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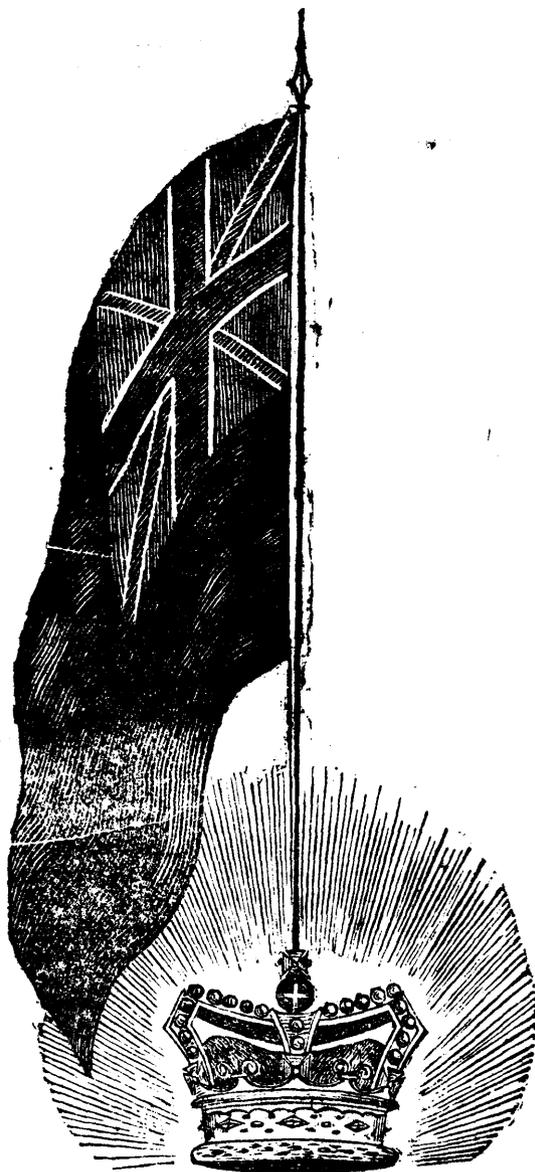
SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

OF

BRITISH

North

America.



Vol. 1.

QUEBEC, 17TH MARCH, 1849.

No. 2.

The eagerness with which the public of Quebec sought for the first number of this Journal, has proved to the proprietor that a vacancy existed in Canada for a cheap publication containing well selected matter of an amusing as well as instructive character. The patronage already bestowed on it, encourages the belief that the enterprise has been approved of, and that the undertaking will prosper ; but as there are many difficulties attendant on the bringing forth,—in Quebec—of even so upretending

a publication, the proprietor trusts that its faults may be leniently dealt with.

The humbler classes who have not the means of obtaining expensive books, will find in "SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL," articles carefully selected from the best authors, and it is hoped that the exclusion of all political subjects will be a cause of regret to none of its readers.

In the first number the proprietor expressed his intention of reducing the price, but as the expense

attached to it is much greater than the generality of readers may suppose, it will require all the aid its well-wishers can give it to increase its circulation and enable the proprietor to accomplish his purpose.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Mr. Macaulay, in addition to his distinction as a senator and minister, enjoys that of the most brilliant article-writer of the day; and this is no small literary distinction considering the importance which now belongs to periodical literature. He has at length fairly ventured on one of those massive tasks which may still be considered as a more effective trial of literary genius and skill—the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.* have just appeared. The limitation as to time may be presumed to imply, what most people will be ready to acknowledge, that the earlier portion of our national history is chiefly interesting as merely a romantic narrative, and that it is only towards the close of the seventeenth century that we find in it any decided bearing upon modern politics, social economy, or even the national character, as now exhibited and understood. For this period we possess certain histories which—overlooking the few final chapters of Hume—can only be considered as so many pieces of literary journeymanship: we have, besides, the *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht* by Lord Mahon, which, though graceful and intelligent, is yet far from satisfying the requirements of the case. We are therefore glad to find a man of such qualifications for historical narration as Mr. Macaulay taking up this duty: partial his work must necessarily be, but that it will be instinct with the vitality of genius, and written from an abundance of information unexampled, no one can doubt.

He commences with a brief and rapid sketch of the history from Elizabeth downwards. Unrelenting towards the Stuarts, as might be expected, it will be found considerably less kindly towards Cromwell and the Puritans than Mr. Carlyle.

With so little space at our command, it is impossible that we should lead our readers into anything but the most partial acquaintance with Mr. Macaulay's volumes. We are anxious that the few quotations we can make should present to full advantage the large information and artistic skill under favour of which the work is executed. We shall commence with a portion of Mr. Macaulay's view of William of Orange's character, including a trait of genuine natural friendship in a sphere of life where it is not generally looked for. William was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities; but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. * * * Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. * * * Highest in his favour stood a gentleman of his household named Bentinck, sprung from a noble Batavian race, and destined to be the founder of one of the great patrician houses of England [Portland]. The fidelity of Bentinck had been tried by no common test. It was while the United Provinces were struggling for existence

against the French power that the young prince on whom all their hopes were fixed was seized by the small-pox. That disease had been fatal to many members of his family, and at first wore, in his case, a peculiarly malignant aspect. The public consternation was great. The streets of the Hague were crowded from daybreak to sunset by persons anxiously asking how his highness was. At length his complaint took a favourable turn. His escape was attributed partly to his own singular equanimity, and partly to the intrepid indefatigable friendship of Bentinck. From the hands of Bentinck alone William took food and medicine; by Bentinck alone William was lifted from his bed and laid down in it. "Whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill," said William to Temple with great tenderness, "I know not. But this I know, through sixteen days and nights, I never once called for anything but that Bentinck was instantly at my side." Before the faithful servant had entirely performed his task, he had himself caught the contagion. Still, however, he bore up against drowsiness and fever till his master was pronounced convalescent: then, at length, Bentinck asked leave to go home. It was time; for his limbs would no longer support him. He was in great danger, but recovered, and as soon as he left his bed, hastened to the army, where, during many sharp campaigns, he was ever found, as he had been in peril of a different kind, close to William's side.

For a page of animated painting, we may present the account of the entry of the prince's troops into Exeter, on their way to effect what became the Revolution. "All the neighbouring villages poured forth their inhabitants. A great crowd consisting chiefly of young peasants, brandishing their cudgels, had assembled on the top of Haldon Hill, whence the army, marching from Chudleigh, first descried the rich valley of the Exe, and the two massive towers rising from the cloud of smoke which overhung the capital of the west. The road, all down the land descent and through the plain to the banks of the river, was lined, mile after mile, with spectators. From the West Gate to the Cathedral Close, the pressing and shouting on each side was such as reminded Londoners of the crowds on the Lord Mayor's Day. The houses were gaily decorated. Doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gazers. An eye accustomed to the pomp of war would have found much to criticise in the spectacle: for several toilsome marches in the rain, through roads where one who travelled on foot sank at every step up to the ankles in clay, had not improved the appearance either of the men or their accoutrements. But the people of Devonshire, altogether unused to the splendour of well-ordered camps, were overwhelmed with delight and awe. Descriptions of the martial pageant were circulated all over the kingdom. They contained much that was well fitted to gratify the vulgar appetite for the marvellous. For the Dutch army, composed of men who had been born in various climates, and had served under various standards, presented an aspect at once grotesque, gorgeous, and terrible to islanders who had, in general, a very indistinct notion of foreign countries. First rode Macesfield at the head of two hundred gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses, and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guiana. The citizens of Exeter, who had never seen so many specimens of the African race, gazed with wonder on those black faces,

set off by embroidered turbans and white feathers. Then with drawn broadswords came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. They were regarded with a strange interest; for it was rumoured that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen, and where the night lasted through half the year, and that they had themselves slain the huge bears whose skins they wore. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowd which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England." But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse; how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kueler. Once his grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman—perhaps one of those zealous Puritans who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel; perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful carnage of the bloody circuit—broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy. Near the prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude. That, men said, was the great Count Schomberg, the first soldier in Europe since Turenne and Condé were gone; the man whose genius and valour had saved the Portuguese monarchy on the field of Montes Claros; the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a marshal of France for the sake of his religion. It was not forgotten that the two heroes who, indissolubly united by their common Protestantism, were entering Exeter together, had, twelve years before, been opposed to each other under the walls of Maestricht, and that the energy of the young prince had not then been found a match for the cool science of the veteran who now rode in friendship by his side. Then came a long column of the whiskered infantry of Switzerland, distinguished in all the continental wars of two centuries by pre-eminent valour and discipline, but never till that week seen on English ground. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of that age, after their leaders, Bentinck, Solmes, and Ginkel, Talmash, and Mackay. With peculiar pleasure Englishmen might look on one gallant brigade which still bore the name of the honoured and lamented Ossory. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the recollection of the renowned events in which many of the warriors now pouring through the West Gate had borne a share: for they had seen service very different from that of the Devonshire militia or of the camp at Hounslow. Some of them had repelled the fiery onset of the French on the field of Senef, and others had crossed swords with the infidels in the cause of Christendom on that great day when the siege of Vienna was raised."

