up, then pressing through the brushwood beneath me.

A bright glare of light was now flashed upon the trapper, evidently from a dark lantern carried by the stranger, and I had perfect view of him. He was about the middle height, with an exceedingly large, heavy body, and short, thick legs, a little bowed outwards. His chest was very broad—his arms long and extremely muscular. He had a short, bull neck, and a large broad face, with coarse features, and bushy, dark eyebrows and whiskers. His head was bald, the white shining crown contrasting strongly with the deep, burnt, brown hue of his face. He stood with his fists doubled up in an attitude of defence, one of them being raised to shield his eyes from the light. At his feet lay the plaited wire of the snare, and a heavy broad cap of blue worsted stuff that had fallen from his head.

"Have I caught you at last?" said the stranger.

"Yes, and you'll fined me nothing but a Tartar."

"Its no use—you must go down to the house."

"If I do, you'll have to carry me."

And laughing in defiance, he made a sudden kick with his foot, and dashed the lantern to the ground. I thought it was extinguished, but it was only broken; and the oil, escaping among the dry leaves, and catching fire from the wick, immediately shot up a bright flame, throwing a red, unearthly sort of light on every object around for a few paces back—all beyond that being shrouded in a pall of thick darkness. The new comer, whom I could now see plainly, appeared from his dress to be an under-gamekeeper, or some such character. He was considerably taller than the other, very well made, and also an exceedingly powerful man. He had a gun in his hands, but it was evidently not loaded for he held it clubwise, ready to strike down with the butt.

"Will you come quietly, or must I fetch you?" said he.

"Fetch and be——" was the reply; and the poacher sprang at him. He raised the gun, and it would have descended with fearful force on his antagonist's skull, but that it struck against the branch of the tree overhead, the very one by which I had swung myself up to my present position. The next instant both had grappled together, and a fierce struggle ensued, accompanied with curses, and hideous epithets applied to each other.

It was a most strange and terrific scene altogether. These two men of gigantic strength, locked in furious strife, their faces giving expression to every mad passion, while the red flame from the broken lantern threw its ruddy phantasmagorical glare upon them, making them look like fiends contending amid a region of fire.

I watched them with fearful yet absorbing attention, with feelings of awe, dread, and overpowering curiosity, tumultuous and scarcely bearable. I marked their

\*Fox.

†Noosed trap.

sweating brows and straining muscles as they struggled hither and thither, now one, now the other seeming to have the advantage. I hearkened to their labouring breath, to their oaths, and horrible threats and denunciations; while, to add to the wildness of the picture, the dog broken-backed and powerless, lay wringing about on the grass close by, its eyes gleaming with pain and rage, barking and yelling from out of its foaming mouth, a fearful accompaniment to the conflict.

At once the gun, which appeared to be the immediate object of contention, flew from between them, and fell among the bushes a little to one side, while at the same moment a heavy blow was dealt upon the throat of the poacher, and he staggered back. It was but an instant, however, for the next he rushed upon his opponent with renewed ferocity, and they were again joined in mutual strife.

"You banished my boy!" was ground out from the compressed lips of the trapper.

"Yes, and I'll send you after the cub—if I don't—" an oath completed the sentence.

A bitter laugh was the response, accompanied by a powerful wrench of the other's body, that appeared almost to bend him double. He stood it out, however, and returned it by a second blow, dealt with his whole strength upon his opponent's neck. But in the act of doing this, he had laid himself fearfully open to him. The poacher grasped him at once round the middle, and, twisting him like a sapling across his haunch, with a wild cry of triumph, leaped high into the air, and they fell heavily to the ground, the keeper undermost and he over him, with his knee sunk into his stomach.

"Now," he cried out, "I'll make an end of this,—you have been the curse of my life—I'll be the finisher of yours."

But the keeper shortly appeared to recover from the stunning effects of his fall, and, grappling at his throat, struggled violently.

I thought he would once have changed places with him, but the poacher maintained his advantage and kept him down. After a while, grasping for breath, he gave up the attempt.

"Let me up, Nathan," I will let you go."

A laugh of derision was the answer, as after several tremendous blows, knocked into his face, his adversary, while he held him down with one hand, thrust the other into a side-pocket, and drew forth a large claspknife. When the prostrate man saw this, he screamed aloud, and made another desperate attempt to dislodge him as he sat upon his chest, but without avail.

"Nathan—Nathan, don't murder me,—have mercy!"

"What mercy had you on my son that you banished?—eh, Judas?"

"Oh, Nathan! spare my life—mind when we were boys together!"

"Ay, and do you mind when we were men together."

"Yes, Nathan, I have been your ruin. I own it—but spare me in mercy—we are old men now—don't take my life!"

"If I don't, may God take mine! Ours has been a life long quarrel, and only death can end it. Think an Alice Woodward now,—I would have made her on honest woman—you made her a——"

Yes! you may rob a man of all his possessions, and in time he will forget and forgive; but come between him and her he loves, and he will pursue you to the grave. If one insult you, wound you, deprive you of your nearest friend, of your child even, your very first-born, it is possible to pardon—to pray for him. But he has brought to ruin the woman your heart loves—her whom your fond youth idolized—who was the star of your hopes for this world and the next. Can you forgive?—is it in man's erring nature?

While the dialogue went on, they struggled much, the brawny poacher holding down his victim, partly by pressing his chest against his, and partly with his left hand, which grasped his throat. The knife he held in his right, making attempts to open it with his teeth, but desisting at intervals to utter the sentences above related. At length he got the blade partly open, when the keeper, by a desperate wrench, catching hold of his wrist, the spring went off, and with a loud snap the blade darted into its haft, making a hideous slanting gash in his under lip, half severing it from the lower jaw.

The warm blood spurted over their hands and faces, a kind of thin tiny vapour rising from it in the cold night air. The wounded man tossed his head spasmodically back, and uttered a wild snorting of intense agony.

All this was shown me by the red, flickering, light from the lantern, which was now beginning to die out. It was indeed a scene such as a man may be horrified with once in a lifetime. I looked down in a paroxysm of interest and wonder, curiosity and dread. I lost all consciousness of my own situation, and seemed to have become part and parcel of the deadly strife below. I kept craning forward, and stretching and twisting myself to get a complete view, when just as the poacher had, with both his hands, succeeded in opening the knife, and with a savage yell was waving it in the air prior to plunging it into the throat of his adversary, whose loud and despairing cry of "Murder!" was that moment piercing my ears, a small branch, to which in leaning forward I had committed my whole weight, snapped suddenly, and I was precipitated a height of ten feet right down upon them, and we rolled over and over, extinguishing the flame of the lantern in the confusion.

