

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 9TH OCTOBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



BUSTS OF THE QUEEN.

At the request of several friends, a mould has been made from a true likeness of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, just arrived from Liverpool, and a few BUSTS are now finished and for sale at the stores of

M-KENZIE & BOWLES.

A handsome PEDESTAL, which will answer either for this or other figures to stand on. Quebec, 2nd Oct. 1838.



THE Subscribers having just received from England a variety of Materials for WINTER AND SUMMER CARRIAGES, selected, under the personal inspection of Mr. J. SAURIN, from the first houses in London, are enabled to furnish their work in better style and much cheaper than any other house in Canada.

SAURIN & CO.

Quebec, 29th Sept. 1838. Coach Builders.



FOR SALE, OF CHARTER.

THE NEW FAST-SAILING BRIG GUANA, Captain Tazo, 200 tons old measurement, coppered and copper fastened, will take Freight to any safe port in Great Britain, Ireland or the West Indies.

THIS VESSEL IS WELL STOWED IN CARRIAGE, to the West Indies, having had thirty on board last voyage, which were all safely landed at Barbice. Applications to be made to

GEORGE BLACK, Ship Builder.

FURS.

W. ASHTON & CO.

3, MOUNTAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO PRESIDENT GATE.

HAVE MANUFACTURED throughout the summer, and now offer for sale a stock of

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS, which for neatness of style and quality of materials they feel proud to offer for a competition.

Their having for some years past secured during the summer season, probably the best Hat Trade in the Province, enables them to understand any house depending on the winter trade for twelve months' support; this, together with the advantages they have over any other furriers in this city by importing their own materials direct, are the only hints they think necessary to drop.

All description of Furs made to order, and returnable if not approved of.

In repairing any article, or altering it to the present fashion, W. A. & Co. pledge themselves that their charges will be on the most moderate scale, and will forfeit the value of any article when returned to be done at a certain time, in which there may be a single hour's want of PUNCTUALITY.

NO SECOND PRICE. Quebec, 29th Sept 1838.

CHAMPAGNE, CHARLES, AND BURGUNDY WINES.

THE Subscriber having been appointed by Messrs. DAMOTTE & CHEVALIER, of Tonnere, Agent for the sale of their WINES in this City, invites the attention of the public to a consignment just received.

JOHN YOUNG, St. Peter Street.

Quebec, 2nd Oct. 1838.

L A N D I N G.

EX ARRIVED "MARY LA FLEUR";— TWENTY-FOUR TUBES RICE 18 casks superior Sperm Oil EX ARRIVED "ESPERANZA" & "FAREWELL" 500 barrels No. 1 Flouring 50 do Pickled Codfish 8,000 gallons Oil

HY. J. NOAD, Hunt's Wharf.

Quebec, 2nd Oct. 1838.

POETRY.

TO MYRA.

BY T. E. HENVEY, ESQ.

Tuque visere arcani, tecum obam fibras. HENRY.

I love thee now, my spirit's love! All bright in youth's unclouded light;— With sunshine round, and hope above, Thou scarce hast learnt to dream of night.

Yet night will come!—thy bounding heart Most watch its slits most leant away; And, oh! thy soul must learn to part With such that made thy childhood gay!

But should we meet in darker years, When clouds have gathered round thy brow— How far more precious in thy tears, Than in thy glow of gladness, now!

Then come to me,—thy wounded heart Shall find a haven still, One bosom—faithless as thou art,— All—all thine own, 'mid good and ill!

Thou leavest me for the world! then go! Thou art too young to feel it yet, But time may teach thy heart to know The worth of those who ne'er forget!

And, should that world look dark and cold, Then turn to him whose smiles are true, Will still love on, when worn and old, The form it loved so well in youth!

Like that young bird that left its nest, Lured, by the warm and sunny sky, From flower to flower,—but found no rest, And sought its native vale to die!

But, should the hopes that woo thee, wither, Return, my love beloved one! And let—oh, let us die together!

