THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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PROUDLEY'S
SAINT LAWRENCE HOTEL,

Sous-le-Fort Street, Lower Town.

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to return thanks to his friends and the public for past ors, and to assure them that no care or exer- on his part shall be spared to render this Es- lishment deserving of the decided preference ich has hitherto been given to it.

His house has just undergone many improve- nts and additions, and now combines very supe- advantages for the accommodation and com- of visitors. The situation is convenient and lthy, commanding a view of the river and shipp- of the port, unsurpassed in Quebec.

he table of this hotel will always be provided th best the market afford; and the wines and ors will be found of the choicest qualities.

H. PROUDLY.

ebec, 29th May, 1839.

LONDON STATIONARY,

PLAIN AND FANCY.

HE Subscribers have received supplies of the following articles of PLAIN and NCY STATIONARY, viz:—

Writing Papers.

SCAP AND POT.—Whatman's superfine laid olscap, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yel- wove Pot and Foolscap.

S AND NOTE PAPERS.—Fine and superfine ge and small, thick laid, blue wove Post; and superfine large and small thin laid yellow blue wove Posts; superfine wove glazed and Post; superfine laid yellow and blue wove e Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and e Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain ter and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a va- y of plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Drawing Papers

AND DRAWING MATERIALS.

man's finest Drawing Paper, all sizes; colour- Dragon Paper; London and Bristol Draw- Boards, coloured and plain, of 2, 3, 4 sheets in kness; Drawing Books; Ackermann's Colours Colour Boxes, of 6, 12, and 18 cakes; Juve- le Colour Boxes; and Brockman & Lang- s Drawing Pencils; Chalk Pencils, coloured yon Pencils, Portecrayons and Stumps for lk; Camel Hair Pencil; Flat Brushes, in for varnishing; Indian Ink; Transfer Var- ; Rice Paper, coloured and plain; Tracing r; Cases of Mathematical Instruments, of rent qualities; a great variety of Elementary ring Books, Papier Machee, Miniature es.

Cards, and Card Cases, &c.

gilt, black edged, black bordered, embossed highly glazed Visiting Cards, of different ; perforated, embossed, and fancy coloured ; plain, embossed, and roan Card Cases; ng and Conversation Cards; Pocket Books, ote Cases, assorted.

Inks, and Ink Stands, &c.

y of ebony Inkstands; plain and fancy Ink ; Pewter Ink Stands; Pocket Ink Bot- black and Red Ink, Patent Screw Top Ink- ; Excise or Auctioneer Inkstands; Gold ilver Ink; Coomb's Pocket Inkstands.

Miscellaneous.

ilver, and imitation Gold Paper; Mo- Coloured, and Fancy Papers; Tissue Pa- loured and plain; elegantly finished Al- ad Scrap Books; Memorandum Books, d gilt; black, red and fancy coloured Wax; Morocco and plain Leather Pock- ks with or without steel clasps; embossed ia Portfolios; patent everpointed Pencil Silver do. of Albata; Leads for replen- o.; Desk Knives; Pink Tape, differen. ; Prepared Parchment, different sizes the finest quality; Riddle's universal Pen ; Gold Borders, and Gold Paper Orna- Plain and elegant Snuff Boxes; Rodger's ves; Tapers and Taper Stands: Screen ; Music Paper, in quires and in books; per coloured and embossed, of various oy Books, of all descriptions; Black acils, of different qualities; Slates and cils; India Rubber, patent and common; d bone Paper Cutters; Rulers, Wa- mps; alabaster and bronzed Letter

Blank Books.

of Ledger Journals, Day Books, ck Books, Ruled Memorandum Books, s, &c

oks made to order.

Exchange in books; Merchants Tariff , various kinds, Swan Quills, Italian nes.

W. COWAN & SON.

Poetry.

I MUST NOT LOVE.

BY THE LATE ANDREW JOHNSTON.

I must not love!—for envious Time
Its shoreless gulf between us throws;
As well might Lapland's snowy clime
Hold dalliance with the blushing rose.

I must not love!—for thou art fair,
And still that face but paints thy mind!
While I disfigured by despair,
Own not one charm thy heart to bind.

I must not love!—for thou art dear,
Too dear to this impassioned heart;
No home have I thy life to cheer,
This bursting sigh proclaims "We part!"

I must not love!—for I must toil,
Unlov'd, unpitied, through life's scene;
My very heart's blood would recoil
To blend thy path with woes so keen.

