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## POETRY. THE DESTROYER. BY MISS RENNIE.

He came not with the gittering sword,
the came not with the spear,
Nor-brandeh'd weapon in his hand.
To hid the breely fear.
The bloom of youth was on his check.
And sprekled in his cyc;
But shounded in his youthful soul.
Were thoughts of darkest dye!

He grappled not with foes, nor rought. The battle's stormy heat, Where the couper'd and the conqueror find A gary winding sheet;
Oil battle that in combat he liad heat's fatal blow,
Than hair'd death's fatal blow,
Than aim'd at woman's true hin, breast.
The shaft which haid her hos.

He came to her with gentle words.
And smil'd love's witching smile;
She could not deem 'neath all his vows
There turk'd the taint of guile.
For none could look on him, and think That he too would deceive; and none could see her angel form, And think that she must grieve.

But soon, his solemn oaths forgot, He left her to ber doom; Nor reck'd if wrong and falschood led The guildless to ber tomb. The guiltless to be found, the struggled on, and dark and drear the struggled on, and dark and drear the saw each hope proved false by than, Each link with joy decay.

She finded fast, yet silently,
As flowers beseath the blast;
She breathed no marmur, shed no tear,
But loved him to the last. But loved him to the last, he canaed not her destroyer—him Who closed her azure eye; he lov'd when death gnaw'd at her heart, And bless'd with ine's last sign!

## THE FAIR.

You may smile, render, at the idea of a story entitled—The Fair; but read on, and you may find it an appropriate title to a touch-ing, though simple tale. This may seem like the writer's praising his own production—but the writer's passing his own production—but that is neither here nor there amongst authors, it is done every day; and not amongst authors only, but amongst all trades, crafts, and prosessions. If a man does not speak well of his own wares, when does he expect to do it for him, when every person is busy stilling warns of his own? You know the saying—"he's asilly gardener that lightlies his ain tools," But to go on with The Fair. On a Fair day, nature always turns out hundreds of her best human specimens of unsophisticated workmanship. Delyou ever examine the commander of a rustic group, around a stull coverance. mansip. Did you ever examine the cona-tenances of a rustic group around a stall cov-ered with oranges and sweetmeats—a beyy of rural beauties, besieging the heart and the pockets of a rural bachelor of two-and-twenty, pockets of a rural bachelor of two-and-twenty. The colour of one countenance is deep and various as the rainbow—a second emulates the rose—a third the carnation—while the face of ross—a third the camation—while the face of a fourth, who is deemed the old mail of her companions, is sailow as a daffold after a north wind. There blue eye woo, and dark eyes glance affection, and ruby lips open with the jecund laugh; and there, too, you may trace the workings of jealousy, rivalry, and envy, and other passions less gentle than love, according as the oranges and ginger-bread happen to be divided amongst the fair recipients. Van. too, have hour the draw recipients. You, too, have heard the drum beat for glory, and the shrill note of the fife ring through the street, while a portly surgeant, less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less to a fair were spread out. At the book, will less will less on the fair some of a fair were spread out. At the book, will be now, a substant, and upon the fair some of a fair were spread out. At the book, will be now, and the fair some of the less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less than bestow a fairing upon each, and be less to like it will less to less on, and the fair some of a fair were spread out. At the book, will be now, the will be now, and upon thone shall be my home, and it will less than bestow a fairing upon each, and the more of wards the index, and the some of a fair were spread out. At the book, will be now, the less than best death of a fair were spread out. At the book, will be now, the fair some of a fair were spread out. At the book, will be now, will be now, and the Hisbondo, the this willing out wil