And now ensued a scatter—a regular panic seemed to have possessed the combatants. As for myself, I can avow I was never in such a mania of fear in my life. In a moment we were on our legs, and flying like the wind in different directions. One—the poacher probably—rushed crushing and tearing through the bushes, and was lost among the trees; the other fled along the avenue; whilst I, putting trust in a pair of heels that had often saved my head, coursed away out through the park, I knew not whither.

I ran on and on, never looking behind till I was brought to a stand by a broad piece of water. I paused here, and stooping, bathed my hands and throbbing temples with the clear, cold element—a proceeding by which I was mightily refreshed.



There was now a considerable degree of light, the moon shining freely out between two clouds. Looking round, I could see no living creature. I listened—was that the wind?—the sighing of trees, or the distant rush of water? No; now it's over! Hark again! It is—yes, the noise wheels and horses' feet galloping over gravel. I sprang forward again, and ran in the direction of the sound. But presently it became fainter and less distinct. I am running from it!—where is it? I stood to listen, and again the murmur rose on the air. It is in this direction! and I ran a little. No, it's the other way! Oh, how torturing was that feeling of uncertainty and suspense in the lonely park! I could have sat down and cried in very bitterness. At length came a breath of wind, bearing loudly and distinctly the sound. I ran against it with my utmost speed, and, in a minute or more, saw the moon shine on the bright yellow body of the chaise I had so strangely travelled by, and it appeared to be rapidly approaching me. A couple of minutes more, and I was seated securely in my former position on the hind axle, and we were out through the gate and careering along the road.

It was not long now, till, fagged and exhausted, I fell into a broken and dreamy slumber, from which I was only awakened by the hard jolting and rattling of the wheels over a pavement of stone, and found we were travelling along the identical street that had so bothered my brains five or six hours before. This street, by the rapidly advancing light of the morning, I was now enabled to recognize, and leaving my beat, I hurried home, tumbled into bed for an hour or so, and then posted off to morning lecture.

The whole events of the night appeared like a wild and troubled dream, but there was a palpable reality in the fact, that poor puss lay along stiff and cold, but not a bit the worse of that, in one of the unfathomable pockets of my pea-jacket. Nor was it a matter for scepticism that she served for a nice supper to a select few, to whom, over a tumbler of punch ("toddy," as other legends sing), I took the liberty of relating the adventure.

But not the least curious point was, that never to this day could I form the least idea as to where I was that night,—who were the parties to whose duello I had so singularly put a finis, or who was the gentleman on whose carriage I had enjoyed such an eventful ride.

Whether the poacher and keeper ever met again to settle their difference, I know now not—I should like to know, I confess. But there was one of my friends, a serious, sad, sanctified sort of genius—Old Father Isaacson we used to call him—who told me that night I had merely been an instrument in the hand of Providence for the prevention of a great crime, viz., nothing less than *Murder*!



## P o e t ' s C o r n e r .

### A C T I V I T Y .

Open the casement and up with the sun!  
His gallant journey is just begun;  
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,  
Banner'd with glory, and burnished with gold—  
Over the hills he comes sublime,  
Bridegroom of Earth, and brother of Time!

Day hath broken, joyous and fair;  
Fragrant and fresh is the morning air,—  
Beauteous and bright those orient hues,  
Balmy and sweet these early dews;  
O, there is health, and wealth, and bliss  
In dawning Nature's motherly kiss!

Lo, the wondering world awakes,  
With its rosy tipp'd mountains and gleaming lakes,  
With its fields and cities, deserts and trees,  
Its calm old cliffs, and its sounding seas,  
In all their gratitude blessing HIM,  
Who dwelleth between the Cherubim.

Break away boldly from sleep's leaden chain;  
Seek not to forge that fetter again;  
Rather with vigor and resolute nerve,  
Up, up, to bless man, and thy master to serve,  
Thankful and hopeful, and happy to raise  
The offering of prayer, and the incense of praise!

Gird thee, and do thy watching well,  
Duty's Christian sentinel!  
Sloth and slumber never had part  
In the warrior's will, or the patriot's heart;  
Soldier of God on an enemy's shore!  
Slumber and sloth thrall thee no more.

*Intemperance.*—Intemperance is to be measured not by the quantity of wine, but by its effect on the constitution; not by cups, but consequences. Let no man fancy because he does not drink much that he is not a sot. Pope said, that to him more than one glass was a debauch; and every man who habitually takes more than his stomach can bear, sooner or later arrives at those miseries which are the effects of hard drinking. Every healthy toper is a decoy-duck, and no more proves that health is safe in intemperance, than an unwounded soldier that life is secure in battle. 'Strength of nature in youth,' says Lord Bacon, 'passes over many excesses which are owing a man till his age.' Drunkenness, amongst persons of character and education, is considered, as it ought to be, at once sinful and degrading. The consequence of temperance has been increased longevity, and the disappearance among the upper grades of society of a host of distempers that follow in the train of inebriety.—*Brande.*

*New Mode of Planting Apple-Trees.*—A horticulturist in Bohemia has a beautiful plantation of the best apple-trees which have neither sprung from seeds nor grafting. His plan is, to take shoots from the choicest sort, insert them in a potato, and plunge both into the ground, having put an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potato nourishes the shoot whilst it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually springs up, and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best fruit, without requiring to be grafted.—



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents whose questions remain unanswered will be pleased to consider that we are either unable or decline to attend to their requests, the limits of our Journal precludes the possibility of devoting much space to answering questions relating to history, &c. &c.

B. Y.—It is a well-authenticated fact that Charles II., died of apoplexy, though some supposed him to have been poisoned. Burnet, in the "History of his own times," says "The King's body was indecently neglected; his funeral was very mean; he did not lie in state; no mourning was given, and the expense of it was not equal to the funeral of an ordinary nobleman." In his last illness only the rites of the Catholic faith were received.

ELINOR.—Do you think so, fair lady, be it so then. Let us remind you of the lines of the song:—

"If ever care his discords flings  
O'er life's enchanted strain,  
Let love but gently touch the strings,  
'Twill all be sweet again."

MODERATE.—Temperance is a very good thing, but wine does occasionally give wings to genius. There are some men, however, whom it only makes more stupid, as Cowper says in his memorable lines—

"The punch went round and they were dull  
And lumpish still as ever,  
Like barrels, with their bellies full,  
They only weighed the heavier."

VERAX.—Just think of the old Chinese proverb, and it will do you a world of good. "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

## SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

## Of British North America.

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## SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

## THE NAPIER FAMILY.

[Under the head of "SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN," we published in our last number a short account of the career of that gallant sailor, Commodore Napier, and promised our readers an authentic sketch in the present number of the various "deeds of arms," of Sir Charles Napier, the British Commander in Chief of the Army in India, but we think that the following outline of the Napier family will interest our readers and prove that the Indian Commander belongs to a stock that have deserved well of GREAT BRITAIN.]

