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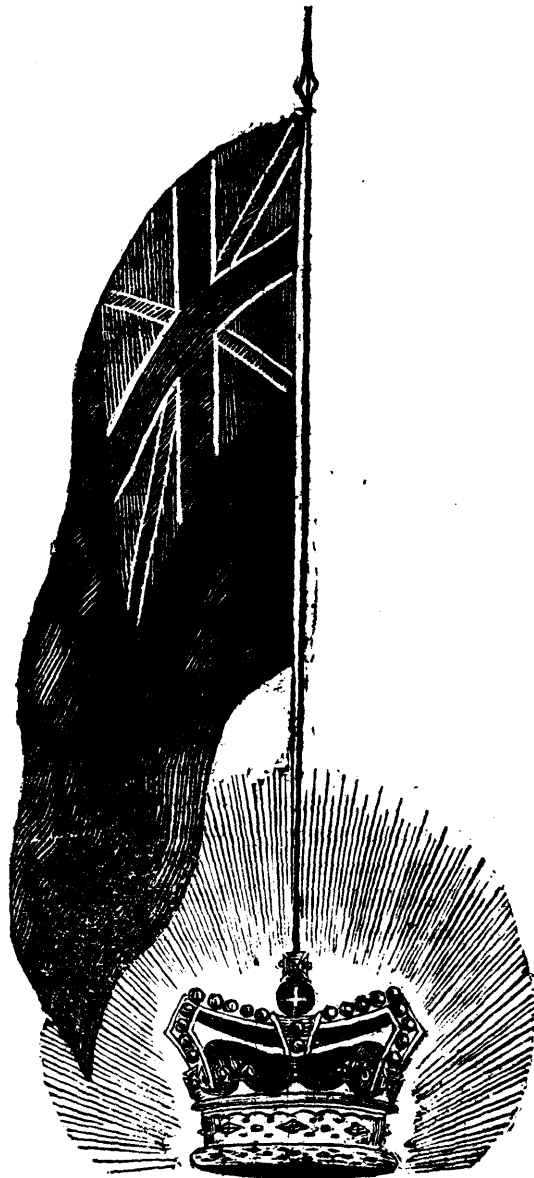
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LIFE ASSURANCE.

So entirely has the spirit of calculation infused itself into all human operations that the liability of man to every mischance, even death itself, is becoming a contingency to be averted, and his likelihood of leaving a family to want, a calamity that he can at pleasure avoid. Figures and philosophy are regulating the result of events over which uncertainty must always hang, until

they transpire; and it would seem as if something like general exemption from poverty and the accidents which produce it, were already contemplated by the men who devote their lives to thinking and prescribing for the people. In no instance is this important fact more apparent than in the spread, during the last few years of Assurance Companies throughout all Europe and America. What was formerly an advantage only attainable by wealthy men through the medium of high premiums and heavy rates of assurance, is now becoming accessible, not only to the middle classes, but to the humblest individuals, through the enterprise of companies which have started on principles so sound as well as liberal, that all the chief benefits of assurance are insured to the assured, without half the former risk, and in all instances at a great reduction of the usual cost.

The intent, the use, the value of assurance are also becoming better understood than formerly; and hence its advantages are more widely sought. Not many years ago nine-tenths of the population of Europe and America were ignorant of even its elementary principles, and looked upon life assurance as a sort of child's caul, intended to save them from dying before their time. It is now, however, known that an Assurance Company is a species of benefit club on a scale of great magnitude, supported by vast capital, governed by men of profound mercantile sagacity and judgment, and securing to individuals and their families, in cases of death, poverty, &c., benefits which have been mathematically calculated by algebraical rules of such nicety that no contingency can prevent the assurer from reaping them. In Canada there are several establishments which are one and all conducted on principles of fair and open honesty, affording facilities to people of all classes for enjoying the benefits of assurance. Did the limits of our Journal permit, we could point out some admirable feature, peculiar to each of those establishments, adapted to the different emergencies and requirements of the assurer and we think "The Britannia Life Assurance" "The Eagle Life Assurance" "The National Loan and Life Assurance" "The United Kingdom Life Assurance" and the "Colonial Life Assurance Companies," peculiarly entitled to the consideration of all prudent men; we look upon the system of life assurance as the poor man's safeguard against poverty, because we believe the principal aim of the several offices to which we have alluded is to benefit the striving middle classes and those who struggle along the yet humbler walks of life. Nothing can better illustrate that characteristic of peculiar business habits by which the people of England are identified with everything of a practical tendency in all their pursuits and avocations, than the meaning and purpose of assurance. It is from the great commercial character

of the English nation that has sprung out its capability of effecting so much as it does in unobtrusive silence, while it is at the same time displaying to the world an hourly example of plodding perseverance, pushing activity, invention, and thought, which appear to leave no leisure for those social schemes by which communities are aided and preserved without one pebble falling to ripple the stream of affairs, or one sound being heard "to fright the isle from its propriety." The correctness of this commentary upon the English national character is borne out by the rise and progress of Assurance Companies, which, beginning with the enterprise of a few private individuals, have spread and advanced so extensively as to yield at the present moment a revenue of more than three quarters of a million per annum to the British Government; a more splendid exhibition of what may be accomplished by human perseverance, and individual talent, spirit, and energy, does not exist, for the originators of the system had no helping hand from the ruling powers; and it was not until its moral and political benefits were appreciated by the people that the rapid growth of which we speak took place. The moment these were seen, competition and new offices were the natural result, and hence the variety and usefulness of the projects which on every side allure us to the banners of prudence, in spite of the united influence of folly and temptation. In conclusion we earnestly recommend the system of Life Assurance to all our readers and believe that in doing so we are calling their attention to a most valuable institution.

[We shall recur to this subject in some future number.]

AN OLD TAR'S YARN.

(A STORY FOR SAILORS.)

Some years ago, half a dozen friends and myself visited Greenwich Hospital. Our conductor was a weather-beaten middle-aged tar, whose larboard glim had been doused since boyhood with the smallpox, and his starboard fin was carried away by a chain shot. By the gold lace which he sported on his chapeau, the sleeves of his coat, &c., he appeared to hold the rank of boatswain in the college. He was a communicative old boy; and we felt indebted to his civilities. He, however, spurned the idea of being rewarded with money. "No, blow it!" he exclaimed, "not a tissey, not a single brown—but a drop of grog, gemmen, if you please." So saying, he led the way to a neighbouring tavern, and entrenched himself in a corner of the parlour, with which he seemed intimately familiar. I placed myself at his elbow with the intention of drawing from him some favourite yarn. During the first glass he spoke only of the hospital; during the second, he advanced to actions and bombardments; but, as he finished the third, as if to induce us to call for a fourth, he said, "But it's of no use talking about battles and