In Europe the demand for this work is almost unprecedented, upwards of ten thousand copies of the first issue were circulated.

In America and Canada the same anxiety to obtain this History exists. And from Quebec, Mr. Sinclair has been obliged to write repeatedly for fresh supplies to meet the demand.

THE OLD JUDGE,

OR

LIFE IN A COLONY.

By the Author of "Sam Slick." Complete. 1s. 6d.

Many people are more than half tired with colonial matters generally, and with the affairs of Canada and Nova Scotia in particular; and many others never vouchsafe a thought in the midst of the political explosions and revolutionary grand crashes nearer home. But both these classes will find the "Old Judge" potent to rouse and to fix their attention; this he does by the simple art of telling things that he knows to be true, and telling them very cleverly, and as no one else does. Now, when people get originality, genuine talent, and truth-telling in an author, we think they must be very blind to their own interest, if they turn bilious and perverse, and will not enjoy the fare he sets before them because his opinions happen to be of different political colour. Knowledge and talent are excellent things, and the more of them we get in the world the better; no matter on which side of the great world-old human contest they may be enlisted. Depend upon it, knowledge and talent do good both sides; probably (if men could see all), those who possess these blessings do as much good to their opponents as to their own party; it is ignorance and knavery do all the mischief on both sides; and therefore we, although not martially inclined, are ready to echo the cry of "Guerre aux Coquins!" But for honourable, true-hearted, capital, gentlemanly fellows, like Halliburton, the clever, we cry out "No coughing him down!" "Silence!" "Let him have his say, for it will be well worth hearing, though he may take a rise out of us."

This delightful volume is devoted to the Blue Noses exclusively: Brother Jonathan and Uncle Sam having already sat for their pictures to that first-rate crayon-sketcher, Sam Slick. The old judge who has undertaken the office of limner on the present occasion is a favourable acquaintance of the readers of *Fraser's Magazine*; and the present work is in part composed of his contributions to that periodical. There is, however, much that is altogether new to the old England reader. The Nova Scotian is, in many respects, a very different animal from a Yankee, and from other American colonists; but we could not give a better general idea of his peculiarities than by quoting the following passage from the work before us:—

MR. BLUE NOSE.

"The Nova Scotian is often found superintending the cultivation of a farm, and building a vessel at the same time; and is not only able to catch and cure a cargo of fish, but to find his way with it to the West Indies or the Mediterranean; he is a man of all work, but expert in none—knows a little of many things, but nothing well. He is irregular in his pursuits, and all things by turns, and nothing long, and vain of his ability or information, but is a hardy, frank, good-natured, hospitable, manly fellow, and withal quite as good-looking as his air gives you to understand he thinks

himself to be. Such is the gentleman known throughout America as Mr. Blue Nose, a sobriquet acquired from a superior potato of that name, of the good qualities of which he is never tired of talking, being anxious, like most men of small property, to exhibit to the best advantage the little he had.

“ Although this term is applicable to all natives, it is more particularly so to that portion of the population descended from emigrants from the New England States, either previously to, or immediately after, the American Revolution. The accent of the Blue Nose is provincial, inclining more to Yankee than to English, his utterance rapid, and his conversation liberally garnished with American phraseology, and much enlivened with dry humour. From the diversity of trades of which he knows something, and the variety of occupations in which he has been at one time or another engaged, he uses indiscriminately the technical terms of all, in a manner that would often puzzle a stranger to pronounce whether he was a landsman or sailor, a farmer, mechanic, lumberer, or fisherman. These characteristics are more or less common to the people of New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton, and the scene of these sketches might perhaps to a very great extent be laid, with equal propriety, in those places as in Nova Scotia. But to Upper and Lower Canada they are not so applicable.”

In illustrations of the peculiarities of the Nova Scotian, morally, politically, socially, and individually, we have in the work itself tales and anecdotes, general reflections and detailed facts. Sam Slick's admirers may, perhaps, regret that there is here less of broad farce, ebullient humour, and indomitable satire than they are accustomed to from that intelligent traveller; but they must remember that one cannot live always on plum puddings or Indian pickle. We, for our parts, are inclined to rank the “ Old Judge” among the author's very best things; in it there is none of the exaggeration of imperfect knowledge. The Government, the town society, the natives, and the whole face of the country are familiar to him, and he describes them all fairly, fully, and on fitting occasion with the true *Slickish* humour. We have short space for criticism, and this we must shorten farther to admit one of our friend Steve's stories, which requires none.

THE MEAN MAN.

“ I've known some very mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now, he was so mean, he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. “ Lawyer,” he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, “ I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbour of mine, though considerably older than I be, and a mean neighbour he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

“ ‘ Parson,’ says he, ‘ what's the price of a license ?’

“ ‘ Six dollars,’ says he.

“ ‘ Six dollars!’ says Hugo; ‘ that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take no less?’

“ ‘ No,’ says he. ‘ That's what they cost me to the Secretary's office at Halifax.’

“ ‘ Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?’

“ ‘ Nothing,’ says parson.

“ ‘ Well,’ says Hugo, ‘ that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?’

“ ‘ Three Sundays.’

“ ‘ Three Sundays!’ says Hugo. ‘ Well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away, I must wait.’

“ ‘ So off he went a-jogging towards home, and a-looking about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went, as fast his horse could carry him.

“ ‘ Parson,’ says he, ‘ I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue, that I can't undo with my teeth.’

“ ‘ Why, what in natur is the meaning of all this?’ says parson.

“ ‘ Why,’ says Hugo, ‘ I've been eiphering it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bans, after all. You see, sir, it's a potato-digging time; if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and, as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to night, she can begin to dig our own to-morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And, besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy after a while.’

“ ‘ Oh my,’ said Miss Lucy, ‘ did you ever hear the beat of that? Well, I never!’”

Although Halliburton's humour does not belong to the highest order, it is excellent in its way, and is superior to any Transatlantic thing of the kind we are acquainted with.

As a lawyer of eminence, his observations on the constitutions of the colonies and the administrations of colonial affairs in Nova Scotia are very valuable, and to all persons who are of our opinion we especially recommend the perusal of a carefully written chapter at the end of the book, which is devoted to a clear exposition of the gradual growth of the present form of Government in British North America.

Those who have experienced none of the ups and downs of life, but have been placed, by the chance of birth or other good fortune, in affluence, estimation, and comfort, should at all times be very diffident of their supposed virtues, and avoid boasting even of those which may have been partially put to the test. Placed above the multitude, should occasion require their interference, they should be careful not to act too rigidly towards those whom temptation or bad example has led into crime, or whom hunger has almost compelled to transgress. It is quite enough that the arrogant Pharisee contemptuously pities from afar, or the severe moralist steels his heart and opposes a charitable feeling towards the poor and unfortunate; but to reprobate, without rendering assistance, is not only cruel, but is imposing cruelty on distress. Kindness to those who are poor and wretched, compassion towards those who err, and thankfulness that our own lot has been cast otherwise, would become us more than refining of the virtue of which (strictly speaking) the best of us possess but little, and of which the motive for that little is but too often doubtful.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE early sun was melting away the coronets of grey clouds on the brows of the mountains, and the lark, as if proud of its plumage, and surveying itself in an illuminated mirror, carolled over the bright water of Keswick, when two strangers met upon the side of lofty Skiddaw. Each carried a small bag and a hammer, betokening that their common errand was to search for objects of geological interest. The one appeared about fifty, the other some twenty years younger. There is something in the solitude of the everlasting hills, which makes men, who are strangers to each other, despite the ceremonious introductions of the drawingroom. So was it with our geologists—their place of meeting, their common pursuit, produced an instantaneous familiarity. They spent the day, and dined on the mountain-side together. They shared the contents of their flasks with each other; and, ere they began to descend the hill, they felt, the one towards the other, as though they had been old friends. They had begun to take the road towards Keswick, when the elder said to the younger—"My meeting with you to-day recalls to my recollection a singular meeting which took place between a friend of mine and a stranger about seven years ago, upon the same mountain. But sir, I will relate to you the circumstances connected with it; and they might be called the history of the Prodigal Son."