I must not love!—farewell! farewell!
Maid of my heart, my sister friend!
In vain I curb this passion-swell,
In thee I leave the world behind.

DOINGS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From the New York Morning Herald.

GRAND ENTREE OF HIS DEMOCRATIC MAJESTY, MARTIN VAN BUREN, INTO PHILADELPHIA—TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION—SPLENDID DINNER AT SANDERSON'S.

SANDERSON'S MERCHANTS' HOTEL,
Monday—Midnight.

——"Hell is empty.
And all the devils are here."—*Shakspeare.*

DEAR SIR,—The people of Philadelphia begin to think that either the day of judgment, or of their damnation, is come at last upon them. Within the space of rather more than one short week, the demon of wrath, or the devil himself, seems to have opened his big batteries against them. They have had, in that brief space, one bloody and disastrous tragedy, unparalled from the earliest syllable of recorded crime; they have had a disastrous, destructive fire, such as has not been paralleled in the memory of the oldest man living; they have had swiftly upon the heels of these two troubles an exciting election, on a new plan, that has almost revolutionized the entire city and county; helter skelter upon the back of this, came a sudden and sweeping suspension of specie payments by the Banks, in a body, scattering terror and trouble into the ranks of all classes of citizens; and in the very midst of all this commotion, like the storm-spirit soaring upon the wings of the whirlwind, (or the vast vulture-vampire of the East, scenting its dying prey afar off,) came in terrible array and triumphal procession, Satan's supreme agent upon earth, the cock devil of the crowd whose name was "Legion;" for the imps of darkness contained therein, were numerous. His *entrée* into this city was not unlike that of old, when

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with buckler and gold."

Towards sundown on Saturday, Governor Porter with an immense escort of citizens, arrived at the door of Sanderson's superb Hotel in Fourth Street. He is a plain plebeian looking elderly gentleman, about five feet seven and a half inches in height; nothing prepossessing or commanding in his countenance or deportment; weighs about 160 pounds; has a small head, silvered over by time, and a funny little nose, rouged over at the tip by repeated but temperate potations of brandy, rum, or rough weather. His reception in the city was very enthusiastic; "very much so, indeed," as Warian would say; I never heard a crowd shout in a more stentorian manner, nor ever saw democrats drink more devotedly, and that is saying a great deal, after what I have seen in New York. They "threw up their caps i' the hall" of the hotel; they shouted as though the savior of the city was come amongst them, and each one seemed to think that the true test of locofocoism for that night was not to omit one chance for "liquoring" with his locofoco brethern.

THE PROCESSION.

Chief Marshall.
A pale man on a black horse.
Two hundred and fifty well and ill dressed men, mounted; some sober, some not; most of the horses borrowed, most of the men bad looking.
A milk waggon crammed full of loafers.
Sixteen carriages of every shape under the sun; some paid for, some not.
Two men mounted, looking like Caliban and Trinculo.
A carriage owned by a bankrupt filled with insolvents.
Loafers with clean shirts, two and two on foot.
Young devils, one and one.
Thirty mounted men, positively their first appearance in this character.
Loafers with dirty shirts, three and four.
A fellow looking like Death, on a pale horse.
Loafers without shirts, any how,
Interspersed with young devils, and blue devils.
Eight four-horse carriages, with judges and generals, and office holders, and office seekers.
The angel who is to blow the trumpet at the last day, to stop the sale of cabbages, pickles, and post-notes.

HIS DEMOCRATIC MAJESTY,
with Governor Porter, General Wall, and a Mr. Kane, in a carriage.
Lucifer close behind, flapping his wings, shaking his sides, and laughing enough to split his breeches.
The Military,
a most motley group, marching in all sorts of steps, to all sorts of tunes; dressed in black, white, red, grey, green, and other trumpery.
Men in uniform, mounted, hardly able to sit in the saddle, from fright, fever, stupidity, sore limbs, and a superabundance of liquor.
A brave officer on a small horse, with a big tear in his breeches behind.
Loafers without shoes or hats, Indian file.
The scum of the city, sixes and sevens.
The riffacimento of creation, of all colors, and tongues, and in terrible disorder.
The tag end of the infernal regions bringing up the rear, and fixing the tail end of the whole affair, to the tune of "Devil take the hindmost."