um sort of things ; gemmen, by your leave, I'll tell
 a bit of a story—it's a story that has made many a
 ve fellow waste his salt water ; and, by the way,
 ay say it's about a countryman of your own, too—
 Tom Beaumont was born in Newcastle, and he was
 y, man, mate, and master of a Shields collier, many a
 g day. During our last scuffle with the Yankees, I
 s master-unner of as handsome a gun-brig as ever
 credit to a dock-yard, or dipped a keel in the water.
 ve ye, it would have done your eyes good to have
 n her skimming before the wind, and breasting the
 lows as gently as a boy's first kiss, which only touches
 e cheek, and that's all. Then we carried fourteen as
 etty guns as ever drove a bullet through a Frenchman's
 bers. Old Tom Beaumont—(God bless him!)—
 s our commander, and a better soul never cracked a
 euit. He was a hardy seaman to the backbone, an
 ight and down-straight fear-nothing ; but the kindest-
 arted fellow in the world, for all that. Well, gemmen,
 I'm saying—Tom (we always called him Tom, because
 e loved him) married young, and, for two years, he
 s the happiest dog alive. He had a wife as pretty
 an angel, and as good as himself ; and a little rogue
 eir son—the very picture of his own face in a button—
 o was beginning to climb upon his knee and pull his
 iskiers. Man alive couldn't desire more—the very
 ne might make a Dutchman dance, or a Russian
 ppy. After two years fair wind and weather, in all
 ortal reckoning it was reasonable to expect squalls.
 eamont had not then joined the navy in a regular
 ay ; and at that period he found it necessary to proceed
 America, where he had entered into extensive mer-
 antile speculations. Finding that he should be
 mpelled to remain there much longer than he dreamed
 , he sent for his wife and child. They sailed—but
 proved a last voyage to a new world. However,
 gemmen, it's a voyage we must all take, from the
 admiral down to the cabin-boy—that's one comfort ;
 nd may we, by the aid of a good chart, steer clear of
 he enemy's lee-shore and brimstone shoals ! Poor
 Tom's inquiries were fruitless ; no one ever heard of the
 essel, and no one ever doubted that all hands were as
 ow as Davy Jones. It was like a shot between wind
 nd water to Beaumont ; but he bore up after a way,
 hough it had shivered his mainsheet. Well, as I was
 ay, it was during our last scuffle with the Yankees,
 ore than twenty years after Tom had lost his wife and
 hild—we were returning with the little brig from the
 West Indies, when I was roused in my hammock by a
 bustle upon deck, and the cry of ' A Yankee ! ' I sprang
 up at the glorious news, and through the clear moon-
 ight perceived an impudent-looking lubber bearing
 upon us full sail, and displaying American colours.
 Haul to, my lads ! ' cried old Beaumont ; ' let them
 smell powder for breakfast.' Small time was lost in
 obeying the order ; for we were always in readiness
 for welcome company. Twice they attempted to board
 us, but were driven back for their kindness with some
 score of broken heads, and the loss of some hundred
 American fingers. After two hours' hard peppering,
 Beaumont, seizing a lucky moment, ordered us to throw
 in a broadside. Every shot told ; the Yankee began
 to stagger, and in a few minutes gave evidence that her
 swimming days were ended. ' Vast firing ! ' cried
 Beaumont ; ' let us save a brave enemy.' He repeated
 the word enemy ; and I heard him mutter, ' flesh of
 our own flesh.' The vessel was riddled like the lid of a

pepper-box, and sank so rapidly that we were able to
 save only thirty of her crew. Their captain was among
 the number, and a gallant-looking youth he was ; but, in
 their last attempt to board us, Beaumont had wounded
 him on the shoulder with his cutlass. The blood ran
 down his arm, and poured from his fingers ; yet the
 brave soul never whispered it, nor made a wry face
 upon the matter, but stood and saw his countrymen
 attended to. Nature, however, gave way, and he fell
 upon the deck. Beaumont eagerly raised him in his
 arms, and conveyed him to his own bed. On examining
 his wound, the surgeon took the portrait of a beautiful
 lady from his breast, and handed it to the commander.
 Poor old Tom gazed upon it for a moment—he started
 —he uttered a sudden scream—I thought he had gone
 mad. ' Do you remember that face ? ' he exclaimed.
 How could I forget it !—to have seen it once was to
 remember it a hundred years—it was his wife's ! I won't
 tire you with a long story," continued the narrator,
 " for it's all true, and no yarn. For several days the
 gallant young American lay delirious, as the doctor
 called it. But—I can't describe it to you, gemmen—
 had you seen poor old Tom, during all the time ! No,
 hang me, I can't describe it ! The youth also wore
 upon his finger, a diamond ring, upon which were
 inscribed the names of Beaumont and his long-lost
 Eleanor. Flesh and blood could not stand the sight—
 there was the old man keeping watch by the bed-
 side, night and day, weeping like a child, pacing
 the cabin floor, beating his breast—and sometimes
 snatching the hand of the poor sufferer to his lips, and
 calling him his murdered son, and himself the murderer.
 Then, he would doubt again, and doubt made him
 worse. At length the doctor declared the invalid out
 of danger, and said the commander might put to him
 any questions he pleased. I wish I could tell you this
 scene ; but I can't. However, there sat the full,
 bursting-hearted old boy, the big tears pouring down
 his cheeks, with the hand of the young American in
 his ; and, sobbing like a child, he inquired, ' Were
 you born an American ? ' The youth trembled—his
 heart filled, and he wept, just like old Tom. ' Alas !
 said he, ' I know not ; I have been educated an Ame-
 rican. I only know that I was saved by the good old
 man who adopted me as his son, and who found me
 almost lifeless, in the arms of a dying woman, on the
 raft of a deserted wreck, which the winds had driven
 on shore. My unfortunate mother could only recom-
 mend me to his care, and died.' The very heart and
 soul of the old tar wept. ' And this portrait, and this
 ring ? ' he exclaimed, breathless, and shaking like a
 yacht in a hurricane. ' The portrait,' replied the
 youth, ' was a part of what my mother had saved from
 the wreck, and, as I was told by my foster-father, is a
 likeness of herself. The ring was taken from her finger,
 and from the engraving upon it I have borne the name
 of Beaumont.' ' My son !—my own Tom !—child of
 my Eleanor ! ' cried the happy old father, hugging
 him to his breast. Gemmen, you can imagine the
 rest," said our one-armed companion ; and, raising
 the fourth glass to his lips, he added, " and by your
 permission here's a health to old Tom Beaumont, and
 his son, Heaven bless them ! "



THE CROCK OF GOLD.

(AN IRISH STORY.)

FOR GOLD SEEKERS.

(Continued from page 62.)

I watched him stealing away amid the ruins, and then sat down on a bench of soft green moss to recall the story my old friend Sally had told me, in my childish days, about the old man I had seen so unexpectedly for the first time, but of whom I had so often heard.

"Never," she said, "build your hopes of future well-doing upon chance, but rather upon industry, whether of the head or of the hands; both have it in their power to win independence, though they do it in a different way. My uncle knew two young men in the gentleman's county—the county Kilkenny—of the name of Whelan, Roger and Michael. They were left a large tract of land by their father, which was divided equally between them. It was in parts wild and uncultivated, but it was all he had to give, except his blessing; and the blessing of a parent gladdens a good child's heart. Roger, the eldest, was a wild, dreamy fellow; and instead of setting steadily to work to mend matters and improve his farm, he was always talking of the 'luck' some people had, and how hard it was to be obliged to labour on bad land. It was in vain that Michael told him it was worse to have no land to labour on; he idled and complained. His brother worked night and day, at first with little success, but time helps industry; and what was really owing to industry, Roger said was owing to luck. 'If,' said Roger to Michael one sunny Sunday evening, when, after walking round and round and through and about the old ruins of Jerpoint Abbey, 'if I could only find a crock of gold, I'd be a made man. I'd have as fine a hunter as Squire Nixon, and such lashings of whiskey and fresh cod and oysters for every Friday in and out of Lent. Abel Ryan found one, and why shouldn't I?' While he spoke, he kept poking, poking with his stick among the stones of the mouldering archway, beneath which they, the brothers, stood; and as he did so, it chanced that he dislodged a stone, and in a crevice, a sort of hole between the stones, he discovered several old silver coins. This astonished one brother, and elated the other, whose wish that he *might* find a crock of gold was fast strengthening into the idea that he *should* find one. It was in vain that Michael reasoned with Roger, and urged him to take the new-found treasure to the landlord, whose property, according to the law of the land, it most undoubtedly was. Roger laughed at his scruples, and kept the coin; but though he had the money, he did not exactly know how to dispose of it. The sum was far too small to take him abroad, and he feared to show it at home, for the news would have flown like wildfire, and the castle be either rooted up or thrown down by those who would have expected to be as fortunate as Roger Whelan. Soon after this occurred, the time arrived for planting seed potatoes. Michael had got his ready, and hinted to his brother that the season was passing, and his ground remained unoccupied.

'How do you think,' was the treasure-seeker's reply, 'that I can be able to spend my time digging thick clay, when I am, as you, and you only, know, night after night, through and through the ruins of old Jerpoint.

Don't I know the red gold is in it? And how do you think I can give my mind to such work as *that*, when I know what's before me?' It was no use talking the infatuated man. 'Give me,' he continued, 'the land and the sup, and a good coat to my back, a new spade and pick-axe; suffer me to go and to come, and give you my share of the land, the dirty barren soil that it is: stockings and croppings, just as it is, take it, welcome.'

'Well,' answered Michael, 'I will manage it, Roger, till you come to your senses; and then, I'm thinking you'll be glad enough to get it back.'

