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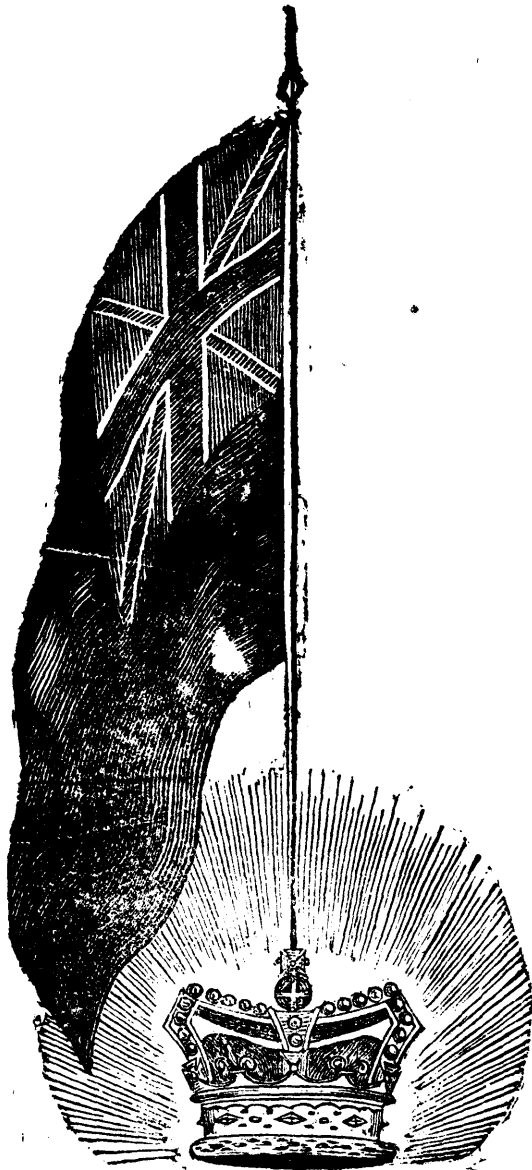
SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

OF

BRITISH

North

America.



VOL. I.

QUEBEC, 3RD MARCH, 1849.

No. 1.

Peter Sinclair to the public!!!

GOOD PUBLIC—Peter Sinclair admits that it requires some nerve to present himself before your fastidious eye as a disseminator of readable articles—and in this age of ours when thrones not only totter—but tumble—when mobs play at skittles with old monarchies and bowl them down on every hand, he acknowledges that there is a great degree of presumption in asking you “dear public” to turn from the contemplation of startling events to give atten-

tion to the perusal of such a modest, unpretending journal as he now places before you—for the liberty—it is sure to be called such—of circulating this British North America—much that is useful, instructive and amusing—Peter Sinclair has already obtained his own forgiveness—and is willing to believe—that—with all your faults “worthy public” you will not withhold your’s. If there be any ill-natured enough to sneer at Peter Sinclair for this “venture,” he takes this opportunity of announcing that in his varied stock he has not the least particle of enmity,—but as he believes the majority will feel

inclined to cry out "well done" he will give as his reason for the attempt. That as a good deal of time is devoted in *our* quiet city of Quebec—to eating—drinking—dancing—fiddling—making love and jilting—laughing and the contrary, he thinks that when good people are at home—sitting down in a sober contemplative frame of mind, that his little journal may prove an agreeable companion—that is—if they treat it as people should treat a bag of filberts placed on the table after dinner—sit down to its contents in the full anticipation of finding something good in them—throw away the bad ones of course, and crack only the good, and not condemn the whole lot because there happen to be one or two among them, not quite so sound as the rest—if this is done kindly, as if people had made up their minds to enjoy themselves—finding fault reluctantly and allowing the good fruit to outweigh in their judgment the bad—Peter Sinclair promises all who rise from the table—spread by his little journal—a contented feeling and a satisfied appetite.

And now "worthy public" there is nothing more to add save Peter Sinclair's resolved to exclude everything of a political character from his publication—because he finds that amidst the rapid changes that have lately taken place amongst "men and nations"—he has lost all political notions that he previously indulged, and feeling perfectly happy without such dangerous customers, he has resolved never again to renew his stock.

The Scotch Soldier.

A TRUE STORY.

Seven or eight years ago, I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk; and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking-stick, and gazing intently on the fairy palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's; yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a course grey great-coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language, in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue, and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial-ground by the way-side, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy; and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."

He picked up a small stone from the ground, and, throwing it gently about ten yards, "That," added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no grave-stone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living; and," continued he, with a sigh, "may I also find their love! It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He dropped his head upon his breast for a few moments, and was silent; and, hastily raising his forefinger to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then, turning to me, he continued,—“You may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier; but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighbourhood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her for ever. I could not, and he turned me from his house. I wandered—I knew not, and I cared not, whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need, I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and, in a few weeks, I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank Fate! I was present when the Scots Greys, flying to our aid, raised the electric shout, ‘Scotland for ever!’—‘Scotland for ever!’ returned our tartaned clansmen; ‘Scotland for ever!’ reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and ‘Scotland for ever!’ re-echoed ‘victory!’ ‘Heavens!’ added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul, “to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum!”

In a few moments, the animated soul, that gave eloquence to his tongue, drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and, resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued—“I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father—nothing of my mother—nothing of her I love!”

While he was yet speaking, the grave-digger, with a pick-axe and a spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial-place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered—he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall—he rushed towards the spot.

“Maan!” he exclaimed in agony, “whose grave is that?”

“Hoot! awa wi’ ye!” said the grave-digger, starting back at his manner; “whatna way is that to gliff a body!—are ye daft?”

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand; "whose grave—whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death, "ye're surely out o' yer head; it's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave; now, are ye onything the wiser for spierin'?"

"My father!" cried my comrade, as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed, inquiringly—"My mother?"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bed-side.

"My mother!—Oh, my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me! Look at me—speak to me—I am your own son—your own Willie—have you, too, forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and, as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother; his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other; he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals, and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded. For several weeks, his search was fruitless; but, at length, he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an

apartment on the right—again he knocked, but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor; and, amongst them, a minister, commencing the marriage-service of the Church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused, the bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired, "What do ye want, sir?" but, instantly recognising his features, he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half-choked with passion, continued—"Sorrow takes for a scoundrel! What's brought ye here—and ye mair especially at a time like this! Get oot o' the house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get oot o' the house, and never darken my door again wi' yer no-good-do-weel countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridesmaid.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside; "since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell, for auld langsyne—you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not—he took her hand; but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And, as he gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face, the very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love, and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say *farewell*; but, at present, maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see for, O Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truthfulness to your love, as the farmer trusts to seed-time and harvest, and is not disappointed. O Jeanie, woman, this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow. But ye maun be anither's now—fareweel!—fareweel!!

"No! no!—my ain Willie! she exclaimed, recovering from the action of stupefaction; "my hand is free, and my heart has aye been yours—save me, Willie! save me!" And she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder; but he looked in vain. The father again seized the grey coat of the soldier, and, almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company, the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell!—or what are ye?—will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy middle-aged man, left the house, gnashing his teeth.

Badly as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked in the British Army, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved—Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to captain Campbell, of Her Majesty's regiment, to whom she, long years before, had given her young heart.

The incidents in the foregoing tale are true—the names of the parties are alone fictitious—and a very few months have passed away, since the officer alluded to, with his happy wife, left Canada, where he had been serving for some time with his regiment.

THE GREAT BEDFORD LEVEL.

While the western side of the island of Great Britain is remarkable for its generally rocky and mountainous character, the eastern side is for the most part equally distinguished by its alluvial plains and soft sylvan scenery; the truth seeming to be, that the eastern coast is composed to a large extent of the washings of mud and sand from the higher regions of the west. In some places, the beach on the eastern shore consists of wide tracts of pure sand laid bare at the recess of the tides, and at others it is of the character of a marsh, in which water and vegetation carry on a contest for mastery. We propose to give a short account of the largest of these marshes, usually called 'the great level of the fens,' or 'the Great Bedford Level.'