At last His Democratic Majesty was enabled to reach his truly handsome room, No. 42. This was most elegantly furnished, and much in the style that George the IV. had his bedroom furnished at his palace at Brighton. Rich yellow silk, and white muslin curtains, trimmed with lace, sobered the light which entered by two large windows; the walls were covered so as to resemble fine tapestry work, drawn tight as at Haddon Hall; a most sumptuous bed occupied the centre of the west side of the room, with silk and muslin curtains to match the windows; the top of the counterpane was as high as His Majesty's head; two splendid mirrors showed him his full length, back and front; the carpet felt like treading on thick velvet: on a rosewood marble topped-table, lay a bible, and a portfolio, (resembling your own on your desk in the editorial room,) lettered in gold "M. V. B.;" under this was a pair of curiously worked silk Chinese slippers, and two costly carpet bags, one containing His Majesty's clean shirts, and the other his dirty ones; these with handsome rosewood and mahogany bureaus, bed steps, and wash stands, made up the balance of this truly beautiful room.

As soon as he had washed his face and hands, brushed his teeth, rinsed his mouth out, scraped his nails, put on a clean shirt, and blown his nose, he descended to the dining room, and sat down to one of the most splendid dinners, for the number of persons that ever was prepared in this or any country.

SMALL POTATOES.—His Small-potatoe Highness, Governor Seward, arrived here yesterday, accompanied by John C. Spencer, the only man of talent connected with the present state government of New York. After negociating a state loan of $1,500,000 to aid the banks and construct the canals, they visited the public schools, accompanied by Attorney General Willis Hall, Devil General Thurlow Weed, and several other small potatoes.

To-day is to be the great day. At 10 o'clock this morning, the whole militia of New York will be assembled on the Battery, consisting of 20,000 infantry, in full uniform, and 5,000 artillery. General Sanford, a neat small potatoe, and General Doughty, a large mealy potatoe, will command, assisted by General Lloyd, a large Carolina potatoe, my friend General George P. Morris, an Irish kidney, General Keeler, a blue nose, and General Storms, a Jersey potatoe. From the Battery the troops will march through Broadway to the Sixth Avenue—the right of the line forming at Broome street, and the extreme left at Burnham's, in Bloomingdale.

Among this military array, Col Ming, with his subalterns, Slam, Bang & Co. at the head of the locofocos, will make the most distinguished sensation, their breeches being mended for the occasion. It will be a great day—and all carts, wagons, horses, carriages, will please clear the way, and fall back for the troops. Omnibuses, with four horses need not do so; they can run the troops down, and make as much confusion and be as obstinate as possible. All beautiful women, in their best dresses, will please be at the windows. A great day this for roasting small potatoes.

EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

The property left by Sir J. Ramsden, lately deceased, is prodigious. We have heard that his grandson, the young baronet, eleven or twelve years of age, succeeds to £120,000 per annum. £500,000 is divided amongst his three sons; £40,000 to each of his daughters; and to his widow the residence at Byron, with £8,000 per annum.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Down, Ferns, Cork, and Cloyne, are the four Irish representative Bishops for the ensuing session of Parliament.

The late Sir R. Grierson, Bart., was 106 years of age on the 15th ult., when he died. He was an officer in the army, and commanded the salute fired at Gibraltar, which announced to the garrison the birth of George IV. He had his half-pay for seventy years, and enjoyed his father's property seventy-three years. He died without bodily suffering, and had never known a days' ill-health.

A young lady, eighteen years of age, has just made her debut at Messina, as an opera singer, who possesses a *bass* voice, which for extent and power is said to rival that of Lablache.

The etiquette observed in the intercourse between the Queen and Queen Dowager is conducted on terms of perfect equality; when visiting, they pass from one room to another arm-in-arm; the ribbon and star of the garter, however, at once distinguishing the Sovereign of Great Britain.

All Knights of the Guelphic Order have a right to assume the knightly prefix "Sir" before their Christian names.

The naval armament of France, for the ensuing year is to consist of 130 armed vessels, with 20,137 men.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The Erebus, Capt. James Clark Ross, and the Terror, Capt. Crozier, sailed from the Thames on Wednesday, on their voyage of discovery to the South Polar Seas. They have each a crew of 64 officers and men.

DIALOGUE.—"Papa, one of my schoolmates says his brother wears mustachios. What are mustachios, papa?" "Mustachios, my son, are bunches of hair worn on the lip by certain dandies, as a substitute for brains." "Well, papa, are those who wear mustachios what are called *hair-brained people?*"

It is computed that 1,000,000 of emigrants have landed in the United States since 1819. From that year to 1838, inclusive, 486,038 arrived in the single port of New York.