The Napiers, of Merchistoun, are one of the oldest families in Scotland. Sir John Napier, the celebrated inventor of logarithms, was lineally descended from Sir Alexander Napier, who held courtly offices in the reign of James II, of Scotland. The family intermarried with several of the first patrician houses,

and was ennobled in 1627. The sixth Lord Napier was twice married, and the gallant Commodore Sir Charles Napier is the eldest son of the sixth lord's second son Charles, who was also a naval officer. The sixth lord married, secondly, in 1750, Miss Henrietta Johnston, of Dublin, who had issue by him George Napier, who became a colonel in the army. He was a man of considerable talents, a soldier of daring courage and possessed considerable knowledge of the art of war. He served in the American war in 1777, and was afterwards on the Earl of Moira's staff in the Duke of York's expedition. He became comptroller of military accounts in Ireland, and was also town major of Dublin for some time.

While he was residing in Ireland, about the period of 1781, he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Tom Conolly, of Castletown, the first Irish commoner of the day in point of family and fortune. Conolly was at the head of the country gentlemen in parliament, and possessed considerable influence. He had married Lady Louisa Lennox, the second daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and there resided at Castletown with Lady Louisa Conolly, her younger sister, one of the most remarkable women of her time. That younger sister was the celebrated Lady Sarah Lennox of whom George the Third was so enamoured that it was believed he would have made her his queen. She was a woman of dazzling and magnificent beauty, and her manners were most captivating. She was the first of her sex who inspired the heart of King George with a tender passion: and his admiration of her was no secret. Lady Sarah's eldest sister (the Lady Caroline) was married to Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, and father of the illustrious whig orator. Lady Sarah had fallen under the tutorage of her brother-in-law, Fox, than whom a more artful man of the world never lived; and the young Lady Sarah spared no pains to captivate the heart of her youthful sovereign. She used to appear every morning, in the spring of 1761, in a fancy habit, making hay in the lawn of Holland house, close to where the king would pass—(Vide Walpole's George III., vol. i. p. 64.) But the king married a much less handsome woman though the intimacy had gone so far that Lady Sarah did not despair of receiving the crown from her royal admirer. Lady Sarah, however, had to bear Queen Charlotte's train, as one of her bridesmaids, and she afterwards married Sir Thomas Bunbury, of Suffolk. "Her union with a clergyman's son, in preference to some of the greatest matches in the kingdom, proved," says Walpole, "that ambition was not a rooted passion in her." Did Walpole think that one of the Suffolk Bunburys was disparaged by having been in holy orders?

The marriage did not prove a happy one. It was dissolved by act of parliament, on May 14, 1776—[Collin's Peerage, by Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. i. pag 210.] She afterwards resided with her sister, Lady Louisa Conolly; and her residence in Ireland was rendered more attractive to her from the fact that another of her sisters, Lady Emilia Lennox, had married James, twentieth Earl of Kildare, and afterwards first Duke of Leinster. Lady Emilia brought not less than seventeen children to the bed of her liege lord, and was mother of the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, her fifth son. It is observable that the second Duke of Richmond, father of the Countess of Kildare, had not less than twelve children

of whom the eleventh was the beautiful Lady Sarah now spoken of. In society at Castletown Lady Sarah met the Hon. Colonel George Napier, before mentioned, and was united to him at Bengrove, in Sussex.

Castletown, in Kildare, was one of the most splendid residences then in Ireland. Mr. Conolly maintained extraordinary hospitality, and arranged his house on the plan which Mr. Mathew, of Thomastown Castle, first exhibited, of having a coffee-room for his guests, where they might live as at an hotel, and nothing to pay! (See Sheridan's "Life of Swift.") The whole country about Castletown teems with interesting associations to the Irishman of taste and reflection. There flows the Liffey, and yonder is the spot sacred to a true romance, more strange than any fiction! There, under those trees, stood Venessa's bower, and there, too, is the garden where, to quote from Grattan's fine lines—

"The stern satirist and the witty maid  
Talked pretty love, nor yet profaned the shade!"

There, on that sloping bank, in the grounds of Celbridge Abbey, did the famous orator of Ireland pace to and fro, meditating those sublime speeches which carried the palm of superior eloquence in his own country, and disputed it with the effusions of Fox in England, and of Mirabeau in France! Vanessa's bower, and Henry Grattan's haunt—what associations of romance and history are joined to that lovely spot!—The very scenery itself is rendered more beautiful to the refined mind that muses by the river which flows on as calmly as when Swift strolled with the beautiful Vanessa on its margin; or when the great patriot of Ireland dreamed true dreams while he soothed his excited mind by its murmuring course. There is not, perhaps, another spot in Ireland sacred to so many sentimental associations. (See, for particulars about this interesting place, Scott's *Life of Swift*, second edition (1824), p. 246; Monck Mason's "Hibernia Antiqua," p. 316; Grattan's *Life*, by his son, vol. ii. p. 42; and Bremer's "Beauties of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 73.)

Not far from the spot associated with the names of Swift and Grattan is Oakley Park, the residence of Mr. Maunsell (high sheriff in 1841). In 1781, Oakley Park belonged to Mr. Conolly, of Castletown, and was let by him to Colonel Napier, who married Mr. Conolly's sister-in-law, Lady Sarah. There they dwelt together, and there was born their third son, William Francis Patrick Napier, the incomparable military historian. The eldest son, Charles, the hero of Scinde, was born at Whitehall, on the 10th of August, 1782. The second, now Sir George Thomas (K. C. B., &c. &c), 30th June, 1784; and the historian, 17th December, 1785. (Burke's *Peerage*, 734.)

Besides these children were Richard, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford; Henry Edward, who died a captain in the navy, 1826; and Emily Louise, who married, oddly enough, the present Sir Henry Bunbury, of Suffolk, nephew of Lady Sarah's first husband, and second son of the celebrated caricaturist.—(Burke's *Baronetage*, p. 146.)

Lady Sarah Napier was a very remarkable woman, and in Moore's *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (vol. ii. p. 230, supra), will be found some very interesting letters from her pen, which attest her mental vivacity and genius. She writes from Castletown to her brother, the Duke of Richmond, not long after Lord Edward Fitzgerald died: "This whole week (Au-

gust, 1798,) has been passed in accusing, judging, condemning, and ruining, the characters and properties of poor Edward and his family, and on Sunday Lord and Lady Castlereagh, and others, have made a party to come and dine and stay here; so that all Dublin will hear that the very people who passed the week in plunging daggers into poor Louisa's heart hallow the seventh day by a junket to her house!" The sisters were uncommonly attached to each other, as may be seen from the correspondence in Moore's biography of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and the letters of both upon the last days of Lord Edward Fitzgerald are as striking a picture of tragic emotions in real life as any artist could depict.