The district comprised in this term, about seventy miles long, and from twenty to forty wide, containing nearly 700,000 acres, is bounded by the high lands of six counties—Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln. The waters of nine counties are carried through it by eight rivers, four of which—the Witham, Welland, Nene, and Ouse—discharging their contents into the great estuary of the Wash, form the natural outfalls for that portion of the country. For a long period, extending farther back than our oldest historical records, this district has been an immense swamp, dreary and pestilential. The quantity of water pouring down from the uplands was greater than, from the levelness of the surface and choked condition of the outlets, could find a ready passage to the sea; besides which, the tides from the German Ocean rushing up the streams caused periodical inundations, and the whole region became a succession of shoals, stagnant lakes or marshes, with intervening spaces of slimy bog, and a few elevated spots resembling islands. Such a wilderness as this must have been a paradise for wild-fowl, noxious reptiles, and barbarian freebooters. We have no knowledge of any attempts at reclamation prior to those of the Romans; remains of forts, mounds, and gravel dikes made by these enterprising invaders being yet visible. One of their dikes, commencing on the Nene at Peterborough, may be traced to Lincoln, and according to the late Mr. Rennie, as far as the Trent. From what we know of the Romans, we may believe that their works were maintained by powerful industry; they compelled the natives to cut down trees and raise banks; but on their departure in the fifth century, the barriers and drains were neglected and destroyed, and the fens relapsed into their original condition. During the Saxon rule several monasteries were built on some of the higher grounds, the immediate precincts of which were doubtless protected and improved by the monks; but beyond this nothing was done in the way of general improvement. Readers of history will remember the use made of the fens in the Danish and Norman invasions; the woods and Marshes became strongholds for fugitives, and a camp of refuge was held for many years in defiance of the enemy. It is probable that the condition of the district may have been sometimes better than at others; for Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury speak of it in glowing terms, describing the beauties of the level surface, the rich grass, vines, and apple-trees. Most likely this description was applied to the elevated sites cultivated by monks or other proprietors, as sudden floods occasionally devastated the rest of the country. Obscure

traditions tell of inundations in far remote times: Dugdale records an irruption of the sea which took place in 1236, and destroyed men, ships, land cattle. A similar deluge occurred in 1613, and again in later times, so that the level kept up the character given of it, as having been 'for the space of many ages a vast and deep fen, affording little benefit to the realm other than fish or fowl, with overmuch harbour to a rude and almost barbarous sort of lazy and beggarly people.' Down even to within a very recent period, much of the surface consisted of dismal sloughs, overgrown with acres of reeds, a fountain of ague on a large scale. The inhabitants lived in a state of isolation from one another, and travelling was so difficult, that boards were affixed to the horses' shoes to prevent them from sinking into the soft soil.

The task of reclaiming such a morass must have appeared hopeless, yet adventurers have not been wanting. From the era of William the Conqueror to the reign of Elizabeth, various bold efforts were made to reclaim at least a portion of the fens. James I, also regarded the subject with much interest: successful drainage would give him new lands to distribute among his followers; and he is reported to have said that he 'would not suffer any longer the land to be abandoned to the use of the waters.' In his reign the first local act for draining was obtained, but not without great opposition. To insure success, the king invited from Holland Cornelius Vermuyden, an eminent Zealander, whose knowledge and abilities were presumed equal to the task. The undertaking was further supported by several Dutch capitalists, who, by what appeared to be a prudent investment, secured a home in the new country to which to flee in case of emergency. Vermuyden was knighted by James: the remuneration for his services was to be 95,000 acres of the fen. Though an able man, he originated many fatal errors, particularly that of relying too much on artificial cutting, and neglecting the natural outfalls. His efforts in many instances were but temporarily successful. In addition to natural obstacles, he had to encounter those opposed to him by the inhabitants, who were exasperated at the 'invasion,' as they termed it, of their common lands. Their hostility was directed not only against 'the foreigners,' but against draining altogether. For the gratification of a few petty interests, it was thought better that a large tract of country should remain a pestilential waste than become productive. So great was the discontent, that when, in the reign of Charles I, a tax of six shillings per acre was laid on the whole fen land, to provide a drainage fund, not a single penny could be collected. An estate of 35,000 acres, which the Earl of Lindsay had obtained and cultivated under the authority of the king, was reduced to its former condition by a mischievous assemblage of the 'lazy and beggarly people,' who broke down the banks and destroyed the drains. Rather than tolerate the presence of the hated foreigners, the farmers petitioned the Earl of Bedford, who held large estates near Ely, to undertake the work. He did so: large cuttings were effected; the principal being the 'Old Bedford river,' twenty-one miles long; but in the end the work was again stopped, in consequence of the opposition to the Dutch labourers who were employed. The son and successor of the earl, some years afterwards, in company with other adventurers, resumed operations under authority of an act of the Long Parliament, and now the 'New Bedford river' was cut, and other useful drainages effected. Scottish prisoners, captured by

Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, and Dutch prisoners, taken by Blake in his action with Tromp, were set to work on this great effort at land reclamation. After Cromwell's death, the works languished; but by the exertions of the Earl of Bedford, a charter was obtained from Charles II, and the 'Corporation of the Bedford Level' established in 1644. This body still exists; and to their able management are due the gradual improvements which have ever since taken place.

The opposition encountered by the early adventurers abated as the economic results of their labours became apparent; and attempts to reclaim different portions of the fens were made by other parties. The attempts, however, were rendered in a great measure abortive, by neglecting the outfalls of the river into the sea; the waters, not having free vent, were thrown back upon the interior, and there remained but to adopt the alternative of mechanical drainage. First a few horse-mills, and afterwards a vast number of windmills, were employed to raise the water; but all proved unavailing, until the powerful and continuous aid of steam was called into operation. At the present time there are from 40 to 50 steam-engines and 250 windmills working at the fens. The consequence is, that vast tracts of ground, once swampy and dotted over with pools, have been reclaimed and brought under cultivation. A powerful steam-engine is pumping the water out of Whittlesey Mere, which spreads over 1000 acres; and Holm Fen, which, a few years since, was a reed shoal of 5000 acres, now produces crops of excellent wheat. Ugg Mere is changed into productive fields; and Ramsay Mere, 560 acres, 'which once grew enormous quantities of long reeds (used for thatching in the neighbouring counties,) now comprises three farms of beautiful land, on a higher level than the surrounding fen. And this mere has now farm-buildings built upon its bed, a good gravel road running through the middle of it, and produces fine crops of wheat and oats.'

As a necessary consequence, the value of lands has increased with the march of improvement. Farms which, thirty years ago, were bought at £5 per acre, are now worth seven or eight times as much. The annual rental of 1000 acres near Harncastle, in what is now one of the richest districts, was at one time less than £10. Now the fertility and productiveness of the Great Level have become proverbial—for crops and cattle there are few places which excel it. Some of its productions—such as wood and peppermint—are peculiar to the district; and recently a Yorkshire company have taken a considerable tract of some of the best land on lease for the cultivation of chicory. Within the last seven years the farms and pastures have been still further improved by underdraining; and the peaty soil, as it becomes drier, subsides from two to three feet, and is rendered more fruitful by the compression. Clay is found throughout the level, at various depths below the surface, and has been largely taken advantage of for admixture with the lighter soil. The excavations made from time to time have brought to light many evidences of the former state of the fens—whole forests of oak and fir lying flat, with the roads yet firmly imbedded in the subjacent earth, remains of boats and habitations, farming implements and tools; and in one singular instance a meadow was exposed with the swaths of grass still ranged on the surface as they fell under the scythe. The discovery of these relics at different depths leads to the conclusion that the Level was at one time a vast

estuary, in which the sea at different epochs has deposited layers of silt.