"Roger Whelan," continued my friend, "was a handsome fellow, tall and comely, and was at the time very much in love with a very pretty girl, who had a good deal of money; but her parents found out that Roger was always out at nights. The country was not generally so, in an unquiet state; and despite Michael's assurances to the contrary, Mary Morgan's people believed that Roger was in some way connected with the disturbers of the public peace, at the very time when, to do him justice, he disturbed nought but the wild rabbits, the bats, owls, rooks, and wild birds that sheltered amid the ruins of Jerpoint. Neither Roger nor Michael would tell why Roger was from home at nights; and after some hesitation, and a few tears, Mary relinquished her handsome lover for a steady, little husband, who lived to be a rich citizen of the city of Waterford. 'Never mind,' said the discarded lover; 'she'll be sorry for it yet, when she hears of Mister Roger Whelan, Esq., talked of, and hears of his bay of my hounds on the hills, and sees my cart overrunning all the pigs on the quay of Waterford. Then, may be, she'll be sorry for changing her mind.' The forgetfulness of his fair one, however, preyed upon his spirits; and having gone into Kilkenny, he was tempted to change one or two of his precious coins, and after having drunk the worth of his money in whiskey, he was imprudent enough to boast that he had more of the same 'curiosities' at home. The landlord seeing that the coins were unlike any he had ever seen before, took them to a 'knowing man,' a little crabbed body who lived near the church gate of Saint Xaviers, and was as near an approach to a dealer in curiosities as could be supposed to exist in an Irish country town. Where the great of those days spent more than their spare money in show and claret, and the small had none any money to spare. Still the old man existed; and when he purchased the coins from the whiskey dealer, something seemed to occur to him, which he did not communicate to any one; but finding it was still early in the day, he set out to walk to a gentleman who resided about five miles from Kilkenny, on the Ross road. To him he showed the coins; and much to poor Michael's horror, Roger Whelan was arrested at the end of the week, on the accusation of having stolen the coins from that very gentleman's house. About a fortnight before the unfortunate treasure-seeker found them among the stones of Jerpoint Abbey, the house had been beset by some Whitefeet, or Peep-of-day boys, or whatever they choose to call themselves, seeking for arms and professing to take nothing else—a profession they generally adhered to. But one of them had doubtless been tempted by the glitter of a drawer of coins and medals in a bureau, which they had broken open to get at some curious Spanish pistols the gentleman was known to possess. After having obtained possession

proof, he doubtless did not know how to dispose of them, and secreted them in the ruin, where Roger unfortunately discovered them.

I confess my opinion is, that the law in those days was administered in a very one-sided manner; but I must at the same time admit, that circumstantial evidence was brought only against poor Roger; he had acquired for himself the character of an idle wandering fellow, and the only one to support his story was Michael; but the counsel for the crown said, 'What brother was there who would not say as much for another brother.

'Praise yer honour,' answered Michael, 'he is my brother, poor boy; and though he's forein't me, where ever thought he'd be, and the first of his family that ever stud in sich disgrace, and though I'd sell the coat on my back, and *the flesh after it*, if that would save me, still I'd not tell a lie, and by so doing sell my soul to the devil. Gentlemen counsellors, you're *used to it I'm not*: he has tould the blessed truth. Treasuring he was, that's sartin, whin, with a bit of a stick the very one that stud his friends many a turn, yet, many friends, betrayed him at the last—poked out unnatural pieces of money, bad luck to them; and he had taken my advice, and just carried them to the lord, there would have been no more about it, only ye be the right made out. Look, gentlemen, I can say more than this; look round at me, Roger, *avick*, the picture of our blessed father, the boy that lay with himself many and many a night and day upon the bosom of our own mother; look at me, my own heart-brother, hear me pray on my knees that curses by day and night may fall, hot, heavy, black, and bitter, on yer head, if you knew anything about the dirty money, un- that minute when, unknownst to yerself, ye let the light of day shine on the treasure, and thought yer fortune made.' To this his brother replied with a deep sincere AMEN! Many in the court wept, for all knew respected Michael, and considered Roger as an innocent boy, who would never do any harm to any *but himself*.' Poor Roger, however, was sentenced seven years' transportation, to which was added the information, that the law showed great mercy in not sentencing him to death.

'God bless you, Michael,' said Roger, when he embraced his brother for the last time; 'all the country swears I'm innocent; and who can tell but I may find the *crook of goold yet*, when all's said and done? The money was hid there, any way.'

'If ever,' said Michael to his wife, when he returned home, 'if ever poor Roger comes back to ould Ireland, he will be to go treasure-hunting; his brain is struck with it, as indeed every brain is when it takes a foolish notion that reason can't conquer.'

Five years had passed, and the only matter connected with the brothers worth recording was, that the man who really took the old money from the gentleman's pocket, having wound up his misdeeds by the crime of murder, was discovered; and when about to suffer, considered his sorrow that a 'dacent boy's son, Roger Whelan by name, should have been turned out of the country for his fault.' This was a joyful hearing to all Michael Whelan's friends, and they were many; his conduct had won him the approbation of rich and poor; and it long had been evident, that if Roger failed to find the *crook of gold*, it was equally certain that Michael would make one, as everything prospered that he undertook.

The ignorant said, *he had great luck*—the wise, *he had great industry*.

The news of Roger's pardon, and consequent permission to return home, spread through the country; but long before there was a possibility of a ship reaching Botany Bay, a tall, worn, spectral-looking man presented himself beneath Michael's roof, and was soon pressed to the arms of the whole family.

'My own dear brother!' said the true-hearted Michael, 'you are indeed returned; and now *your* farm is worth the having; it is stocked, and cropped, and thriving; we will work together, and live together. But how is it you are so quickly returned?'

'Don't laugh at me, Michael,' was the reply; 'but I had *one drame*, which I never shall rest till I work out; it kept up my heart for three long years of slavery, and I'd often pray to drame it again, but I never did. I dreamt I was in Ireland, standing by cross roads that divided some ould ruins into four halves, and milk came pouring down one road, and water down another, and a swarm of bees flying down another, and a herd of cattle driving down the last; and as I stood, a voice said "Seek, and have;" and I thought I made with my hands a trough like, where the milk and water mixed like whisky and water, and the bees hung over it, and the cattle drank of it; and I could tell the place, if I saw it. And behold, I worked, worked at the hollow; and, all of a sudden, I raised up a crock of goold between these hands; and as I did so, the red, red goold fell at my feet, like the waters of the wide ocean, for plenty; and through all manner of dangers I made my way back to Ireland, on the sly; and for the last three months I've been disguised like a bocher, or a natural, seeking through the ruins of ould Ireland for the *crook of goold—but I havn't found it yet*.'

'Nor never will,' said Michael. 'Let me read the dream for you. Dind't your hands make the trough, and did not milk and water rest there, and cattle rest there, and honey rest there? and are not they the fruits of labour? And out of that trough came the crock of goold; and so it will, out of the labour of your hands. That is the only *crook of goold* the Whelans will ever find, depend upon it.'

This interpretation did not, however, suit the treasure-seeker; on all other subjects he was sane enough; but nothing could change his desire to *find*, instead of labour for, wealth. And yet his brother told my uncle, he *does* labour, and labour hard. He risked much in venturing to Ireland before he knew that his innocence had been declared. But he did not care: his whole ideas were in the *crook of gold*. There is not a part of Ireland that he will not travel to, spend night after night burrowing in the earth like a wild animal, no matter what the weather is, or what the season; and the first question he asks of every stranger he meets is, '*Had ye a drame?*''

This was one of the tales my gentle friend told me with a desire to correct my fondness for castle-building; which is indeed even now one of my faults. She enlarged upon the utility of Michael's course of life, and pointed out how totally lost to himself and to society poor Roger was. "He comes here sometimes, and asks my grandmother's leave to inspect our castle; a permission we never refuse, upon condition that he does not meddle with the foundation. He makes his appearance once every three years, spending some time at Dunbrody Abbey, some time at Clonmines, a night here, another at Danes Castle, another at Coolhull at Duncormuck; and so getting into the barony of Forth, which

is full of old castles, he travels by day, and digs by night; but he has not yet found his crock of gold."

How well I remembered the evening when, sitting on my friend's knee in the great bow-window of the drawing-room at Barristown, she told me that story! The Castles of Clonmines had flung their shadows on the water, and the evening was as calm and silent as the grave. I remember asking her to send me word when next the old treasure-seeker came to the neighbourhood, that I might see him, only at a little distance; and I also remember her saying, that "he might never come again, for that exposure to all weathers had brought on premature old age, and he seemed ill and worn the last time he was there."

