

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

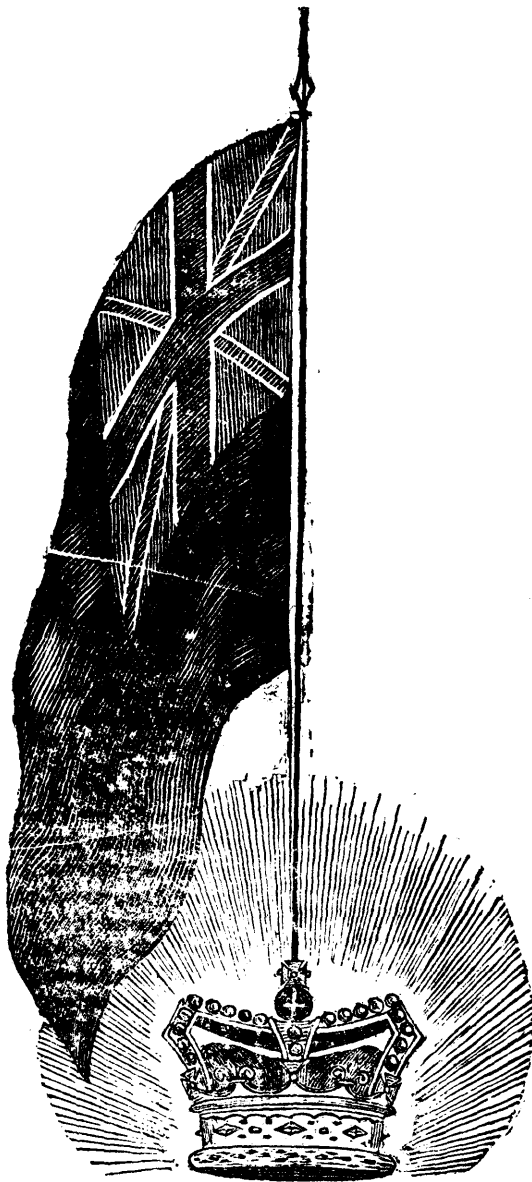
SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

OF

BRITISH

North

America.



VOL. I.

QUEBEC, 14TH APRIL, 1849.

No. 4.

CONTENTS.

Labour and its Value.
"My Black Coat,"—a Story of Scotch Superstition.
Withered Hopes—a Dreamer's Tale.
Health and its Preservation.
The Crock of Gold—an Irish Story for gold-seekers.
A letter from "A Mechanic," on the Honble. Mr. Cochran's lecture—(California, &c.
Conclusion of the Memoir of Sir John Barrow.
Poetry.
Sinclair's Monthly Book Circular, &c., &c.
Advertisements.

LABOUR AND ITS VALUE.

A few words to the working classes.

LABOUR is the exertion of power for the production of utility.

It is of three kinds: if applied to the appropriating or the raising of the produce of the earth, it is *agricultural*; if to the conversion of that produce into articles of use, it is *manufacturing*; if to the conveyance of

that produce, either in its raw or wrought state for the purpose of sale or exchange from one place or country to another, it is *commercial*.

There is a fourth species, called intellectual labour, without the co-operation of which physical power is not exerted; and it is the exertion of this intellectual labour that constitutes the science or art of the agriculturist, manufacturer, and merchant.

Besides the labour occupied in the production of commodities, there is another sort, not less valuable, namely, that of legislators, judges, and magistrates, men of science, literature, and the arts, the medical classes, and domestic servants; all these are occupied in the production of utility, and contribute, like the husbandman and operative, to increase and multiply the comforts, enjoyments, and conveniences of social life.

Without the application of labour, the earth is unavailable to human use, it offers no spontaneous gifts; the mineral treasures contained in its bosom, the seas and rivers by which it is watered, and the animals, fruits, and vegetables, that cover its surface, are not directly useful till they have been subdued, gathered, and combined by human industry. The fire that warms us, the candle that lights us, our clothes, our food, our habitation—in short, every thing we eat, drink, see, or rest upon—afford evidence of the all-conquering power of industry.

As man's comforts augment, his labours multiply. The savage whose occupation is limited to the gathering of fruits or the picking up of shell-fish, is placed on the verge of social existence.

To increase his enjoyments, he must his dangers and exertions. The first step in his progress is to hunt wild animals, to feed himself with their flesh, and clothe himself with their skins. But the proceeds of the chase are uncertain, and in lieu of depending on such a toil-some and precarious source of subsistence, he tries to domesticate animals; from a hunter he becomes a shepherd and a herdsman—a transition that softens the rudeness of his nature, as well as guarantees him a more unfailling supply of food.

His next advance in civilization is to *agriculture*. Flesh alone forms an unsatisfactory repast, and to obtain a supply of vegetables, he must till the ground. With flocks and herds and the produce of the soil, his hunger may be appeased; but this is only one of his wants; he requires variety of diet, of clothing, and lodging; to attain these, he must become a *manufacturer*. He has now reached the fourth stage of improvement; he has triumphed over the material drawbacks that surrounded him, and acquired a power to minister to his desires, however varied and multiplied, that is only limited by his industry and intelligence. Although labour is the great architect of our enjoyments and conveniences in diet, dress and habitations, it is not a

creator of them; like a skilful chemist or artist, it only separates, fashions, and combines, and does not add a particle to the matter, of the world previously existing. Nature is the great capitalist, that, from the beginning of time, has furnished the raw material on which industry has been exercised.

The culture of the human mind keeps pace with the culture of the material products by which it is surrounded. When earth has been reclaimed by industry it ceases to be an appropriate domain for savage life; it requires an occupant whose passions have been meliorated, and his reason cultivated. Man uncivilised, and the earth uncultivated, are in their infancy; what labour effects for the one, education accomplishes for the other.

So omnipotent is labour, that it is considered by political economists to be the only source of *wealth*; or those riches which, apart from the spontaneous and unappropriated products of the earth, alone possess value in exchange. Nature has been lavish in her bounties, but man alone has given them exchangeable value. What I can appropriate, and of which every one has enough to satisfy his wants, may be extremely useful but has no value—will fetch *no price*. The sunbeam that warms us, the air that supports life, and the water that slakes thirst are all abundantly useful; but as they are the produce of no man's labour, and no man appropriates them to himself, they are of no value in the market.

"Labour was the first price, the original purchase money, that was paid for all things," when all things lay in common, alike the gift of nature to all men who would have the best right to say, *this is mine*. The man who first set his mark upon it by his industry and thereby gave it a value that could not be severed from it. It was thus that labour originated appropriation, and appropriation exchangeable value.

It will be but a modest computation to say, that the products of the earth useful to the life of man, nine tenths are the effects of labour; nay, if we will rightly consider things as they come to our use, and cast the several expenses about them—what in them is purely owing to nature and what to labour. And we want a triumphant proof of the value of labour have only to look at the American nation—and reflect that in a few years—comparatively few—labour has converted a dense forests—a mighty waste into a powerful, industrious, enterprising and wealthy nation.

When a man has once got over his passion for a woman he finds her demonstrations of attachment very irksome; they proceeded from the most indifferent woman in the world they would please him better, because there would be at least something open—he is not *sure*, beforehand, that she will not prove the yet unseen queen of his soul; but a woman has once passionately loved and forgotten, has neither hope nor mystery remaining for him; she is a discovered enigma. No matter what noble or precious qualities lie within her, he has explored them and found they cannot enrich him; there is no more to hope, or to expect, or discover.

MY BLACK COAT,

OR

Breaking of the Brides Ginn.

(A story of Scotch superstition.)

Dear reader, the simple circumstances I am about to relate to you, hang upon what is termed—a *bad omen*. There are few amongst the uneducated who possess a degree of faith in omens; and even amongst the better educated and well informed, there are many who will profess to disbelieve them, and, indeed, will believe them, yet *feel* them in their hours of solitude. I have known individuals who, in the hour of danger would have braved the cannon's mouth, or the death of his teeth, who, nevertheless, would have buried their head in the bedclothes at the howling of a midnight, or spent a sleepless night from the tick, tick, of the spider, or the untiring piping of the kitchen-fire musician—the jolly little cricket, the presence of omens, however, is drawing to a close: for in its progress is trampling delusion of every kind under its feet; yet, after all, though a belief in such a superstition, it is one that carries with it a certain amount of the poetry of our nature. But to proceed to the story.

Several years ago, I was on my way from B—— to C——, and being as familiar with every cove, bush, and whin-bush on the Dunbar and Lauder hills as with the face of an acquaintance, I made use of the less frequented path by Longformacus. I took a secret pleasure in contemplating the desolation of wild spreading desolation; and, next to the sea when its waves dance to the music of the breeze, I loved to gaze upon the heath-covered moor, where the blue horizon only girded its purple

It was no season to look upon the heath in the face of barrenness, yet I purposely diverged from the main road. About an hour, therefore, after I had descended from the region of the Lammermoors, and entered the Lothians, I became sensible I was pursuing a path which was not forwarding my footsteps to C——. It was December; the sun had just gone down. I was not very partial to travelling in darkness—neither did I wish to trust to chance for finding a comfortable resting place for the night. Perceiving a steading and water-mill about a quarter of a mile from the road, I resolved to turn towards it, and make inquiry respecting the right path, or, at least, to request to be directed to the nearest inn.

"Town," as the three or four houses and mill were called, was all bustle and confusion. The female attendant were cleaning and scouring, and running to and fro. I quickly learned that all this noise of preparation arose from the "maister" being to be married in three days. Seeing me a stranger, he came from the mill towards me. He was a tall, stout, good-looking, jolly-faced farmer and miller. His manner of addressing me partook more of kindness than civility; his inquiries were not free from the familiar, prying quality which prevails in every corner of our island, and, I must say, in the north in particular.

"Where do you come frae, na—if it be a fair question," inquired he.

"From B——," was the brief and merely civil

"An' hae ye come frae there the day?" he continued.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Ay, man, an' ye come frae B——, do ye?" added he; "then, nae doot, ye'll ken a person they ca' Mr ——?"

"Did he come originally from Dunse?" returned I, mentioning also the occupation of the person referred to.