The presidency of the Bedford Level Corporation has devolved upon several eminent noblemen from the time of Francis, Earl of Bedford, to the present time. The company appoint a registrar and receiver-general of the taxes levied for the maintenance of works, and an engineer. The latter employs a superintendent, with a staff of sluice-keepers and labourers, whose duty it is to attend to the outfalls and make the necessary repairs. He is authorised to prevent the mooring of vessels in improper situations, or the deposition of any impediment that may retard the flow of the water. For the latter purpose he is furnished with rakes and other implements for the periodical weeding and clearing of the rivers. Each division of the Level has its superintendent and subordinate staff. The sluice-keepers are required to be on the watch night and day to close the gates against the flood-tide, and open them at the ebb, by which means the channels are scoured out. They have also to see that boats pass through the gates according to the established regulations, and to keep a daily account of the depth of the water on the sill of the sluice, recording floods or any other unusual rise.

The embanking up of the water-courses has brought a most important means of fertilisation within reach of the fen-farmers, known as 'warping.' This consists in flooding the lands one or two feet deep, by opening sluices placed for the purpose, and allowing the water to remain until all the mud in suspension is deposited before it is again drawn off. In this way any number of inches of a most valuable fertiliser may be spread over the land, with but little trouble or expense, and with a most remunerative effect. Such is the quantity of mud brought down by the rivers which traverse the fens, that the operation of warping is continually and naturally going on at their *embouchures* to an extent scarcely credible. According to Sir John Rennie, on the Nene channel the deposit was fourteen feet, and on the Ouse twenty-five feet perpendicular, in about six years. The quantity, however, varies according to situations; but two feet per annum appears to be no unusual amount. This circumstance has led to the taking in of many hundreds of acres from the sea. The first plant that makes its appearance on the new lands is the marsh samphire, which is soon followed by 'sea-wheat' (*Triticum repens*) and grasses. 'Experience has shown,' observes a writer in the Agricultural Society's Journal, to whose Report we are indebted for several particulars, 'that the ground ought to be covered by nature with samphire or other plants, or with grass, before an attempt is made to embank it.'

Similar reclamations are taking place at the outfall of the Welland, where the stream at present is compelled in a tortuous course by mud banks. The method adopted is to straighten the channel of the river by placing 'two rows of bush fagots, perhaps fifty yards in advance of the mud, at low water, on each side of the river. After a few tides these fagot heaps are found full of 'warp,' a mixture of fine sand and mud, which renders them in some degree solid; another tier of fagots is then laid upon the first, and is again embodied with them by the warp. This kind of embankment is continued in a straight line over sand and through water, or across the old bed of the river, the fagots being sunk in the water and bedded in the soft mud, by means of earth, &c., thrown upon them out of boats. One row

is always advanced before the other on that side which will most impede the current of the river; the tide, in coming up, overflows this weak fence, filling it with silt, and making it so strong, that the ebb water is unable to remove such an obstacle from its course, and is compelled to dig out a new channel through the sandbank in the intended direction. In this way the dykes are advanced, taking care to keep the 'scour' the foremost, and a new deep channel is worn by the water.'

The most beneficial improvements yet effected in the draining of the fens are the new outfall of the Nene at Wisbeach, and that of the Ouse, by what is called the Eau Brink Cut, at Lynn. The former of these works cost £200,000; but by making the necessary embankments, more than ten thousand acres were gained from the sea, besides the promise of future increase. For no sooner is a barrier bank raised, than the sea begins immediately to throw down a deposit at its foot. In this way the outside of some banks is elevated higher than the inside. By the 2½ miles of the Eau Brink Cut, the work of the late Mr. Rennie, the last circuitous bends of the Ouse, stretching double that distance, are avoided. The cost was £160,000: a good part of the sum was wasted in defeating the opposition offered to the bill authorising the work in its passage through parliament. After the opening of the new cutting in 1821, its utility became so obvious, that five years afterwards, it was rendered still more serviceable by widening.

In 1751, a grand and comprehensive scheme was proposed by Mr. Kinderley for uniting the rivers flowing into the Wash in one common channel, and conveying them away into deep water. The project, a most masterly one, has been since then occasionally revived, but to active measures taken to carry it into execution. In 1839, Sir J. Rennie drew up a report on the subject, demonstrating its entire practicability. The proposal is to straighten and embank the outfalls of the Nene, Ouse, Witham, and Welland—to conduct them to the centre of the Wash by a grand system of barrier banks, which will give an additional fall of six feet, and thus secure a channel that shall keep itself clear, and at the same time more effectually drain the interior; besides which, it would offer a safe roadstead for vessels. There is now reason to hope that the project so long in abeyance will be realised. The leading men of the latter town will subscribe £120,000 towards the undertaking; and it is understood that application for the necessary powers will be made to the next session of parliament. Seventy thousand acres of the Wash are already left dry at low water; but should this scheme be carried into effect, the number of acres reclaimed will be 150,000—a territory larger than some of our present counties—for which the name of Victoria Level has been proposed. The cost of reclaiming is estimated at £17 an acre, while the land, when gained, will be worth £60 per acre. According to one of the calculations, in 1862 the shareholders will be receiving 4 per cent in addition to the repayment of the whole of their capital. Such a work as this is quite in accordance with the engineering intelligence and capacity of the age, of which it will remain a monument, stamped with a higher character than the great undertakings of antiquity—that of utility. When completed, we may hope that other portions of the island will receive the same attention. For example,

the Solway Firth, Morecambe Bay, the Leven and Duddon Sands, all of which, if reclaimed, would add largely to the resources of the empire. A somewhat similar project is contemplated by their neighbours the Dutch in connection with a railway from Flushing to Middleburg, and across the islands of Walcheren and Beveland, to unite with a line on the mainland. At the narrowest part of the Sloe—the channel between the two islands—embankments or jetties have been carried some distance into the water, round which the conflicting tidal currents of the East and West Scheldt have deposited such a thickness of silt, that Mr. G. Rennie, on making a professional inspection of the place, found the channel fordable at low water, and recommended the carrying of the embankment entirely across, by which means it is calculated 40,000 acres will be naturally reclaimed in the course of six years, and be worth £10 an acre. The Dutch authorities have not yet determined on the project, but we think they cannot reject so desirable an acquisition of territory, especially as the railway will assist in restoring to Middleburg a share of its former prosperity. We cannot conclude our notice of the great level of the fens better than in the words of Sir John Rennie's report:—'If ever the undertaking should be carried into effect, not only will the drainage and navigation of an extensive district, bordering on the rivers Ouse, Nene, Welland, and Witham, and the Great Wash, and comprising little short of a million acres of land, be greatly improved, and thus their power of production be greatly augmented, which alone is worthy of considerable sacrifice to obtain, but an entire new district, containing 150,000 acres of valuable land (which is half as large again as the entire county of Rutland, which contains only 95,000 acres) may be added to the kingdom. It will, I trust, be admitted that few enterprises, if any, have offered a more satisfactory prospect, whether regarded in light or profit to the individual or to the community at large, and such as ought to command attention.'



HOMES AND DWELLINGS

OF THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

“The searching inquiries of the commissioners appointed to report on the health of towns have clearly demonstrated that the rate of mortality is greatly increased in those localities which are densely crowded, undrained, badly ventilated, and imperfectly supplied with water. An investigation of the sanitary condition of nearly one hundred of our principal cities and towns traces the same results to the same causes, so that the evidence adduced admits of no refutation. In the cellars of Liverpool and Manchester, in the wynds of Glasgow, in the courts and alleys of London, typhus constantly is present; and the dwellings of the poor in these districts are the abodes of pestilence and epidemics. The sole property of the workman being his labour, and that labour being suspended when health is deranged, the sanitary question branches out into a financial question; and Dr. Southwood Smith has justly remarked that of all taxes, the heaviest is the fever tax. To those, then, who have few or no sympathies with their humbler brethren, and are deaf to the calls of humanity, we must apply the argument derived from the pressure of poor rates, and appeal from benevolence to cupidity;

interest and duty here act both separately and in combination to rouse the wealthier classes, where government does not interfere, to take such measures as may best promote the public health and diminish the rate of mortality. We are happy to state that an association, having these objects in view, is now being formed under highly favourable auspices, having the title of the "Suburban Village Association;" and we have reason to believe that the plan originated with Lord Morpeth.