Alas! dear Sally had departed long, long ago to a better world; and I, after residing many years in another land, had, by one of those curiously turned romances of real life that laugh at fiction, encountered the treasure-seeker upon the very spot where, years ago, I knew he loved to linger and explore—the very old man whom my poor friend had supposed too worn and ill to return again! Indeed, I had been so certain of his death, that I had never thought of inquiring about him. I know not how long I might have remained among the ruins, musing over the story I have recorded, and recalling the looks and voice of her who told me many such tales, had not my little busy companion, Daniel Muckleroy, begged "my honour's" pardon, but "would I be pleased to tell him which I liked best—travelling by night or by day, or in rain or sunshine?" This recalled me to a sense of the rapidity with which time had passed, and I became aware that the evening approached. I had hoped the sun would have set over the castles with the red, red glory I had so often witnessed, bestowing his radiant benediction with all his brightness; but no, the clouds were grey and heavy, the whistle of the plover was more frequent than usual, and a moaning came from the not far off ocean—a sound perfectly distinct from the roaring that accompanies the progress of the storm-king, or the loud ripple that beats music to the breeze; it was a *moaning*—those who know the sea understand what I mean—a heaving, as if the mighty waters groaned inwardly at the approach of a tempest.

"The clouds have gathered above our heads, ma'am, and ye havn't noticed them; and there was a brock about the moon last night; and early as it is, sorra a crow, the craythur, that hasn't come home; and since ye seemed so struck, my lady, with Daddy Whelan, if ye'll just be pleased to step here, you'll see him in his *iliment* intirely."

I walked on to where the boy stood, and I was pleased, when, looking earnestly in my face, he added, "Daddy's of *dacent* people, ma'am; and *sure you wouldn't laugh at him!* He's as innocent as a baby, only touched in the head with the throuble he had onst, and the fancy of a crock o' goold." There was warm feeling round the heart of that wild Irish boy, though he was standing in the skin of his feet.

Roger Whelan was preparing for a stormy night, and the prospect seemed to have imbued the old man with new life; he had fastened his cowl more closely round his head, and was seated on the grey stone my guide had pointed out; his curious staff placed upon his knees, his elbows resting upon it, and his attention divided between the arrangement of a piece of candle in an old lantern, which I had not before perceived, and the

course of the clouds, that were, without any appar wind, careering above our heads. I advanced near but he did not heed me.

"My lady," whispered little Daniel, "he's dug round and round that stone a thousand times, but the neighbours fill up the marks; his brother, Misther Mick has come to live in this county, and likes to keep Daddy, as we call him, near at hand. He would stay in the place if he found his own marks, but go break fresh ground; granny says he's more easily saved than he used to be."

Suddenly a shivering flash of lightning ran amid clouds, and a few drops of rain warned me to shelter under a ruined arch close to the grey spot upon which the treasure-seeker was seated.

"Daddy, sir," said Dan, "come in the shelter; bad for ould bones to get could."

The old man turned his face suddenly towards the smiling child, and holding forth a long arm-bone, which was fastened beneath the shreds to his singular head, and was polished as ivory, he exclaimed, "This do feel the could! it has been stript these hundred years and more. I had dug the whole night, and the thunder howling, and the lightning, not laughing like the weather flash that passed us now, but dancing mad with delight through the heavens and over the earth. It was in Adair I was rooting—rooting—for the crock of goold inside the proud lord's walls, and he thinking none of me could get at his hid treasure. And I saw the handle of the crock, *forenint* me, in the hole, and I made a plunge and seized it. I knew it was the handle, and I was so wild wid joy, that I forgot myself, and I shouted, and heard the shout repeated as loud again as some of the *achoes*, and muttered over by others according to their fancy. And I knew I had done wrong, spake, but I held fast; and, ah! ah! I pulled, and pulled; but I held fast, and tore this up—*this!* Did you understand it?—the spirit that had owned the goold had power afther I shouted. So he kept his crock of goold, but I got his arm-bone! That was my chance; I never can have such a chance except they," and he pointed downwards, and spoke in a low tone, "when they get *tarryfied* with the thunder; that's my best chance, and I shall have it to-night; if I don't, it's but a *drame*. Are you sure you had not a drame, lad?" he added, peering at me as he had done before.

I asked him if he remembered his friends at Barristown, for I was anxious to ascertain if his mind wandered on all subjects.

"Ay, well!" he replied, and his voice changed again. "God be good to them!—the warm welcome, the house, the ould Lady Queen of the Castle! she was damed for me; and her son—the flower of the garden—and the fair young lady, I brought a white rose from Woodstock, and set it on her grave, though she would never try to drame for me! Poor thing, she would not believe in drames; but she knows the truth of it now! It's a quare world, and every thing in it. It is from first to last but a drame, leading by vision to eternity! Sure, in our own short time, the people are gone from Barristown like a drame! and yet they war in it onst, and so with the money in my crock of goold! Sure, afther that, what can ye say agin' drames? Isn't all life a drame? There's another o' lightning! I love to read my drame-book by fire o' lightning! and I love it at sea, the fire and water sporting wild sport together! Ah, thin, it

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REMOVAL.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

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

The words are repeated
The bridal is done,
The rite is completed,
The two, they are one:
The vow, it is spoken
All pure from the heart,
That must not be broken
Till life shall depart.

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

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

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

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 28TH APRIL, 1849.

EMULATION.

We frequently hear of a "noble emulation;" but it is questionable at least whether the expression does not involve a contradiction in terms. In the first place, what is emulation? It is simply and essentially a desire to be before another. We may be emulous either of excelling in what we believe to be good, or of outmatching in what we know to be evil; but in either case the motive power—the emulation—is a desire to get the better of another; in other words, to exalt and benefit self.

Now, all that is really 'noble' in our nature has entire reference to the well-being and happiness of others. True nobility is based upon self-sacrifice, not upon self-advancement. It is the servant of all, not the vain-glorious patron. It seeks the happiness of others—not for the sake of outrivalling a fellow-worker, but because it delights to see others happy. Is it not clear, then, that emulation—the crowning star in the diadem of pagan morality—implies a littleness of mind, a self-regarding spirit, inconsistent with that real nobility of soul, that god-like disposition, which it was the great purpose of Christianity to develop?

It is not denied that a spirit of emulation and rivalry has often incited men to acts of usefulness, when higher and purer motives would have failed; nor would we with niggard lips withhold the praise which every useful action may command. The hireling is worthy of his hire. All we contend for is, that genuine nobility is self-denying—that it belongs to a singleness of purpose—and that purpose the common good of all. The essential littleness, however, of a spirit of rivalry, considered as a motive to action, may be seen in its practical results. It destroys moral independence, and renders a life of usefulness or of indolence perpetually contingent upon the presence and conduct of a rival. It has no innate life—no heaven-imparted energy. Like the fabled vampire, it sucks its life blood from another's veins, and lives only in its victim's death. It cannot act spontaneously; and it co-operates only to ensnare or to destroy. If emulation has given rise to much that is useful, it has also been the prolific parent of bitter heart-burnings and envious thoughts. It has awakened animosities, jealousies, and hatred, in the bosoms of those who should have been as friends and brothers in the same good cause. Like earth-born life, it carries with it the elements of decomposition and death.

Was it the earthly fire of emulation that warmed the breasts of Howard, of Wilberforce, or of Oberlin? Or was it a living sympathy with their suffering and degenerated brethren that glowed within their hearts? If the former, then, however exalted in their own opinions, or in the opinion of an admiring world, they could not have been—as we reverently believe they were—men of God's nobility: God's messengers of glad tidings to the three great families of human wretchedness—the depraved, the oppressed, and the ignorant.

But, it may be asked, can we not be nobly emulous of doing good? Can we not nobly vie with each other in benefiting our fellow-creatures? When used metaphorically, such language may be quite allowable; but in plain and sober reason, we cannot. The very wish to do more good than another, implies an indifference to the interests of that other person, and an undue anxiety about our own, which is incompatible with the universality of true nobleness.