The young Napiers were all sent into the army when they arrived at the proper age. They are still well remembered in the county of Kildare by some old people; and about ten years ago Sir Charles Napier paid a visit to the scene where he passed his early days, and pointed out the spots where, with his gallant brothers, he had performed many boyish exploits. The young Napiers were famous for their activity and courage, even in their early days, and a spice of eccentricity; the oddity of genius was discernible in their characters.

But none of the Napiers have earned a brighter name than the third son, Sir William Napier, the author of the ablest military history in any language. He has reaped laurels which one may venture to predict may live as long as the language in which he has written. His mind is masculine, ardent, and imaginative; richly stored with the literature of ancient and modern times; and he is master of an impetuous eloquence, which rouses by its energy, and delights with its picturesque and vivid illustrations. To criticise so masterly and justly renowned a work as "The History of the Peninsular War" would be superfluous. With a full acknowledgment of Macaulay's marvellous brilliancy, it may be doubted whether the great essayist could produce so massive, so scientific, and so original a history as Napier's *Peninsular War*. The siege of Badajoz, the death of Moore at Corunna, the battle of Albuera, contain passages of composition which are masterpieces of epic prose. Public characters are painted with critical skill, and scenes described with a graphic force that neither Thierry nor Macaulay could excel, while in weight of matter and in sustained energy of execution, the reader is reminded of the stupendous work of Gibbon.

It is a very curious fact that, after the first volume of this noble history was published, the late John Murray, of Albermarle-street, repented of his bargain, which was £1000 per volume. The house of Boone then took up the offer of Colonel Napier, and published the succeeding five volumes. Never did any publisher make so great a mistake as Murray.

Besides the history of the war, Sir William Napier has written "The Conquest of Scinde," and a vast number of articles and pamphlets in the reviews. One of his most remarkable articles is a slashing review in the "Edinburgh Review," for 1835, in which he gibbets to public scorn Mr. Carrick Moore's miserable memoir of his illustrious brother, Sir John Moore. The reviewer was indignant at the wretched attempt of his author, and indignantly winds up with the question, "Cain! Cain! where is thy brother?" In the same article, at page 17, the writer casually glances at his

early life in Kildare:—"We ourselves were then very young," he says, "but being connected with the army, we were constantly amongst the soldiery, and we well remember with indignation the tales of lust, and blood, and pillage, perpetrated on the Irish peasantry, and recorded by themselves."

When a young man, Sir Wm. Napier possessed extraordinary activity, and it is told of him that he could jump his own height in a stranding leap. His regiment was the gallant 43rd, and he was severely wounded at the battle of the Coa, his arm having been amputated by the late Surgeon Lamerte, of Cork. Some few years since a gardener was excessively insolent at Bath to Sir William Napier and his son (who is dumb, but a most intelligent and handsome young man), when, with his one arm, Sir William Napier knocked the gardener down! On the case being brought before the magistrates, no fine was inflicted, as it was thought the gardener deserved his punishment. Sir William Napier married Caroline Fox, niece to the great Whig statesman, and daughter of General Henry Fox. Thus the Napier family, independently of its own ancient descent, is connected by marriage with the ducal houses of Richmond and Leinster, besides the illustrious house of Fox. The sons of the historian of the Peninsular war can thus boast that they have in their veins the blood of Charles the Second, King of England, and the family blood of Charles, the great king of all Whigs, past, present, and to come!

## THE SIKHS.

The following account of the Sikhs, the formidable enemy that has lately given such daring opposition to the British troops in India, may prove interesting to many of our readers. In the "Abbé Reynal's History of the East and West India settlements," will be found the following account of the Sikhs, as they were a *hundred years ago*. "To the north of Indostan is a nation which, though lately known, is the most formidable, from being a new enemy. This people, distinguished by the name of Scheiks, have found means to free themselves from the chains of despotism and superstition, though surrounded by nations of slaves. They are said to be followers of a philosopher of Thibet, who inspired them with high notions of liberty, and taught them Theism, without any mixture of superstition. They first appeared in the beginning of the present century, but were then viewed rather in the light of a sect than of a nation. During the calamities of the Mogul empire, their numbers were increased very considerably by apostates from all religions, who hastened to join them, and sought shelter amongst them from the fury and oppression of their tyrants. To be admitted to their society, and march under their standard, nothing was more required than to swear implacable hatred against every form of monarchy. It is asserted that they have a temple with an altar, in which is placed their code of laws, with a sceptre and dagger on either side. Four old men are elected, who occasionally consult and interpret the law, which is the only supreme power this republic obeys. The Sikhs actually possess the whole province of Punjab, the greatest

part of the Moultan and the Scinde, both banks of the Indus from Cassinell to Futter, and all the country towards Delhi from Lahore to Jerhernd. They can raise an army of sixty thousand cavalry."

## CANADA.

### INCIDENTS OF CANADIAN TRAVEL.

It was on a fine morning in the month of June, a few years ago, that I stepped on board the steamer 'Canada,' just as she was about to leave the wharf, on her way up the river, from Quebec to Montreal. Their steamboat architecture has recently much improved on the St. Lawrence; but the Canada was one of the old, clumsy, and gaudy race of boats at one time so common on the inland waters of America. She had been constructed, like all her fellows, without much regard to proportions, her hull being scarcely visible, from the extent to which her double tier of decks projected over her sides. Behind two enormous funnels, which were simultaneously ejecting dense columns of flame, sparks, and smoke, the 'working beam' rose high above the upper deck, and when in operation, was one of the most striking features in her singular *tout-ensemble*. Seen from a little distance she appeared like a huge concoction of Bristol board and paint, the ground-colour being white, with jet-black stripes traversing her whole length along the most prominent lines of her frame. To one accustomed to the sight of a British-built steamer, it seemed as if the slightest breeze could have reduced her to her original elements; and as the hot steam shot shrieking from the escape-pipes, you felt her shake like a jelly beneath your feet.

Having no further occasion for delay, we steamed with all speed up the river. The tide being in our favour, we were soon extricated from the labyrinth of ships anchored in the stream—each being surrounded with its small raft of timber, with which the crew were busily loading it. Thousands of men being thus simultaneously at work, there was something indescribably cheerful in the songs with which they lightened their labour.