"It is proposed to render the railway subservient to public health, by constructing houses at various stations, from four to ten miles distant from London, suited to clerks, artisans, and others of limited income, and to include in the rent a daily ticket to London and back again. To insure perfect ventilation, and to guard against overcrowding at any future date, only six cottages will be built to the acre, and each of them will have a good garden. As the association is incorporated for a philanthropic purpose, and not with any moneymongering design, the dividends are not computed at more than five per cent on the capital to be invested; so that the rent will not exceed that paid for rooms in the confined courts of the metropolis.

"A project of this description merits the most complete success. As a pecuniary investment, nothing can be safer; and though it does not tempt the gambling speculator by extravagant gain, it offers to the prudent a moderate profit without any hazard. We may confidently affirm that buildings of the character proposed will never be depreciated in value, but will at all times readily find tenants who appreciate the advantages of pure air. The children of the labouring men brought up in these villages will be removed from the demoralising influences of the metropolis; and as it forms part of the scheme to attach a school and a church to each district, both religious and moral culture will receive due attention. Thus the Horatian precept will be acted upon, and these villages become nurseries in which sound minds will be trained up in sound bodies.

"The principle here set forth in reference to the metropolis is equally applicable to the neighbourhood of all large and densely-crowded cities. The parties promoting the plan should bear in mind that they will not only obtain five per cent on their investment, but save considerably in their poor rate. The children now vagabondising in the streets, and too frequently preparing themselves for the jail or the hulks, will be brought up in habits of industry and virtue, and when arrived at mature years, will be a benefit instead of a nuisance to the state. Among all the speculations that have been propounded, we know of none, in its direct and indirect consequences, more calculated to produce the best advantages to its originators and to those who will participate in the plan as tenants; while the incidental good that must accrue to society at large if the country towns follow the example of the metropolis is incalculable.

[We cannot but approve of the scheme here alluded to for providing healthful homes for the humbler classes out of town on lines of railway. But we venture to predict that the parties for whom the benefit is more specially intended will not take advantage of it. They will still prefer living in mean crowded alleys, garrets, and cellars, near where public-houses and pawnbrokers are in convenient proximity. That small tradesmen, clerks, and others, who know the value of pure air, and aspire to a respectable mode of living, will gladly em-

brace the privilege offered by the Association, no one can doubt.]

This article has been selected from an English Journal of some Eminence and contains suggestions equally applicable to the crowded dwellings of the poorer class in Quebec and Montreal.



VARIETIES.

Choose ever the plainest road! it always answers best. For the same reason, choose ever to do and say what is the most just, and the most direct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes, and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from those secret tortments which are the never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

Envy and wrath shorten life; and anxiety bringeth age before its time.

To have your enemy in your power, and yet to do him good is the greatest heroism.

The real honest man, however plain or simple he appears, has that highest species, honesty itself in view; and instead of outward forms or symmetries, is struck with inward character, the harmony and numbers of the heart, and beauty of the affection, which form the manner and conduct of a truly social life.

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though perhaps they receive him differently yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher.

Secrets are so seldom kept, that it may with some reason be doubted, whether the quality of retension be so generally bestowed, and whether a secret has not some subtle vacillity by which it escapes, imperceptably, at the smallest bent, or some power of fermentation, by which it explodes so as to burst the heart that will not give it way.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If "SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL" obtains a circulation that will compensate for the expense attending its publication it will be reduced in price to two-pence, as one of its objects is to obtain a place in every family where amusement and instruction are considered useful.

CAPTAIN C.—is sincerely thanked for his contribution which will be inserted in an early number.

The very pretty verses forwarded by a young lady who signs herself "LILLY," and dates from "Esplanade," have considerable merit and will shortly appear.

We cannot insert the tale forwarded by "ONE OF THE LOW IN THE LOWER-TOWN," because, although well written, it contains many political allusions, which "SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL" has resolved not to have anything to do with.

PETER SINCLAIR invites contributions to his little JOURNAL, but the senders must not feel annoyed if their writings do not always get a place,—nor can PETER SINCLAIR engage to return manuscripts.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 3RD MARCH, 1849.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

Written for Sinclair's Journal.

CHAPTER IST.

Some apology may be necessary for the present attempt to follow in the footsteps of many popular writers who have brought before the public works descriptive of the manners and peculiarities of Ireland and its inhabitants—but the subject is still far from being exhausted, for society like a Kalaidoscope presents to every one who views it attentively, new and strange combinations, and where can greater variety be met with than in the Irish character, teeming like the clime in which it is formed with brilliant and beautiful contrasts—it has been remarked that the dispositions of a people will be found to assimilate to the natural features of the land they inhabit, and we imagine we can trace in the chequered character of the Irish a reflection of the varied aspect of the country. Their exuberant gaiety—their deep sadness—their warm affections; their smiles and tears, their love and hatred, all reminds us forcibly of the lights and shadows of their landscapes, where frowning precipices and quiet glens, wild torrents and tranquil streams, lakes and woods, vales and mountains, sea and shore, are all blended by the hand of nature beneath a sky now smiling in sunshine, now saddening in tears. The traveller who has devoted his attention to Ireland must look back with pleasure to the hours he has passed in the beautiful valleys and scenery with which it abounds, where it is rare to pass a single mile without encountering an object to which some marvellous fiction is attached; where the fairies people every wild spot, and the Banshee is the follower of every old family, where the little Leprechaun is, if not to be seen, to be heard of in every solitary glen. Nor can the wanderer in that country amongst the pleasing expressions he has received, fail to remember the social dispositions of the people as shewn in their enthusiastic love of music and dancing; with them dancing is a natural expression of gaiety and exuberance of animal spirits, indicative of their ardent temperament; even poverty and its attendant evils, have not been able to extinguish the fondness of the peasantry for this amusement.

Their love of music is still more remarkable, it is the genius of the people that by an irresistible impulse prompts them to give vent to their feelings of mirth or sadness in the expressive language of the soul. Song seems to be an Irishman's nature, if he be merry he sings "because he can't help it," if sorrowful "because it lightens the trouble at his heart." The peculiar character of the Irish music must strike even an indifferent observer, alternately joyous and pathetic, soothing and abrupt, mingling bursts of exhilarating liveliness with strains and cadences of the most touching melancholy. The spirit of sorrow seems to sit upon the chords of Ireland's harp, and though it still gives forth

"The light notes of gladness,"

we feel the painful truth of the poet's passionate address to it when he says:

"So oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still."

This mingling of the wild and beautiful, of gloom and sunshine which distinguishes the scenery, the climate and the history of Ireland has impressed its character upon her music, and thrilling through her exquisite melodies awakens emotions in the heart of the listener which none but those who have experienced them can comprehend. One of the most popular writers on Irish subjects describes the Irish peasant as a warm-hearted, hot headed affectionate creature, the very fittest material in the world for either the poet or the agitator, capable of great and energetic goodness, sudden in their passions, variable in their tempers, sometimes gloomy as the moorland sides of their mountains, but often, very often, sweet and gay as the sunlit meadows of their pleasant vales.

Curran, the celebrated lawyer and orator, in one of his beautiful speeches describes the native hospitality of his country in the following words: "The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convention, in savage nations of the first, in polished of the latter, but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted or ledgered courtesies as in other nations, it springs like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart, the heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides, it is tender, and he loves, it is generous, and he gives, it is social, and he is hospitable." Amongst the characteristics assigned to Irishmen, is that of courage, or a tendency to pugnacity; it has been said that while the Englishman fights for the supremacy of the sea, the Frenchman for glory, the German for his Prince, and the Swiss for pay, the son of Erin fights for pure fun, and many of the Irish comic songs cherish this popular notion; fighting is spoken of as an agreeable pastime, and knocking down a friend, an emphatic mode of expressing sincere regard for him, but although this gift of natural courage too often displays itself in noisy brawls amongst the common people, it rises in the disciplined soldier to the loftiest pitch of intrepid gallantry; the pages of history are filled with innumerable instances of the valour, steadiness and determined spirit of Irishmen in battle on shore and at sea.

Without attempting to enter into any learned disquisition on the subject of Irish literature, we may be permitted to allude to that remarkable period in the history of the country, preceding the Union with England, when the light of national genius concentrating its long scattered rays to a proper focus, threw out those sparks of moral lustre

which give

Light to a world and make a nation live.

