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## Poetry.

### GOOD NIGHT, BY JOANNA BAILEY.

The sun is down and time gone by,  
The stars are twinkling in the sky,  
Nor torch nor taper longer may  
Eke out a little but staid day;  
The hours have passed with stealthy flight,  
We needs must part; good night, good night!

The bride into her tower is sent,  
The ribald song and jesting spent;  
The lover's whisper'd words and few  
Have bade the bashful maid adieu;  
The dancing floor is silent quite,  
No foot bounds there; good night; good night!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all,  
And if upon its stillics fall  
The visions of a busy brain,  
We'll have our pleasure o'er again,  
To warm the heart, to charm the sight,  
Gay dreams to all! good night, good night!

### THE FRIENDS WHO SMILE NO MORE.

BY THOMAS HAINES BAILEY.  
I've seen you oft select a flow,  
To wear upon some festive day,  
But, faded ere the evening hour,  
Without a thought 'twas thrown away!  
The flowers that deck a gay saloon  
We prize not when their bloom is o'er;  
And do we not forget as soon  
The once gay friends who smile no more.

The withered rose we soon replace  
With one as fair as that we lose,  
And, won by some attractive face,  
As soon another friend we choose;  
But fleeting must that friendship prove,  
And dearer ties we shall deplore,  
When we like those we used to love,  
Know what it is to smile no more.

### ALL THINGS LOVE THREE—SO DO I.

Gentle waves upon the deep,  
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;  
Little birds upon the tree,  
Sing their sweetest songs for thee!  
Cooling gales with roses low,  
In the tree-tops gently blow,  
When in slumber thou dost lie,  
All things love thee—so do I.

When thou wak'st, the sea will pour  
Treasures for thee to the shore;  
And the earth, in plant and tree,  
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee!  
While the glorious stars above  
Shine on thee like trusting love;  
From the ocean, earth and sky,  
All things love thee—so do I.

### BACHELORS.

As lone clouds in summer eve,  
As a tree without its leaves,  
As a shirt without its sleeves,  
Such are bachelors.

As Syllabubs without a head,  
As jokes not laughed at when they're said,  
As peaches used without a thread,  
Such are bachelors.

## THE DEATH WARRANT.

A THRILLING STORY OF A WIFE'S ATTACHMENT.

The mist of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country from far and near. At Alsbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith laid upon its anvil—not a wagon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with the proprietor towards the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane, in some closed up house, with an air of sad disappointment, or the cries of a little nursing child, betokening that in the general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands, or waylaid here and there a solitary, ragged, and ill-natured dog, either seeming or half appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home, the whole village presented a picture of desertion and silence, that forever had been unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew near the ponderous cliff, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the quick bustle and motion of the world, of men and women, and boys, and horses and dogs, and all living, moving and creeping things, that inhabit the wild district of Pennsylvania.

Within the walls of the old stone jail, at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had travelled a hundred miles to meet him on the threshold of the grave—they met, and from that gloomy vault the song of praise ascended with the ascending sun, and the jailer, as he listened to the melodious voices of the three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate, and who of all in the wide world, blended sweetly together, and chanting the beautiful hymn—

"It is the Lord, should I distrust  
Or contradict his will?"

almost doubt if the evidence of his senses, and stood fixed in astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child!

The brief and to be final interview had passed, however—those unfortunate ones had loudly commented each other to the keeping of their heavenly parent, and parted—be, to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said, to return by journeys to their sorrowful home; the convict, worn out with sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was John Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at the county town some miles distant, for the murder of a fellow traveller, who had borne his company from the lakes, who was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which he slept, at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel had always protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep, but the circumstances were against him, and though the money was not found upon him, he was sentenced to be hung, and was removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the country prison being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place—the scaffold was already erected—the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of "bring out the murderer!" were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay—the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who roused him with the information that all was ready without, and bid him hasten to his execution—they laid hands upon him, and

pinioned him tight, while he looked up towards heaven in astonishment, as one new born, only said, "the dream, the dream." "And what of the dream, prisoner?" said the sheriff. "You would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and be cut of this accursed scrape." "I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us in a grey dress, with a white hat and whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sung distinctly—this is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller."

The officers and jailer held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharp after the man in grey, with the white hat—accompanied with many hints of resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency—the prison doors were cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn book in his hand, and a man of all meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams—and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase—he looked, and then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described, stood within six feet of the ladder. The prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire, while he called out, "there is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller," and the jailer at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured, and taken before the Magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was turned loose, and hastened like a man out of his senses, from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed—Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband, that she had assumed the disguise, and performed the whole part by his directions, that he had given her the money which he had, and then successfully concealed about his person; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her; she was again set at liberty, and neither her nor the husband has been heard of again.

### REMARKS ON POETRY.

BY THE REV. DR. CHANNING.

We believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pandor of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of virtuous happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immortal work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy.

Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feelings, revives the reliab of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earthly prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when its letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, how much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the gross labors and pleasures of our earthly being. Life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections, which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire—These are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but eventless joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

### MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

**Saint Foix**—the ingenious author of *Essays* on Paris, having one day entered a Coffee House at the dinner hour, and observed some one taking a jelly, said, loud enough to be heard by the party, "a jelly makes but a poor dinner." Offended by this remark, the gentleman turned to him who made it, said, "that it was his own choice, and he thought it very strange any one should find fault with him."

"That may be," replied Foix; "but you will allow, sir, that jelly makes but a poor dinner." This repetition of his observation irritated the stranger to such a degree, that some further altercation terminated by his demanding immediate satisfaction. As it was then the custom of every one to go armed, they had merely to draw their small swords, when the aggressor soon received his adversary's weapon; and