It is not, however, in the public or more important actions of our lives only, that this principle of Christian nobility should be observed. It is equally applicable to all, however trivial or apparently unimportant. There is often in one kind word, one look of sympathising affection, or one small act of disinterested love, more of real nobleness of spirit than in actions which have rung in the ears and found an echo in the hearts of admiring thousands. There is a 'still small voice' within, which is of more value than the acclamations of the world. And it is in the more humble duties of life—in our daily intercourse with each other—in the quiet, the sweet, the unseen circle of domestic affection, that the singleness of purpose here recommended is really most important. It is here that the more lovely and gentle feelings of our nature may be brought into a pure and peaceful existence; and it is here that we are called upon to make a more cheerful and entire surrender of our selfishness. And yet, how often may we detect ourselves yielding to its unhallowed impulse! How often do our petty quarrels, our bad tempers, our selfish indulgences, interfere with the union and harmony that should ever be associated with the thought of home! It was at home our earliest days were spent; it was at home the time of fond, innocent, confiding childhood was passed; and though this may not have been really the happiest period of our earthly existence, yet is it one to which the tired soul delights to revert with a fond and grateful remembrance. Happy are they who have that remembrance treasured within their hearts!

But to return to our more immediate subject: although emulation may be seen to be a corrupt and corrupting passion, yet, knowing that it has ever exercised a powerful influence over the world's destinies, both for good and for evil, it will be well to ascertain distinctly the source from whence it has sprung, so that we may each of us be better able to turn the original and uncorrupted stream into its native channel, and thus enjoy the benefit it is intended to confer, while at the same time we avoid the accompanying evil.

The desire to be thought well of by our fellow-creatures, although essentially self-regarding, is a feeling possessed more or less strongly by all; and when rightly directed and restrained, it is not only the occasion of much unmixed good to others, but it is also the source of many pure and delightful emotions to its possessor—to reject which would be to follow the example of those stoical religionists, who seem to imagine that in order to obtain the approbation of their Maker, they must learn to despise all the pleasures which he has beneficently placed at their disposal, and render themselves as independent of his bounty as their frailties will admit. There is, even in the best regulated minds, a principle of self-love which, when legitimately manifested, appears to be necessary, not only to the preservation of individual existence, but also to constitute the basis of individual identity. Perhaps not one of the world's great men could be pointed out who did not or does not possess what may be called a strong selfhood. In order to control opposing circumstances, and mould men's desires and aspirations to their will (whether for good or for evil,) it seems absolutely necessary that they should feel strongly their own individuality. The higher and purer feelings cannot afford the requisite stamina: they are descended from heaven; but they require a plane from which they may be reflected; and that plane must be found in our own selfhood.

There can be no action without reaction. The ball could not be forcibly propelled through the air, unless the cannon were fixed and immovable. The lever could not raise the weight, unless it had a fulcrum whereon to rest. We could not even walk erect upon earth, unless the ground resisted our tread. And neither could piety, conscientiousness, or benevolence become developed in a life of active usefulness, unless they had a foundation in a strong and unvacillating selfhood. In vain should we sympathise with the distresses of others, unless we felt that we could do something for their relief; in vain should we wish to see injustice banished from the earth, unless some one felt himself called upon to assist in its removal. It must be clear, that without some degree of self-confidence we could do nothing. And yet the same principle that imparts this stability and energy to the mind, becomes, when wrongly manifested, the life and origin of every evil passion.

What then is to be done? Our selfhood cannot be destroyed: for it is not only inherent in our nature, but essential to individual existence. The answer is evident: it must constitute *only* the foundation, and not monopolise the whole mind. It must be merely the fulcrum, and not the power by which the lever is moved. It must serve the higher principles, not rule them. It must be the means by which we act, *not the motive to action*. That which we have to sacrifice is not our entire selfhood, but our selfish desires and motives. The great purpose of our lives, the ruling motive of all our actions, should be to make ourselves not merely agreeable, but useful to each other. This does not imply, indeed it is

incompatible with, a reckless abandonment of self. In order to make the best use of our powers and opportunities, we must act with prudence, we must exercise our judgments, and practise self-denial in all its varied forms. We must learn not only to deny improper gratifications to ourselves, but also to decline administering them to others—even at the risk of giving offence; for if we do not, we sacrifice what we believe to be their real advantage to our own selfish love of praise. If we always act with an intelligent and sincere desire to be useful, there will be but little danger of our forgetting what is due either to ourselves or to others. A love of being useful, although not the source, is at least the basis of every virtue; and it is only because the essential selfishness of emulation has been concealed beneath an accidental covering of usefulness, that it has attained its present position in the code of the world's morality. It is really but an ungenerous manifestation of the desire for fame.

Emulation, however, is not the only selfish passion that has thus served its time in the history of man, and become by him falsely regarded as a positive virtue. The love of dominion, revenge, avarice, and all other passions that stimulate to active exertions, have, by the good arrangements of Providence, been rendered in some way conducive to the general good; and they have all been extolled by their respective votaries as the legitimate and leading principles of our lives. But society is evidently advancing towards the pure and perfect. Principles of action which formerly passed current unchallenged, must now submit to a rigid scrutiny. Away with all that will not stand the test of reason and universal good! Let each of us examine honestly his own motives, and reject those which are inconsistent with the real good of others, and we may rest assured that in thus obeying the laws of God, and promoting the happiness of each other, we shall be adopting the only course that will necessarily ensure our own. And finally, in reference to all motives of emulation, let us ever remember that while we should always desire the esteem of the upright and intelligent, there can be no real good in wishing to outrival another.

Progress of Quarrels.—The first gems of the majority of the disunions of mankind are generally sown by misconception, wrong interpretations of conduct—hazarded, very possibly, at moments of ill humour—and the whisperings and suggestions or suspicion, aroused, perhaps, without any cause. The mutual coldness often turns, at first, upon paltry trifles; this feeling is then strengthened by absurd reports and statements; the effects of accident augment the evil. At last the false pride of neither party will give way; each must first will see the other humbled; and thus, those perhaps who were completely adapted to mutually esteem and treasure each other, and possessed the means of rendering to one another essential services, part from each other's company in aversion. And does a mere trifle—for everything temporal and earthly is such—merit being the cause for rendering mutually our lives so bitter in every way? [Every reader can put this question to himself.]—From “*Hours of Meditation*,” by Zschokke, a German writer.

Poet's Corner.

POST-LETTERS.

Lottery tickets every day, —
 And ever drawn a blank!
 Yet none the less we pant and pray
 For prizes in that bank;
 Morn by morn, and week by week.
 They cheat us, or amuse
 Whilst on we fondly hope, and seek
 Some stirring daily news.

The heedless postman on his path
 Is scattering joys and woes;
 He bears the seeds of life and death
 And drops them as he goes!
 I never note him trudging near
 Upon his common track
 But all my heart is hope, or fear,
 With visions bright, or black!

I hope—what hope I not—vague things
 Of wondrous possible good;
 I dread—as vague imaginings.
 A very viper's brood:
 Fame's sunshine, fortune's golden dews
 May now be hovering o'er,—
 Or the pale shadow of ill news
 Be cowering at my door!

O mystery, master-key to life,
 Thou spring of every hour,
 I love to wrestle in thy strife,
 And tempt thy perilous power;
 I love to know that none can know
 What this day may bring forth,
 What bliss for me, for me what woe
 Is travelling in birth!

See, on my neighbor's threshold stands
 Yon careless common man,
 Bearing, per chance, in those coarse hands,
 —My Being's altered plan,
 My germs of pleasure, or of pain,
 Of trouble, or of peace,
 May there lie thick as drops of rain
 Distilled from Gideon's fleece!

Who knoweth, may not loves be dead,—
 Or those we loved laid low,—
 Who knoweth? may not wealth be fled,
 And all the world my foe?
 Or who can tell if Fortune's hour
 (Which once on all doth shine)
 Be not within this morning's dower,
 A prosperous morn of mine?

Ah, cold reality!—in spite
 Of hopes, and endless chance,
 That bitter postman, ruthless wight,
 Has created poor romance;
 No letters! O the dreary phrase:
 Another day forlorn:—
 And thus I wend upon my ways
 To watch another morn.

Cease babbler!—let those doubtings cease:
 What? should a son of heaven
 With the pure manna of his peace
 Mix up his faithless leaven?
 Not so!—for in the hands of God,
 And in none earthly will,
 Abide alike my staff, and rod,
 My good and seeming ill.

SPRING.

By T. K. HERVEY.

The Spirit of Spring is in the woods! and there,
 Like love—the untiring—ministering to death,
 She sitteth, with the rainbow in her hair,
 Feeding the violets with her patient breath!
 She speaks—and lo! the primrose, with a sigh,
 Wakes up to hear; the wall-flower climbs her knees;
 She waves the sunshine through the cool, gray sky,
 And hangs her raiment on the naked trees.
 The wind, her high-voiced herald, hath gone forth
 To shout her coming on the floor of heaven;
 And far, unto the storm-lands of the North,
 The snow-fiends wild barbarian brood are driven:—
 And rivers, that were hoarse with winter's cold,
 Now dance unto their own sweet dities old!