It was then that the powerful collision of active, ardent, and energetic minds, produced that brilliant burst of talent which flung over the darkness of Ireland, a splendour to which her struggles and her misfortunes seemed only to give a stronger relief and more brilliant effect. It was then that after ages of mental depression, the Irish intellect broke out when none expected or were prepared for the splendid irruption; it was during this remarkable period that such names as Goldsmith, Steel, Sheridan, Swift, Curran, Grattan, Flood, and Burke rose from Ireland and swept like

coruscations of light over the sky, nor did the production of genius cease with the period that gave it birth. Ireland has still continued to add to her great names. *Canning* has passed to his tomb, but he will not be forgotten. *Moore* still lives, and his fame as the best of Lyric poets will be immortal. *Wellington*, as the victor of Waterloo, will need no other monument than the closing leaf of Napoleon's history. Who when speaking of the philosophers and scientific men that stand foremost in the ranks of learning, can overlook that most profound and original thinker, *Bishop Berkeley*, or *Sir William Hamilton*, the professor of Astronomy, to Trinity College, or *Lord Rosse*, the constructor of the largest solar telescope in the world.

In the arts, Ireland can boast of *Barry*, the first president of the Royal Academy of *England*, whose splendid paintings still adorn the walls of the Society of Arts, of *Sir Martin Archer Shea*, president of the Academy, of *Maclise*, the star of the Academy, of *Baily*, *Hogan* and *Carew*, three of the most celebrated sculptors, and of *Barry*, the successful architect of the new houses of parliament, now in course of erection.

In the drama, Ireland has produced a brilliant constellation of writers, of whom we need only mention *Congreve*, *Farquhar*, *Sheridan*, *O'Keef*, *Goldsmith*, *Maturin*, *Shiel*, *Tobyn*, *Griffin* and *Sheridan Knowles*. In general literature, there are *Sterne*, *Maxwell*, *Crafton Croker*, *Carleton*, *Dr. Maginn*, *Bamin*, *Sam Lover*, *Harry Lorrequer*, (Lever,) &c., &c. All good men and true who have stood and stand in the foremost ranks of art and literature.

(To be continued.)



The Heroine of the Snow Shoes.

"Can there in women be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!—

"Otway."

The gallant youths that are so frequently to be met with at this season of the year, strutting with important look, a pair of snow shoes fastened to their shoulders, their feet well secured, and their head erect in air, wending their way towards the suburbs of this city, first passing thro' the principal streets to invite admiration, will probably doubt the truth of the following narrative; nevertheless, it is true. A few weeks past, the writer visited that lonely spot some two hundred miles down the St. Lawrence from Quebec, called METIS, where the road terminates, and the telegraph posts leave the traveller to find his own way onwards, as best he can, and where the courier who is the humble bearer of Her Majesty's Royal Mail to Restigouche has to fight his way "thro' brake and breir," o'er hill and vale, across the Portage for ninety six miles, once every week, throughout the year, and in winter on snow shoes, a *fête*, which we are inclined to think would try the "nerve and sinew" of our gallant city snow shoe heroes. But, to continue,—a little cottage stands on the summit of a steep hill, from which the mighty river is to be seen, wending its way towards the mother ocean, this cottage, good reader, is Her Majesty's Post Office, and at the time the writer arrived there his attention was attracted by the approach of a toil worn, fatigued oppressed Canadian, bearing on

his back a leather bag, and in his hand a long staff, which he carried to enable him to save himself from the numerous pit-falls, by which his long and dreary journey is beset, this good reader, was the mail courier, before alluded to, on this occasion he was accompanied by a young girl, whose flushed cheek, sparkling eye, and flowing hair, assured us that she had been the companion of his journey. She was thinly clad, a tartan shawl was tied tightly round her shoulders, a small woollen cap protected her head from the storm, but could not prevent her glossy hair from flowing in wild freedom to the "wooing breeze," as she approached, an old man, who had evidently been waiting for the arrival of the courier, suddenly started forward, exclaiming "Good God, is that you, Annie." For a moment, the girl stood as if transfixed to the spot, then turning as pale and as bloodless as the marble, she cried out, or rather screamed "Father, Father, we heard you were dying." The old man had scarcely time to get to her side, when she sunk, fainting in his arms, on enquiry, we found that she was the daughter of an old English settler, who had come a few weeks before from Restigouche to Metis, to arrange some business, and while there was seized with an illness that prevented his return to his family, rumour ever ready to magnify stories of distress had found its way to his humble home, and his fair young daughter, with that courage she inherited from her fathers, instantly resolved to go to her sick parent, her only means of proceeding was to accompany the courier,—if she failed on the road, she must be left behind in the dreary Portage, (for the courier could not delay the mail,) but with persevering will, her young blood carried her thro' her undertaking, and although fatigued beyond her strength, the sight of her father, well and able to return to his home, soon restored her in health to his anxious arms. And now, snow shoe heroes, what do you think of this, ninety-six miles on snow shoes, in three days, will you not join with the poet and say:

Oh! woman! lovely woman, nature made thee,

To temper man, we had been brutes without you,

Angels are painted fair, to look like you,

There's in you all we believe of Heaven,

Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,

Eternal joy, and everlasting love!



THE SEA-SERPENT AT POINT-LEVI!!!

The Thermometer stood at fifty degrees below uncomfortably cold, when the startling announcement reached us, we rushed forth, notwithstanding, having first pulled our *Bonnet Rouge* over our ears, determined to look the scaly monster in the face, we confess we had a few doubts as to the truth of the report, but we remembered the statement of our ever to be respected observer of "men and things," Mr. Punch, "as how the *Sea-Serpent* was seen in the Thames, near Battersea Bridge," and, therefore, we admitted the possibility of its being able to find its way up the St. Lawrence in its "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

We shall pass over the many adventures we met in our efforts to reach the Point-Levi side of the

river, and we ask no sympathy for the state of suffering our nasal organ experienced during the journey, we don't wish to excite the tender feelings of the reader by acknowledging the state of fear and trepidation we were in while crossing the Ice Bridge, but at *that* time it occurred to us very forcibly that we were dreadful sinners, and that our only hold of this life was a few inches of frozen water; to come at once to the *startling* fact, the *Sea-Serpent* is at *Foimt-Levi*,—aye, good reader, stare if it please you, we state only the truth, and if you are incredulous, do as we did, go and look for yourselves, walk along the river until you arrive at the Steam-mill, at this point your attention will be turned to admiration when you see the splendid new ship that is fast approaching completion under the able hands of Mr. Edmund Sewell, a young gentleman of this city, whose ability, as a ship-builder, requires only to be known to be fully appreciated; this beautiful vessel has already been baptized and bears the daring name of the *Sea-Serpent*, and we were much better pleased to find such a trim built ship, preparing for a launch in the St. Lawrence, than if we discovered the slimy head with meaningless eye of the monster we have lately heard so much of, and you will feel, just as much pleasure as we did, therefore, join us in the wish that the trade of our ancient city may revive so rapidly as to present to the eye fifty such ships, ready each coming spring to "bound in freedom on the swelling wave," and that all the clever young artists of Quebec may have opportunities of displaying their talent, as effectually as Mr. Sewell has done on the *Sea-Serpent*. If Mr. Sewell shapes his own course as admirably as he has formed the *Sea-Serpent* for hers, in his voyage thro' life, the tempest of adversity will never be able to disturb his moorings, or the shavings of fortune have much effect upon his hearts timbers, nor will he be unprepared

"When he who all commands
Shall give to call life's crew together,
The word to *Pipe all hands*."

EDUCATION OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

Parents possessed of tolerable means seldom neglect to send their children to school. They are often heard to say of their young people, 'whatever advantage money can purchase for them in the way of education we are willing to give them.' Having expended the money ungrudgingly, they are often surprised that their children do not turn out very well. The fact is, they expect too much from liberality in school fees—they are too apt to feel their consciences relieved as to their duty to the young by mere considerations of the cost in money. However well it may suit a busy father to depute the nurture of his children, and use his own time in money-making or in needful recreation, it is very certain that the children will be imperfectly educated if they have not been reared

carefully and rationally in the domestic circle, and cost their parents or some person standing in the light of parents, a great deal of trouble over and above all that is purchaseable from the schoolmaster.