He paused for a few moments, and proceeded:—"About thirty years ago, a Mr. Fenwick was possessed of property in Bamboroughshire worth about three hundred per annum. He had married while young, and seven fair children cheered the hearth of a glad father and a happy mother. Many years of joy and of peace had flown over them, when Death visited their domestic circle, and passed his icy hand over the cheek of their first-born; and, for five successive years, as their children opened into manhood and womanhood, the unwelcome visitor entered their dwelling, till of their little flock there was but one, the youngest, left. and, O sir, in the leaving of that one, lay the cruelty of Death—to have taken him, too, would have been an act of mercy. His name was Edward, and the love, the fondness, and the care which his parents had borne for all their children, were concentrated on him. His father, whose soul was stricken with affliction, yielded to his every wish; and his poor mother.

' would not permit

The winds of heaven to visit his cheek too roughly."

But you shall hear how cruelly he repaid their love—how murderously he returned their kindness. He was headstrong and wayward; and, though the small, still voice of affection was never wholly silent in his breast, it was stifled by the storm of his passions and propensities. His first manifestation of open viciousness, was a delight in the brutal practice of cock-fighting; and he became a constant attender at every 'main' that took place in Northumberland. He was a habitual 'bettor', and his losses were frequent; but hitherto his father, partly through fear, and partly from a too tender affection, had supplied him with money. A 'main' was to take place in the neighbourhood of Morpeth, and he was present. Two noble birds were disfigured, the savage instruments of death were fixed upon them, and

they were pited against each other. 'A hundred to one on the Felton Grey!' shouted Fenwick. 'Done! for guineas!' replied another. 'Done! for guineas!—Done!' repeated the prodigal—and the next moment the Felton Grey lay dead on the ground, pierced through the skull with the spur of the other. He rushed out of the cockpit—'I shall expect payment to-morrow, Fenwick,' cried the other. The prodigal mounted his horse, and rode homeward with the fury of a madman. Kind as his father was, and had been, he feared to meet him or tell him the amount of his loss. His mother perceived his agony, and strove to soothe him.

'What is't that troubles thee, my bird?' inquired she; 'come, tell thy mother, darling?'

With an oath he cursed the mention of birds, and threatened to destroy himself.

'O Edward, love!' cried she, 'thou wilt kill thy poor mother—what can I do for thee?'

'Do for me!' he exclaimed, wildly, tearing his hair as he spoke—'do for me, mother!—give me a hundred pounds, or my heart's blood shall flow at your feet.'

'Child! child!' said she, 'thou hast been at thy black trade of betting again!—thou wilt ruin thy father, Edward, and break thy mother's heart. But give me thy hand on't, dear, that thou'lt bet no more, and I'll get thy father to give thee the money.'

'My father must not know,' he exclaimed; 'I will die rather.'

'Love! love!' replied she; 'but, without asking thy father, where could I get thee a hundred pounds?'

'You have some money, mother,' added he; 'and you have trinkets—jewellery!' He gasped, and hid his face as he spoke.

'Thou shalt have them!—thou shalt have them, child!' said she, 'and all thy mother has—only say thou wilt bet no more. Dost thou promise, Edward—oh, dost thou promise thy poor mother this?'

'Yes, yes!' he cried. And he burst into tears as he spoke,

He received the money, and the trinkets, which his mother had not worn for thirty years, and hurried from the house, and with them discharged a portion of his dishonourable debt

He, however, did bet again; and I might tell you how he became a horse-racer also; but you shall hear, that too. He was now about two and twenty, and for several years he had been acquainted with Eleanor Robinson—a fair being, made up of gentleness and love if ever woman was. She was an orphan, and had a fortune at her own disposal of three thousand pounds. Her friends had often warned her against the dangerous habits of Edward Fenwick. But she had given him her young heart—to him she had plighted her first vow—and, though she beheld his follies, she trusted that time and affection would wean him from them; and, with a heart full of hope and love, she bestowed on him her hand and fortune. Poor Eleanor! her hopes were vain; her love unworthily bestowed. Marriage produced no change on the habits of the prodigal son and thoughtless husband. For weeks he was absent from his own house, betting and carousing with his companions of the turf; while one vice led the way to another, and, by almost imperceptible degrees, he unconsciously sunk into all the habits of a profligate.

It was about four years after his marriage, when, according to his custom, he took leave of his wife for a few days, to attend the meeting at Doncaster.

' Good-by, Eleanor, dear,' said he, gaily, as he rose to depart, and kissed her cheek ; ' I shall be back within five days.'

' Well, Edward, said she, tenderly, ' if you will go, you must—but think of me, and think of these our little ones.' And, with a tear in her eye, she desired a lovely boy and girl to kiss their father. ' Now, think of us, Edward,' she added ; ' and do not bet, dearest—do no bet !'

' Nonsense, duck !' nonsense !' said he ; ' did you ever see me lose ?—do you suppose that Ned Fenwick is not ' wide awake ?' I know my horse, and its rider too—Barrymore's Highlander can distance everything. But, if it could not, I have it from a sure hand—the other horses are all ' *fase*.' Do you understand that—eh ?'

(To be continued.)

LAST EFFORTS—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

There is a spirit that, unseen by mortal eye, tracks the path of every man ; whose calm and motionless visage is ever nigh, dimly visible, and minatory ; and we name the spectre DEATH ! And so, beyond all the whirlpool of Mirabeau's confused life, we can note the pale outline of this spirit standing close at hand, and growing daily clearer as the fires of life are dying out.

For a long time, Mirabeau had been ailing, but in 1791, he grew rapidly worse. In addition to his old complaint of fever and ophthalmia, he was now afflicted with rheumatism, internal pains, temporary swellings of the limbs, and all the numerous warning cries of an exhausted nature, which as he steadily refused to heed these warnings, increased with fearful celerity. In February, as president, Dumont saw him bandaged in the evening sitting, to stanch the blood still trickling from the leeches applied after that of the morning ; and Mirabeau himself was sensible that he had entered into the vale from whence there is no retracing—that the shadow of the grave was upon him. His parting with Dumont at that period shows this :—

" When we were parting," writes that individual, " he embraced me with an emotion such as I had never seen in him. ' I shall die little by little, my good friend,' said he to me ; ' perhaps we shall never see each other more. When I shall be no more, they will know my value. *The evils that I have held back, will fall upon all parts of France ; that criminal faction which trembles before me will have no longer a rival.* I have nothing before my eyes but forebodings of misfortune. Ah ! my friend, we were right when we wished at the commencement to stop the Commons from declaring themselves the National Assembly : that is the origin of the evil. Since they have achieved that victory, they have not ceased to show themselves unworthy of it. They have sought to govern the king, instead of being governed by him ; *but soon neither they nor he will govern : a vile faction will rule over all and cover France with horrors !* "

So much from a systematic detractor is a glorious tribute ; but it is more as a manifestation of his consciousness of approaching death, than as a wonderful instance of prophetic power, that we cite it.

His sister grew alarmed ; more especially as she deemed he had not a sufficiently experienced medical adviser. He had, till two years previously, been attended by a celebrated physician, named Dr. Baignères, who, from long attendance and natural skill, had acquired a perfect knowledge of his system. With this gentleman he had unfortunately quarrelled, and now gave himself over to the exclusive care of a young literary surgeon, M. Cabanis ; more noted as a scholar, poet, and man of letters, than as a sound practitioner. Madame du Sailant used all her influence to induce him to recall Dr. Baignères, as also did Madame de Nehra ; whose solicitude was unaltered by their parting ; but it was all in vain : Mirabeau clung confidently to Cabanis, and the tide of fate flowed on.