The lake, that had the ice-chain at its heart,
 Now meets the stream in freedom and in song;
 The lily makes the sweet, clear waters part,
 Like some fair Naiad, seen their wave among:—
 And mortal eyes that gaze that mirror through,
 To seek, far down, her palace-home of spars,
 Find that its carpet is the upper 'blue,'
 And in her sandals, that she wears the stars!
 Spring—like an angel clad in raiment white—
 Hath rolled away the stone from Nature's tomb;
 The frosty seals have melted in her light,
 And all the flowers are risen in their bloom!
 Then looked that angel on my spirit's gloom,
 And sounded in my heart:—"Arise," she said;
 Ah, me! there came no answer from *its* dead!

Hints to Farmers.—In a treatise on Productive Farming, just issued from the press, the following observation occur:—"It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root—it becomes fat, it is true, but, alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly, and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks that her offspring cannot make bone—or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone—out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meat and soup, it would have no bones and no teeth at all. Farmers keep poultry; and what is true of fowls is true of a cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of eggshells or one chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil, nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matters of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they justly may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to evil or judicious treatment, as their own horses."

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

COMMODORE NAPIER.

[The Napier family has become so distinguished both in the Army and Navy of England for gallantry and heroic conduct that we submit the following sketch of the great sailor, Commodore Napier, to our readers as one of peculiar interest, at this moment, in our next number we will give an authentic history of the many deeds of arms that have turned the eyes of all nations to the gallant Sir Charles Napier, recently selected to take command of the British force in India.]

What man could be named, I should like to know, more deserving of a place in my portrait gallery, than the gallant sailor whose recent brilliant exploits in the East, are the theme of every tongue and the subject of universal admiration? The Commodore is a native of Stirlingshire, in Scotland, and still retains his northern accent as strongly as if he had only quitted the land of "moor and mountain" a few months ago. He is a singularly kind-hearted, good-natured man. There is an openness and manifest sincerity in his manner, which render him a favourite the moment you are introduced to him. He has no lofty opinion of himself; he appears as if unconscious that he had ever done anything out of the common way, or which merits distinction. Like Lord Nelson, he knows not what fear is. He is quite as cool and collected in the heat of conflict, and when the roar of cannon is reverberating in his ears, as if he were sitting in his own cabin smoking his pipe and quaffing his grog before going to bed.

I have said that Commodore Napier is an open-hearted, straight-forward man. The remark however only applies to his conduct in his private or individual capacity. In all matters appertaining to the naval service, he preserves a rigid secrecy, even from his most intimate acquaintances. Even when they suspect, from his motions, that he has some great enterprise in contemplation, and endeavour to learn what that enterprise is by putting ingenious questions to him, he invariably preserves his own secret. Previous to his undertaking the expedition to Portugal, where he performed such brilliant exploits, his more intimate acquaintances shrewdly suspected that he was about to be engaged in active and important service, and, anxious to ascertain what it was, used to put the question to him—"Napier, come, do tell us what you are going to be about." His uniform answer, "You shall hear by and-bye." It is generally understood that he conceals all his intended military movements even from the nearest and dearest members of his own family.

The Commodore has on several occasions been a candidate for a seat in the Legislature. In 1833, he contested the representation of Portsmouth, in the Tory interest. In the course of his canvass, in answer to the question who he was he gave the following rich and racy account of himself and his public services:—

"In the course of my canvass," said the gallant officer, "I have been asked who I am?—I'll tell you, I am Captain Charles Napier, who five-and-twenty years ago commanded the Recruit brig, in the West Indies, and who had the honour of being twenty-four hours under the guns of three French line-of-battle ships, flying from a British squadron, the nearest of

which with the exception of the Hawk brig, was five to six miles astern: the greatest part of the time I kept flying double-shotted broadsides into them. One of these ships, the Hautpolt, only was captured by the Pompey and Castor; the other two escaped by superior sailing. Sir Alexander Cochrane, my commander-in-chief, promoted me on the spot into her. At the siege of Martinique, the Aeolus, Cleopatra, and Recruit, were ordered to beat up in the night, between Pigeon Island and the main, and anchor close to Fort Edward; the enemy fearing an attack, burnt their shipping. At daylight in the morning, it appeared to me that Port Edward was abandoned; this however was doubted; I offered to ascertain the fact, and with five men landed in open day, scaled the walls, and planted the union jack. Fortunately I was undiscovered from Fort Bourbon, which stood about one hundred yards off, and commanded it. On this being reported to Sir Alexander Cochrane, a regiment was landed in the night, Fort Edward was taken possession of, and the mortars turned against the enemy. I am in possession of a letter from Sir A. Cochrane, saying that 'my conduct was the means of saving many lives, and of shortening the siege of Martinique.' I had once the misfortune of receiving a precious licking from a French corvette; the first shot she fired broke my thigh, and a plumper carried away my mainmast. The enemy escaped, but the English flag was not tarnished. On my return to England in command of the Jason, I was turned out of her by a Tory Admiralty, because I had not interest; but as I could not lead an idle life, I served a campaign with the army in Portugal as a volunteer, when I was again wounded. At the battle of Busaco, I had the honour of carrying off the field my gallant friend and relative, Colonel Napier, now near me, who was shot in the face. Busaco was not the only field where he shed his blood; at Corunna he was left for dead, but, thank God, he escaped with six wounds. On my return to England I was appointed to the Thames, in the Mediterranean; and if I could bring the inhabitants of the Neapolitan coast into the room, they would tell you that from Naples to the Faro Point there was not a spot where I did not leave my mark, and brought off with me upwards of one hundred sail of gun-boats and merchant vessels. I had the honour of running the Thames and Furicute into the small mole of Ponza, which was strongly defended, and before they could recover from their surprise, I captured the island without the loss of a man. I was then removed to the Euryalus, and had the good fortune to fall in with two French frigates and a schooner: I chased them in the night close into Calvi, in the island of Corsica, passing close under the stern of one, *plumpering* her as I passed; and though we were going eight knots, I tried to run aboard of her consort, who was a little outside standing athwart my hawse; the night was dark, the land close, and she succeeded in crossing me, but I drove her ashore on the rocks, where she was totally wrecked, and her consort was obliged to anchor close to her. The Euryalus then wore and got off, almost brushing the shore as she passed. These two ships were afterwards ascertained to be *armée en flûte*, mounted 22 guns each, and the schooner 14. From the Mediterranean I was ordered to America; and if my gallant friend Sir James Gordon was here, he would have told you how I did my duty on that long and arduous service up the Potomac; he would have told you

that in a tremendous squall the Euryalus lost her bowsprit and all her topmasts, and that in two hours she was again ready for work. We brought away a fleet from Alexandria, were attacked going down the river by batteries, built close to what was the residence of the great Washington, and I was again wounded in that action in the neck. On the peace taking place I went on half-pay, where I remained till I was appointed to the Galatea, which ship I commanded for three years on this station; and I hope and trust that I have faithfully done my duty during that period to my king and country."

From the peculiarity of his manner in company, a stranger would conclude that he is a man who is guided in all his actions by the impulses of the moment: you could not come to a more erroneous conclusion; for though seemingly a person who had abandoned himself to the inspirations of the instant, everything he does is the result of the deepest forethought. He lays his plans in their leading features beforehand with the most scrupulous care; and anticipates and provides for contingencies which may arise to defeat them, with a certainty which amounts to a species of intuition.

Nor is the genius of Commodore Napier limited to the laying down of those plans which hold out the greatest probability of his being able to accomplish his purposes; he is equally happy in carrying into practical effect the schemes which he has devised. He hesitates in such cases at no personal sacrifices; he deems no employment too degrading for him provided he can thereby further the object he has in view. He does when occasion requires, it, what very few commanders could undertake to do without diminishing their authority over their men, namely, engage personally in doing the work of the common sailors, and for a time identifying himself as closely with them in conversation and conduct as if he had all his life been the humblest man that ever paced the deck, or mounted the shrouds. Of this he furnished a memorable proof during the recent siege of St. Jean d'Acre. There he was to be seen, with his coat off and his shirt sleeves tucked up, toiling away at the lowest and hardest description of labour in which the allied forces found it necessary on that occasion to engage. And not only was the gallant officer to be seen toiling as if his own life had depended on his labour, at the humblest and hardest work consequent on that engagement, but he displayed a sort of temporary ubiquity. He was to be seen at all places, and engaged in all sorts of manual labour at once.