The education of the domestic circle is moral education. The fresh human beings continually coming into the world might be regarded as a colony of savages coming in amongst a civilized people, and requiring to be adjusted to the tone of society of which they are henceforth to form a part. Their impulses are in full activity: the provocation to the working of these impulses lie full before them. The business is to train the impulses to submit to those checks and those modified or regulated movements which society pronounces to be desirable. It will not be by reading of texts, or hearing of precepts and maxims, that this will be done. It only can be done by training to habits—a duty requiring much time, great patience, and no small skill and judgment.

It is, then, an onerous duty, and yet its weight may be much lessened if a good method be adopted, and adopted sufficiently early. Something can be done with a child from a very early period of existence. For instance, if he cries, we may avoid a great evil if we abstain from administering dainties for the purpose of soothing him; or, on the other hand, from using him harshly by way of punishment. The crying of a child on account of any little accident or disappointment is less an evil to him than an annoyance to us: we probably attach too much consequence to the idea of keeping children *quiet*, as if quietness were in him a virtue. If, however, it appear really desirable to stop the crying of an infant, the best way is to produce a diversion in his mind. Create some novelty about or before him, and if it be sufficient to give a new turn to his feelings, he will become what is called 'good' immediately. This is a cheap way of effecting the object, and it can be attended by no imaginable bad consequences. It must be remarked, however, that we—that is, grown up people—are ourselves the causes of much avoidable squalling among the young. A child is looking at something, or is enjoying himself in some little sport with a companion: from fondness, or some other cause, we snatch him up of a sudden in our arms; he cries. Can we wonder? Should any of us like to be whipped up from a dinner-table in the midst of our soup, or from a concert room when Jenny Lind is enchanting all ears? Undoubtedly it is injustice to a child to treat him thus, not to speak of the worse injustice of punishing him in such circumstances for crying. He is entitled to have his will consulted before we snatch him away merely for our own amusement. Should it be necessary to interfere with his amusements, or to put a stop to them, use diversion and kind words by way of softening matters, and we shall probably have nothing to complain of.

Our ancestors were severe with children. There used to be some terrible maxims about maintaining awe, and breaking or bending the will. Corporal

correction was abundantly resorted to. The direct result of the system of terror was to produce habits of falsehood and barbarism; for there is no child who will not tell a lie if afraid of punishment on letting out the truth, and the beating he gets only serves as an example of violence for his own conduct towards brothers, sisters, and companions. Kindness is now the rule in fashion—upon the whole an improvement. An excess in this direction would, however, be as fatal as one of an opposite kind. It is not so much kindness that is required, as simple civility and justice. Treat children with courtesy, and as rational beings, and they will generally be found sufficiently docile. We hear obedience trumpeted as a first requisite; but the question is, how is a right kind of obedience to be obtained? Our opinion is, that the fewer commands we address to children the better. Ask them politely. It is difficult for any one, even a child, to refuse what is so asked. If they do, they lie so plainly in error, that little can be needed beyond a calm expression of opinion on the subject. They will be less likely to refuse a second time. This is very different from a command palpably disobeyed, in which case there must either be punishment to the child or a defeat to the parent. The imperative plan does not seem to work well. It leads to a constant contention between the parties—the child to escape duties which he has no pleasure in obeying, the parent to enforce an authority which is deficient in moral basis. The opposite method admits of the child having some satisfaction in complying. It trains him to free agency, and thus prepares him better for the world. It is a great mistake to try to suppress or wholly overrule the will of a child. The will is a good thing in him as in you. Try to take it along with you, and to direct it to good purposes, and you will find that you are accomplishing a great purpose in education. On the other hand, a constant appeal to the affection, as a means of obtaining compliance, would obviously be an error. If treated justly, and not unkindly, a child cannot avoid loving its parents. Trust to this love operating of itself in persuading to a compliance with all reasonable requests and an obedience to all reasonable rules.

Even tolerably amiable children, when placed together, will be found to have frequent little quarrels, the consequence of disrespectful words, or, perhaps, interferences with each other's property. Some are much more liable both to give and take offence than others. Nothing is more troublesome to a parent; for it is scarcely possible entirely to ascertain the merits of any case. The liability to such collisions will at least be diminished if the parents never fail to observe towards each other, and towards their servants and children, the rules of good-breeding; and if they, moreover, take every opportunity of inculcating the beautiful and happy results of domestic peace. These means, however, will be in vain if children are allowed too much time to spend in idleness. If entirely occupied, in whatever way—with lessons, with work, with

amusement, or with reading or drawing—they will be very little liable to fall into discord. It should, accordingly as one of the first duties of those having a charge of young people to keep them incessantly engaged in something which may interest their faculties.

As soon as their understanding fits them for such intercommunion, children should be made the companions, friends, and confidants of their parents. The old rule was, that in their parents' presence they should be perfectly quiet. This might be a gratifying homage to the parent, but it was not education to the child. If a child is brought to a family table, he should be allowed to join in the family conversation, that he may learn to converse. It is both surprising and gratifying to observe how soon children work up to the standard of their parents' attainments, and how beautifully they repay the openness and confidence which they are treated, by reposing the most unreserved confidence in return. They know the family position, the family prospects, objects, and wishes, and become deeply interested in them all. Affection proves a far more powerful check than severity: obedience is a word unknown in the family vocabulary, because the thing is never wanting. Co-operation cheerful contribution by heart and hand to the family objects, is the principle of action. In such a family there is rarely anything entitled to the appellation of discord: there are no separations, no elopements, no acts of domestic rebellion. A smooth course of happy life flows on, and the old age of the parents, who have trained so much worth in their offspring, is soothed and cheered by the unremitting exercise of the very virtues which themselves have fostered and perfected.

This is no ideal picture. We could point to families where the scions of the house, and even the children of strangers, have been the subjects of a domestic education such as we describe, and where the results have been the realisation of the desideratum we set out with—namely, the adjustment of the fresh generation to the civilisation attained by the old.

PAT'S DREAM.—A son of the Emerald Isle was observed by a friend one morning to look exceedingly black and perplexed, and inquired of him what ailed him? Pat said he had a dream. His friend interrogated him as to whether it was a good or bad dream! Pat answered, "It was a little of both. Faith, I'll tell you: I dreamed I was wid the King, who was as great a jintleman as any one in the district; an' he axed me wad I dhrink? Thinks I would a duck swim, and seeing the Innishowen, and lemons, and sugar, on the side-board, I tould him I didn't care if I tuk a wee dhrop of punch." "Could or hot?" axed the King "Hot, yer Highness I replied; and be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the bilin' water, but before he got back I woke straight up! and now its distressing me I didn't take it could!"

Poet's Corner.

OFF TO CALIFORNIA!!!

A NEW SONG.

AIR.—*Yankee Doodle.*

Now's the time to change your clime,
 Give up work and tasking;
 All who choose be rich as Jews,
 Even without asking,
California's precious earth
 Turns the new world frantic;
 Sell your traps, and take a berth,
 Across the wild Atlantic.
 Every one who digs and delves,
 All whose arms are brawny,
 Take a pick and help yourselves—
 Off to Californy!

Yankee Doodle all agog;
 With the golden mania,
 Debts no longer prove a clog—
 Happy Pennsylvania!
 Those who about stocks and loans
 Kicked up such an old dust
 Live to see the very stones
 Come down with the gold dust.
 Every one who digs and delves
 Join the Indians Tawney,
 Take a pick and help yourselves
 In happy Californy.

Gold is got in pan or pot,
 Soup-tureen or ladle.
 Basket, Bird-cage, and what not,
 Even to a cradle!
Eldorado's found at last,
Surba sed virorum,
 Loose their daggled heads as fast
 As Raleigh did before 'em.
 Choose your able-bodied men,
 Workmen bold and brawney;
 Give them picks and spades, and then—
 Off to Californy.