In the middle of March, a vast acceleration was given to his end by an imprudent deviation from his accustomed moderation. He gave a midnight supper and banquet to a large and gay assembly, and exhausted himself by so doing. From that event, dates his dissolution ; and he himself felt it ; not now that he should soon die, but that he was actually dying. On leaving his sister one of those days, in bidding adieu to her and her lovely daughters, he said as he embraced the third, a budding beauty, " It is Death that embraces Spring !"

On Friday the 25th of March, the debate on the Regency closed ; and on Saturday evening, faithful to his habits, he went down to Argenteuil to commune with the unpolluted voices of nature, and direct the laying out of his new residence. It was the last draught of our great mother Mirabeau was destined to receive ; the sun that sets so goldenly this Sabbath upon the meadows of Argenteuil shall rise again, fresh from his bathing in the inexhaustible light-fountain ; the spring birds that, song-wearied, sink into slumber amid the sprouting copses, shall wake again to-morrow to pour out their songs anew ; and the young flowerets that are peeping forth shall start out boldly, bloom and wither, and re-arise next year as of old : but never, ah ! never shall *his eye behold them, never shall his soul inhale their god-sent lesson* : the world with all its verdure and freshness ; its glad bird-songs and its tinkling brook-falls ; and its proud thrones and base rascalities are dying away from him : the world recedes, and the eternities are drawing.

While at Argenteuil, on Sunday the 27th, he experienced a fearful and agonizing attack of colic, rendered doubly painful and dangerous from the absence of medical advice. In the face of all this, he determined to attend the Assembly on the Monday, to deliver a long and carefully-prepared oration on " Mines." This was an instigation of the purest friendship ; the Count de Lamarek and his family had vested a very large portion of their money in the mines of Anzin, and it was to preserve this from depreciation that he had spoken on the subject a few days before (on the 21st.) The Assembly had ordered his speech on that day to be printed ; but still Mirabeau was not certain that his ideas would be incorporated in their decree ; and so, on Monday the 28th, when almost dying, he proceeded to the Assembly.

On the way he was so much exhausted that he was obliged to call upon Lamarek, and lie for half an hour or so upon his sofa, in such a state of weakness and almost unconsciousness, that he could only gain sufficient strength to continue his route by the aid of strong cor-

dials. In this state he entered the Assembly, and five different times mounted the tribune, and spoke at considerable length each time—spoke till he had achieved his end and made his projects law; and then having sung his last swan melody, and bowed his "*moriturus vos saluto*," he staggered from the hall.

As he was walking down the terrace of the Feuillans, he was met by a young friend of his and of Cabanis, M. Lachèze; and Mirabeau accepted the support of his arm, describing, at the same time, the torture he was suffering from his immense labors that sitting. "You are killing yourself," said Lachèze. "Who could do less for justice and for friendship?" was the answer. When they descended from the terrace, a mighty concourse of people gathered round him; some cheering him, some preferring petitions, some asking questions, some gazing silently and wonderingly upon him. The noise and hubbub distracted him, and he said, half fainting, "Take me hence; I have need of repose:" and the young man took him.

They went away together, and Mirabeau, having had a bath, felt so much invigorated as to go to the Italian Opera: but he had not been there many minutes ere he was forced to retire by another and aggravated attack, so severe and sudden as to render him well-nigh incapable of descending to his carriage; and when they found that it was not in waiting, he had to be supported by his friends till it was found, and then he was driven home to that house he was never to leave again alive.

"After inconceivable efforts," says Cabanis, "he arrived, at last, at home, in a most frightful state. I found him nearly suffocating, breathing with great difficulty, the face swollen from the stoppage of blood in the lungs, the pulse intermittent and convulsive, the extremities cold, and himself making vain efforts to repress the cries his agony drew from him. Never, at the first sight, had any invalid appeared to me so decidedly death-stricken. My emotion, which was extreme, and which it was impossible for me to disguise, made him perceive too well what I thought of his state. He said to me, 'My friend, I feel very distinctly that it is impossible for me to live many hours in these painful anxieties: hasten, therefore; they cannot long continue.'"

And so, the Monarch of the Revolution has nothing left but to turn his face towards the wall, resigning himself to that which must be. And we ourselves, after narrating, all too unworthily, memorable sayings, memorable actions, and memorable scenes, find that we have now nothing further to narrate concerning our living hero, than that most memorable scene of all; which, so scenic, so picture-like is it, we have learned to name—**THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.**

And sublime and hero-like is that death; for if there could be any doubt concerning the magnanimity, the greatness of the healthful, active man, there can be none whatever of the dying one. In those last days of his, whatsoever was noblest in his nature stood out prominently without alloy, as floods forth with radiance an August sun, that, having battled with rain-clouds and tempests all the day, shines out unclouded at its setting! We shall see that, in those last and fearful hours, there dwelt no selfishness, no world-riot in his heart. The post-mortem examination will show how exasperating were his agonies; and yet, amid them all, his solicitude was not about himself, but solely about others; his thoughts dwelt not on individual prospects, on personal objects, but altogether, well-nigh, on that fair France

whose peace and whose prosperity were dying with him. Let us essay to paint the picture.

Early on Tuesday morning (the 29th) his illness began to be rumoured over Paris, and a few citizens, on presenting themselves at his door to make inquiries, learned the astounding tidings, that he was not merely ill, but was actually dying. One can imagine the reception of this unexpected information: not a sudden start and quick ejaculation, but a vague and semi-stupid stare, as though asking tacitly were it a dream or a reality; then a deep sigh, and a slow departure, to promulgate over the city that *Mirabeau is dying*.

Mirabeau dying! It cannot, may not be. But yesterday did we not see him? did we not hear him speak? and is he now leaving us for ever? leaving us, when more than ever his intellect, his oratory, his art of daring, are most wanting? when the Revolution wants consolidation, when our monarchy is in jeopardy, our infamous citizens rising into power, our lives and properties threatened with ruin, the man who alone could save us from universal alarm and carnage, ye say, is leaving us. It is too sudden to be probable; too dreadful to be credited; it may not, cannot, shall not be! Fearful and incredulous, greater numbers hasten thither: finding that the rumor was too true: that God's will is not man's, and that, even when they can least spare him, they must prepare to lose their Mirabeau.

Quick—as evil tidings ever do—flies over Paris the gloomy story, and calls up from each quarter the patriotic heart, until there floods upon the Chaussée d'Antin, a countless inundation of anxious but silent multitudes. They extend down the street to the Boulevard, where a barrier is erected in order that no vehicle should disturb the sick man's quiet. To this concourse, several times in the day, a written bulletin is handed out, and then printed, and dispatched over the length and breadth of Paris, that all men may know how fares the invalid. Twice a day with due etiquette, in full formality, does the king send openly, before all men's eyes, to ascertain the latest report; and several times besides come his private messengers: for King Louis feels that a fellow monarch is departing: feels that the last hope of his salvation hinges on that life. So intense was the feeling of the people, that Desmoulin's thanked Heaven that the king did not go himself in person, adding, "that step would have made him idolized."

Meanwhile, how is it with the sick man? The lamp of life flickers in and out inconstantly, giving at times hope to the spectators; unshared in by the sufferer, who knows his hours are numbered now. On the evening of Tuesday he revived, and his sanguine physician deemed him out of danger; and when he told his hopeful opinion to his patient, received this unselfish answer: *It is very sweet to owe our life unto a friend.* And then, anxious lest Cabanis's housekeeper should be expecting him, Mirabeau insisted upon his returning home; and when Cabanis told him he should return to pass the night by his side, said, as he grasped his hand, "My friend I have not courage to refuse you."

(To be continued.)



WOMEN are like flowers, in the spring of life they are beautiful and gladdening, the fairest ornament that love can wed to honour; in autumn they are still sweet, though withered, and are the herbs which give us health.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are grateful for the kind suggestions contained in the letter of "VERITAS," and think it true that a public journal should endeavour to please the public. Will our good-natured correspondent take the trouble to remember the old story of the man who in endeavouring to please everybody, pleased nobody.

