

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 2ND OCTOBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FURS.

W. ASHTON & CO.

MOUNTAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO PRESBYT. CHURCH.

HAVE MANUFACTURED through the summer, and now offer for sale a stock of **LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS**, which for neatness of style and quality of material, will be found to offer the competition. Their having for some years past secured during the summer season, probably the best Hat Trade in the Province, enables them to undersell any house depending on the winter trade for twelve months; and this, together with the advantages they have over any other furrier, in the city by importing their own materials direct, are the only hints they think necessary to drop.

All description of Furs made to order, and returned 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 not exceed the value of any article when promised 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.



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. Coach Builders. Quebec, 29th Sept. 1838.

FOR SALE, OR CHARTER.

THE NEW FAST-SAILING BRIG GUANA, Captain Taro, 273 tons old measure, equipped and copper fastened, will take Freight in any safe port in Great Britain, Ireland or the West Indies.

This vessel a well-calculated carrying horses to the West Indies, having had thirty on board last voyage, which were all safely landed at Barbadoes. Applications to be made to GEORGE BLACK, Ship Builder, sept. 29th.

T. HOBBS,

Cabinet, Sofa, and Fancy Chair Manufacturer, No. 15, SAINT JOHN STREET.

[In returning thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, informs them that in addition to his Cabinet stock of Furniture on hand, he has commenced the FANCY CHAIR BUSINESS.

In all its branches, having engaged experienced workmen for that purpose. On hand, and nearly finished, 300 Chairs of various patterns and colours; Garden Chairs in all its patterns, of the best materials.

All orders in the above line executed with dispatch. Furniture furnished on the lowest terms. Hearse to let. Quebec, 16th August 1838.

SHIP BUILDERS, TAKE NOTICE.

THE subscriber will furnish full Galls of Rigging, fitted complete to order, warranted equal to any that is imported, in every respect—also, a very superior article of Blocks made of the best seasoned Timber by patent machinery, and as cheap as the common Blocks made by hand; and constantly on hand, a General Assortment of Galleys, Chains, Anchors, and Ship Chandlery. Those who have building or intending to build Vessels this winter, will find it to their interest to call and leave their orders.

S. C. SALISBURY, Agent, Store on Atkinson's Wharf, Office, 40, St. Peter Street. Quebec, 29th September, 1838.

PARTNERSHIP.

THE Establishment hitherto known as F. HACKER & CO. will be carried on, from this date, under the name of HACKER & FLETCHER, Architects, Civil Engineers, and Surveyors. Office, St. Anne Street, Upper-Town. Quebec, September 1, 1838.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

Should sorrow ever try to be,
In darkness of the laws of fate,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure of thy birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

If ever life should seem
To thee a tolling way,
And gladness cease to be on
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Haste then thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

But O! if through life's dreariness
Thou shouldst thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
Fain wouldst by earthly bloom;
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Not always be forgot
Thy better rest in heaven.

When sickness takes the cheek,
And drops her languid eye,
And pulses slow and weak,
Tell of a time to die;
Sweet thoughts will whisper then—
"Lift thou from earth be given,
"Thou'st bias beyond the low,
"There's rest for thee in heaven."

THE PROCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

"Huzzo! at it again, Success, Briney. He I take that, you could just. Will you beech our cattle now, Nanny? Whoo—ha, ha, ha!—at it again, boys—that's your sort."

Such were a few of the explosives of mingled fun and devilment that proceeded from a group of ragged urchins, who were busily employed in pelting with hard mud, soot, and other missiles, an old and decrepit woman, whose grey hair and infirmities ought to have been her protection; but whose reputation as an evil disposed witch proved quite the contrary.