"The very same," rejoined the miller; "are ye acquainted wi' him, Sir?"

"I ought to be," replied I; "the person you speak of is merely my father."

"Your father!" exclaimed he, opening his mouth and eyes to their full width, and standing for a moment the picture of surprise—"Gude gracious! ye dinna say sae!—is he really your father? Losh, man, do you no ken, then, that I'm your cousin! Ye've heard o' your cousin, Willie Stewart."

"Fifty times," replied I.

"Weel, I'm the vera man," said he—"Gie's your hand; for, 'odsake man, I'm as glad can be. This is real extraordinary. I've often heard o' you—it will be you that writes the bulks—faith ye'll be able to mak something o' this. But come awa into the house—ye dinna stir a mile far'er for a week, at ony rate."

So saying, and still grasping my hand, he led me to the farm-house. On crossing the threshold—

"Here lassie," he cried, in a voice that made roof and rafters ring, "bring ben the speerits, and get on the kettle—here's a cousin that I ne'er saw in my life afore."

A few minutes served mutually to confirm and explain our newly discovered relationship.

"Man," said he, as we were filling a second glass, "ye've just come in the very nick o' time; an' I'll tell ye how. Ye see I am gaun to be married the day after the morn; an' no haein' a friend o' ony kin-kind in this quarter, I had to ask an acquaintance to be the best man. Now, this was, vexin' me mair than ye can think, particularly, ye see, because the sweetheart has aye been hinting to me that it wadna be lucky for me no to hae a bluid relation for a best man. For that matter, indeed, luck here, luck there, I no care the toss up o' a ha'penny about omens mysel'; but now that ye've fortunately come, I'm a great deal easier, an' it will be ae craik out o' the way, for it will please her: an' ye may guess, between you an' me, that she's worth the pleasin, or I wadna had her; so I'll just step over an' tell the ither lad that I hae a cousin come to be my best man, an' he'll think naething o't."

On the morning of the third day, the bride and her friends arrived. She was the only child of a Lammermoor farmer, and was in truth a real mountain flower—a heath blossom; for the rude health that laughed upon her cheeks approached nearer the hue of the heather-bell, than the rose and vermilion of which poets speak. She was comely withal, possessing an appearance of considerable strength, and was rather above the middle size—in short, she was the very *beau ideal* of a miller's wife!

But to go on. Twelve couple accompanied the happy miller and his bride to the manse, independent of the married, middle-aged, and grey-haired visitors, who followed behind and by our side. We were thus proceeding onward to the house of the minister, whose blessing was to make a couple happy, and the arm of the blooming bride was through mine, when I heard a voice, or rather let me say a sound, like the croak of a raven, exclaim—

"Mercy on us! saw ye e'er the like o' that!—the best man, I'll declare, has a *black* coat on!"

"An' that's no lucky!" replied another.

Lucky!" responded the raven voice—"just perfectly awfu'! I wadna it had happened at the weddin' o' a bairn o' mine for the king's dominions."

I observed the bride steal a glance at my shoulder; I felt or thought I felt, as if she shrunk from my arm; and when I spoke to her, her speech faltered. I found that my cousin, in avoiding one omen, had stumbled, upon another, in my black coat. I was wroth with the rural prophetess, and turned round to behold her. Her little grey eyes, twinkling through spectacles, were wink, winking upon my ill-fated coat. She was a crooked, (forgive me for saying an ugly,) little, old woman; she was "bearded like a pard," and walked with a crooked stick mounted with silver. (On the very spot where she then was, the last witch in Scotland was burned.) I turned from the grinning sibyl with disgust.

On the previous day, and during part of the night, the rain had fallen heavily, and the Broxburn was swollen to the magnitude of a little river. The manse lay on the opposite side of the burn, which was generally crossed by the aid of stepping-stones; but on the day in question the tops of the stones were barely visible. On crossing the burn, the foot of the bride slipped, and the bridegroom, in his eagerness to assist her, slipped also—knee-deep in the water. The raven voice was again heard—it was another omen.

The kitchen was the only room in the manse large enough to contain the spectators assembled to witness the ceremony, which passed over smoothly enough, save that, when the clergyman was about to join the hands of the parties, I drew off the glove of the bride a second or two before the bridesmaid performed a similar operation on the hand of the bridegroom. I heard the whisper of the crooked old woman, and saw that the eyes of the other women were upon me. I felt that I had committed another *omen*, and almost resolved to renounce wearing "blacks" for the future. The ceremony, however, was concluded; we returned from the manse, and everything was forgotten, save mirth and music, till the hour arrived for tea.

The bride's mother had boasted of her "daughter's double set o' real china" during the afternoon: and the female part of the company evidently felt anxious to examine the costly crockery. A young woman was entering with a tray and the tea equipage—another, similiary laden, followed behind her. The "sneek" of the door caught the handle of the tray, and down went china, waiting-maid, and all! The fall startled her companion—their feet became entangled—both embraced the floor, and the china from both trays lay scattered around them in a thousand shapes and sizes! This was an omen with a vengeance! I could not avoid stealing a look at the sleeve of my black coat. The bearded old woman seemed inspired. She declared the luck of the house was *broken!* Of the double set of real china not a cup was left—not an odd saucer. The bridegroom bore the misfortune as a man; and, drawing the head of his young partner towards him, said, "Never mind them, hinny—let them gang—we'll get mair."

The bride, poor thing, shed a tear; but the miller threw his arm round her neck, stole a kiss, and she flushed and smiled.

It was evident, however, that every one of the party regarded this as a real omen. The mill-loft prepared for the joyous dance; but scarce had the fantastic toes (some of them were not light ones) to move through the mazy rounds, when the loft broke down beneath the bounding feet of the hearted miller; for, unfortunately, he considered that his goodly body was heavier than his spirit was omen upon omen—the work of *breaking* HAD—the "luck" of the young couple was departed.

Three days after the wedding, one of the carts was got in readiness to carry home the mother. On crossing the unlucky barn, to which have already alluded, the horse stumbled, fell, and its knee, and had to be taken back, and another took its place.

"Mair breakings!" exclaimed the now heartbroken old woman. "Oh, dear sake! how this end for my puir bairn!"

I remained with my new-found relatives all week, and while there, the miller sent his boy for a ment of an account of thirty pounds, he had to make up money to pay a corn-factor at the Hadd market on the following day. In the evening the boy returned.

"Weel, callant," inquired the miller, "hae ye the siller?"

"No," replied the youth.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed my cousin, hastily, "ye no gotton the siller? Wha did ye see, or did they say?"

"I saw the wife," returned the boy; "as she said—'Siller! laddie, what's brought ye here?—the siller—I daresay your maister's daft! Do ye see, we're broken! I'm sure a'body kens that we were broken yesterday!"

"The mischief break them!" exclaimed the rising and walking hurriedly across the room—is *braking* in earnest."

I may not here particularize the breaking followed. One misfortune succeeded another, the miller broke also. All that he had was put to the hammer, and he wandered forth with his young wife a broken man.

Some years afterwards, I met with him in a distant part of the country. He had the management of extensive flour mills. He was again doing well, and had money in his master's hands. At last there came to be an end of the breakings. We were sitting together, when a third person entered, with a countenance of horror.

"Willie," said he, with the tone of a sepulchre, "hae ye heard the news?"

"What news, now?" inquired the miller, seeing me.

"The maister's *broken!*" rejoined the other.

"An' my fifty pounds?" responded my cousin, in a voice of horror.

"Are broken wi' him," returned the stranger. "Oh' gude gracious!" cried the young wife, with her hands, "I'm sure I wish I were out o' this world—will ever thir breakings be done!—what tempter mother to buy me the cheena?"

"Or me to wear a black coat at your wedding, thought I.

A few weeks afterwards a letter arrived, announcing that death had suddenly broken the thread of her aged father, and her mother requested that

me and take charge of the farm which was now theirs. They went. The old man had made money upon the hills. They got the better of the broken china and of my black coat. Fortune broke in upon them. My cousin declared that omens were nonsense, and his wife added that she "really thought there was naething in them. But it was lang an' mony a day," she added "or I could get your black coat and my mother's shenna out a' my mind." They began to prosper still.

WITHERED HOPES.

A DREAMER'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling."—*Childe Harold.*

When in the progress of quickly coming-round years a man finds himself arrived at, and now fast leaving behind him, that plainly marked stage which Dante calls his *mezzo cammino*, he will detect himself occasionally beguiling the latter part of his journey with the reminiscences of what he has witnessed in the course of the former. And to say truth, it takes not long to work this change within one, and to set up Memory instead of Hope as the household deity of the breast. Besides, if a man be not changed himself, the world is changed for him; it is not the same world it was when he knew it. The friends he had long ago, where are they? Some are sleeping their long sleep in the grave; others are alive—but the world has come between him and them, and they are utterly lost to him as if the earth covered them. Families that he used to mix with, either are changed in their members, or have entirely disappeared from the roll of society; while new ones, whose names he never heard before, have shot up into notice and become the arbiters of taste in the haunts of his childhood. The human mind itself, in its onward impetuosity, is leaving him behind; improvements in everything are impending; old ideas are laid aside as antiquated; and at last, he finds he must begin in his age to learn anew, and think differently from what he used, if he would still belong to a world that has become strange to him. And wonderful to such is the retrospective glance which brings back to him portions of his former and passed-away life. Some accident or other awakes one lost feeling; then another slowly revives; then a sudden shooting gleam is flashed down upon the soul; then the present slowly fades away, and he finds himself transported to another world, where shadowy shapes—once familiar—gather about him, and things he had imagined for ever lost are restored. Still a vague consciousness remains that a wide gulf divides them from him, and some lingering knowledge that years have intervened, causes him to identify that amazed beholder with his present self. Just as I describe, it was with me this afternoon; an incident, buried and forgotten for years, was suddenly (nor can I exactly explain how) brought before me. The touch was a passing one, but the chords vibrated to the olden music; it is wild and melancholy, but I must not let it pass away any more.