also the only child, and the sole support of a widowed mother, and she loved him as the soul loved, the hope of immortality; for Wil-lic was a dutiful son and a kind e.e., and withal, one of whom many mothers in Scot-land might have been proud, for his person was goodly as his heart was affectionate; and was goodly as his heart was affectionate; and often as his mother surveyed his stately figure, so thought to henself—as a mother will—that where wasna a marrow to her Willie had braid Scotland." Now, it chanced, that before Willie had completed his twenty-third year, that they were so in need of a his hassie, as his mother said, to keep up the bondage. Willie, therefore, went to Dunse Irring to engage a servent; but, as the world have it, he seemed to fix upon the not uniquely maid. be seemed to fix upon the most unitacity maid-en for field-work in the market. At a conner of the market-place, as if afraid to enter the crowd, stond a lovely girl of about eighteen. ctown, stond a lovely gol of about eighteen. Her name was Menin Morrison. A ray we for hiring the day, hinny !" said William kindly. "Yes," was the low and faltering reply. "And what place was yo at last ?" I nover was in service," said she, and as she said this, she faltered mate. "An" "I never was in service," said she, and as she said this, she faltered more. "An' where does your father lives—what is he?" continued Wilke. "He is dead," answered Menie, with a sigh. Willie paused a few moments, and aduled—"And your mother?" "Dead, too!" replied the maiden, and tears gushed into her eyes. "Puir thing!"-puir falog," said Willie—"weel, I'n sure I dima ken what to say till't." "You may look at this," said she, and she put into his honds a sip of paper. It was her character from the minister of the parish where she had been brought up. "That's very excellent," said Willie, returning the paper—" very satisfactor—"erry, indeed, But—can ye—can ye her "Added he, he statingly, "Not well," answered she, "I like that, that's honest, added he, "he incire say lexing. Can ye" mits a cow?" "No," she repired, "That's pit," returned Willie, But he looked again in her face; he saw the tear still there. It a pity, returned write, But he holest again in her face, he saw the tear still there. It was like the san gilling a summer cloud after a shower—it needered her face more bountiful, "Weel, it's na great matter," added he, "my mother can learn ye"—and Willie Forbes hired Menie Merrison through his heart. In a dreat time, Manie, a common excellent research of the second way. short time. Menie became an excellent ser-vant. Wittie and his mother called her—over Menie." She loved her as a daughter, he as a man loveth the uife of his bosom; and Menie loved noth in return. She had bee years in their service, and the wedding years in their Menie and V Menie and Willie was to be in three menths. For a few weeks, Willie, from his character For a few weeks, Willie, from ms cases and abilities, had been appointed farm-steward. He looked forward to the day when he should be forward to the day when he should be a farm of his own, and Menie He looked forward to the day when he should be able to take a farm of his own, and Menie would be the mistress of it. But Berwick Fair rame—Willie had a cow to sell, and Menie was to accompany him to the fair. Now the cow was sold, and Willie was 'gall lanting' Menie and three or four of her companions about the streets. He could not do less than bestow a fairing upon each, and he led them to a booth, where the usual luxuries

motion is certain! God save the Esing! Tained his stewardship. Menic had heard to Down with the French !!"—" Down with the barley bree,", and, borrowing the sword of the sergrant, waves in uncountily round his head—feels himself a hero—a Sampson—a Cesar—all the gloines af Napoleon seem extinguished beneath his sword-arm, "Down wit them!" he cries again more "chemently, and again—" Hurra for the life of a sodger!"—and the next moment the ribbons streams from his Sunday hat. On such incidents turns our present story. Willie Forbes was a hind in Berwickshire. It was also the only child, and the sole support of a the crowd passed before her as a dream. "Ye also the only child, and the sole support of a the crowd passed before her as a dream. "Ye ansi scened to gather before her eyes, and the crowd passed before her as a dream. "Ye see how it is," observed her companions "macthing here guid enough for her!—'If ye speak to him again, Menie, ye deserve to beg in the causie!" Her pride wis wounded—her lead was tonched—a cloud fell upon her affections. Such is human nature that it freaffections. Such is human nature that it frequently happens revenge and love are at case other's closes. Now Menne was not without other admirers, and it so happened that one of these, who had more pretentions to this world's goods than Willie Forbes, came up at the moment, while her boson was struggling with litter feelings. For the first time, Merie turned not away at his approach. He was turned not away at his approach. He was have been. As the custom then was, and m some instances still is, they heard the sounds of music and dencing. Willie's rival pressed Menie and her companions to "step up and ha'e a reel." They complied, and she ac-companied them, scoree knowing what she

companied them, severe knowing what shed did.

In a few misutes Willie returned to the hooth, but Menie was not there. His eye wandered among the crowd—he worked up and down the streets, but he found her not. Something told him he had done wrong—he had slighted Menie. At length a good-nature of friend, informed him she was dancing with young laird Lister. The intelligence was wormwood to his spirit. He hastened to the dancing room, and there he heleful Menie, if the observed of all observers,? gliding among her unsite companions lightly as you have seen a butterfly kiss a flower. For a moment and he was proud to look upon her as the queen of the room; but he saw his rival hand her be a seat and his blood brilled. He approached her. She returned his salutaval hand her to a seat and his blood byiled, le approacade her. So returned his saluta-tion with a cold clance. Another real had-ber a danced—Willie offered her his hand for-her partner in the next. "Fin engaged," said the hitherto gentle Menie, "but maybe-Miss Jean with ha'e nac objections—if there's on a thing good enough for her here." At that mement, Willie's rival put his arm, through Menie's—she stood by his side—the through Mevic's—she stood by his side—the music struck up, and away they glided through the winding dance! Willie uttered a short desperate oath, which we dare not write, and duriged from the room. But scarce had he left till confusion and a sickness of heart came upon Menie. She went wrong in the dance—she stood still—her bosom heaved to bursting—she uttered a cry and fell upon the floor.