Nanny, for such was her name, was leaning, or rather sitting, against a bank at the road side, shaking occasionally her crutch at her tormentors, and muttering a heavy curse as missile after missile fell thickly around her. The shouts of laughter proceeding from the annoying children, as she tried in vain to rise, and impotently threatened, made her imprecations come doubly bitter; but her eye was never wet, nor did she once even by a look appeal to their pity. Her figure was bent with age, and her shaking hands brown and fleshless—her hair was grey and wiry, and escaped from beneath her cap in short, thin, tangled masses—her eyes were dark and deep set, and her lips and mouth had fallen in as her teeth had gradually decayed. She was clad in a russet gown, much the worse for the wear, and a scarlet cloak, or rather a cloak that had once been scarlet, but was now completely faded from its original colour. It had been broken here and there, but was pieced with different coloured cloths, so as to appear a motley and strange garment; and her bonnet was of the same circumstances, was unanimously elected the witch or bog-woman of the village; and though the brats were then so busy annoying her, at night, or in a lone some place, they would fly like lightning even at her approach; and some of them actually trembled while shouting, though they did not like to exhibit their fear to their companions. In the first place, she lived completely alone in a hovel on the mountain side, where, save health, rock, and fern, there was not a single thing on which the eye could rest; then, no one knew from whence she came, and lights were frequently seen shining through her unglazed window at hours when spirits were supposed to be abroad; besides more than once a group of dark figures had been observed standing at

twilight near her door, and were always set down as ministering demons, awaiting the pleasure of their mistress. Whenever a cow ceased giving milk—whenever a lamb or pig got any disease and died—it was unanimously attributed to the spite and venom of "Nanny the witch"; in fact, no human being could be viewed with more mingled feelings of fear and hate than she was by all the inhabitants of the village. The boys still continued their unfeeling attack; and she now was silent and gloomy, and did not menace, nor even mutter a curse, but her firmness had not left her how which was darkly bent, & her small black eyes emitted a flash of wild though concentrated anger and revenge. Nor did words which passed from time to time, by frown or gesture discourage the young urchins from their attack, sometimes they even stood looking complacently on, wondering at the reckless courage of the boys, as they would not for worlds dare to raise a hand against one so very powerful. Suddenly a fonder whoop than any the had yet given, told that they had just invented some new mode of annoyance, and a short, hard-featured, red-headed boy, whom they called Briney, ran whooping and hallooing towards them, bearing a large hairy cap, which he triumphantly declared was full of rotten eggs—those delicious affairs which smash so delightfully off an unprotected face, and which used to be in great demand when pillories were in fashion.

"I must have first shot!" roared Briney as he placed his burden down in the midst, and seized one of the eggs it contained.

"Scora bit, Briney!" screamed mother, standing before him—"Pye a better aim nor you."

"You a better aim?" scornfully retorted he; "thry ill?" next his hand was raised in the act of pelting, but was as suddenly stopped and withheld, as a pretty fair-haired child, tripped forward from an opposite side; and perceiving what was going on, ran quickly to the old woman, and laying down a pitcher that she bore, stood before her, facing the crowd of boys, her mild, soft blue eye flashing displeasure, and her cheeks flushed with a deep pink suffusion.

"Lhame! Oh, for shame!" were the first exclamations that escaped her, and her sweet voice trembled with anger.

"Redal, it's purty Minny herself, sure enough!" muttered one urchin to another, as they hesitated what to do, each evidently unwilling to encounter the reproaches they were sure of receiving; and one or two scampered off the instant she spoke.

Then turning round to the old woman, and perceiving that her lips looked dry and parched, she ran to the pitcher, and lifting it to her mouth with much softness and compassion, exclaimed,

"Poor Nanny, you look dhray, as thry're some wather. Take a little sup, an' it'll revive you! Oh, if I wor here a little bit sooner—"

Nanny raised her eyes to thank her, and did as she requested; and it was indeed a touching thing to see that child in all the budding beauty of infancy, attending so anxiously on the withered female, whose name was seldom pronounced without dread or malediction. The urchins looked on for some time with open mouths and staring eyes; and then, headed by Briney, giving a farewell shout, to show they were not entirely disconcerted, bravely took to their heels.