It was on the 20th of July, 18—, no matter what—I found myself sauntering up and down the beautiful promenade of Florence, the Lung 'Arno. I had, a little while before, gone through the very edifying formulæ of eating the prescribed number of dinners, saying the prescribed words of Latin, and paying the prescribed amount of fees; and under the influence of these cabalistic incantations, emerged at

once from the chrysalis state of studency to the full-blown barrister. Just then, when I was looking for nothing else than an everlasting pacing of Old Westminster with a satchel, like an overgrown schoolboy, under my arm, and was meditating which of my pie-crust volumes were to stand instead of briefs within it; or whether, if Waverley were bound like them, it would not be better than the whole put together—I say, just at the critical moment, an old testy uncle, my mother's only brother, came to the rescue, and saved me from the companionship of John Doe and Richard Roe for ever. Cold, austere, and forbidding—himself a bachelor—I verily believe he considered a marriage a sort of crime; and never forgave his sister for having chosen one who loved her dearly, in preference to a heartless old age like his own. At my birth, he had indeed condescended to be my sponsor, I need not say as a matter of form, but ostensibly as a proof of the excellence of his heart in overlooking a case in which he had been "grievously sinned against"—so he asserted. Once or twice, in my earlier years, I had seen him; nay, when beneath the influence of an Indian sky, both parents had sunken into a premature grave, and their boy returned to England, under the care of a friend, who stood to him as a father, he had even shown some kindness to me. He had sent for me, and placed me at Harrow, and when the fit time came round for my entering the university, supplied me with a sufficiency to keep myself with respectability at Cambridge. All this he had done, and might have done more, but that, as I sprang up, I became the very living image of my father; and when I returned from one vacation to spend some weeks with him, the old man could scarcely repress a scream when I first stood before him—the reminiscence was powerful with him, and he hated me for the resemblance. I was coldly received—this was nothing new to me—was borne with until the few weeks were over, and at my departure, was told that he would be always glad to hear from me, but that he would excuse my coming any more.

"Your wants shall be supplied," he wrote, "for you are my sister's child, and as such I shall always acknowledge you; but you have your father's face and figure, and you must not see me; and I suppose, if you inherit his spirit"—this was said with a sneer—"you will not seek to do so after this. Until you are qualified for your destined profession, you may rely upon my help and assistance; when this step is attained, I shall consider myself free from every obligation,

So reasoned he, but death was quicker than he, and ere he could revoke a will, in old days made in my favour, he ceased to exist. A fit suddenly terminated his life; and the same post which would have brought him the expected tidings of his nephew's call to the bar, returned with the intelligence of his own decease. He would have kept his word with me, I have little doubt, for he was a man of invincible determination; he only lacked the opportunity. As for me, when the news reached me, I could not repress a few tears; for, hard as he was, I was the only one to whom his heart in anywise opened, and he was my sole remaining relative, and I felt lonely even after him. I hastened down to the funeral, and was chief and only mourner at it; then came some necessary legal forms to go through, and a multiplicity of papers to sign, and divers documents to be proven and sworn to. When these were all done, and I found myself once more at the Inns, in my old chambers, as an eternal forswearing of alliance with the law, I flung my bands into the fire, my wig into the Thames, made over my gown to my old woman, Molly, to whom such an article was far more suited, and cast myself at random into the nearest continental steamer, that I might breathe freely when clean 'scaped out of London.

I do not want to measure swords with Arthur O'Leary, (Master Lorrequer, cease your funning therefore!) so far from it, I'll not even tell how I came to the place where I now found myself, or what countries I skimmed over in my route. The rambling spirit which had urged me on so far, here deserted me, and for the life of me, I could not tell what now to do with myself. "Heigh ho! whither next?" I had been now two days in the Tuscan capital, and had not yet found energy enough to knock about after the lions. The weather

was oppressively sultry, the sun seemed a burning ball or flame, and look where you would in the azure heaven, you could not find one tiniest cloudlet to screen you from the blazing heat. Stretching away in the green distance, no doubt, was the smiling country, girt in with its amphitheatre of hills, and inviting the parched wayfarer to its cooling streams and the shadows of those glorious pine trees; still—still the effort, however desirable, was an effort—and such things, however commendable, are not always possible to be done especially by idle men.

"Whither next? Well, I'll stroll along the river's banks, the tour will be a little variety."

I did so until I wearied of it, and then bethought me of "mine inn"—"Perhaps I'll find some one fit to talk to there; at all events, I have exhibited myself enough—so, now, on—on;" and I blessed my stars for the new idea.

The reverie which a strange place awakens in one's mind, when you are there in an isolated position, might in part account for my indolent feelings; and *certes* a new city where you know no one is not the most companionable of places—especially, if you have made yourself dependent upon society, under other and more favourable circumstances. So thought I, as I turned through the Lungo once more; it was thronged with people, yet not a familiar face could I discover among them all. So far they bore me company, that they all seemed as lazily loitering as myself, and I remembered the bitter French sarcasm—"On va se promener tous les après-midi sur les bords de l'Arno; et le soir on se demande les uns aux autres si l'on y a été!" On I passed, crossed one of the bridges, then came a long street, filled with those half-prison, half-fortress palaces of the nobles, down which I proceeded. I paused a moment, as I came to its end, for the purpose of recollecting which turn I was to make, when a broad hand was laid on my shoulder, and a well-known voice sounded behind me.

"How now, mad wag, whither bound—what news? I thought your honour had already been in England."

I turned in wonder, and found in my Shakespeare interrogator, my college chum and faithful friend, Charles Harley.

"Harley! what, you here, and 'coming in such questionable shape?' I imagined you an *attaché* at Saint James's, the idol of the Guards, the admired of all admirers about court. From what lucky star descended, thou graceful flower of chivalry, thou cynosure of ladies' eyes?"

"Why, so I was," said he, with the most provoking coolness, "but I got sick of it all; such things last for a while; d'ye know, after that, they become a bore?"

Harley was a spoiled child of fortune; the heir to one of the oldest inheritances in England; and every want, from his earliest years, had been anticipated, and supplied in an abundance which made him fastidious; but this was his only failing, and was the cause more of disquietude to himself—of making him, at times, restless and discontented with things about him—than of giving pain to his friends, by any change in his feelings with respect to them, or any matter ever so trivial, where they were concerned. I have not been, in my time, an unobtrusive spectator of things about me, nor I may add of persons either. Our men of talent I have been permitted to know, and have bowed beneath the fascination of their excelling genius—and kind hearts and warm hearts have drawn me within their influence; still, this friend of my youth has never been outshone in my estimation; in the long distance of years, his errors are forgotten, but his virtues live to make his memory immortal.

We had first met at Cambridge, accidentally, one evening, at the rooms of a mutual friend—were introduced—a casual remark created an interest in one another—we became acquainted, rapidly passed through the various stages of regard, and cemented a friendship before the week was over. So free's youth from that reserve, which, in after life, bespeaks either the apprehension of treachery, or the sullenness of disappointment. A similarity of idle tastes drew us much together, and while our classmen were hammering at hexameters, or digging at the Greek roots, our days were spent in boating on the river, or taking long rambles together into the country. During our intervals of leisure, we read and studied in our own way; nothing came amiss except the course

prescribed to us by the worthy master of Trinity (which we fairly eschewed as useless, or at best, common-place.) Harley was passionately fond of chemical experiments, and his rooms, in consequence, gradually turned themselves into a laboratory; we worked together at the crucible more than the cruxes of mathematics, and were, perhaps, quicker at a *retort* than our idle habits gained us credit for.

So passed on our time of probation, and my bitterest regret on leaving Alma Mater—which I did six months before him—was coupled with my separation from Harley; however, I felt now was the time for energy, everything depended upon myself, I must work for fame, if not for maintenance; the season for the *far niente* was over, and it was well that it should be so. From Harley I received many letters—at last, in one he told me he had purchased a cornetcy in the Guards. "We shall meet once more, Jack," he wrote, "for I am fixed in London, and, thou man of love and law, we shall transfer to the Thames our olden employment by the banks of sweet Ouse."

He soon rose to be a promising soldier; nature had bestowed upon him a noble form, and manhood was ripening to its full perfection: his natural lightness of heart found abundant occasion for rejoicing in the new scenes the great city opened out to him; and to every attraction in it—to the court itself—his birth, wealth, and profession gave him an easy access. I had left him some weeks before plunged in all this racket of dissipation—and now, without dreaming that he was within seven hundred miles, was surprised in the way I have before described.

"Go to, Jack," cried he, "but, by my troth, I am right glad to see thee."

"We'll meet in Erebus," I answered, "I deemed you still hanging on at St. James's—but, I'll ask about such things hereafter: I never was more at a nonplus in my life."

"Wherefore, good sir?"

"Just to find some one who has a knack of taking charge of live lumber. I'm weary to death of the everlasting company of self: you are come at a gracious moment to relieve me—here I cast myself on you help, help, Harley."

"I'll use my art to remedy the cause of this effect, or defect, as the Dane hath it: come on, I'm your man—I have no one either; but we'll have a couple of glorious days together, and add this good city to our stories of reminiscences for after days."

Like my friend Lorrequer, I am the easiest persuaded fellow alive: an honest, virtuous, civil gentleman can do as he will with me, shape me to his courses, and find me "ready as a borrower's cap;" he has but to lead on, and need not look back often, to find whether I am following. A moment before I deemed myself incapable of exertion, blaming the city, the people, the very sky overhead, on account of it; but now, instantaneously my hippishness vanished, the presence of my ancient ally was in itself a powerful spell—I stepped forth with elasticity, and breathed the breath of luxurious life once more.

Without more ado, we covenanted to unite our fortunes for a while, make together a companionable inspection of the old city, and compare notes of what had happened to each since our parting in merry England, and furthermore, we were to begin all by dining together on that day.

"But stay," said Harley, "it is only three o'clock; let us not mind these outlandish foreign customs, but have a country walk first, and a *tête-à-tête* dinner at half-past six. What say you?"

"I agree to the last proposal without murmur or appendix; and to the first with the proviso that you take me the Lungo Arno way. I had begun the stroll, and turned back for want of company."