Commodore Napier is a man of singularly plain and unsophisticated manners on shore as well as at sea. Nothing affords him greater pleasure than to meet with some old acquaintances, however humble in circumstances, especially if they were the companions of his early life, in the streets of Portsmouth or any other place. If he should happen to meet at the same moment with an old acquaintance and the first nobleman in the land, in any of our public thoroughfares, he would give an unhesitating preference to an interchange of friendship with the former. In our leading government sea-ports, he is known to "the inhabitant generally" by the frequency with which he is to be seen giving a pinch of snuff to the jolly tars he meets in the streets, out of the valuable gold box, richly studded with brilliants, which Don Pedro presented to him some years ago, in testimony of his sense of the

service which the gallant gentleman rendered to the liberal cause in Portugal.

His mode of dressing and personal appearance are as much out of the beaten path as his manners are eccentric. His carelessness in the article of dressing borders on slovenliness. When in this country his head is encircled by a broad-brimmed, low-crowned, worn-out hat, which he always wears in such a way as would lead the uninitiated to conclude, that he intended it for the protection of his shoulders rather than for the convenience or ornament of the more elevated part of his person. When at sea, and in warm latitudes, he is partial to a straw chapeau, the brim of which is of such ample proportions as to serve the purposes of an umbrella, or rather of a parasol, to protect him from the inconveniences of a burning sun.

On several occasions during his recent service in the East, he was to be seen astride a donkey—one that on some occasions too, "wouldn't go"—with his straw hat hanging over his shoulders, without cravat, waist-coat, or neckerchief, while his shirt sleeves were tucked up to his shoulders. The reader will readily imagine what a picture it must have been to see the gallant Commodore on such occasions.

The aspect of his countenance is singular. In his dark brown eyes there is an extraordinary expression of wildness mingled with energy of purpose. His features are large and marked. The form of his countenance is more than usually circular; his complexion is dark, and his hair, though here and there exhibiting symptoms of a coming greyish colour, is still essentially black. In size he is slightly below the middle height, and of a hardy compact make. He was born in 1786, and is consequently in his fifty-fifth year.

WITHERED HOPES.

A DREAMER'S TALE.

CHAPTER 2.

(Continued from page 55.)

We spent the whole of the week following in going the rounds of the city. I will not weary my reader with the detail of the various sights. Has not the most commonplace tourist warmed into eloquence in this chapter of his work; and besides, are they not all given at large in the guide-books of Mr. Murray and the rest of the Row? We did as I suppose other travellers are accustomed to do; began the day with devising a thousand plans of activity, and effected something under one-fourth of what we devised; then blamed ourselves for not doing more, and fell into the same error on the day following: drove, walked, and rode to satiety, and alternated these fits of activity with seasons of occasional loitering and repose.

And oftenest we found ourselves lingering in the two sculpture galleries and Santa Croce, with the adjoining Medicæan chapel. The divine shapes of Grecian beauty, those only embodiments of the ideal, which are preserved to us in the former, can make even the sorrowful forget; and I stole away Harley from himself very often in the contemplation of some incomparable statue. Who can pass by the unfathomable grief of that Niobe, the dignity of the Apollo, the severe majesty of the Juno, or the impassioned Venus, or the intellectual Minerva, unmoved? Yet I may thus only pass-

ingly allude to them: the world has worshipped before them; Byron has given us the poetry of their awakened thought, and they have been catalogued in prose by no lesser pen than Shelley's.

But Santa Croce, what of it? Italy, richer in her dead than in aught she possesses instinct with life, has, within these walls, garnered up her best mental harvest: here sleep Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli, and Alfieri, and Boccaccio; and here is the cenotaph of Dante, to whom Florence was, as he wrote himself, *Parvi mater amoris*. We roamed from chapel to chapel of this glorious place; if the architecture one day attracted us, there were the noble recollections for another. Then came the most illustrious monuments; then the humbler epitaphs. Of these last, only one has been fixed on my memory. I have since learned it is very well known; it was erected over a young girl, and bore this inscription:

“ELISE DE L.—

Ne me plaignez pas, si vous saviez combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargnées.”

As if affection still lived within that tomb, and even thence sent forth its voice of comfort to the living!

Harley yet cherished the idea that he was destined soon to meet with the lovely apparition that had so strangely filled his mind. It was a portion of his philosophy that the heart possesses in itself a prophetic wisdom, if men would only allow out its secret impulses; and he certainly showed his own perfect conviction of the truth of this assertion, by building largely upon it, and becoming cheerful under what I could not help pronouncing a mere delusion. I humoured him in it however. I do not know that those friends deserve any gratitude who labour to destroy the harmless imaginings which bring us pleasure; dreams they may be, and fond ones, but if they beguile the time of our sojourn, why awaken us from them to life's sad realities?—they are visitants from another world, and yet, in their kindness, our friends would have us exchange them for the more certain deceptions of this.

English families we could find in abundance; but we did not mix much with them. Harley's object could be as easily accomplished in the public promenades; and once or twice going to the country *fêtes* of the duke, gave us a correct knowledge of what English were in the place. Besides we were so much occupied with our own plans, that we had no time to throw away on the cultivation of our countrymen's acquaintance.

We were one day at our old haunt, the cathedral: it was thronged with people; mass was going on at one of the altars; and a small circle of worshippers were assembled in that quarter; in another a group of mendicants were soliciting alms; in another were visitors, come like ourselves to loiter and gaze. We passed them all; many of the last were from our own land, as we could easily tell from their manners and the ends of their whisperings, gathered up as we walked by; but they were strangers to us, and we passed on.

We crossed by the altar where the white-robed priest was officiating; the tall candles burned dimly in the rich glare of day; the worshippers were absorbed in adoration, and paid no attention to the noise of our footsteps. Leaving them, we came to the aisle where were the tomb and epitaph I have before mentioned; I do not know what drew us there beyond the interest those simple words created. Harley's imaginative mind had formed some pathetic story of a maiden, the joy of her parents and the pride of some one dearer to her than both, taken from the arms of love, and brought down suddenly to darkness and the worm: this gave him sufficient reason for wishing to see it again, and his eloquent fancy even stirred my matter-of-fact disposition. And it is a touching truth, that in strange places the passing visitor never overlooks the houses of the dead; his heart naturally claims a brotherhood with those dreamless sleepers; its warmest feelings are entirely theirs, even when it must, of necessity, be closed against the unloving that are around it and alive.

The strong sunlight was flung across the aisle in slanting radiance, and the living glory poured itself down upon that low grave, as if marking out a pathway to the heavens for the young immortal. In the column of light thus let down,

danced a thousand gay motes, whose increasing activity contrasted strangely with the stillness of the place, and its quiet occupiers. There was an old man there; he had been endeavouring with failing eyes slowly to decipher the inscription for a fair girl who stood near him, but turned away from us. The scene was a striking one, and fixed us breathless to where we stood. The old man's task was done; he had been reciting the last words as we drew near, and rising from his stooping position, he took his hat from the marble floor where it had been lying, and advanced to his young companion. They had not heard our approach; for, evidently unconscious of the presence of strangers, he now, in a low and broken voice, said something to her the purport of which we could not catch.

The answer was in English, and thrilled us from very sweetness—

“And yet, father,” she replied, “is it not well with them that die young? The early-called—who that loved them would bring them back again?”

She turned in her fine enthusiasm. The light playing about her person made her almost “too bright to look upon,” and cast round a face in which sadness and beauty were deeply blent together, that halo which painters fling over the heads of the Virgin and the saints. Poor Harley, who had been before fascinated with the lovely picture, almost leaped from the ground where he had been fastened; for there before him was the cause of all his perplexity and sorrow—there stood the mysterious Unknown of the opera.

Fortunately for us, we were placed beneath the protection of one of the side-arches, and the sunbeam which so plainly revealed to us this interesting group, placed us at the same time in deep shadow with respect to them. It was impossible for them to see us distinctly, yet they were now aware that listeners had been by for some time. I saw the moment called for decision; the old man with wrinkled brow, looked haughtily in our quarter, to re-prehend and repel our intrusion. In a deep whisper to Harley I besought him to recollect himself, while I went forward to offer our apologies. Was not that face known to me? Yet, if it were he, he was greatly altered. I came nearer. It could be no other. It was he—the friend who had watched over my orphanage in India, Colonel Montagu.