Mr. W.—*You should not be too severe on our first number. Canada is not a hot bed of literature: before you expect perfection in our little plant, give it time to grow, make some allowance for the untried soil and the coldness of the climate.*

Mr. B.—*We have most gladly availed ourselves of your communication, and shall at all times be pleased to hear from you. We are neither elated by the encouragement we have received, nor frightened by the dash of cold water that some have thought proper to throw on our little journal; we may not be able to command success, but we shall endeavour to deserve it.*

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 17TH MARCH, 1849.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

Written for Sinclair's Journal.

Every three or four years Ireland is visited by some ambitious book-maker, bent on finding new features in the habits and manners of the people wherewith to fill his journal; sometimes in the shape of a political economist, with new nostrums for the relief of the over population and suggestions for improvements in the social condition. Sometimes in the shape of a picturesque traveller, with high-wrought descriptions of the scenery whose exaggerations are successfully combated by the engravings annexed to his book, such visitors generally bring their theory in their portmanteaus, and, thus it is, that poor "Old Ireland," and her sons are alternately flattered and abused. *Samuel Lover*, one of of Erin's sons, of whom she is justly proud, says to the

"*Irish Peasant*,"—Stand forth, poor Paddy, and at the bar hold up your hand; and a fine muscular fist of your own you have. Of what are you accused? What says the indictment? It sets forth:—whereas the prisoner at the bar is lazy, idle, improvident, superstitious, careless, ungrateful, ignorant, black-hearted, &c. I meet the first accusation with a flat denial; I deny it with both my hands.—Paddy is not lazy; he is sometimes idle; and why?

because he can get nothing to do; he is willing to work if he be offered employment, and if he can't get it, the idleness is not his fault. But lazy? no! he is active and energetic; he will work for sixpence a-day, or sometimes less—is that lazy? he will, for a trifle, run you an errand ten or fifteen miles, nearly in as short a time as a horse could perform the distance—is that lazy? and when he returns, if there's a piper in the way, he will dance up to his girl as nimbly as if he had not gone a perch—is that lazy? Then he will see the girl home, and most indubitably make love to her; ah! Paddy, there's the improvidence. "Why, Sir, it's not improvidence to make love; I make love myself, after a sort, and I'm a prudent Englishman or a far-sighted Scotchman."

"Oh! yes, sir, but when Paddy coaxes his Norah he means matrimony; that's the mischief; and there comes the terrible consequence of a family to perpetual poverty." But is it nothing to escape the sting of conscience that illicit love leaves behind; to have the heart expand under the holy influence of domestic affections; to enjoy the proud boast that his country-woman are among the purest of the earth, and that whatever murders may occur in Ireland, child murder is almost unknown! Let manufacturing towns consult this balance sheet, and on which side does the credit lie? Pat, you're not a bankrupt this time; you can pay twenty-shillings in the pound, in the Court of chastity!

Paddy's heart opens wider as his children increase to claim its affections; does he dread the scanty ridge of potatoes will not be enough for the wants of his rising family? No! with a holy reliance on the goodness of providence, he repeats the proverb he often heard his father repeat, and religiously believes "that God never sends mouths without sending something to feed them."

So much for Paddy's improvidence; now for his superstition. Why, as that athletic peasant bends over his sleeping child, does the devotion of an enthusiast mingle with the expression of a father's love? Because the baby has smiled in its slumber, and the father believes "it is talking with the angels;" who, with a particle of feeling would blame this innocent and lovely belief? Neither the head nor the heart are the worse for it. On the contrary, it has its birth in a lively affection and poetic imagination, and of the same class are most of his superstitions.

THE TASK,

AN AFFECTING STORY OF THE MOUNTAIN LOVERS.

Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a high mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart

to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man, and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback—apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man, (the son of a small landed proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, but not to nobility,) stood respectful looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart, that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such transports as is known only to real lovers; but none others know respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, ennobles and makes greater the respect. The lady stood by the side of him, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his valor and strength. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes, now on the crowd which she beheld not, and now on her hands and finger's ends which she doubled up towards with pretty pretence, the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother stepped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding the fears of the Lord Baron, kissed the hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this nummery," and the lover turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but sure, as if to encourage his mistress; they mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something, then ascends at a quick rate, and now, being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a shout. The baron with an air of indifference bites the end of his gauntlet, and then casts on them a look of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble, is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The woman begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again—he is half way between the middle and top—he crouches, he stops, he staggers, but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more his task; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way to conquer. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but

seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot every step, and then gaining ground with an effort, the lady lifts her arms as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top: he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very short steps and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top, he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See, at last he is on the top, and down he falls, with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! He has won!!! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy—the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind, "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed as that."

"Part them!" said the baron.

"Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. The people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron. "Sir, they are dead!"

THE CHOLERA.

The frightful havoc committed by the cholera during the years 1832 and 1834, in Quebec, and the probability of its visiting Canada again during the approaching summer points out the necessity of using every precaution to check the disease on its first approach—the following suggestions are amongst the most valuable that have been made known to the public, and are worthy the attention of all classes.

The necessity, in all cases of cholera, of an instant recourse to medical aid, and also under every form of indisposition; for during the prevalence of this epidemic, all disorders are found to merge into the dominant disease. Every impurity, animal and vegetable, should be quickly removed to a distance from habitations; and all uncovered drains should be carefully and frequently cleansed, the grounds in and around dwellings should be drained, so as effectually to carry off moisture of every kind.

Every room should be daily thrown open for the admission of fresh air; and this should be done about noon, when the atmosphere is most likely to be dry,

and dry scrubbing be used in domestic cleansing in place of water cleansing.

Excessive fatigue and exposure to damp and cold, especially during the night, or the use of cold and acid drinks, particularly when the body is heated, should be carefully avoided.

The wearing of wet and insufficient clothing, or excess in the use of ardent and fermented liquors and tobacco; acid fruits and vegetables, impure water in cooking, or to drink, should be all guarded against.

Personal cleanliness should be carefully observed, and every cause tending to depress the moral and physical energies, or exposure to extremes of heat and cold should be avoided.

In the dwellings of the poor where the crowding of persons in low and damp rooms is too often unavoidable, fires should be kept up during the night in sleeping or adjoining apartments,—the night being the period of most danger, especially under exposure to cold or damp, and all bedding and clothing, daily exposed during winter and spring to the fire, and in summer to the heat of the sun.

By the timely adoption of simple means, cholera or any other epidemic will be made to lose its venom. And too much or too strict an attention to ventilation cannot be adopted.

If foul and pure air were of different colours, we should very soon learn to repel the one and invite the other, in which case every house would be ventilated, and the air pipes, like gas pipes, would be introduced. Although we do not often see miasma, yet in travelling over the surface of the globe, how evident are its baneful effects. Let any one, after traversing the great oceans, contrast their healthful climate, with the low, swampy parts of India, with the putrid woods of the Shangallah in Abyssinia, or with any part of the Western Coast of Africa. In all these regions, miasma is either constantly or periodically generated by the corruption of vegetable matter; and the following description of the effects of this virus on the white population of Sierra Leone, is more or less equally applicable to all:—

“Those who are not absolutely ill are always ailing; in fact, all the white people seem to belong to a population of invalids. The sallowness of their complexion, the listlessness of their looks, the attenuation of their limbs, the instability of their gait, and the feebleness of the whole frame, that are so observable in this climate, are but too evident signs, even where organic disease has not yet set in, that the disordered state of the functions which goes under the name of impaired health exists, and in none is it more painfully evident than in the general appearance of the European women and children of this colony.”

PRAYER is the great consolation of men in religion; but it is a mercy that the hearing and granting of it is placed in the hands of the Highest, and quite beyond man's control; for who can look back on his past life without trembling, when he thinks on the mad and fatal petitions he has offered up, and reflects on what must have been his destiny had they been granted!

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

MY NATIVE TOWN.

I.

We have heard of Charybdis and Scylla of old;
Of Mealstrom the modern enough has been told;
Of Vesuvius' blazes all travellers bold

Have established the bright renown:
But spite of what ancients or moderns have said
Of whirlpools so deep, or volcanoes so red,
The place of all others on earth that I dread
Is my beautiful native town.