Together we went over my former route, and walked for an hour without respite, so fully were we engrossed in thoughts of old times. I had to give Harley the particulars of my favourable turn of fortune, for in my hasty flight from town, I had left him in ignorance of everything except the mere fact; his adventures and the reasons of his coming we agreed to postpone till over our wine. We walked on briskly for some time, when in the dense olive wood, and but little removed from the pathway we had followed, my companion

espied a most enchanting bower, past which he declared we should not go. Over the tops of the nearest trees we could discover the roof of a villa with its pergola or trellised walk of vines, while a dusky, brawling rivulet ran in front, and, lighted up the sunbeams in one direction, was lost amidst the thick plantations in the other. Down we sat and turned us towards the town, now several miles distant.

Florence may well claim to be called a fair city, and seen beneath its own blue heavens, it receives in addition the grace and lightness which our hazy atmosphere immediately takes away from a similar prospect. The neighbouring country is richly cultivated and studded with villas, and the eye as it stretches along the fairy perspective finds a suited repose in the surrounding hills, (crowned as they are with the vine, and chestnut), until it reaches, last of all, the cloudy Appenines, with their gloomy pine forests. From where we were seated we could see the broad river rolling gallantly beneath; in its widest part crisped into wavelets, where the summer breeze came down on it, and near the shore reflecting tranquilly down to its very margin—while these shadows again were sometimes broken up by the passing boats creeping on towards the city under snowy sails. Farther on in the distance, the four graceful bridges could be seen rising one above another and uniting the broken city, from every quarter of which pinnacles and spires seemed to ascend, and, towering above all, we could plainly discover the cathedral dome, the immortal work of Filippo Brunelleschi.

I had been running on at a voluble rate about my own half-formed plans and projectures, but with such loveliness before me immediately gave up the selfish strain. We gazed awhile in silence upon it; the silence continued till it became painful; I waited for my companion to speak, for ashamed of a discourse in which I had scarcely suffered him to interpose a word, I was anxious that he should now choose some theme of his own personal history. But I waited in vain. At last I turned round; poor Harley, as if to overmaster some tormenting thought, was pressing his hand strongly against his brow; his lips trembled, and his eyes were filled with tears. I thought him ill.

“What is the matter? Harley, are you sick? have I over-walked you?”

“No, no, Jack; it was just a passing cloud; it will be gone in a moment. How foolish, how silly I am!” And then to me, “What a blessed gift it would be, Jack, if thought had not the power of forcing itself upon us when it has become useless, or more miserable.”

“You speak mysteries. What has happened? nay, you wrong me, Harley, by your concealment. I cannot understand the import of your words unless you be more explicit.”

“To-day, after dinner, your shall have it all. What I said was plain enough: would it not be well if we could wipe off the memories of those whom fate places for ever out of our reach, yet cannot prevent us at the same time continually remembering?”

“Is that it? I take you now. By the simplicity of Venus’ no other than a love case! ‘sighing like furnace,’ because some muling, puling school-girl will not have him; eh, Harley, is it not so? Here’s a little *chanson* for you, pretty and sentimental enough, and there’s a brook to sing it to:

‘Limpido ruscelletto!
Le mai t’incontri in iei,
Delle che pianto——’

Oh, the folly of mankind from the days of Eve herself.

——‘Che pianto sei,
Ma non le dir——’

“I say, Harley, what’s the name?”

“Don’t know.”

“Where does she live?”

“Can’t discover.”

“What’s her rank?”

“Can’t, for the life of me, make out.”

“Pshaw! this is heaping the Pelion upon Ossa in absurd-

dity. You must get rid of such thrice-sublimated nonsense. Have you rested? Let us move towards town.”

“Where was it we last met?” said Harley to me, when, our repast over, we prepared for the enjoyment of the evening.

“Temple gardens, bank of Thames, city of London. Do you want time, day, and occupation?”

“No: how lawyerly minute you have grown. You are blessed with a microscopic memory; but I don’t need it. A day or two after that I went with some of ours on a command-night to the opera; majesty itself was to be there, and every box in the house was filled. I never recollect being in higher spirits. The bewitching scene around, the brilliant lights, the divine music, the high-born of the land all there, and the king himself with his wonted courtesy paying the most marked attention to the whole piece; all these, no doubt, contributed their elements to my excitement. But better than any, and more effective than them all united, was the elasticity of mind consequent upon the load of daily life being taken off and forgotten, and which was sufficient of itself to fill me with restless joy.

“Well! there I sat occupied, charmed with everything. Two acts had passed over very rapidly, (as far as I could fix my attention, it was given to them;) but dame Fortune had not done with me, and was determined to display her despotism ere I could leave the house. Shortly before the commencement of the last act, as my eyes roamed over the gorgeous spectacle, it was fastened on the inmates of a box at the opposite side of the house, and never wandered from them during the remainder of the play. They were, a lovely girl and a white-haired, hard-worn officer, whom I had never seen before, and whom I took to be her father. He wore at his breast one or two medals and crosses, and seemed suffering from ill health, perhaps arising from service. I had never beheld a creature of such surpassing beauty as his companion. You will not laugh, for I remember in old times you agreeing with me on the possibility of such things, when I tell you that half hour’s glance taught me that there was the One with whom my fate was inextricably involved. Soon thunders of applause announced the conclusion of the play; the *prima donna* was called for; some wreaths were flung on the stage; when I next looked round my incognita was gone.

“I soothed my mortification with the conviction that somewhere or other I should meet with her forthwith. With new life I sought all the assemblies; every public place which furnished a possibility of success was ransacked; I attended the opera night after night, but in vain. Then, imagining they might have altogether left London, and remembering the shoals of English which migrate at this time, of the year, I got a three-months’ leave to try chance once more. I am afraid ’tis a desperate one; what say you, Jack?”

“Bad enough, no doubt; I won’t join you in calling it ‘desperate;’ but pass the wine, dear boy!”

(To be continued.)

THE END OF PRUDENCE.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—Sherbrooke.—*The first number of our Journal was sent to you thro' the post directed as you wished—we now send another and hope it will reach its destination.*

J. L.—Point-Levi.—*Try again—bear in mind that : “to have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprise is above the strength that undertakes it.”*

A FARMER.—*Our jolly correspondent in the Eastern Township of Melbourne must be aware that our journal is too small to admit such a lengthy specimen of his poetry as he has sent us, but as he wants a chorus for his song we send him the following and hope it will please him.*

So—“Good luck to the hoof and the horn,
Good luck to the flock and the fleece,
Good luck to the growers of corn
With the blessings of plenty and peace.”

MR. B.—*In Shakespeare's second part of Henry the Fourth, the correct quotation is :*

“The times are wild, contention like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.”

L. L. B.—*Yes, by all means—pleasure was made for two, “Domus et placens uxor,” in the original, but in the vernacular it runs :*

“And in the cup of life,
That honey drop, a pleasing wife.”

JUVENIS.—*Take the advice Cotton gives :*

“Let every minute, as it springs,
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings :
Let every minute as it flies,
Record the good as well as wise.”

NEWSPAPERS *with whom we exchange will confer a favor by giving our Prospectus a few insertions.*

A REPROOF OF FOPPERY.—Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middling classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded :—When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. “And pray, Sir,” said he, “what are your commands with me ?” “I thought it was my duty, Sir,” replied George, “to wait upon you immediately upon my arrival from London.” “Pray, Sir, who are you ?” “George Faulkner, the printer, Sir.” “You, George Faulkner, the printer ! Why, you are the most impudent, bare-faced scoundrel of an impostor I ever met with ! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the House of Correction.” Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned to the Deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. “My friend, George,” says the Dean, “I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear.”

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 14TH APRIL, 1849.

H E A L T H,

ITS LOSS AND PRESERVATION

DEPEND ON DAILY CONDUCT.

We are constantly meeting with anomalies in practical life, in the case of individuals little accustomed, when in health, to observe or to reflect on the influence of external circumstances and modes of living in disturbing the actions of the various animal functions, but at the same time easily and deeply impressed by all *extraordinary* occurrences affecting them. Thus, when any one is taken ill, his relatives or friends become extremely anxious to have his room properly ventilated ; his body-cloths frequently changed and carefully aired ; his food properly regulated in quantity and quality ; his skin cleaned and refreshed ; his mind amused and tranquillised ; his sleep sound and undisturbed : and his body duly exercised. And they state, as the reason for all this care, and most justly, that pure air, cleanliness, attention to diet, cheerfulness, regular exercise, and sound sleep, are all highly conducive to health. And yet such is the inconsistency attendant on ignorance, that the patient is no sooner restored, than both he and his guardians are often found to become as careless and indifferent in regard to all the laws of health, as if they were entirely without influence, and their future breach or observance could in no way affect him ! Just as if it were not better, by a rational exercise of judgment, to preserve health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then pay the penalty in suffering and danger, as an indispensable preliminary to its subsequent restoration !

One cause of such anomalous conduct is the dangerous and prevalent fallacy of supposing that, because glaring mischief does not *instantly* follow every breach of an organic law, no harm has been done. Thus, what is more common than to hear a dyspeptic invalid, who seeks to gratify his palate, affirm that vegetables, for example, or puddings, do not disagree with him, as he ate them on such a day, and felt no inconvenience from them ? and the same in regard to late hours, heated rooms, insufficient clothing, and all other sources of bad health, every one of which will, in like manner, be defended by some patient or other, on the ground that he experienced no injury from them on a *certain specified occasion* ; while all, when the rule is not directly applied to themselves, will readily admit that, in the case of others, such things are, and *must* be, very hurtful.

Happy would it often be for a suffering man could he see beforehand the modicum of punishment which his multiplied aberrations from the laws of physiology are sure to bring upon him. But as, in the great majority of instances, the breach of the law is limited in extent, and becomes serious only by the frequency of its repetition, so is the punishment gradual in its infliction, and slow in manifesting its accumulated effect; and this very gradation, and the distance of time at which the full effect is produced, are the reasons why man in his ignorance so often fails to trace the connection between his conduct in life and his broken health. But the connection subsists although he does not regard it, and the accumulated consequences come upon him when he least expects them.