"May the blessins of the poor an' the persecuted folly on yer path, my purty child!" gratefully exclaimed the old woman, as her eyes rested on the cherub face and infantine figure of her protectress, and they now were dewy and wet with tears.

"Shall I help you to rise, Nanny?" asked she, her little heart dancing with pleasure at hearing the servent wish: "if you like to go home, an' yor'heart me strong enough, I'll help you on!"

"From my heart I thank you, my purty golden haired child," said the old woman, as with her assistance she at length stood up; "had you seem to know who I am, and I think wudher yer not afraid of me. Minny, I think

they called you—who is the happy father ov my little darlin'?"

"I'm Minny Whelan," gently answered the little girl; upon which Nanny shrank hastily back, and a fearful change overspread her features.

"Minny Whelan!—you the proctor's daughter? Those smiling lips—these tender, soft eyes—that rich y'flow hair—an' that warm an' feelin' heart, Minny Whelan's? Oh, it can't, it auns't be—I won't believe it!"

The little girl laughed, although wonder lurked in her eyes, and repeated innocently,

"Sure enough, I am the proctor's daughter, and you don't hate me for it—do you?"

"Come close to me, child, till I look upon you," said Nanny, in a cold an' altered tone of voice; and then, as Minny fearlessly advanced, she laid her aged hands on her head and pushing back the profusion of her curling hair, looked long and anxiously on her. A hot tear fell upon the child's forehead as she withdrew her hand; a faint broken voice the old woman exclaimed,

"You are—you are indeed his child; but have neither his black lock, nor his hard an' benevol heart—so—so—I cannot hate you! For years I've never met wid kindness, till you war kind, Minny, heaven'll reward you for it; an' may it blessin' be wid you, is the praver ov yer father's bitterest foe!"

At this the child hesitated for an instant, as if she did not comprehend the latter part of Nanny's sentence; and then innocently taking her hand, she looked up to her face and said—

"But maybe yer too tired to go home now all the ways, Nanny, so if you'll come w'd me, I'm sure my father wud be angry, an' will!"

"So home wud you?" wildly reiterated the old woman, her eyes blazing so fearfully, that the child shrunk instinctively back—"grass your father's flure!—inther the man's house who sint y' a son—my only son!—my horse's blood!—from his native land, wid disgrace upon his name, and the heavy hand ov power crushin' him to the earth! Never!—these eyes, that once could laugh wid happiness, will burn in their sockets first, and this withered heart, once so warm and joyful, will burst, afore I ever think ov it!"

"Nanny," tremblingly said Minny, "you spake so wild you make me afraid—I hope I haven't done any thing to vex you?"

"You! Oh! no, no—you force me to love you! I could not hate you, although yer father—but no matter, Minny 'ood ye

—may the Almighty guard you."

The day passed away as summer days are wont, in softness and languor, and the sun descended in gold and crimson, leaving a bright hole in the west to mark his resting-place.

Night came on serene and still, and the quiet moon ascended her heavenly throne, while the refreshing dew fell upon the flowers, whose leaves opened to receive them, parched as they were with the burning justice of the mid-day sun. Midnight had already passed; and all was as silent as if no living or created thing existed upon the earth to mar its splendid beauty with the wild indulgence of its fiercer passions. A strong light was gleaming from the interior of Nanny's cabin, which we have already said was situated on the mountain side; and the noisy sounds of revelry were heard proceeding from within. Could any of the superstitious have summoned courage to approach sufficiently near, and listened for a moment, the idea of spirits would soon be dissipated in the bluff, hoarse voices which were laughing, and growling, and snoring, sometimes alternately, and sometimes all together. But we had better introduce the reader to the interior, and then he will be a better judge of the nature of the orgies carried on.

The cabin consisted of but one small apartment, in the centre of which blazed a large fire (summer though it was) of dried peat. The smoke sought egress where it might, but still left a sufficient canopy over the heads of the occupants, as completely to hide the dingy and charred rafters, and did not seem in the slightest degree to annoy the optical