II.

Where they sneer if you're poor, and they snarl if
you're rich;

They know every cut that you make in your flitch;
If your hose should be daru'd, they can tell every stitch;
And they know when your wife's got a gown.
The *old* one, they say, was made *new*—for the brat;
And they're sure you love mice—for you can't keep a cat;
In the hot flame of scandal how blazes the fat,
When it falls in your own native town.

III.

If a good stream of blood chance to run in your veins,
They think to remember it not worth the pains,
For losses of caste are to them all the gains,
So they treasure each base renown.
If your mother sold apples—your father his oath,
And was crop'd of his ears—yet you'll hear of them both,
For loathing all low things they never are loath,
In your virtuous native town.

IV.

If the dangerous heights of renown you should try
And give all the laggards below the go-by,
For fear you'd be hurt with your climbing so high,
They're the first to pull you down.
Should Fame give you wings, and you mount in despite
They swear Fame is wrong, and that they're in the right
And reckon you *there*—though you're far out of sight
Of the owls of your native town.

V.

Then give me the world, boys! that's open and wide,
Where honest in purpose and honest in pride,
You are taken for *just what you're worth* when you're
tried,
And have paid your reckoning down.
Your coin's not mistrusted—the critical scale
Does not weigh ev'ry piece, like a huxter at sale;
The *mint mark* is on it—although it might fail
To pass in your native town.



THE VACANT CHAIR.

(Continued from page 12.)

He cast an inquisitive glance around his dwelling, and a convulsive shiver passed over his manly frame, as his eye again fell on the vacant chair, which no one had ventured to occupy. Hour succeeded hour, but the company separated not; and low, sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbours," said Adam Bell, "the morn is a new day, and we will wait to see what it may bring forth; but, in the meantime, let us read a portion o' the Divine word, an' kneel together in prayer, that, whether or not the day-dawn cause light to shine upon this singular berævement, the Sun o' Righteousness may arise wi' healing on his wings, upon the hearts o' this afflicted family, an' upon the hearts o' all present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands; and his friend, taking down the Ha' Bible, read the chapter wherein it is written—"It is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting;" and again the portion which sayeth—"It is well for me that I have been afflicted, for, before I was afflicted, I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no tidings of the lost son. After a solemn farewell, all the visitants, save Adam Bell and his daughter, returned every one to their own house; and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed their search among the hills and surrounding villages.

Days, weeks, months, and years rolled on. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy calm; but their lost first-born was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had been discovered. The general belief was, that he had perished on the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived, merely spoke of his death as a "very extraordinary circumstance," remarking that "he was a wild, venture-some sort o' lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliot still kept it in commemoration of the birth-day of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, sadness and silence characterised the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, and still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But, as the younger branches of the family advanced in years, the remembrance of their brother became less poignant. Christmas was, with all around them, a day of rejoicing, and they began to make merry with their friends; while their parents partook in their enjoyment, with a smile, half of approval and half of sorrow.

Twelve years had passed away; Christmas had again come. It was the counterpart of its fatal predecessor. The hills had not yet cast off their summer verdure; the sun, although shorn of its heat, had lost none of its brightness or glory, and looked down upon the earth as though participating in its gladness; and the clear blue sky was tranquil as the sea sleeping beneath the moon. Many visitors had again assembled at Marchlaw. The sons of Mr. Elliot, and the young men of the party, were assembled upon a level green near the house, amusing themselves with throwing the hammer and other Border games, while himself and the elder guests stood by as spectators, recounting the deeds of their youth. Johnson, the sheep farmer, whom we have al-

ready mentioned, now a brawny and gigantic fellow of two-and-thirty, bore away in every game the palm from all competitors. More than once, as Peter beheld his sons defeated, he felt the spirit of youth glowing in his veins, and, "Oh!" muttered he, in bitterness, "had my Thomas been spared to me, he would hae thrown his heart's bluid after the hammer, before he would hae been beat by e'er a Johnson in the country!"

While he thus soliloquized, and with difficulty restrained an impulse to compete with the victor himself, a dark, foreign-looking, strong-built seaman, unceremoniously approached, and, with his arms folded, cast a look of contempt upon the boasting conqueror. Every eye was turned with a scrutinizing glance upon the stranger. In height he could not exceed five feet nine, but his whole frame was the model of muscular strength; his features were open and manly, but deeply sunburnt and weather-beaten; his long glossy, black hair, curled into ringlets by the breeze and the billow, fell thickly over his temples and forehead; and whiskers of a similar hue, more conspicuous for size than elegance, gave a character of fierceness to a countenance otherwise possessing a striking impress of manly beauty. Without asking permission, he stepped forward, lifted the hammer, and, swinging it round his head, hurled it upwards of five yards beyond Johnson's most successful throw. "Well done!" shouted the astonished spectators. The heart of Peter Elliot warmed within him, and he was hurrying forward to grasp the stranger by the hand, when the words groaned in his throat, "It was just such a throw as my Thomas would have made!—my own loss, Thomas!" The tears burst into his eyes, and, without speaking, he turned back, and hurried towards the house, to conceal his emotion.

Successively, at every game, the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him; when a messenger announced that dinner waited their arrival. Some of the guests were already seated, others entering; and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliot, was Elizabeth Bell, still in the noontide of her beauty; but sorrow had passed over her features, like a veil before the countenance of an angel. Johnson, crest-fallen and out of humour at his defeat, seated himself by her side. In early life, he had regarded Thomas Elliot as a rival for her affections; and, stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, he yet prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table; and still by his side unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair, the chair of his first-born, whereon none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance:

"Bairns," said he, "did nane o' ye ask the sailor to come up and tak a bit o' dinner wi' us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger, entering; "and the wind shall blow from a new point if I destroy the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye're a stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is no a meeting o' mirth-makers. But, I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome. Haste ye, lassies," he added to the servants; "some o' ye get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman, indeed!" muttered Johnson between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman; "this will do!" And, before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had thrown himself carelessly into the hallowed, the venerated, the twelve-years-unoccupied chair! The spirit of sacrilege uttering blasphemies from a pulpit could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation, than did this filling of the vacant chair, the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, Sir! excuse me, Sir!" said Peter, the words trembling upon his tongue; "but ye cannot—ye cannot sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "get out o' that! get out o' that!—take my chair!—take ony chair i' the house!—but dinna, dinna sit there! It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death o' my dear bairn!—and to see it filled by another is a thing I canna endure!"

"Sir! Sir!" continued the father, "ye have done it through ignorance, and we excuse ye. But that was my Thomas's seat! Twelve years this very day—his birth-day—he perished, Heaven kens how! He went out from our sight, like the cloud that passes over the hills—never—never to return. And, O Sir, spare a father's feelings! for to see it filled wrings the blood from my heart!"

"Give me your hand, my worthy soul!" exclaimed the seaman; "I revere—nay, hang it! I would die for your feelings! But Tom Elliot was my friend, and I cast anchor in this chair by special commission. I know that a sudden broadside of joy is a bad thing; but, as I don't know how to preach a sermon before telling you, all I have to say is—that Tom an't dead."

"Not dead!" said Peter, grasping the hand of the stranger, and speaking with an eagerness that almost choked his utterance; "O Sir! Sir! tell me how!—how!—Did ye say, living?—Is my ain Thomas living?"

"Not dead, do ye say?" cried Mrs. Elliot, hurrying towards him and grasping his other hand—"not dead! And shall I see my bairn again? Oh! may the blessing o' Heaven, and the blessing o' a broken-hearted mother be upon the bearer o' the gracious tidings! But tell me—tell me, how is it possible! As ye would expect happiness here or hereafter, dinna, dinna deceive me!"

"Deceive you!" returned the stranger, grasping, with impassioned earnestness, their hands in his—"Never!—never! and all I can say is—Tom Elliot is alive and hearty."

"No, no!" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "he does not deceive us; there is that in his countenance which bespeaks a falsehood impossible." And she also endeavoured to move towards him, when Johnson threw his arm around her to withhold her.