Thus, pure air is essential to the full enjoyment of health, and reason shows that every degree of vitiation must necessarily be *proportionally* hurtful, till we arrive at that degree at which, from its excess, the continuance of life become impossible. When we state this fact to a delicately constituted female, who is fond of frequenting heated rooms, or crowded parties, theatres, or churches, and call her attention to the hurtful consequences which she must inflict on herself by inhaling the vitiated air of such assemblies, her answer invariably is, that the closeness and heat are very disagreeable, but that they rarely injure *her*; by which she can only mean, that a single exposure to them does not always cause an illness serious enough to send her to bed, or excite acute pain; although both results are admitted sometimes to have followed. An intelligent observer, however, has no difficulty in perceiving that they *do* hurt her, and that although the effect of each exposure to their influence is so gradual as not to arrest attention, it is not the less progressive and influential in producing and maintaining that general delicacy of health by which she is characterised, and from which no medical treatment can relieve her, so long as its causes are left in active operation. * * *

Of the truth and practical value of the above doctrines, the author may be allowed to quote his own case, as an instructive example. In the autumn of 1831, he went to Italy in consequence of pulmonary disease; which, in January and February 1832, reduced him to such a state of debility as to leave no hope of his surviving the spring. Aware that his only chance lay in assisting nature to the utmost extent, by placing every function in the circumstances best fitted for its healthy performance, he acted habitually on the principle of yielding the strictest obedience to the physiological laws, and rendering every other object secondary to this. He did so, in the full assurance that, whether recovery followed or not, this was, at all events, the most certain way to secure the greatest bodily ease, and the most perfect mental tranquillity compatible with his situation. The result was in the highest degree satisfactory. From being obliged to pause twice in getting out of bed, a slow but progressive improvement took place, and by long and steady perseverance, continued till,

at the end of two or three months, he was able to drive out and walk a little every day. From month to month thereafter the amendment was so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible; but, at the end of a longer period, the difference was striking enough. Thus encouraged, the author continued true to his own principles, and in resisting every temptation to which improved health exposed him; and the ultimate result has been, that every successive year, from 1832 up to the present time, 1841, has with one or two exceptions, found him more healthy and vigorous than before, and that many of his professional friends, who long regarded his partial convalescence as destined to be of very brief duration, cannot yet refrain from an expression of surprise on observing it to be still perceptibly advancing at the end of ten years.

The author now publishes this example, both because—as an illustration of the advantages of action in accordance with the laws of our nature—it is as instructive as any with which he is acquainted, and because it strikingly shows the gradual accumulation of almost imperceptible influences operating surely, though slowly, in restoring him to a degree of health and enjoyment which has richly repaid him for all its attendant privations. Had he not been fully aware of the gravity of his own situation, and, from previous knowledge of the admirable adaptation of the physiological laws to carry on the machinery of life, dispersed to place implicit reliance on the superior advantages of fulfilling them, as the direct dictates of Divine Wisdom, he never would have been able to persevere in the course chalked out for him, with that ready and long-enduring regularity and cheerfulness which have contributed so much to their successful fulfilment and results. And, therefore, he feels himself entitled to call upon those who, impatient at the slowness of their progress, are apt, after a time, to disregard all restrictions to take a sounder view of their true position, to make themselves acquainted with the real dictates of the organic laws, and, having done so, to yield them full, implicit, and persevering obedience, in the certain assurance that they will reap their reward in renewed health, if recovery be still possible; and, if not, that they will thereby obtain more peace of mind and bodily ease than by any other means which they can use.

From the preceding explanation of the slow but gradually increasing effect of both noxious and healthful influences on the human body, it is obvious, that while we cannot infer from a single application of a remedy or single fulfilment of a physiological law being unproductive of an instantly perceptible result, that it is therefore of no use; neither ought we to infer, that because a *single* excess of any kind does not produce a *direct* attack of disease, it is therefore necessarily harmless; for it is only when the noxious agent is very powerful, indeed, that its deleterious influence on the system becomes instantly sensible. In the great majority of situations to which man is exposed in social life, it is *the con-*

tinued or the reiterated application of less powerful causes which gradually, and often imperceptibly, unless to the vigilant eye, effects the change, and ruins the constitution before danger is dreamt of; and hence the great mass of human ailments is of slow growth and slow progress, and admits only of a slow cure; whereas those which are suddenly induced by violent causes are urgent in their nature and rapid in their course. And yet so little are we accustomed to trace diseased action to its true causes, and to distinguish between the essential and the accidental in the list of consequences, that, as already observed, if no glaring mischief has followed any particular practice within at most twenty-four hours, nine out of ten individuals will be found to have come to the conclusion that it is perfectly harmless, even where it is capable of demonstration that the reverse is the fact.

The benevolence and wisdom of this arrangement are very conspicuous. There are many casual influences, from the agency of which man will never be able entirely to protect himself. If they are speedily withdrawn from him, the slight disorder which they produce quickly ceases, and health remains essentially undisturbed. But, if they be left in operation for a considerable length of time, the derangement which they excite gradually and slowly increases, till at last a state of disease is established, which requires an equally long or longer period, and a steady observance of the laws of health, for its removal.



(To the Editor of Sinclair's Journal.)



TRAVELLING IN AN ARM CHAIR.

California, &c.



SIR.—Although I feel quite sure that the nature of your Journal precludes the possibility of permitting every scribbler (who feels anxious to see his opinions in print) to take up the space that your well selected subjects and original matter ought to occupy, yet I believe you will not refuse to take a suggestion from one who feels a deep interest in every circumstance that occurs in Quebec, calculated to aid the progress of information and education, and under this impression, I take the liberty to call your attention to the great amount of good that might be done by you and other editors were you to use your pens in drawing public attention to the educational societies—reading rooms—and lectures that exist and are presented to the public, subjects now too lightly passed over—if not totally neglected by the local press. A few evenings back, the Honorable Mr. Cochran, a gentleman highly respected and well known in this community, left the quiet of his home, and the comfort of his arm chair, actuated by no mercenary motive, to give a lecture on California, its gold mines, and other properties, a subject of deep interest at present to all classes. I went to the lecture room with the full anticipation of finding it crowded by eager listeners ready to testify by applause their thanks to the learned lecturer, but I felt chilled and disappointed to see

almost all the benches empty, with the exception of a few seats in the immediate neighbourhood of the platform on which Mr. Cochran stood, and it occurred to me that if the learned gentleman never again left the quiet of his arm chair to enlighten the public of Quebec, very little blame could be attached to him, although the loss to the public would be much greater than they may imagine, as those who attended his lecture on California can testify. I cannot enumerate the many historical facts and dates relative to the origin and progress of gold-seeking, which the learned lecturer quoted to illustrate his subject, but I may be allowed to say that I left the lecture room with a full appreciation of his efforts, having received a useful lesson from his acknowledgment that all he stated—all he knew—of the subject he so ably discoursed was collected while sitting by the fireside in his arm chair in the “peace and pleasantness” of his home. If we take the trouble to reckon the many hours that we waste either in idleness, indolence or useless pastime, the amount of time so expended, would startle those who reflect on the subject and how much more profitably could those hours be spent in the quiet arm chair, if devoted to reading the innumerable works of religion, history, science and literature that are almost every month placed before the world by authors of acknowledged talent and genius. The present age is fruitful in literary productions. Macaulay's History is one of the best that ever was published, and the novelists of the present day having ceased to string together impossible fictions or stories for love-sick school girls, assume a moral tone and a desire to inculcate improving doctrines. Every book store has on its shelves or counters, numerous works to suit readers of all classes, and as a very trifling sum will purchase books in this country, there is less excuse for ignorance in America and Canada than in Europe where the cost of publication is more than four times as much as it is in this country. I fear my remarks have grown to a wearisome length but they have all been suggested by the Honorable Mr. Cochran's lecture, and as I mean to profit by his example, and to travel over many a distant land in my quiet “arm chair” and also to select my travelling guides and companions from Mr. Sinclair's book store, I trust you will use the influence of your pen and point out to your readers the value and profit of such wanderings.

I am, Sir,

Your servant,

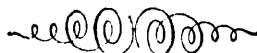
MECHANIC.

St. John's Suburbs.

Editor's Note.—We cannot refuse to insert the letter of our correspondent, his suggestions are good and his resolve to employ his spare time in reading, praiseworthy—we thank him for the spirit of confidence in which he sends us his name, but agree with him that there is no necessity for publishing it.



TRUTH.—Truth is the good man's guardian; it is the buckler under which he lies securely covered from all the strokes of his enemies. God himself is truth, and certainly he never intended that the heart and tongue should be disunited; yet, we ought to weigh well what we hear; for he hath an easy faith, that, without consideration, believeth all that is told. If there be truth of tongue, I may hold traffic with men of all other vices; but take away that, and I tread upon a quicksand. Though I speak not always that is truth, yet I would never speak anything false. A man may commit faults; but truth is a thing immortal, and gives him consolation under the greatest difficulties.



Poet's Corner.

THE SNOW.

An old man sadly said,
Where's the snow,
That fell the year that's fled--
Where's the snow,
As fruitless were the task
Of many a joy to ask,
As the snow.

The hope of airy birth,
Like the snow,
Is stained on reaching earth,
Like the snow :
While 'tis sparkling in the ray
'Tis melting fast away,
Like the snow.

A cold deceitful thing
Is the snow,
Though it come in dove-like wing--
The false snow !
'Tis but rain disguised appears ;
And our hopes are frozen tears--
Like the snow.



THE VETERAN DRUNKARD.

I am an old drunkard, quite worn out,
Once leader of many a jolly bout,
But the game's all up, and the show's gone by,
And now a stupid old bore am I.

When I try to sing I but hawk and hem,
Through a choking struggle of husky phlegm,
Half-strangled, I hawk it out, bit by bit,
And my chorus is always a coughing fit.

I try to joke, but my memory fails,
And ten times over I tell old tales ;
But I tell them, alas ! to stones i' the wall,
For no one, I find, ever listens at all.

When I see folks laughing I cock my ear,
But of all that's said, not a word I hear ;
And if upon paper the joke should be,
My eyes so water I nothing can see.