As seen from the river, Quebec has a most imposing appearance. The bold promontory, crowned by the battlements of the citadel, rises like a perpendicular wall immediately behind the lower town, which nestles at its feet, and which it has the appearance of crushing into the water. The spires and roofs of the upper town, covered with tin, and glistening in the sunshine, are seen peering over the fortifications, the only connecting link between the two towns, on the St. Lawrence side, being a zig-zag street, appropriately called Mountain Street, which struggles up a cleft in the rock. In some places the battlements of Cape Diamond seem to impend over Champlain Street, a long and narrow street, which leads to the western extremity of the lower town.

Immediately on passing the city, the river expands to nearly treble width. Both banks are very lofty, that to the south sloping down to the water's edge.

and being covered with the richest foliage. The north bank, on which the city stands, is rugged, precipitous, and almost naked. At the end of Champlain Street are many building-yards, in some of which, as we passed, vessels on the stocks, and nearly ready for launching. Then come the 'coves,' as they are called, and which are neither more nor less than those portions of the beach on which the great timber merchants transact their business. Wolfe's Cove is about two miles above the town, and is the spot at which that gallant general struggled with his army and artillery up an almost perpendicular cliff, to gain the plains of Abraham above, on which he afterwards lost his life, fighting the decisive action which struck the last blow at French dominion in America. These coves follow each other in close succession for nearly three miles, the whole beach being lined for that distance with vast quantities of timber, squared, and ready for shipping.

There are similar coves on the other side of the river, about seven miles above the town, where the Etchemin enters the main stream, on its southern side. At the mouth of this tributary we passed a series of saw-mills, erected on a most gigantic scale, and in which the largest logs are converted, almost in a twinkling, into slabs, beams, deals, and scantlings. On the wharfs which surrounded them, the produce of these mills was piled in enormous masses, ready for conveyance to Europe in the vessels anchored hard by. Two miles farther up, the river receives, on the same side, another tributary, called the Chaudiere. The Falls of the Chaudiere, which are not more than a league from its mouth, are far superior in size and grandeur to those of Montmorency, nine miles below Quebec. And yet there is not one traveller in twenty who sees the former, although only twelve miles from the city, whilst almost every stranger thinks it necessary to pay a visit to the latter. The Chaudiere, at its mouth, is spanned by a noble bridge of one stupendous wooden arch, somewhat resembling in its construction the centre arch of Southwark (iron) Bridge. It springs from rock to rock at a great elevation above the stream; and as we passed, its complicated frame looked, in the clear morning air, like light gossamer-work suspended from the foliage which richly mantled the two banks.

The town of Three Rivers is at the head of tide-water, on the north bank, the tide thus flowing for nearly 500 miles, or nearly the whole length of Great Britain, up the channel of the river. The banks here are comparatively low, and continue so, with but little exception, up to the great lakes. A few miles above Three Rivere we entered Lake St. Peter, a broad and magnificent sheet of water, resting on a shallow and ever-shifting bottom. The changes which are constantly taking place in its navigable channel render it the most precarious point in the navigation of the river from the Gulf to Montreal. At its upper end it is studded with islands, some of which are made the basis of great government works, with a view to straightening, deepening, and rendering uniform its channel. About the middle of the lake we met an enormous raft from the Ottawa, making its way slowly towards Quebec. It was covered with small sheds, for the accommodation of the lumber-men who navigated it, and looked prickly with jury-masts, to each of which was appended a sail. These rafts sometimes encounter rough weather in Lake St. Peter, which in numerous instances shatters them to pieces, and leads to melancholy loss of life.

It was early next morning that we approached Montreal. The country was exceedingly rich, and radiant with all the glories of 'leafy June.' Its general character was flat, but here and there from the vast level plain, which extended on both sides as far as the eye could reach, small isolated and conical hills rose to a moderate elevation, to relieve the scene from the monotony which else would have characterised it. It was fully an hour before breakfast-time when we made fast to the noble stone quay which lines the river in front of the city.

While Quebec owes its chief celebrity to its commanding military position, Montreal has few advantages in a military point of view, the strongest piece of fortification about it being on the island of St. Helen's a little below the city, and about midway between both banks of the river. It is, however, admirably situated with a view to the requirements of modern civilisation, which looks more to good commercial than to military positions. Although situated upon a large island, it may be said to occupy a position on the north bank of the river, the main stream running between it and the south bank—that which sweeps around the northern side of the island being comparatively insignificant. Occupying the very centre of a vast and exuberant agricultural region, it is the point upon which four great natural highways converge, leading from regions as varied in circumstances as they are great in superficies. The site which it occupies is but about thirty miles below the confluence of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence—the former leading, for miles counted by the thousand, from the very heart of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the latter from the great lakes, with all the yet undeveloped, wealth of the far north-west countries in the midst of which they lie. To the south, the Atlantic is directly accessible to it by the route of Lake Champlain and the Hudson; whilst to the eastward it can reach the ocean, by following the river to the gulf. This is the spot which, within the last few years, has been selected as the capital of United Canada; and few capitals have a situation affording so much promise for the future.

Montreal has a fine appearance when approached by steamboat from La Prairie; a small French-Canadian village several miles from it, on the opposite bank. It is chiefly built of stone, as are Quebec and Kingston—the three forming in this respect a marked exception to all the other towns of the province, and to nearly all in the United States, in which the wooden is almost invariably superseded by the brick tenement. The French portion of the city is very characteristic. The new part, all of which has been added since the conquest, has more of an English aspect about it; and some very magnificent streets and terraces have been added to it since its selection as the seat of government. The finest building by far which it contains is the Catholic cathedral, which is second only on the continent to that of Mexico, and of which any city in the old world might be proud as an ornament. The small hill immediately behind the town, and from which it derives its name, screens it completely from the cold northern winds. The slope which descends towards the city is covered with villas and orchards, and having a southern aspect, it produces the most luscious fruits. From the summit of this hill the view is very superb, commanding the city, the river, the rapids, and a vast region of fertile country beyond.