"Hands off, you land-lubber!" exclaimed the seaman, springing towards them, "or, shiver me! I'll shew daylight through your timbers in the turning of a hand-spike!" And, clasping the lovely girl in his arms, "Betty, Betty! my love!" he cried, "don't you know your own Tom? Father, mother, don't you know me? Have you really forgot your own son? If twelve years have made some change on his face, his heart is sound as ever."

His father, his mother, and his brothers, clung around him, weeping, smiling, and mingling a hundred questions together. He threw his arms around the neck

of each, and in answer to their inquiries, replied—"Well! well! there is time enough to answer questions, but not to-day—not to-day!"

"No, my bairn," said his mother, "we'll ask you no questions—nobody shall ask ye any! But how—how were ye torn away from us, my love? And, O hinny! where—where hae ye been?"

"It is a long story, mother," said he, "and would take a week to tell it. But, howsoever, to make a long story short, you remember when the smugglers were pursued, and wished to conceal their brandy in our house, my father prevented them; they left muttering revenge—and they have been revenged. This day twelve years, I went out with the intention of meeting Elizabeth and her father, when I came upon a party of the gang concealed in Hell's Hole. In a moment half a dozen pistols were held to my breast, and, tying my hands to my sides, they dragged me into the cavern. Here I had not been long their prisoner, when the snow, rolling down the mountains, almost totally blocked up its mouth. On the second night, they cut through the snow, and, hurrying me along with them, I was bound to a horse, between two, and, before day-light, found myself stowed, like a piece of old junk, in the hold of a smuggling lugger. Within a week, I was shipped on board a Dutch man-of-war; and for six years was kept dogging about on different stations, till our old yawing hulk received orders to join the fleet which was to fight against the gallant Duncan at Camperdown. To think of fighting against my own countrymen, my own flesh and blood, was worse than to be cut to pieces by a cat-o'-nine tails; and, under cover of the smoke of the first broadside, I sprang upon the gunwale, plunged into the sea, and swam for the English fleet. Never, never shall I forget the moment that my feet first trod upon the deck of a British frigate! My nerves felt as firm as her oak, and my heart free as the pennant that waved defiance from her mast-head! I was as active as any one during the battle; and, when it was over, and I found myself again among my own countrymen, and all speaking my own language, I fancied—nay, hang it! I almost believed—I should meet my father, my mother, or my dear Bess, on board of the British frigate. I expected to see you all again in a few weeks at farthest; but, instead of returning to Old England, before I was aware, I found it was helm about with us. As to writing, I never had an opportunity but once. We were anchored before a French fort; a packet was lying alongside ready to sail; I had half a side written, and was scratching my head to think how I should come over writing about you, Bess, my love, when, as bad luck would have it, our lieutenant comes to me, and says he, 'Elliot,' says he, 'I know you like a little smart service; come, my lad, take the head oar, while we board some of those French bum-boats under the batteries! I couldn't say no. We pulled ashore, made a bonfire of one of their craft, and were setting fire to a second, when a deadly shower of small-shot from the garrison scuttled our boat, killed our commanding officer with half of the crew, and the few who were left of us were made prisoners. It is of no use bothering you by telling how we escaped from French prison. We did escape; and Tom will once more fill his vacant chair.'

Should any of our readers wish farther acquaintance with our friends; all we can say is, the new year was still young when Adam Bell bestowed his daughter's

hand upon the heir of Marchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant chair again occupied, and a namesake of the third generation prattling on his knee.

VARIETIES.

Duties are ours: events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of the miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely, lay down his head and close his eyes.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.

It is a melancholy thing when any one who professes devotion to the pure service of wisdom, and who must know how few as yet imagine that there is such a vocation for man, at the same time complains fretfully of the indifference and injustice of the world. If wisdom is not better than the world of to-day, why not serve the world instead of wisdom? If it is, why complain of the exchange by which you have been so much the gainer? The jewel hidden under the sand of the desert laments not its dark and silent lot. The sand lies open to the sun and dews, and to the feet of the ostrich, the antelope, the camel, and of all unclean beasts. The jewel is concealed because it is, not because it is not, precious. When the true day comes which will consign the dust to neglect, it will be owned and honoured, at all events, to be a spark of diamond is more than to be a grain of sand.

The helve of the hatchet disputed against the blade, which was the worthier? Nay, said the wise raven, which listened to the argument, and had not spoken for a thousand years before, the steel will hew a hundred handles for itself, but the hundred handles could never shape one blade.

A man must have bread to live on, bread growing in the fields around him, ground in a mill, and baked in an oven within his reach. Dust, indeed, he may find without having it sown, or reaped, or ground, or baked for him; and a traveller may tell him of fruits and viands much better than bread to be found in India or the Moon; but the dust will not feed him, nor the name of pine-apples and nectar serve him for dinner. So is it with our need of religion. Worldly maxims of prudence and knowledge will not do as a substitute; and philosophy, which, to be comprehensive and lasting, must be religious philosophy, is for all but a few as airy as the rumour of a magic garden, and the tale of lunar feasts and quintessential potatoes.



THE ASTRINGENT TROUSER FASTENER.—Certainly a man's slippers and easy chair, honestly earned by a day of honest and useful toil, are a corner

from out of Elysium. The sooner a man gains such possession, therefore, the more adds he to his sum of happiness. But there are obstacles, and one of the greatest is—straps! A wet and wearied man returns home; the cloth of his trousers clings with unwelcome pertinacity to his foot; a collection of that most adhesive of all mires, London mire, is formed about his boot, and in that dirt are embedded his—straps! What obstacles their removal presents to his easy chair; how many men, not unregardful of their personal appearance, have encountered all the unsightliness of slack and crumpled foot gear (as regard trousers,) rather than be pestered with—straps! Then the scraper! The strap and the scraper are naturally antagonistic; the leather pulls down the iron or the iron pulls off the leather. An "astriector fastener," has been invented so ingeniously "made of springs, and such like things," as Cowper sings, that straps are dispensed with, and the trouser sits, or sets which ever be the right word (tailors don't use it in their bills, so the orthography is vague), sits, or sets, better. There is no fastening underneath the foot. The apparatus is mainly attached to the heel of the trouser, holding it smartly to the boot heel, so securely and simply, too (nothing being visible the while), that in the most active fencing it holds its own. It is easily removeable. George IV, would assuredly have pronounced this invention excellent. It is "important to ladies," as everything tending to preserve good humour in their lords must be. A most ingenious "fastener."



THE DOUBLE DIAPHRAGM SEWER.—Now that the Tooting tragedy has proved the necessity of improved sewerage, alike in town and country, it may be useful to call attention to this sewer as one upon a new principle. There are two separate channels, so arranged that the house drainage (the value of which is admitted), is separated from the mere flood water, which is not only comparatively valueless, but spoils the manure, which is of value. The arrangement provides a perfect control over both channels (without complication), and at the same time secures the advantage of a subway, by which access may be had to the drain of every house, as also to the lower sewer at any point, without disturbing the street or breaking up the roads. All who traverse the streets of London must feel what a desideratum that is. The Double Diaphragm Sewer has moreover the recommendation of economy, especially if worked in Mr. Buckwell's patent artificial granite, which presents a surface peculiarly adapted for the transmission of fluids.



REIN'S LACTATORY, OR BREAST RELIEVER.—Mr. Rein, the surgical and acoustic instrument maker, 110, Strand, has registered a very philosophical instrument, for drawing off superfluous milk, in lactation, and

relieving inflammation. To comprehend the nature of the invention it is necessary that the reader should bear in mind that metals have a much greater power of conducting heat than glass. The instrument consists of an oval vessel, composed partly of German silver and partly of glass, very nicely adjusted together, so as to be perfectly air-tight. The principle of its action depends upon the continuous production of a *partial vacuum* by the *gradual condensation* of steam (with which the vessel is filled when applied) by the evaporation of its heat from the metal part. The *partial vacuum* which is thus produced causes the milk to flow in a continuous stream, while the patient remains almost unconscious. Of the instruments hitherto made, there is more or less of an intermittent action, which causes great pain to those mothers who require the relief this instrument is formed to afford. The lactatory is also very easily applied, as it only needs to be filled with hot water, and it becomes self-acting, and can therefore be easily managed by the patient herself. Another quality of its make is that it cannot get out of order, and is not liable to be broken.