When I take my seat, be it where it will,
While others are warm, I am always chill ;
And wherever I'm placed, I'm sure to find
That an air comes in on my neck behind.

I've many a pull, and a shove, and a slap,
For I snore like a hog when I take my nap ;
But to silence or rouse me is all in vain,
For as fast as I'm waked I'm snoring again.

When I've had one glass I must say "good night ;"
Ere mirth begins I am wasted quite ;
And if I one hour exceed this plan,
For a week, at least, I'm a dying man.

*A warning shadow on mirth I lie,
And when I am off it's a cloud gone by ;
To all live spirits, that charm the room,
I'm a death's-head lesson of what's to come.*

SIR JOHN BARROW.

(Continued from page 46.)

His services on these occasions were duly appreciated by Lord Macartney, who, in the following year, appointed him to the situations of auditor-general of public accounts, civil and military, with a salary of £1000 ; and Barrow was so overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude at this unexpected good fortune, that it literally took away his speech for a moment, so that he could only bow in silence to his kind benefactor. Soon afterwards, the narrative of his African travels was published in England, under the direction of his unfailing friend Sir George Staunton, who obtained for the work a sum of £900. But this growing prosperity was damped by the loss of his venerable father, and the subsequent death of Sir George Staunton, who had deservedly won his most grateful and affectionate attachment.

He now resolved to sit down quietly to audit with diligence and regularity the public accounts, which was an important part of his duty ; to marry a wife ; and that being accomplished, to look out for a small comfortable house near the town, and to become a country gentleman in South Africa.' 'Accordingly,' he continues, 'at Stellensbosch, in August 1799, I was united in marriage to Miss Anna Maria Trüter, the only daughter of Peter John Trüter, Esq., member of the Court of Justice, a lady whose acquaintance I had made the first week of our arrival at the Cape. In the early part of 1800 I purchased a house, with a paddock, garden, and vineyard attached, named the Liesbeck Cottage, from the river of that name, which flowed past the foot of the grounds. My house looked on the west side of the Table Mountain, which sloped down almost to the gate, and presented a picturesque mass of varied rock and native plants, among which the erica and pretea were conspicuous ; and of the latter the argentea, or silver-tree, prevailed. My family consisted of myself, my wife and child, an old nurse, and four other servants. My stud was limited to two stout carriage-horses for drawing a curricule, and two saddle-horses. I had an Indian groom and a helper.'

At this pleasant home Mr. Barrow passed about two years, in the diligent fulfilment of his official duties, as well as in attendance on other matters

connected with the improvement of the colony ; but in 1802, the Cape of Good Hope being, in compliance with the provisions of the treaty of Amiens, surrendered to the Batavian republic, Mr. Barrow prepared to return to his native land, accompanied by his wife and child.

His services at the Cape had been fully appreciated by Lord Macartney and General Dundas, through whose influence he was, shortly after his arrival in England, presented to Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville, who, on their accession to power in 1804, gave him the appointment of second secretary to the Admiralty. On the occasion of his first official visit to Lord Melville, he writes thus :—' In taking leave, with expressions of gratitude for his lordship's kindness—" By the way," he said, laughing, " I hope you are not a Scotchman ? " " No, my lord ; I am only a Borderer—I am North Lancashire." He then said, " Mr. Pitt and myself, but chiefly the latter, have been so much taunted for giving away all the good things to Scotchmen, that I am very glad on the present occasion to have selected an Englishman ! "'

Mr. Barrow was still in the prime of life when he found himself placed in an honourable and useful position, where (with the interval of a few months he served his country diligently during forty years—a most eventful period of our national history ; and he says in his memoirs, with a certain degree of modest self-gratulation, that having served during that period under twelve or thirteen naval administrations, he had ' reason to believe that he had given satisfaction to all of them ;' adding—' I am happy in the reflection that I have experienced kindness and attention from all.'

Amid his numerous professional duties, he found time to write several popular works, as well as to contribute largely to our periodical literature ; and he observes that these mental exercises, conjointly with personal exertions and moderate habits, had, he believed, tended to keep up his ' flow of health and of animal spirits much beyond the usual period of human existence.' Sir James Graham seems to have truly portrayed his character when, after having perused his life of Lord Howe, he wrote as follows :—' So far from exclaiming, " How can my friend the secretary of the Admiralty find time to write a book ? " I can speak from the experience of some years, that he never neglected a public duty ; that he never was wanting in a kind office to a friend ; and yet, from a wise economy of leisure, he always had a spare moment for some useful research or some literary occupation.'

Mr. Barrow was also the zealous promoter of science, and lent his warmest support to those gallant men who perilled their lives in quest of a north-west passage in the arctic seas.

In 1835 he was surprised and gratified by the honour of a baronetcy being conferred on him ; and the king's intentions were communicated to him in the following letter from Sir Robert Peel, which

can scarcely be regarded as a merely complimentary one, bearing as it does, the impress of truth :—

' WHITEHALL GARDENS, Feb. I, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR—I have had the great satisfaction of proposing to the king to confer upon you the distinction of a baronet, and of receiving from his majesty the most cordial approbation of my proposal. The value of such a distinction depends mainly upon the grounds upon which it is offered ; and I cannot help flattering myself that an 'unsolicited, and probably unexpected, honour conferred upon you by the king, on the double ground of eminence in the pursuits of science and literature, and of long, most able and most faithful public service, will have, in the eyes of yourself, your family, and your posterity, a value which never can attach to much higher, when unmerited, distinctions. Believe me, my dear sir, most faithfully yours.

ROBERT PEEL.!

Sir John Barrow was still full of vigour and energy when, in his eighty-first year, he resolved to withdraw from public life, and ' to give place to a successor ' In accepting his resignation, the Board of Admiralty expressed their deep sense of the zeal with which he had ' rendered science subservient to our naval and commercial interests,' as well as of his assiduous attention to the duties of his important office.

Many were the testimonies of regard and respect which followed him into the retirement of domestic life ; but none were more gratifying to him than an address from the arctic voyagers, Parry, Franklin, Ross, and Back, presenting him with a valuable piece of plate, as a ' testimony of their personal esteem, and of the high sense they entertained of the talent, zeal, and energy ' which he had ' unceasingly displayed in the promotion of arctic discovery.'

With such proofs of deserved esteem, the venerable baronet withdrew into the bosom of his family, and passed the evening of his days in peaceful and yet not idle seclusion. His autobiography was not completed until he had nearly accomplished his eighty-third year ; and it is now only a few weeks since he departed this life, without either suffering or disease..

On the morning of Thursday, Novr. 23, he took his usual walk, and on the evening of the same day he expired, in the presence of his beloved wife and children—how sincerely lamented they alone can tell who knew his worth in private as well as in public life.

There are crises in life, distinct and vivid, on which we can look back and feel that they have coloured our destiny. Who can say, but for that one year, one week, one day, how different would all have been ! Silently, unconsciously, are we swept on towards those moments which lie like hills, placed here and there, from whose top we can see our own life, like a panorama, stretched out before us, and know that but for such and such events we should not have felt and been as we are. Chance, fatality, are the words on the lips of the wise, proud man, in explanation of this ; but the humble, loving spirit looks higher for the unveiling of those marvels which surpass worldly wisdom.

THE CROCK OF GOLD.

(AN IRISH STORY.)

FOR GOLD SEEKERS.

In the county of Wexford, and in a nook which, fifty years ago, was completely apart from the ordinary route of travellers, are situated the Seven Castles of Clonmines. An arm of the sea, called "the Scar," separates them from the parish of Bannow. In my childhood they were to me objects of deep interest; I had no playmate, no companion; and when my relatives went on friendly visitings in the neighbourhood, they would take me with them; it being a fixed principle that I was never to be left to the care of servants. One of our best and dearest friends dwelt in a house called Barristown, nearly opposite those fine old ruins; and happy indeed was I, when the carriage was ordered to prepare for a drive thither. It was inhabited at that period by a very aged lady and her youngest son, an old bachelor; her grand-daughter also lived with them, a young lady of most amiable mind and manners.

Sally H., though a young woman when I was born, was, nevertheless, my playfellow, my adviser, my friend; and proud was I, as a little girl, to have a tall lady for my companion. She would pet me, and scold me and reason with me, and tell me stories. She had such mild soft eyes, so gentle a voice, and a certain degree of refinement in her manners—the result, perhaps, of delicate health—that now, through the vista of years, I revert to her as one of the sweetest and fairest of my memories. She used to say I would forget her when I came to England; a prophecy that always made me weep. But she did me injustice; I never did forget her, nor the double violets she used to drop over the pew, on entering church, into my lap; nor the delight I felt when placed on her side-saddle, her long fair arm holding me in my seat; dear kind creature! When the world has been only a little hard with us, how sweetly comes the remembrance of kindness bestowed on our youth! It seems as if there never had been kindness like unto that; and we wonder how the world is changed, grown chill, and cold, and estranged. And we love to shut our eyes upon all things present, and live over again, with the dear ones of the olden time, our young and thoughtless years! But this is worse than idle; we are with the present and of the present.

When last I drove by old Barristown, it looked grim and grey, shut in with its own loneliness—nothing about it telling of existence, except the rooks that cawed above the one tall ivied tower, where the old lady slept and died. It looked grey and sad, and well it might; for those who made it ring again with hospitality, were all—all—in their silent graves. It frowned at the sunshine like a thing that would not be comforted. I was glad to send my thoughts and my gaze across the waters to the ruins of the Seven Castles of Clonmines, and they looked, as they had always done to me, land-marks of mystery, and full of the deepest and most solemn interest. Time, which had destroyed the charm of the more modern structure, had only added a few more ivy wreaths to the old castles. I could hardly discern even if they had crumbled nearer to the earth, for the ivy, with the solicitude of the truest friendship, concealed all defects, and laboured to keep the mouldering stones together. Very, very beautiful, the old castles looked,

lying in the vale of the Scar, covering a considerable extent of the greenest meadow-land it is possible to imagine, and leading the mind back to the olden time when wassail and superstition celebrated their alternate orgies within those walls. A bridge beyond the castles, called "Wellington Bridge," crosses the arm of the sea I have already mentioned, and facilitates communication between the secluded neighbourhood of Bannow and Ross and Waterford. Before the bridge was built, those who wished to get to the opposite side, were obliged to wait till the tide was out, and cross at the ford. The country girls proceeding to Ballyhack to sell their eggs, used to take off their shoes and stockings, and wade across, carrying their marketing on their heads; if the tide ran strong, they would link hands, and cross in numbers. And I remember but one or two accidents; though, since they have got the bridge, crossing the ford is spoken of as a barbarism—I should say, since they have got the road to the bridge: for be it known that the bridge was finished three years before the road was made. But things are better ordered now.