She, in her turn, felt that she had done crong, and on recovering she left her com-anions, and returned home alone. She doubtwrone, and on returned home alone. She doubt-ed not but Willie was there before her. The road seemed longer than it had ever done be-fore, for her heart was heavy. She reached his mother's cottage. She listened at the door—she heard not Willie's voice, and she trembled she knew not why. She enter it, The old woman rost to meet her. "Weel himy," said she, "hare ye get back again! What soit o' a fair has there been? Where is Willie?" Menie turned towards the link, to lay aside her bonnet, and was silent.

was mine—it was a' mine. But dinna be angry." And here the maiden unbosomed her giref, and the old woman took part with her, saying—"son as he's mine ye just served him as he deserved, Menie." Her heart grew lighter as her story was told, and they sat by the window together, watching one party after another return from the fair. But Willie was not received. sat by the window togener, party after another return from the fair. But Willie was not amongst them; and as it began to wax late, and acquaintances passed, Menie ran to inquire of them it facey had seen any thing of Willie, and they shook their heads and said — "No." And it graw later and later, till the last party, who left the fair, had passed—singing as they went along—but still there were no ticings of Willie. Midnight came, and the morning came, but he came not. His mother became miserable, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper, and in the bitterness of her heart she upper and the same he came not. His mother became miserable, and in the hitteness of her heart she upbraded Menie, and Menie wept the more. They sat watening through the night and through the norning histening to every sound. They heard the lark begin his song, the poultry leap from their root, the cows low on the milkmaidens, and the ploughman prepare for the the field, yet Willie made not his appearance. Time grew on till mid-day, and the misery of the mother and Menie increased. The latter was still dressed in the aparel she hed worn on the previous day, and the former throwing on her Suuday gown, they proceeded to the town together to seek for him. They inquir-ed as they went along, and from one they received the information—" I thought I saw received the information—
him wi' the sodgers in the afternoon." The
words were as it a lightning had fallen on
Mente's heart—his mother viting her hands
words were defined—" My ruined bairn!" in agony, and cried-" My ruined bairn !"
-and she cast a look on poor Menie that had more meaning than kindness in it.

more meaning than kindness in it.

They reached the town, and as they reached it, a vessel was drawing from the quay—she had tecruits on board, who were to be shipped to India. Amongst these reto be shipped to India. Amongst these recruits was Willie Ferbas. When he rushed in madness from the dancing-room, he met a recruiting party in the street—he accompanied them to their quarters—he drank with them—out of malmess and reverge he drank—he childred—he drank again—it is indignation thindicd against Marie and against his rival—he again wore at the remembrare, of he reserved. he again swore at the remembrance of he re-fusing him her hand—he drank deep::-his p rent was forgotten—he took the bounty— he was sworn in, and while the lunes of the he was songerment too the bonity—
he was songerment while the humes of the liquor yet raged in his brain, maddening him on downing reflection, he was next day embarked for Chatham. The vessel had not sailed twenty yards from the quey—Willie and his companions were waving their hats, and giving three cheets as they quilted off—when two women rushed along the quay. The elder stretched out her arms to the vessel—she ctred whilly—" Give me hack my barm!—Willie Ferbes 19—He heard het screams above the huzza of the recruits—he knew his mether, is vace—he saw his Menic's dishevelled hair—the poisonous drink died within him—his het dropped from his hand—he sprang upon the side of the vessel—he was about to plunge into the fiver—when he was seized by the solidirs and draged below. A shriek rang from his mother ged below. A shriek rang from his mother and Menie-these who steed atomid them tried to comfort and pity them, and by all but themselves in a few days the circumstance was forgotten.

"Who will provide for me now, when my "Who will provide for me now, when my Willie is game?" mourned the disconsolate wildow, when the first days of her grief had passed. "I will," answered Menie Morrison; "and your home shall be my home, and