THE PATENT DIATONIC FLUTE.—This instrument has the peculiar advantage over other flutes of retaining the old method of fingering while it affords numerous additional and advantageous fingerings impracticable on the old flute. It differs entirely in its construction from any other flute in the size and position of the holes, and the mathematical proportions of the bore. It is tuned on a system strictly based upon principles of acoustics, which forms the ground work of its superiority, and consequently possesses correctness of tune throughout the whole compass of the instrument. The ineffective quality of several intervals on the old flute, occasioned by the disproportionate size of the holes, and the inequality of their respective distances, is entirely remedied on this flute, where they are of an equal character throughout, and partaking of the same firmness and power. It is easier of execution on account of the fingers not being required to stretch so far as on the ordinary flute, and the tones are produced with greater facility. The term diatonic has been applied to this flute in order to direct particular attention to its capability of producing the various shades or difference of pitch (called *enharmonics*), requisite to produce all the major and minor diatonic scales in perfect tune. The chromatic intervals are all equally pure and strictly in tune, and a chromatic scale of harmonic intervals can be executed with great facility, which even the greatest performers have never been able to accomplish on the old flute. The merits of this flute have been fully tested by many eminent professors, and amateurs of distinction, and it is adopted in several orchestras in London, including that of her Majesty's theatre.

SIR JOHN BARROW.

The life of Sir John Barrow, who has recently died full of years and of honours, presents a remarkable instance of the success which almost invariably attends untiring industry and perseverance of purpose. His was not that headlong enthusiasm which pursues with ardour some unattainable object, while it turns away with disgust from the homely duties and circumstances of life. The most marked features of his character were, an inherent and inveterate hatred of idleness, and a promptitude in seizing every opportunity of instruction, whereby he was enabled in early life to acquire a large stock of practical information, all of which proved serviceable to him during the more eventful period of his later years. He was born in June 1764, in a small cottage in the obscure village of Dragleybeck, near Ulverstone, North Lancashire; but perhaps his early life may be best described in his own words, as quoted from a very interesting autobiographical memoir which appeared only a year or two ago. He writes:—'I was the only child of Roger and Mary Barrow. The small cottage which gave me birth had been in my mother's family nearly two hundred years, and had descended to her aunt, who lived in it to the age of eighty; and in it my mother died at the advanced age of ninety. To the cottage were attached three or four small fields, sufficient for the keep of as many cows, which supplied our family with milk and butter, besides reserving a portion of land for a crop of oats. There was also a paddock behind the cottage, appropriated to the cultivation of potatoes, peas, beans, and other culinary vegetables, which, with the grain, fell to the labour of my father, who, with several brothers, the sons of an extensive farmer, was brought up to that business in the neighbourhood of the lakes. At the bottom of the paddock runs the beck or brook, a clear stream, that gives the name to the village, and abounds with trout. Contiguous to the cottage was also a small flower garden, which in due time fell to my share—that is, while yet a young boy, I had full charge of keeping up a supply of the ordinary flowers of the season. I did more: I planted a number of trees of different kinds, which grew well, but long after I left home many of them were destroyed. One of them, however, it appears, has survived, and must now be from seventy to seventy-five years old; and the mention of it kindles in my bosom a spark of gratitude, which an imputation of vanity even will not allow me to suppress.'

The only scholastic education Barrow ever received was at the Ulverstone Town Bank Grammar-school; at first under the tuition of an old man named Hodgson, who was very ignorant, but kind to his pupils. One day, being pleased with Barrow's proficiency, he brought him into his wife's shop (for she was a sort of stationer), and spreading on the counter a great number of books for young people,



desired him to choose any one he pleased as a present. 'I pitched,' writes Sir John, 'upon a small history of the Bible with woodcuts, which so pleased the old man, that he foretold to my parents that I should prove a treasure to them. Trifling as this was it produced its effect, and has on many occasions recurred to my memory.'

When Barrow was about eight years old, the Town Bank School passed under the care of an excellent classical scholar, the Rev. William Tyson Walker, curate of the parish church; and he enjoyed this gentleman's instructions until he was thirteen, at which time he had advanced to the head of his class, having read Livy, Horace, Virgil, Homer, &c. He also acquired some knowledge of mathematics from a perambulating teacher who used to pay an annual visit to Ulverstone, and gave lessons in an apartment adjoining the school.

About this time one or two circumstances occurred, which, trivial as they may appear, exercised a considerable influence on the future events of his life. Just as he was about to leave school, a gentleman who had the care of Colonel Braddyll's estates in Yorkshire called on the master of Town Bank to know if he could recommend two of the youths best informed in arithmetic and geometrical calculation to assist him in taking an accurate survey of the colonel's extensive estate of Conished Priory, near Ulverstone. He immediately named Zaccheus Walker, his nephew, and young Barrow. They gladly agreed to the proposed arrangement; but neither of them feeling qualified to go alone, they consented on the understanding that all should be done under the direction of Mr. Cottam, the agent to Colonel Braddyll.

'We remained,' writes Barrow, 'at the Priory about two months, in which time we completed the survey, to the satisfaction, as I afterwards learned, of Colonel Braddyll, and I may add, for my own part, incalculable benefit, derived from witnessing the practised methods of conducting a survey of the various descriptions of surface—for it contained all—level, hilly, woodland, and water; and it was not the less useful to me, from the practical knowledge acquired of the theodolite and of the several mathematical instruments in the possession of Mr. Cottam. In fact, during our sojourn at the Priory, I so far availed myself of the several applications of these instruments, that, on arriving in London some years afterwards, I published a small treatise to explain the practical use of a case of mathematical instruments, being my first introduction to the press, for which I obtained twenty pounds, and was not a little delighted to send my first fruits to my mother.

'Another circumstance occurred on leaving school, apparently of little importance, to which, notwithstanding, I must to a certain extent trace back my future fortunate progress in life, as will hereafter be shown. Five or six of the upper boys agreed to subscribe for the purpose of purchasing a celestial

globe, and also a map of the heavens, which were lodged in the mathematical apartment of Town Bank School, to be made use of jointly, or separately, as should be decided on. Our cottage at Dragleybeck was distant a mile or more, yet such was my eagerness of acquiring a practical knowledge of the globe and map, that I never omitted a starlight night without attending to the favourite pursuit of determining certain constellations and their principal stars, for one, two, or three hours, according as they continued above the horizon. It was a pleasure then, and a profit thereafter.'

About this time Barrow got acquainted with the son of a neighbouring farmer, an intelligent youth, who, having been severely wounded while serving in the navy, had returned home with the desire of studying for orders; and Barrow gladly assisted in 'brushing up his mathematics, and still more his classics; while the midshipman as readily initiated him in the mysteries of navigation, a sort of knowledge which he thought might prove useful in case of his betaking himself to a seafaring life.

In this manner were Barrow's leisure hours passed during a year he spent at home; he also amused himself with scientific experiments: and having fallen in with an account of Benjamin Franklin's electrical kite, he prepared a string, steeped in salt water, with a glass handle to it, and fixing his kite, obtained abundance of sparks. An old woman, curious to see what was going on, our young philosopher could not resist the temptation to give her a shock, which so frightened her, that she spread a report that he was no better than he should be; for that he was drawing down fire from heaven. The alarm ran throughout the village, and his mother prevailed on him to lay aside his kite.

Barrow being earnestly desirous to increase his mathematical knowledge, and having been informed that there lived in the hills an old farmer named Gibson, who went among his neighbours by the appellation of the *wise man*, on account of his profound knowledge on almost every subject, and more especially of mathematics, he walked some eight or nine miles to see this rustic wonder, and was so charmed with his new acquaintance, that he repeated his visit three or four times. From this intercourse with Mr. Gibson resulted happy consequences to him in after-life.

(To be continued.)

MAN is an imperfect and fallible being. His existence is a struggle between the animal and the spiritual life. His passions, wholly unregulated, lead him to crime, to error, to misery, to folly, from all of which the mind attempts to restrain him. To aid the mind in this task, we have education and religion, and an innate sense of right, which we call conscience. It appears also that our existence in this world is one of probation; hence it is an existence of mingled smiles and tears, but as all frank men will allow, with the smiles predominating.



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