The Rapids of the St. Lawrence! who, within the domain of intelligence, has not heard of these stupendous phenomena? They needed not the muse of Moore to spread their fame: they are too gigantic in their sweep—too impetuous in their flow—too mighty in their power—too terrible in their aspect, ever to be forgotten by those who have once beheld them. As I was hurrying to the upper country, I had but a few hours to spend in and about Montreal, of which I took advantage to cross to La Prairie and see the Rapids of La Chine. The main rapid is almost entirely screened from the city by some islands, which here break into different channels the great body of the stream. La Prairie, which is about nine miles from Montreal, lies at the foot of the great Rapid, which rolls in tumultuous grandeur between one of the islands and the south bank of the river. The steam ferry-boat, in crossing, had to stem a portion of the rapid, but only where the delirious waters had subsided into comparative quiescence. Below, all was smooth and quiet: above, all was noise, tumult, and commotion. The river appeared to be rolling down the broken fragments of some gigantic staircase; and as it leapt maddened from rock to rock, the deep-blue current dashed itself into masses of foam, which for miles up covered its surface, like so many snow-wreaths borne down upon the tide. It is impossible that, in the presence of such a scene, even the most stolid and unimaginative can escape being struck with awe. The first feeling which it inspires is that of terror, the troubled flood seeming to bound onward to overwhelm you. Once assured by a sense of security, the mind becomes divided between amazement and self-humiliation; for you cannot avoid contrasting your own weakness with the stupendous development which nature here vouchsafes of her power. This is not the greatest rapid of the series, which, with some interruptions, agitate the river for the next hundred and fifty miles up, but it is in some respects the most terrible to encounter.

Having determined to ascend the river in a 'Durham boat'—a trafficking vessel which visits the upper country for flour—I set out, in the first place, in the stage for La Chine, in order to avoid the tedium of the first canal ascent. Here I found about twenty Durham boats ready to proceed on their upward voyage, but having no favouring wind, they were to be towed up the lake by the mail steamer. There being nothing novel in this part of the journey, I preferred the steamer to the Durham boat; and it was about noon when the 'Swan' started for the head of the lake, with a little fleet of cygnets behind her. Lake St. Louis, now entered upon, is the result of the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. It is a small body of water for these regions, but it is surpassingly beautiful, being studded with islets, covered with shrubbery dipping into the lake, so that they seem to be afloat upon the water. At its head the Ottawa enters it by a broad and placid estuary, stretching off to the right, and flanked by lofty banks, the St. Lawrence bounding into it on the left through a screen of islands by a series of raging rapids called the Cascades. On getting ashore, it was with no little interest that, standing upon a small rocky point, I witnessed the first intermingling of the confluent waters of these two mighty torrents.

The Cascades being impracticable to upward-bound craft, they are turned, as on the La Chine Rapids, by a short canal, which leads into still water above them. Here, for the first time, I betook myself to the Durham

boat, which was 'polled' close along-shore by the crew, until we reached the lower end of another series of rapids called the Cedars. These being practicable, first brought me in contact with the peculiarities of the navigation. A strong rope was attached to the boat, by means of which we were pulled by eight lusty oxen, which slowly scrambled along about midway up the high sloping bank to our right. They were attended by two Canadians—one to drive them, the other walking immediately behind with a large, sharp, and trusty knife in his hand, from which the sunlight every now and then flashed in our faces. I was about to inquire the object of this formidable armament, when an alarming incident furnished me with ocular demonstration of it. We were close upon shore, but the current which we had to stem ran prodigiously swift, although but little broken on the surface. Twenty yards farther out, however, it was roaring, and covered with breakers. The great point in steering was to keep the boat's head direct to the current. We had nearly mastered the rapid, when, by some unfortunate accident, her head was allowed to tend slightly outwards. The current thus caught her broadside, and brought the oxen in their snail-like course to a stand. The confusion on board was only equalled by the hullabaloo raised by the two Canadians ashore, who, in an incredibly short time, exhausted all the oaths in their fertile vocabulary. In vain did the driver urge the oxen to their utmost efforts; the resistance was too great, and they could not move. In the meantime, by the action of the current, the boat was being driven farther out into the stream, until at length the oxen failed in their powers of resistance, and began to give way. They had been dragged backwards and downwards about three feet, when the man with the knife sprang to the rope, and in a twinkling severed it in two. The cattle were thus saved; but the boat, abandoned to the mercy of the current, shot, stern foremost, like an arrow down the stream, tossed about amid foaming breakers, which now and then dashed upon her deck. So suddenly did all this happen, that for a moment or two I felt as if awaking from a trance. Trees, banks, bushes, houses, every fixed object ashore, seemed reeling around me, as if in the delirium of some fantastic dance. The great anxiety of the crew was to prevent her from shooting the Cascades, which were within sight but a short distance below. At one time it appeared in the highest degree likely that she would do so.

'Stand to your oars, and be ready to put her head about,' cried the captain.

The men obeyed, ready to turn her round as soon as she was in smooth water, so as to shoot the Cascades safely and in regular style. Fortunately this was not required, for at the foot of the rapid she swung into an eddy, which enabled her to gain the shore.

'What would have happened had we gone down the Cascades?' I inquired very simply of the captain, who was already giving orders for reascending the rapid.

'We should have been back again in Lake St. Louis by his time,' he replied with an air of great indifference, leaving me lost in wonderment at his estimate of the greatest calamity contingent on such an event.

We were not long in making up lost ground. The oxen were once more attached to the boat, and by dint of better steering we soon mastered the Cedars. The channel of the river is here again broken by numerous islands, between which it passes with prodigious force and velocity. Close to the southern bank, some miles

off, are the Rapids of Beauharnois, which showed us their white crests until hidden from view by a sudden bend in the river, which brought us to the village of the Cedars. From this, up to the foot of Lake St. Francis, we were alternately polled and towed, ascending several minor rapids, and flanking, by another very short canal, one too formidable to be breasted, and which formed on one side the defence of a small fort which rested upon it, and which, on that side at least, was impregnable. At the village at the foot of Lake St. Francis we passed the night.

Next morning, as on Lake St. Louis, a whole fleet of Durham boats were towed up Lake St. Francis by a steamer. This is a somewhat larger sheet than the other, its upper half being very much broken with islands. On one of these, near the boundary line between the upper and lower provinces, is a rude pyramid of unhewn stones, raised by the Highlanders of the border county of Glengarry in honour of Sir John Colborne, who crushed the insurrection in Lower Canada in 1837. After sailing through many beautiful and mazy passages at the upper end of the lake, we arrived at Cornwall, the first frontier town of the upper province.

Twelve miles above Cornwall is the greatest and most formidable rapid of the St. Lawrence, known as the Longue Sault, or, as it is commonly called, the Long Soo Rapid. Hitherto we had come along the northern bank; but to overcome this rapid we had to cross the river, the only practicable ascent being on the southern side. The stream was narrow where we crossed, and the point aimed at was the mouth of a small rivulet on the other side. We ascended the still water on the northern side, until we got nearly a mile above this point. The men then took to their oars, and pulled lustily across the stream. As soon as we touched the impetuous current in the middle, we were swept down with amazing rapidity, until we got into still water again on the other side, about half a mile below the rivulet, to which we were then leisurely polled up.