How this flush of gold will end,
 We have statements ample;
 Perhaps a few sacks they will send,
 Only for a sample,
 But we hope this golden move,
 Really, is all true, sirs,
 Else will Yankee Doodle prove
 A *Yankee Doodle doo*, sirs.
 So, let every one go dig and delve,
 Wear their hands quite boney;
 Take a pick and help themselves,
 Off in Californy!

THE VAGANT CHAIR.

You have all heard of Cheviot mountains. If you have not, they are a rough, rugged, majestic chain of hills, which a poet might term the Roman wall of nature; crowned with snow, belted with storms, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the southern. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the glens below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp riveting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old gray-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and, for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm, indeed, were defined neither by fields, hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general landmarks; but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling about; and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner, in the same spirit as their masters made themselves free at each other's tables.

Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of Marchlaw House, which, unfortunately, was built immediately across the "ideal line," dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was, that, being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great-grandfather, who, it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as their birth-place. They, however, were not involved in the same perplexities as their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two-thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England; his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and, therefore, were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter, unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debateable boundary line which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but, no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what countryman he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman. All his arable land lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collaterally related to the Stuarts; and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliots. Peter's speech, indeed, betrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms, a living representation of the Union; for in one word he pronounced the letter *r* with the broad, masculine sound of the North Briton, and in the next with the liquid *burr* of the Northumbrians.

Peter, or, if you prefer it, Peter Elliot, Esquire, of



Marchlaw, in the counties of Northumberland and Roxburgh, was for many years, the best runner, leaper, and wrestler between Wooler and Jedburgh. Whirled from his hand, the ponderous bullet whizzed through the air like a pigeon on the wing; and the best putter on the Borders quailed from competition. As a feather in his grasp, he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limbs its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists shrunk back, and the spectators burst into a shout. "Well done, Squire! the Squire for ever!" once exclaimed a servile observer of titles. "Squire! wha are ye squiring at?" returned Peter. "Confound ye! where was ye when I was christened Squire? My name's Peter Elliot—your man, or onybody's man, at whatever they like!"

Peter's soul was free, bounding, and buoyant, as the wind that carolled in a zephyr, or shouted in a hurricane, upon his native hills; and his body was thirteen stone of healthy, substantial flesh, steeped in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but marriage had wrought no change upon him. They who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl, offer an insult to the lovely beings who, brightening our darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly twenty years had passed over them; but Janet was still as kind, and, in his eyes, as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows at the altar; and he was still as happy, as generous, and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngling of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow; he was blest in his wife, in his children, in his flocks. He was beloved by his neighbours, the tillers of his ground, and his herdsmen; yea, no man envied his prosperity. But a blight passed over the harvest of his joys, and gall was rained into the cup of his felicity.

It was Christmas-day, and a more melancholy-looking sun never rose on the 25th of December. One vast, sable cloud, like a universal pall, overspread the heavens. For weeks, the ground had been covered with clear, dazzling snow; and as, throughout the day, the rain continued its unwearied and monotonous drizzle, the earth assumed a character and appearance melancholy and troubled as the heavens. Like a mastiff that has lost its owner, the wind howled dolefully down the glens, and was re-echoed from the caves of the mountains, as the lamentations of a legion of invisible spirits. The frowning, snow-clad precipices were instinct with motion, as an avalanche upon avalanche, the larger burying the less, crowded downward in their tremendous journey to the plain. The simple mountain rills had assumed the majesty of rivers; the broader streams were swollen into the wild torrent, and, gushing forth as cataracts, in fury and in foam, enveloped the valleys in an angry flood. But, at Marchlaw, the fire blazed blithely; the kitchen groaned beneath the load of preparations for a joyful feast; and glad faces glided from room to room.

Peter Elliot kept Christmas, not so much because it was Christmas, as in honour of its being the birth-day of Thomas, his first-born, who, that day, entered his nineteenth year. With a father's love, his heart yearned for all his children; but Thomas was the pride of his eyes. Cards of apology had not then found their way among our Border hills; and, as all knew that, although Peter

admitted no spirits within his threshold, nor a drunkard at his table, he was, nevertheless, no niggard in his hospitality, his invitations were accepted without ceremony. The guests were assembled; and the kitchen being the only apartment in the building large enough to contain them, the cloth was spread upon a long, clear, oaken table, stretching from England into Scotland. On the English end of the board were placed a ponderous plum-pudding, studded with temptation, and a smoking sirloin; on Scotland, a saveury and well-seasoned haggis, with a sheep's-head and trotters; while the intermediate space was filled with the good things of this life, common to both kingdoms and to the season.

The guests from the north, and from the south, were arranged promiscuously. Every seat was filled—save one. The chair by Peter's right hand remained unoccupied. He had raised his hands before his eyes, and besought a blessing upon what was placed before them, and was preparing to carve for his visitors, when his eyes fell upon the vacant chair. The knife dropped upon the table. Anxiety flashed across his countenance, like an arrow from an unseen hand.

"Janet, where is Thomas?" he inquired; "hae nane o' ye seen him?" and, without waiting an answer, he continued—"How is it possible he can be absent at a time like this? And on such a day, too? Excuse me a minute, friends, till I just step out and see if I can find him. Since ever I kept this day, as mony o' ye ken, he has always been at my right hand, in that very chair; and I canna think o' beginning our dinner while I see it empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all," said a pert young sheep-farmer, named Johnson, "I will step into it till Master Thomas arrive."

"Ye're not a faither, young man," said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter returned not. The guests became hungry, peevish, and gloomy, while an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliot, whose good-nature was the most prominent feature in her character, strove, by every possible effort, to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, "to hae gane to seek him when he kened the dinner wouldna keep. And I'm sure Thomas kened it would be ready at one o'clock to a minute. It's sae unthinking and unfriendly like to keep folk waiting." And, endeavouring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow, she continued, in an anxious whisper—"Did ye see naething o' him, Elizabeth, hinny?"

The maiden blushed deeply; the question evidently gave freedom to a tear, which had, for some time, been an unwilling prisoner in the brightest eyes in the room; and the monosyllable, "No," that trembled from her lips, was audible only to the ear of the inquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliot despatched one of her children after another, in quest of their father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings more cheering than the moaning of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came. She perceived the prouder of her guests preparing to withdraw, and, observing that "Thomas's absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlike either him or his father, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for such treatment;

but it was needless waiting, and begged they would use no ceremony, but just begin."

No second invitation was necessary. Good humour appeared to be restored, and sirloins, pies, pasties, and moor-fowl, began to disappear like the lost son. For a moment, Mrs. Elliot apparently partook in the restoration of cheerfulness; but a low sigh at her elbow again drove the colour from her rosy cheeks. Her eye wandered to the farther end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband, and the vacant chair of her first-born. Her heart fell heavily within her; all he mother gushed into her bosom; and, rising from the table, "What in the world can be the meaning o' this?" said she, as she hurried, with a troubled countenance, towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshold.

"Where hae ye been, Peter?" said she eagerly? "hae ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he; "is he no cast up yet?" And, with a melancholy glance, his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair. His lips quivered, his tongue faltered.

"Gude forgie me!" said he; "and such a day for even an enemy to be outia! I've been up and down every way that I can think on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell o' him. Ye'll excuse me, neighbors," he added, leaving the house; "I must awa again, for I canna rest."

"I ken by mysel', friends," said Adam Bell, a decent-looking Northumbrian, "that a father's heart is as sensitive as the apple o' his e'e; and, I think we would shew a want o' natural sympathy and respect for our worthy neighbour, if we didna every one get his foot into the stirrup, without loss o' time, and assist him in his search. For, in my rough, country way o' thinking, it must be something particularly out o' the common that could tempt Thamas to be amissing. Indeed, I needna say tempt, for there could be no inclination in the way. And our hills," he concluded, in a lower tone, "are not ower chancy in other respects, besides the breaking up o' the storm."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Elliot, wringing her hands, "I have had the coming o' this about me for days and days. My head was growing dizzy with happiness, but thoughts came stealing upon me like ghosts, and I felt a lonely soughing about my heart, without being able to tell the cause; but the cause is come at last! And my dear Thomas—the very pride and staff o' my life—is lost!—lost to me for ever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliot," replied the Northumbrian, "it is an easy matter to say compose yourself, for them that dinna ken what it is to feel. But, at the same time, in our plain, country way o' thinking, we are always ready to believe the worst. I've often heard my faither say, and I've as often remarked it myself, that, before anything happens to a body, there is a something comes owre them, like a cloud before the face o' the sun; a sort o' dumb whispering about the breast from the other world. And, though I trust there is naething o' the kind in your case, yet, as you observe, when I find myself growing dizzy, as it were, with happiness, it makes good a saying o' my mother's, poor body! 'Bairns, bairns,' she used to say, 'there is owre muckle singing in your heads to-night; we will have a shower before bed-time.' And I never, in my born days, saw it fail."