He recognized me at once.

“What! young T—, how came you here; enjoying Madam Fortune's kindness, eh? Boys think they never can get liberty enough. But, John, I am delighted to see the son of my old dear friend; how long are you from England?”

I replied, asking a thousand pardons for Harley and myself, on account of our unintentional eaves-dropping, and wound all up by saying, “I was now only happy that it had so happened: rudeness for once was rewarded, not punished.”

“No apologies—no apologies, boy. Do you not recollect your old friend, Emily—or shall I have to introduce you again? Here, love, is an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. T—, now of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, and so forth.”

She had not forgotten, and received me kindly and affectionately. We had romped together in childhood, and during my sojourn under the colonel's roof had felt for each other as brother and sister. From the time that my uncle placed me at school, and thence moved me to Cambridge, we had not met, though I had occasionally seen her father in the interval. I never learned, until this kind friend had long been in the grave, his reasons for keeping aloof from me at that time; it was lest he should move my uncle's jealousy, and thence mar my prospects. Relatives not over kind themselves are peculiarly sensitive of that goodness coming from other quarters wherein they are themselves deficient.

We had not met for nine or ten years. I found every early promise of beauty amply fulfilled; she had grown to lovely womanhood. Perhaps, taking those features separately, you might bring to mind many to excel her in each—some to outshine her in dazzling beauty of face—some to possess more exact symmetry of form; but, taking her all in all, such a union of happy qualities and rare loveliness, such an elegant mind inhabiting a temple worthy of its reception, and such

heart-warm manners, (the sunshine that lighted up the whole face of her nature,) I have never beheld as they existed in Emily Montagu. She was more the creature of dreams than what you might hope to meet with in actual embodiment.

I introduced my friend. He was now himself again, and did his part well. On our adieu, we received a pressing invitation to dine that day at the Villa Nuovo, which they were occupying for the season.

"I have come abroad," said the colonel, "for a little while, because the physicians tell me it is a duty I owe my girl to prop up this tottering tenement so long as I can. We see no company, so come early; I have a thousand questions to ask you, John. Farewell, Mr. Harley."

"Well! dear chuck," said I, as on our return we gaily ran up the inn stairs together, "I'll always believe you to be a bit of a wizard after this. Thomas of Ercildoune, they say, could raise the dead, but you seem to possess spells to conjure up the living."

"Jack, Jack," he replied, "'tis all but a vision."

"No! I warrant you she is there in flesh and blood; but how handsome she is. I wonder I did not know her at once. She is not much changed; and Harley, you're a lucky dog. Never was man before so blessed in his acquaintance. A votive shrine is the least you can give my memory when I've done with this breathing world. Come, come, all perils are now over at least—"

"Now begun," said he, smilingly. "But was not my finding her here, a thousand miles away, a marvel? Jack, you seem to know all about them; for our friendship's sake let me hear it. Come, I am all impatience—Montagu, is not that the name?" and here he gabbled in a delightfully incoherent manner.

"Do, dear Jack," he continued, "let me have all. You are not disposed to be unkind. Could you read my heart, you would know that its every pulsation is hers. But who is she—what is she? and the old father—what about him?"

"If you will only let me answer you one question at a time, or tell the tale in my own way, I am satisfied to impart it all to you. There, pull over that trunk, you can sit on it; or—I did not see it before—here's a seat; now, *asseyez-vous, mon cher*. You are very right, the name is Montagu."

"And the other?"

"Emily."

"Where do they live?"

"Nay, nay, I'll not be catechised. You must allow me to speak as I will, or not at all. May I trouble you to take that cravat from me? Thank you: now, give me the towel—thanks. How blunt these razors are. I say, Harley, have you any at your place over the way, wherever it is; do run, like a good fellow, for them. You will not be long, and we have a clear hour and a half yet; or if you will, I'll send Paolo for them."

I cannot be malicious long, nor do I much laud your provoking practical jokers; still—as it is the truth I shall confess it—I dearly love for a while, a little *tease*. Harley was eyes and soul waiting to drink in every syllable I should let fall, for which reason I was grudging of each word; had he been quiet, he would have heard it outright, for my babbling tongue would have run it over immediately for him; but now, do what my better nature would to the contrary, I could not resist a little raillery.

"Well, will you get me the razors, and you shall hear every word of it? Tush, man, never mind her; beside, you have no chance, if she possess any taste I know whither she will turn in preference."

But when I beheld his forlorn mortified countenance, I forbore; he was so silent, and took it all so patiently, and seemed so to understand my pleasantry, and to wait till it was over, that I gave up the ungracious task at once, or, I should rather say, with an occasional interruption.

"You shall hear it all, Harley. Are you acquainted with the road from town to Canterbury?"

"Yes, I have gone it a dozen times."

"Ah! now we are getting to it. I wonder do they supply any hot water in this establishment—must do without it, *n'importe*—there, I've cut myself, all through your means, Harley."

"But about Canterbury?"

"Yes—yes! I was on the high road to it when you stopped me. You remember the little village of Ashton; it is midway between Chatham and the Kentish capital—eh? and those lofty elm trees that skirt the road for some miles; and the high Elizabethan gables and countless chimneys you get a peep of from the coach-roof, they must have struck you. Ashton belongs to the Montagus, and Ashton-hall has been their residence for centuries."

"You know, Harley—but you don't know, for I never told you—that my father occupied, at one time, a high political post in India, under Cornwallis; he there met Colonel Montagu. They had been friends in Europe, they now became brothers in another hemisphere. The colonel's first wreath was won at the storming of the Mysore Sultaun's capital. His subsequent brilliant career I have no time to relate, you will read of it in the despatches. When, heart-broken from the early loss of his wife, and worn out by care, and the climate, and fat gue, my poor parent died at Travancore, his friend was beside him when he drew his last breath and received from him, as a sacred legacy, his boy, to whom he vowed to be as a father."

"Nobly he redeemed his promise. Unlike many around him, my father disdaining speculation in any shape, had lived an honest man, and I suppose in consequence died a poor one. His effects, what they were, were converted into money, and invested in his orphan's name. Nay, more: recollecting that I had in England a wealthy uncle, this more than friend prepared to take me to him, hoping that, as he was childless, he might adopt and make me his heir."

"Everything had been arranged for the voyage, when a letter reached him with the news that he was now possessor of the Montagu estates. His elder brother, under the excitement of the chase, leaped a six-foot wall, which was his last leap, for horse and rider were found dead on the other side. He had led a bachelor life, and left none to mourn him. There was a frigid pompous funeral; mourning coaches came from all the country round; the village church was clad in black; a glowing sermon was pronounced by the family parson, and all was over."

"A happy time I had of it at the hall on our return: that is, before my uncle had determined whether he would receive me or not. How many days have I spent under those noble park trees, or gone a-nutting in the woods with the old butler! It was from feelings of duty, and regarding the right of so near a relative as sacred, that the colonel made application to him; and I am satisfied he would have rejoiced the more had I been left altogether with him."

"You have now the whole story, Harley. Miss Montagu I have not seen for eight or ten years, nor do I think I should have known her in other company than her father's; yet you saw how kindly she saluted me. Go on and prosper; if ever girl had a warm devoted heart it is Emily."

We were interrupted by the noise of heavy feet and the bumping of ponderous articles of furniture against the walls, as they moved them up the stairs.

"Hillo! new arrivals I suppose?"

Harley looked out.

"No, only my luggage; I bid them bring it here, and they are only now removing it. Thanks, thanks, evermore, Jack. I must now, as fast as I can, make my toilet. When you have finished come up to me."

Half an hour saw me viewing myself very complacently in the large mirror, and another thirty minutes Harley and myself in a one-horse cabriolet moving along towards the Villa Nuovo. Our vetturino I had directed to be in readiness, and, to do him justice, he gave us no more than the usual amount of delay. At first he kept to the same route which we had taken in our walk; then diverged from it; then by some crossing road returned to it; and at last, to our amazement, pulled up in front of the villa, in the grounds of which we had sat down to rest.

"Mystery of mysteries!" said my companion, "where will all this perplexing wonderment end?"

(To be continued.)

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