The morning was fine, and leaving Barristown and its host of memories, I thought I should like a ramble round the Seven Castles, and in a short time I was scrambling among the ruins with little Daniel Muckle-roy for my guide—the guide being far more ignorant of the locale than myself, yet *too Irish* to suffer his ignorance to appear.

"Dan, do you know who built these castles?"

Dan, (a little perplexed,) "Myself can't say *exactly* how ould they are, but some a hundred thousand years, any way!"

"But who built them?"

"Oliver Crom'ell, my lady."

"And who destroyed them, Dan?"

"Bedad, ma'am, it was Oliver Crom'ell."

"What! did he build them up and pull them down!"

"Bedad, my lady, I'll go bail he did that same; for ye see, my lady, he had a *bad heart to the country*, and could never let well alone."

This attributing of all things bad to the great Cromwell, is universal throughout Ireland. Dan's mode of reasoning was by no means singular, strange as it must sound to English ears.

"You think he was a bad fellow, Dan?"

"The Lord between us and harrum, my lady! he was the devil himself! My great-grandfather see him onst, and a bad light he was to him, and his, and us, and every foot a' land he could lay his eye, let alone his hoof on. Oh, bedad,! he was all out the worst sight ever came across ould Ireland, or *I needn't be standing before yer ladyship in the skin of my feet.*"

Dan's winding up of his countrys distress by such a picture was quite in keeping, but it was so odd that I turned away to prevent his seeing me smile; and at the moment I perceived one of the most remarkable figures I ever saw. A tall thin man, bent nearly double, but still looking very tall and spectre-like, was creeping round a buttress of the nearest tower; one thin bony hand grasped a massive ivy bough which wound like a huge serpent up the grey wall, and he supported himself on something between the narrow spade they use for digging potatoes, and a pick-axe. The handle was long enough to be used as a leaping pole, and the end furnished with an iron cross, upon which he leant. It appeared to me that without such support he could not walk, and yet he moved, or rather shuffled along, with

considerable rapidity. His coat was long and grey, patched with many colours; and a bag, originally made of sacking, was slung across his back by a leathern belt, from which depended more than one string of "holy beads," and a multitude of shreds of different coloured cloths, several rabbit skins, and one or two skins of birds of prey. He wore no stockings, but his shoes were bound on, sandal-fashion, with knotted cords crossed more than half-way up his legs. His hair was thin, and white as snow, receding from a high narrow forehead, which a phrenologist would at once pronounce as proud and dreamy. He wore no hat, but a cowl of grey cloth fell behind, and in bad weather he could protect his head from the pelting of the storm by drawing it forward. Indeed, his head was a model of ancient beauty, rising so nobly above his cowering figure; and the pure white hair was well thrown out by the dark-green ivy which formed an appropriate background to the solitary wanderer. His features looked worn and attenuated, but their extreme sharpness proceeded from the thinness of the face. His eyebrows were long and bushy, and his eyes grey, restless, and piercing. He paused and bowed his head—for all of the peasant class are courteous—and manifested no desire either to retreat or advance.

"God save you, Daddy Whelan, sir!" said little Muckleroy; adding, under his breath, "he'll root the ould towers themselves up some of those days."

"God save ye kindly!—who's speaking to me?" answered and inquired the old man.

"A lady from England, and little Dan Muckleroy, Anty Muckleroy's grandson," was the reply.

"A lady from England!" repeated the old man, relinquishing his grasp of the ivy bough; and, after a moment, he smoothed down his white hair, drew his cowl a little over his head, and advancing close to where I stood, crossed his hands on the top of his singular staff, and gazing with his glittering eyes in my face, inquired, in a low mysterious tone of voice,

"Had ye a *drame*?"

It is quite impossible to describe the eagerness of the old man's manner; his mouth open, as if panting for intelligence; his eyes—the word I have used is the only one that can convey an idea of their expression—*glittering* with a wildness that almost amounted to insanity; the very grasp in which he held his staff showed how anxious he was for my answer.

"Had I a dream?—yes many."

"Ay, lady, many: but about—about—the *crook of goold*—about *that*, lady dear! Was it a *drame* that brought ye here?—what else could bring a laughing-eyed lady among ruins and dry bones? The *crook o' goold*, lady, did ye *drame* of *that*?—if ye did, send little Dan away; he doesn't know the secret. I do—the witch hazel, and the holy *drop*—I have 'em all—I'll find it."

"Then why have you not found it for yourself?" I asked.

The brightness of his eyes faded: the lids dropped; the very muscles of his hands relaxed; the excitement was over for the moment; he passed his hand across his brow, and repeated, "Why havn't I?—why havn't I? I hadn't the luck yet; I lie down under the light of the new moon, but I don't *drame*; I never dreamt but the *onst*; but that was enough. I saw it—I had it—the *crook* in these two hands—the *goold* rolling like the waves of the sea at my feet—that was a *drame*!—

have you dreamt such, lady, have ye? I know the *charrum*—the witch hazel, the holy drop, the first tear of the new moon!" and he repeated again and again the same words, his eyes glittering, his excitement increasing.

"Daddy Whelan," said my attendant imp, "have ye tried under the flat grey stone down by the water? Granny dreamt 'onst that there was a *crook of goold* there."

"I don't know—I forget—maybe I did—maybe I didn't—I find *my marks* in many a green hillock, and under many an ould tower; but I have not found the *crook of goold yet*. You'll never find it by yourself, lady. So, if ye *had a drame*, tell me; we'll find it together, we'll divide it together."

It was in vain I assured Daddy Whelan I had not dreamed a dream. Had it not been that little Dan hit upon a new spot where to direct his attention, the old treasure-seeker would have still insisted that I too must have dreamed of a *crook of gold*.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—In the good old times ignorance abounded and our fathers were serfs, wearing the collar of slavery, inhabiting wretched houses, and covered with more wretched clothing. In these good old times the life of the poor was considered by the Noble as of less value than wild deer and hogs of the forest. The poor labourer was called out to battle, forced to fight in defence of his oppressor, with wretched weapons and unprotected with armour; whilst the Lord and his retinue were mounted on noble chargers, and covered from head to foot with a panoply of steel. The castle of the Noble guarded in the time of peace, amidst the labourers of the domain, the coat of mail, the sword, and the lance, the forest laws and the butcheries of the poor, the rack and the gibbet, the pestilential prison, and the fires of persecution tell us, amidst the smoke of ruined towns, and the shrieks of helpless women and children, that we must not look for much good in the olden times. Degraded as were our forefathers in these miserable old times, when they were bound to the soil on which they were born; and their sons, who had been brought to husbandry, to the age of 12 years, were fixed by the law for ever to that occupation—when in order to escape he must hide himself for a year and a day in some of the towns guarded by charter, and privileged as a manufacturing town; but, if discovered, was liable, with other indignities, to have the letter "F" burnt into his forehead—when by statute, as in 1363, all persons that were worth 40s. were compelled (even by self-denial, or other means, they could purchase better) to wear the coarsest cloth, called *grusset*, who, in his senses, would like to go back to William the Norman, when villages were destroyed by wholesale, for 30 miles square, to make a forest for his pleasures; and amongst other enormities, 100,000 people destroyed, between the Humber and the Tees, and a stretch of land nearly 60 miles in extent were deprived of inhabitants, and rendered waste for years merely to gratify his fiendish revenge? Who would wish to have over again the days of Henry I, whose son said, "If ever I come to reign over these miserable Saxons, I will yoke them like oxen to the plough;" or the days of Stephen, John, or those whom the tumultuous gatherings, under Wat Tyler, confronted Majesty; or Cromwell contended with a King and brought him to the block; or Charles, who ejected, in one day, 20,000 Nonconformist Ministers from the English Church, and let loose on the Scotch his murderous dragoons with a view to establish Episcopacy by the edge of the sword; or when James sent forth his infamous Judge Jeffreys, and his fit associate, Colonel Kirk. We ask, again, when were these much-talked of good old times? Alas! echo only replies—When?



MONTHLY BOOK CIRCULAR.

JOHN WILEY announces A Memoir of David Hale, with selections from his writings, by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson. Lindsley's Theory of Horticulture, edited by Downing. The Art and Science of Architecture. A Manual for Academies and Amateurs, by R. Cary Long, A. M., Architect, with illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo.

BAKER & SCRIBNER announce a new edition with original designs of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. Letters of Leisure; written at the Breathing-Times of more Rapid Labor, by N. P. Willis. 1 vol. 12mo. Living Orators in America, by E. L. Magoon. 12mo. Europe from the West, by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. A Commentary on the Acts, by the Rev. J. Addison Alexander, D.D. Scenes in the Adirondack Mountains, by J. T. Headley, with original designs, by Gignoux and Ingraham. The Border Warfare of New York, or Annals of Tyron County, by the Hon. W. W. Campbell, also by the same author, The Life and Writings of De Witt Clinton.

MR. FENIMORE COOPER has in press, to be published in a few weeks, "New York, Past, Present, and Future," in two vols. octavo. Mr. Cooper has also on the eve of publication a new romance, under the title of "Sea Lions."

LONGFELLOW has in press a new romance, to be called "Kavanagh." "Kavanagh! Kavanagh! This must be an Irish subject from the name—must it not? We are all impatient to know if Longfellow is really trying his hand on an Irish subject."—*The Nation*.

Geo. H. DERBY & Co., Buffalo, have just ready, "Epidemic Cholera: its History, Causes, Pathology, and Treatment," by C. B. Coventry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical Institution of Geneva College Professor of Physiology and Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Buffalo.