At any other period, Mr. Bell's dissertation on pre-sentiments would have been found a fitting text on

which to hang all the dreams, wraiths, warnings, a marvellous circumstances, that had been handed do' to the company from the days of their grandfather; but, in the present instance, they were too much occupied in consultation regarding the different routes to taken in their search.

Twelve horsemen, and some half dozen pedestrians were seen hurrying in divers directions from Marchall as the last faint lights of a melancholy day were yielded to the heavy darkness which appeared pressing in so masses down the sides of the mountains. The wife and daughters of the party were alone left with the disconsolate mother, who alternately pressed her weeping children to her heart, and told them to weep no for their brother would soon return; while the tears stole down her own cheeks, and the infant in her arms wept because its mother wept. Her friends strove with each other to inspire hope, and poured upon her ear the mingled and loquacious consolation. But one remained silent. The daughter of Adam Bell, who sat by Mrs. Elliot's elbow at table, had shrunk into an obscure corner of the room. Before her face she held a handkerchief wet with tears. Her bosom throbbed convulsively; and, as occasionally her broken sighs burst from their prison-house, a significant whisper passed among the younger part of the company.

Mrs. Elliot approached her, and taking her hand tenderly within both of hers—"O hinny! hinny!" said she, "yer sighs gae through my heart like a knife. An' what can I do to comfort ye? Come Elizabeth, my bonny love, let us hope for the best. Ye see before ye a sorrowin' mother!—a mother that fondly hoped to see you an'—I canna say it!—an' I'm ill qualified to give comfort, when my own heart is like a furnace! But oh! let us try and remember the blessed portion 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' an' inwardly pray for strength to say, 'His will be done!'"

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot approached, every breath was held to listen. "No, no!" cried the mother, again and again, with increasing anguish, "it's no the foot o' my ain bairn," while her keen gaze remained riveted upon the door, and was not withdrawn, nor the hope of despair relinquished, till the individual entered, and, with a silent and ominous shake of his head, betokened his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all were returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly; the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents; and the roaring of the mountain rivers gave a character of deeper ghostliness to their sepulchral silence; for they sat, each rapt in forebodings, listening to the storm; and no sounds were heard, save the groans of the mother, the weeping of her children, and the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maiden, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length, the barking of the farm-dog announced footsteps at a distance. Every ear was raised to listen, every eye turned to the door; but, before the tread was yet audible to the listeners—"Oh, it is only Peter's foot!" said the miserable mother, and, weeping, arose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed, as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck, "what's this come upon us at last?"

(To be continued.)

SINCLAIR'S
MONTHLY BOOK CIRCULAR
FOR MARCH.

AS the subscriber is now in correspondence with the following houses, any order given to him for Books, Maps, Globes, Engravings, Surveying Instruments, &c., &c., will be attended to. London: Tegg, Bohn, Bogue, Colburn, Cundale, Murray, Troughton & Sims, Reeves, Ackerman & Co., Routledge, Fisher & Son, and Moxon; Edinburgh; Chambers & Oliver, and Boyd; Glasgow: Griffin, Collins, and Blackie & Son; Belfast: Simms & McIntyre; Liverpool: Wilmer & Smith; New-York: Harper & Brothers, Putnam, Wiley, H. Long & Brother, and Carters; Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, and Carey & Hart.

P. SINCLAIR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Baker & Scribner have in press, "The Border Warfare of New-York, or Anna's of Tryon County," by Hon. W. W. Campbell; also, by the same author, "The Life and Writings of De Witt Clinton."

Messrs. Appleton's edition of Lord Mahon's History of England is now ready.

George P. Putnam announces "Nineveh and its Remains," by A. H. Layard.

Messrs. Brockett, Fuller & Co., Hartford, have ready a new work by the Rev. Robert Turnbull, "Theophany, or the Manifestation of God in the Life, Character, and Mission of Christ."

Mr. J. N. Kryczynski has in preparation a new edition of his work, "The Recovery of Poland," which he proposes to issue by subscription. The object is one which appeals to public sympathy, and as the author is entirely dependent upon the work for support, we trust that he will obtain from the readers many additions to his list, which already contains some of the best names in New-York.

*List of Books published in the United States from
Jan. 27, to Feb. 17.*

Aurifodina; or, Adventures in the Gold Region. By Cantell A. Bigly. 12mo. pp. 103. Baker & Scribner.

Barhydt, P. P.—Industrial Exchanges and Social Remedies. 12mo. pp. 238. G. P. Putnam.

Brocklesby, J.—Elements of Meteorology; designed for Schools and Academies. 2nd edition. 12mo. pp. 240. Pratt, Woodford & Co.

Cheever, Rev. G. B.—Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on the Life and Times of Bunyan. 12mo. pp. 514. John Wiley.

Drury, Anna H.—Friends and Fortunes; a Moral Tale. 12mo. pp. 240. D. Appleton & Co.

Etiquette at Washington. 32mo. pp. 78. John Murphy, Baltimore.

Fletcher, Rev. Alex.—Devotional Family Bible. Folio, Pts. 71 and 72. G. Virtue,

Frost, J. L. L. D.—Book of the Army; a Military History of the United States. 12mo. pp. 626. Hartford, Belknap & Hammersley.

Guizot, M.—Democracy in France. 12mo. pp. 82. D. Appleton & Co.

Hoyt, Rev. R.—Sketches of Life and Landscape. 12mo. pp. 134. G. P. Putnam.

Humphrey, J.—Address before the New England Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 1848. Published by the Society. C. M. Saxton.

Jackson, J. W.—An Elementary Treatise on Optics. 8vo. pp. 260. A. S. S. Barnes & Co.

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts's Bay, 1678-9. 12mo. pp. 224. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

Lever, C.—Roland Cashel. Illustrated by Phiz. Part I. 8vo. pp. 96. Harper and Brothers.

Life and Times of the Rev. Philip Henry. 18mo. pp. 288. R. Carter & Brothers.

Mahon, Lord.—History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. Edited by Henry Reed, Prof. Eng. Lit. Univ. Pa. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 567, 589. D. Appleton & Co.

Mason, L. and Webb, G. J.—The Congregational Tune Book. 16mo. Tappan, Whittemore & Mason, Boston.

McSherry, James.—History of Maryland from its First Settlement in 1634 to the year 1848. 8vo. pp. 405. John Murphy, Baltimore.

Martineau, H.—Household Education. 12mo. pp. 212. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Mercantile Library.—28th Annual Report. January, 1849. 8vo.

Plato.—Phædon, from the Original Greek, by Mad. Dacier, with Notes and a Life of the Author by Fenelon. 12mo. pp. 230. Wm Gowans.

Smith, A. W.—Elementary Treatise on Mechanics. 8vo. pp. 307. Harper & Brothers.

Taylor, J.—Natural History of Euthusiasm. 12mo. pp. 256. R. Carter & Brothers.

Turnbull, Rev. R.—Theophany; or, The Manifestation of God in the Life, Character, and Mission of Jesus Christ. 8vo. pp. 239. Hartford, Brockett, Fuller & Co.

Valentines, by Ella. 16mo. pp. 27. T. J. Crowen.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Geo. P. Putnam has in press a new edition, revised and enlarged of Downing's Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture, with additional illustrations. One vol. R. 8vo.

A new edition, revised and enlarged, of Dr. Green's Work on Bronchitis. One vol. 8vo. with colored plates.

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