The rapid being still a mile or two up, I walked along the beach leaving the boat to be pulled to the foot of it. In doing so, I bounded over the rivulet which crossed my path. That bound brought me from monarchical to republican jurisdiction—the boundary line between the province and the United States here intersecting the St. Lawrence, the broad current of which henceforth intervenes between the rival jurisdictions. I embarked again at the foot of the Great Rapid, which, in all its appalling grandeur, was now in full view. As at all the rapids, islands here also blocked up the channel, the river escaping with terrific violence between them. The broadest and most fearful rapid was on the Canada side, some distance from us. The channel on the American side, which we ascended, was narrow, and comparatively tranquil; but the strength of the current may be estimated by the fact, that it took no less than twenty-eight oxen to tow an empty boat against it, keeping quite close to the shore. The rapid is in all twelve miles long, and it took us some hours to ascend it. We were almost at the top, when I was favoured with a sight for which I had yearned—that of a boat shooting the rapids. Doubling a point of the island to our right, and emerging, as it were, from the trees and bushes, which seemed to hem in the still water above, came a boat, on her downward voyage, laden with flour, a tier of barrels being upon her deck.

For some distance before the rapid broke, the current was swift and powerful, although the surface was smooth. Down she came, faster and faster every moment, as the current became stronger. No human power could then have stopped her course, or saved her from the rapid. The crew stood motionless, each at his appointed post. Having reached the line where the rapid broke, she made one bound into the troubled current. Her prow was every now and then buried in foam, and twice and again did the water wash over her deck, as she was hurried past us, like an arrow on the omnipotent stream. My eye followed her, until a point below concealed her from view. It was like a dream. Almost in a moment she came and disappeared. I had scarcely withdrawn my eye from the spot where I last saw her, ere she would be riding safe in the troubled waters at the foot of the rapid.

It were needless much further to prolong this recital. At Dickenson's Landing, which is at the head of the rapid, on the Canada side, we passed another night. Thence we next day ascended to Prescott, encountering many smaller rapids, up which we were towed. The channel was thickly strewed with islands the whole way up to Prescott, at which town my journey by the Durham boat terminated, this being the place at which it received its cargo for Montreal. The neighbourhood of Prescott was the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts that took place in the upper province during the rebellion in the winter of 1737-38—a Pole, of the name of Von Shultz, having landed with some hundreds of sympathisers from the American town of Ogdensburg, directly opposite, and taken possession of a windmill a few miles below Prescott. From this they were dislodged after a sharp engagement. Von Shultz was tried at Kingston as a freebooter, and hanged.

The steamer by which I proceeded from Prescott to Kingston crossed over to Ogdensburg on her way up. It was the first American town that I had seen, and left a very favourable impression upon my mind. It is situated at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, the waters of which are deeply tinged by the masses of vegetable decomposition through which it flows. From this to Brockville, on the Canada side, and twelve miles up, the river is clear of islands, and has the appearance of a large lake. Great is the change, however, immediately above this town, which lies at the lower end of the far-famed 'Thousand Islands.' I shall say nothing of them at present, as to do them justice would require more space than is now at my disposal. It was evening ere we reached Kingston, at their upper extremity. Here my eye rested upon what appeared to be the broad and boundless ocean, quietly ruffled by the evening breeze, and over which the setting sun threw a brilliant pathway of ruddy light. It was Lake Ontario, the smallest, and the last in the order in which they lie, of that wonderful chain of lakes which drain into themselves one-half of a continent. I remained for some time gazing upon it in mute wonder, as I thought of its vast proportions and the illimitable regions to which it led.

The distance from Kingston to Toronto is 180 miles. This was prolonged by the steamer touching at Oswego, on the American side of the lake. From Oswego we took an oblique line across to Coburg, a Canadian town. During this part of the voyage we were for many hours out of sight of land. Think of that, reader; out of sight of land on a fresh-water lake! Even to



this one becomes accustomed in America, as I did afterwards. The distance from Coburg to Toronto, which is seventy miles, is accomplished during the night. Toronto is still fifty miles from the head of the lake. Arrived at my destination, I took up my quarters at the North American Hotel, where I rested for several days, after a journey novel and varied in its processes, and replete with incident and interest.

## COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

[The following extract is taken from Judge Haliburton's new work entitled: "The Old Judge; or Life in a Colony."]

"The situation of a governor," said the Judge, "is by no means an enviable one. He is insufficiently paid, seldom properly supported by the Colonial Office; and no sooner becomes acquainted with the people and the country than his term of service expires. The province is then again entrusted to a stranger, who goes through the same process of acquiring experience, with great personal labor, annoyance, and inconvenience to himself, and with some danger, and no little alarm, to the inhabitants; while his best exertions and intentions are often frustrated, and his domestic comfort destroyed, by the petty insolences and insignificance of the little leaders of little political factions about him.

"Recent democratic chances in the constitution of the colonies have rendered his position still more difficult, by limiting the prerogative, transferring much of his authority to his council, and making public offices not the reward of merit, but of agitation. With politics, however, I have nothing to do. I not only take not interest in them, but I even dislike to hear them discussed. A governor, however, if he be a man of honor, and a gentleman, is really an object of pity. As far as we have been concerned ourselves, we have been extremely fortunate in the selection that has been made for us, and are enabled to enumerate a long list of very clever, as well as very amiable men; but as my experience extends over a long series of years, and is by no means limited to our North American possessions, I have been sometimes amused at them as a class, and at the different manner in which they severally attempt to accomplish the object they all have in view; namely, to conduct their administration satisfactorily to their employers, and to the people committed to their charge. To secure the approbation of the authorities at home, it is merely necessary to keep things quiet, for they have themselves made every concession for this purpose, to every troublesome party, until there is little left but total independence to concede. To preserve this tranquillity, therefore, necessarily involves the same policy on the part of a governor, and, consequently, the necessity for a certain degree of personal popularity. It is the pursuit of this popularity that calls forth the peculiarities and character of the man. Some resting it where it ought to be, on the honest and inflexible discharge of duty; others on tact, a knowledge of character, or some personal qualification, that renders them agreeable. As a class, therefore, they naturally present a great variety.