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

SELINA STANFIELD was one of the prettiest girls in the scattered village of Woodfield; and with her father, a decayed squire of ancient descent, occupied the last remaining ruinous fragment of the old turreted hall at the end of the lane leading to Blackmere Common— to isolate a spot as a traveller may meet with in the course of a ride of thirty miles over the black plains that lie on the western extremity of Norfolk. Selina, who had the misfortune of losing her mother in her childhood, had picked up a sort of desultory education from her father, and an old maid gentlewoman, of very slender attainments; her aunt; under whose untended auspices she learned to read, write, cast accounts, and to play a few tunes on an old cracked harpsichord which had belonged to her grandmother. She could also embroider filigree, and work gentlemen's ruffles; which last accomplishment, all things considered, was rather a superannuated acquirement for a heroine of the nineteenth century; but Aunt Bridget, who had been celebrated for her performances in this way, assured her pupil that no young lady would be regarded as a well-educated person unless she were capable of executing such handicrafts.

At the age of fifteen, Selina was very pretty, and highly sentimental; had read all the old romances in her aunt's closet by stealth; and it was the ardent wish of her heart to experience a few distresses and marvellous adventures; it was, moreover, her secret desire to become the wife of a bold chief.

Notwithstanding his fine names, no creature could be less like one of those lawless but famous desperadoes, than Albert Orlando, Fisher, the ruddy, zoot-tempered son of a deceased naval lieutenant. Albert, with his poor mother, and eight juvenile brethren, occupied a thatched cottage in the centre of an old monastic enclosure called the Priory; and, for an hour every day, but on his best clothes, for the purpose of shining peerless in the eyes

of his fair neighbour, when he walked past her father's gate at noon, or called to bring him a weekly newspaper (a week old), which he had borrowed of the village apothecary for the squire's reading.

Selina was far from being insensible that those attentions were designed for her; and she graciously permitted Albert Orlando to walk by her side to and from church, when papa was confined to his chamber with the gout, and Aunt Bridget staid at home to take care of him. She also condescended to avail herself of his services in smuggling into the house, unknown to papa and aunt, the contraband article of new novels from the circulating-library at the nearest market-town, which was six miles distant from woodfield. She accepted the daily offering of flowers which he privily made to her, with the rustic but not unpleasing gallantry in which love instructs his most untaught votaries; and she read with assumed dignity, but secret rapture, the "amatory doggerel rhymes, of Cupid's own infilling," which he addressed to her at certain interesting times, and seasons, such as birthdays, new years, and Valentine's anniversaries.

She all of a sudden grew vastly intimate with his mother, who, good woman, felt herself greatly honoured by the calls of Miss Selina. She became fond of lonely rambles on Blackmere Common; a similar taste existed on the part of Albert Orlando Fisher; and by some secret sympathy, I suppose, it happened that they always chose the same hour for their walks.

He commenced instructing her in botany; and she, in return, laboured to imbue his mind with the elevated and heroic sentiments, even in her behaviour, was but an attendant, who was a more matter-of-fact sort of person, did not comprehend much of Selina's refinement, but lover-like, he listened with great admiration to all she said, and told every one who asked any questions respecting his fair Selina, that she was the prettiest girl for ten miles round, and was clever enough to puzzle an Oxford scholar; which speech gave rise to the report that Miss Stanfield understood Greek and Latin better than the parson, a gentleman whom we have now occasion to introduce to our readers.