MEMOIR OF FENELON DISCOVERED.—*La Démocratique Pacifique* says that a memoir of Fénélon, in his own handwriting, has been discovered among some old papers in the Douai Museum, by the librarian, M. Duthilleul; it is now in press. May not this publication throw some light upon the conjecture of Mr. Greenhow, as to the residence of Fénélon in America?

ROE LOCKWOOD & SON, 411 Broadway, have just received from Paris a large assortment of miscellaneous books—many of which are new—in French, Spanish, and Italian, to which they invite attention.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM MARCH 3d TO 17TH.

Allen (R. L.)—The American Farm Book; or Compend of American Agriculture. 100 engs. 12mo. pp. 326. (C. M. Saxton.)

Ansted (D. T.)—The Gold-Seekers' Manual. 12mo. pp. 96 (D. Appleton & Co.)

Bull (T. M. D.)—The Maternal Management of Children in Health and Disease. 8vo. pp. 406 (Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.)

Bulwer Lytton (Sir E.)—The Caxtons: a Family Picture. Pt. 1. 8vo pp. 72 (Harper & Brothers.)

Charlotte Elizabeth.—Humility before Honor, and other Tales and Illustrations, with Memoir by Wm. B. Sprague, D.D. 18mo. pp. 195 (Albany; E. H. Pease & Co.)

D'Aubigné (J. H. Merle).—Germany, England, and Scotland; or, Recollections of a Swiss Minister. 12mo. pp. 371 (Carter & Brothers.)

Ferguson (Adam.)—History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic. 8vo. pp. 593 (Carter & Brothers.)

Field (R. L.)—The Provincial Courts of New Jersey, with Sketches of the Bench and Bar. A Discourse delivered before the N. J. Historical Society. 9vo. pp. 312 (Bartlett & Welford.)

Fremont (Col. J. C.)—The Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, Oregon, and California; to which is added a description of the Physical Geography of California, with recent notices of the Gold Region. 8vo. pp. 456 (Buffalo: Geo. H. Derby & Co.)

Fry (Caroline)—Scripture Reader's Guide to the Devotional use of the Holy Scriptures. 18mo. pp. 164 (Carter & Brothers.)

Gore (Mrs.)—The Diamond and the Pearl. 8vo. pp. 128 (H. Long & Brother.)

Here a Little and there a Little; or, Scripture Facts. 18mo. pp. 274 (Baker & Scribner.)

Hook (W. F. D.D.)—Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year. Pt. I. Advent to Lent. 32mo. pp. 318 (Baltimore Prot. Epis. Female Tract Soc.)

Irving's (W.) Works, Vol. 7. Tales of a Traveller. 16mo. pp. 456 (G. P. Putnam.)

Macaulay (T. B.)—History of England, Vols. 1 and 2 (Boston: Phillips & Sampson.)

Macaulay (T. B.)—Essays and Reviews: or, Scenes and Characters; being a Selection of the most Eloquent Passages from his Writings. 18mo., pp. 214 (Buffalo: G. H. Derby & Co.)

Macaulay (T. B.)—The History of England. Vol. 1, 8vo. pp. 198 [Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.]

Massachusetts Quarterly Review, No. 6. 8vo. [Boston: Coolidge & Wiley.]

Muller [H. M. D.]—Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Human Parturition. [J. B. Cousins, Louisville.]

Noel [B. W.]—Essay on the Union of Church and State. 8vo. pp. 442 [Harper & Brothers.]

Orton [J. W.]—The Miner's Guide and Metallurgist's Directory. 18mo. pp. 86 [A. S. Barnes & Co.]

The Pearl of Days; or, the Advantages of the Sabbath to the Working Classes. By a Laborer's Daughter. 18mo. pp. 133 [M. W. Dodd.]

Parkman [F. Jr.]—California and Oregon Trail; being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life. 18mo. pp. 448 [G. P. Putnam.]

Percy; or, The Old Love and the New: A Novel. By the Author of the "Hen-pecked Husband." 8vo. pp. 127 [H. Long & Bro.]

Proceedings of the New York Historical Society, January and February, 1849. Pp. 82.

Mrs. Putnam's Receipt Book and Young Housekeeper's Assistant. 12mo. pp. 132 [Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.]

Reynolds [J. L.]—Church Polity; or, the Kingdom of Christ. 18mo. pp. 240 [Richmond: Harrold & Murray.]

Ross [J. H., M. D.]—Golden Rules of Health, and Hints to Dyspeptics. 18mo. pp. 165 [Published for the Author.]

Sedgwick [Miss C. M.]—The Boy of Mount Rhigi. 18mo. pp. 252 [Boston; Crosby & Nichols.]

Sinclair [Miss C.]—Modern Society; or, The March of Intellect: the conclusion of Modern Accomplishments. 12mo. pp. [Carter & Bros.]

State Lunatic Asylum.—Fourth Annual Report of the Managers. 8vo. pp. 64 [Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co., Public Printer.]

Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian War, translated by William Smith, A. M. 8vo. pp. 344 [Carter & Bros.]

Transactions of the American Ethnological Society. 8vo. pp. clxxxviii., 298, App. 151 [Bartlett & Welford.]

Wikoff [H.]—Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, First President of France. Biographical and Personal Sketches, including a Visit to the Prince at the Castle of Ham. 12mo. pp. 155 [G. P. Putnam.]

Wilkes [Charles.]—Western America: including California and Oregon, with Map of those regions, and of "the Sacramento Valley," from actual Surveys. 8vo. pp. 130 [Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.]

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS.

THE undersigned has constantly on hand a large supply of Ledgers, Journals, day, Cash, and Memorandum Books of every description and at moderate prices.

Having a Ruling Machine in full operation he is now prepared to execute any description of Ruling he may be favoured with.

P. SINCLAIR,
No. 14, Fabrique Street.

THE MONTREAL WEEKLY TRANSCRIPT, or DOLLAR NEWSPAPER, is published at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in CLUBS of TEN.

Where clubs of TEN cannot be formed, the following rates will be charged :—

TERMS TO CLUBS.

- Seven copies for Eight Dollars, equal to 5s. 9d. per copy per annum.
- Six copies for Seven Dollars, equal to 5s. 10d. per copy, per annum.
- Four copies for Five Dollars, equal to 6s. 3d. per copy, per annum.
- Three copies for Four Dollars, equal to 6s. 8d. per copy, per annum.
- Two copies for Three Dollars, for 13 months, or 7s. per copy, per annum.
- Single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, or 10s. for 16 months.

The WEEKLY TRANSCRIPT contains all the reading matter of the TRI-WEEKLY TRANSCRIPT, consisting of a variety of literary and miscellaneous articles suitable for family reading, everything offensive to morals being carefully excluded—Biographical Sketches—Parliamentary Proceedings, European and American News, Market Prices, &c.

NO CREDIT—CASH ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

All letters to be post paid, or they will not be taken from the Post-Office.

D. McDONALD,
Proprietor of the Montreal Transcript.

SPECTACLES! SPECTACLES!!

S. HARVEY,
OPTICIAN,

AT MRS. DATES, UPPER-TOWN.

Quebec, 3rd March, 1849.

THE undersigned having made arrangements with the Publishers of the QUARTERLY REVIEWS, &c., offers to take Subscriptions at the following rates, Postage included :—

Edinburgh Quarterly	12s. per annum.
London do.	12s. "
Westminster do.	12s. "
North British do.	12s. "
Blackwood's Magazine	12s. "
For any two of the above	22s. 6d. "
Do. three do.	32s. 6d. "
Do. four do.	40s. "
Blackwood and the four Reviews	50s. "

Also, Subscriptions taken for any other Magazine, at the publishers' prices.

P. SINCLAIR,
No. 14, Fabrique Street.

Prospectus.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, will be published ONCE A FORTNIGHT, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued ONCE A WEEK.

It will contain 16 PAGES Octavo Royal, making two handsome annual volumes of 400 pages each.

As it is intended to be devoted exclusively to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

The original and selected articles will have for their object the improvement and cultivation of the human mind, and as the best literary talent available in Quebec has been secured; it is confidently hoped that "SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL" may merit a place amongst the best literary works published in British North America.

The terms will be 12s. 6d. per annum, commencing from the 1st of May, single Nos. 3d.

Any person remitting \$7 can have 3 copies sent to their address. \$11 for 5 copies. \$20 for 10 copies.

As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

PRICE OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion 6 lines and under 2s. 6d.
 7 lines to 10 3s. 4d.
 Upwards of 10 lines 4d. per line
 Subsequent insertions.—Quarter price.

All Advertisements, unaccompanied with directions, are inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing Advertisements, to be in writing and delivered the day previous to publication.

Persons not having Accounts at this Office, will be required to pay on giving Advertisements.

Agents.—The following gentlemen will oblige by presently acting as Agents for Sinclair's Journal, in their respective localities. We shall cheerfully allow the usual commission on all subscriptions received and transmitted. Windsor, Joseph Allison. Kentville, H. B. Webster. Cornwallis, H. L. Dickey. Lawrencetown, J. G. Smith. Annapolis, G. Runciman. Sheburne, A. Barclay. Barrington, T. Geddes, M. D. Lunenburg, J. M. Watson. Amherst, R. K. Smith. Wallace, Hon. D. McFarlane. Pictou, Petar Crerar. West River, H. H. Ross. New Glasgow, John McKay. Hopewell, E. R. Hugh McLeod, J. P. Guysboro', T. C. Peart. Arichat, C. B., Hector McDonald. Sydney, C. B., Hugh Munro. St. Anns, C. B., Jno. McLeod, J. P. Charlotte Town, P. E. I., E. L. Lydiard. Chatham, Miramichi, John McDougall. Bathurst, William Napier. Dalhousie, N. B., G. B. Cooper. Richibucto, David Wark. St. John, N. B., A. Fraser, Dock Street. Frederickton, Wm. McBeath. Liverpool, Wilmer & Smith. Montreal, John McCoy and T. B. DeWaldin.

QUEBEC.—PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
BY W. COWAN, NO. 22, MOUNTAIN STREET.