"For instance, there is your 'man-of-business governor,' accessible at all times, punctual in the performance of his own duty, and strict in requiring a corresponding exactness in others—affable, cautious, but decided. Then there is your 'scheming governor,' a man before his age, who delights in theories—has visions of greatness for his little empire, desires to have the people habited in garments, which, if they do not fit, are admirably well calculated to admit of an extended growth of the body and limb; who talks of systems, heads of departments, and boards, and will neither see nor hear of difficulties, as, in his opinion, there never are any that are insurmountable, and who treats the Secretary of State to long reports, for the amusement of the clerks to report upon. Next comes your 'entertaining governor,' who keeps a hospitable table, gives numerous parties, is full of anecdote, and tells his stories well, pays due attention to country members and their fashionable and agreeable wives and daughters, takes care that his staff are attentive to those who stand in need of attentions, and dance with those who cannot command partners, and who arranges his dinners so as to bring together people who know each other and are agreeable. As for business, he obeys orders from home, interferes personally as little as possible, and suffers things to take their course. Then there is your 'humbugging governor,' who bows and smiles to all, says civil things to every body and of every body, makes long speeches and writes long messages, adopts no side warmly, has no decided opinions, is with the majority, but lives with the minority, so he can co-operate with them too, if they become strong enough; is attached to the Church, for he was born and bred in it; is fond of the Catholics, for they are numerous, and devoted to British connexion; to the Baptists, because freedom of opinion is the right of all, especially of those who form so large a body; and of the Scotch Dissenters, on account of their abhorrence of democratic principles, and because he has often witnessed and admired their amiability at home, and the brotherly love they exhibit to the church abroad. In short, he is 'all things to all men'—a hand for all, a word for all, and a fig for all.

"Then there is your 'dashing governor,' a regular politician, who believes that every man has his price, regards all provincials as scoundrels, and thinks their price small; will carry his measures *coûte qui coûte*; has a strong smack of English Radicalism, and flatters the vanity of colonial Liberals; knows the little points of little men, and talks of the vast resources of the colony, the important geographical, relative, and political position of it; the able views and great scope of intellect of its statesmen; advocates a united legislation for all the colonies, the creation of a viceroy, and the construction of a railroad to the Pacific, and other gigantic projects. Tubs for the whale. There are also your 'purely civil,' or 'purely military governors.' The former has no command, and, of course, is by no means so well paid as the other; is subject to some inconvenience from the want of this control, and is in occasional collision with the commandant, not in matters of importance (for then it seldom or never occurs), but in insignificant, and therefore more annoying affairs. He procures the attendance of a regimental band at his parties as a favor, and tolerates their airs as an unavoidable evil. Although familiar with, and hospitable to, the officers of the garrison, he never enjoys their



sympathies like an old general. Unless he is a man of rank himself, the admiral, it is observed, is more apt to stand on etiquette and rights with him than if he were a soldier, for they again both pertain to the profession of arms, although not to the same branch of the service. The latter, or purely military man, delights rather in the appellation of General than that of Governor; is fonder of assembling his troops than his legislature, and is more at home with the officers of his brigade than with the officers of his colony. He would rather talk of the Punjaub than the Maddawaska, and the heads of columns than the heads of departments. He says but little, promises less; but does what he says. He refers every thing to the department to which it belongs, and acts on the report of the principal. He takes no responsibility. If the Assembly flares up, so does he; begs them to accept the assurance of his most profound indifference, and informs them that he was a general before he was a governor. If they petition the sovereign, he thanks them for it; tells them he is an old and faithful servant of the crown, and has been so long abroad he is in danger of being forgotten; that their memorial will call attention to the fact that he is still living, and serving his king with zeal and fidelity.

"These peculiarities are either generated or disclosed by the duties and necessities of the station, and are the various effects on the human mind of a morbid desire for applause. Under any circumstances, this high functionary can now personally effect but little good, in consequence of the restrictions and limitations imposed upon his authority; but he is by no means equally powerless for evil, and if he should, unfortunately, be surrounded by a needy or unprincipled council, and be deficient either in a knowledge of his duty or in firmness of purpose, the country may suffer incalculable injury.

*Captain Cook's Cabin Kettle.*—This relic of Captain Cook is said to have been given to his heirs, among other property, after the arrival of the 'Resolution'—the ship in which he performed his last unfortunate voyage. According to a local paper, it is now the property of James Gibb, Esq. of Castleton, near Dollar, in Clackmannanshire, who obtained possession of it in the following manner:—'The last heir of Captain Cook,' says our authority, 'who possessed this cabin utensil was Dr. Cook of Hamilton, who had it for a length of time; but it happened that his lady did not place so great a value upon it as he did, and therefore sent it to the late Mr. Reid, coppersmith, Hamilton, to be disposed of as old brass, when, fortunately, Mr. Gibb happened to be in the coppersmith's at the same moment, and seeing that the kettle was likely to be of some use, and rather a neat article, agreed to purchase it for a trifle. Some years after this, some other of Captain Cook's descendants ascertained that it had been sold as old metal, and then made application to Mr. Gibb to give it up; but as he had bought it in ignorance at the time that it had belonged to Captain Cook, the more the applicant desired to have it, the more Mr. Gibb desired to keep it; and as its previous possessor had placed so little value on it, there was virtually no loss in its changing hands, as it would be cared for and preserved the longer by one who had the good sense to see its worth. Mr. Gibb has since been offered thirty guineas for the kettle, but, of course, will not part with it. The kettle appears to be of French manufacture, is placed on a brass stand, and has a spirit-lamp to keep it boiling when on the table. It is believed to be about seventy-six years since it was made, and, like Napoleon Bonaparte's portable beef-steak pan, must have been a singular curiosity in its day, although there are plenty manufactured now in Birmingham nearly similar in construction.'

*Dignity of Labour.*—In early life, David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says, 'Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing.' From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The Apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that, when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour.—*Rev. T. Spencer.*

*Waste of Land.*—If we consider it to be a waste to employ land in the production of articles to be used in forming intoxicating liquors, the waste must be immense. A writer in a newspaper makes the following calculation:—'There are 45,769 acres of land employed in the cultivation of hops, and one million acres of land employed to grow barley, to convert into strong drink. According to Fulton's calculation, if the land which is employed in growing grain for the above purpose were to be appropriated to the production of grain for food, it would yield more than a four-pound loaf to each of the supposed number of human beings in the world; or it would give three loaves per week to each family in the United Kingdom! If the loave (each measuring 4 inches by 12) were placed end to end, they would extend 190,225 milles, or would more than describe the circumference of the globe six times! But vast as this waste is, it is a trifle when compared with that on the continent of Europe, where whole districts are devoted to the culture of the vine.'

*Tact of Begging.*—The human heart is a curiously strange instrument. It produces stranger vibrations, according to the skill of the hand that seeks to get music out of it. The art of approaching the mind from the right quarter, and successfully arousing its emotions, is one that every man does not understand. Some seem to have the gift to doing this thing every adroitly. We give the following as a specimen:—An English preacher advocating the generous support of an important charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes with this address to his hearers:—'From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honoured me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of, that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore as you will be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no person will think of putting anything into the box who cannot pay his debts. The result was an overflowing collection.'

*Duty of Old Age.*—A material part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves, as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind. To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour; and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and nuthinking.—*Dr Blair.*

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