The reverend preacher was precisely of that pollitous age when single gentlemen, arrived at the verge of decided old bachelorism, evince much painful anxiety to form a matrimonial connexion of a nature sufficiently advantageous to satisfy their own self-esteem; and, abandoning all caution, contract such marriages as cannot fail to amuse the lovers of the marvellous. He possessed an eye for beauty, and began to regard the fair Selina with no common interest, in consequence of the attention which his ecstasial pedantry had induced him to pay to her; and falling into an error, by no means unusual among vain people, of attributing his own sentiments to her, he at length persuaded himself into the belief that the young beauty would esteem herself the most fortunate of her sex in becoming his wife. He had no sooner arrived at this flattering conclusion, than he commenced a course of diurnal annoyances, in the shape of morning calls and friendly tea-visits at Blackmere Hall; to the infinite satisfaction of Mrs. Bridget Stanfield, who, no less egotistical than good Parson Bell, placed all these civilities to her own account, and invariably sent her pretty niece out of the way when ever she spied the pretty ditzie, with his umbrella under his arm, nodding up the old avenue of chestnut trees leading to the house. This was vastly agreeable to Selina, who was thus enabled to enjoy many opportunities of unreserved intercourse with young Fisher. Parson Bell, however, was too cunning to be thus easily outwitted; nor had he lived so long in single blessedness to be caught at last by a spinster of fifty years' standing. He soon discovered the drift of aunt Bridget, and was at length awake to the mortifying fact, that Selina had bestowed her youthful affections on a young and handsome lover; but one, withal, whose poverty, even more

than his want of refinement, would present an insuperable barrier against his union with Selina Stanfield. Still he was a formidable rival. He was the only young man in the village whose station in society would enable him to make pretensions to the daughter of proud Squire Stanfield. As for the squire, the over-weening ideas of his own importance, and the claims of his ancient family, appeared to increase as the means necessary to substantiate those decreased. Field after field of the family estate had been alienated from the patrimony by his predecessors, to portion off their daughters, or to provide for the numerous train of younger sons which had blessed their union with dowries and beauties, till Reginald Stanfield and his sister, Bridget found themselves in possession of little more of the goods of fortune than sufficed to supply them with bare necessities of life.

Reginald Stanfield felt these things severely, but his indolent disposition would have prevented him from making any exertions towards improving his situation, even had he possessed the capabilities of so doing. His education had been neglected, and his natural abilities by no means furnished him with those resources which might have assisted him in a struggle to recover the bygone prosperity of his race. His keen perception of the disadvantages under which his straitened circumstances would oblige him to appear in the mingled in society, induced him to lead a life of an anchorite in the very prime of his days; and so long had he persevered in this self-imposed seclusion, that any infringement on his solitary habits would have been most irksome to him. He saw his lovely and only child—the last of that line of whose name and reminiscences he was so proud—stepping into the prospect of enjoying any of those advantages so requisite for a young female, who is likely to be but slenderly provided with the goods of fortune; and he sometimes reflected with anxiety on the subject of her future destiny. Such thoughts, however, were painful; and therefore Mr. Stanfield, consistently with his natural and acquired indolence of mind, abandoned them for the more agreeable occupation of his favorite heralric studies.

The visits of Parson Bell he at first considered intrusive, but every man is reasonable when his weak side is known. Reginald Stanfield's might have been perceptible to a child, and was therefore sufficiently open to the cunning divine, who plied him so successfully with flattery, and rendered himself so agreeable by the civilities of lending him books, newspapers, magazines, and sending him occasional presents of game and fish, that the favor of the old squire was completely propitiated; and he at length heard without displeasure, though certainly with some surprise his neighbor's proposal for Selina's hand.

The lover talked of settlements on his future bride, and represented, in many tempting terms, the increase of comforts that must accrue to Mr. Stanfield himself from the connexion. The slight objections urged by the father of the young beauty, on the score of disparity of age, were easily answered. Selina was summoned; and, after a suitable preamble, the old squire presented the Rev. Joseph Bell to her in due form, as the gentleman whom he designed for her future husband. Selina stood against at a communication so wholly unexpected; then, after a moment's recollection, exclaimed with great naiveté,—"Dear papa, you have mistaken me for Aunt Bridget. Mr. Bell is her lover not mine. I'll go and call her." and without paying the slightest regard to the expostulations of her antiquated squire or the anger of her father, she darted out of the room, and with breathless haste sought her aunt, whom she despatched to join the astonished pair in the study. As may naturally be supposed, the squire and the worthy ecclesiastic were widely unprepared for so unprecedented a proceeding on the part of a young lady when receiving a proposal of marriage. But Selina knew nothing of the world or its forms, and when surprised out of her acquired habits of romance, she invariably