

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 18TH AUGUST 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Jewellery Establishment.

GEORGE SAVAGE & SON beg most respectfully to thank their numerous friends and the public in general for the liberal encouragement they have heretofore received, and embrace the present opportunity of informing them that they have **OPENED A SPLENDID STORE,** Corner of Notre Dame and Saint Gabriel Streets, MONTREAL, and have received, direct from the manufacturers, a Rich and Fashionable assortment of Clocks, Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery of every description, Silver & Plated Ware, Table and Hanging Lamps, superior Cutlery, Japanned Trays, Tea Caddies, Tea and Coffee Urns, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Dressing Cases, Bronze Ware, Britannia Metal goods, and a great variety of Fancy Articles.
Montreal, 2nd August, 1838. 2m2w

HORATIO CARVER

No. 4, Fabrique Street,
IMPORTER OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN
DRY GOODS,
Is now receiving, per the "Hibernia," from London, a small selection of choice Court, Paragon and Marabout Flannels, rich Scarfs and Handkerchiefs, real Chamilla, Brussels, and Brocade Velvets, Brussels and Blood Laces, 4-1 Pique and the Brussels Capes, Mantillas and Collars, &c. &c. One dozen beautiful Mousline de Indes dresses, with Flouces,
Elegant French Shawls, printed and plain, 6-4 Staff and Cloth Merinoes.

ALSO ON HAND,

Rich Damask and Watered Mores for Curtains with Fringes and Bindings to match of the newest style, Brussels Carpet, very low, 4s 6d to 6d per yard, Royal Rush-Matting for passages, Venetian and Willow Stair Carpeting, Wilton Rugs, Fringed Druggs, Furniture paints, 10-4 Russia Sheetting, Tosseling, Damask Table Linen, Quits and Counterpanes, a few very fine Summer quilts, Cloth Goggles and Table Covers, richly cut out.
Gentlemen's Beaver Hats of the newest shape, and a few of very superior quality—price 8s. Home Hair Caps and Stocks, quite new, Longcloth and men's Shirts, Silk and Farnetta Stocks, with a general assortment of Plain and Fancy Goods.

H. CARWELL, would respectfully solicit the attention of his friends and the public to an examination of his **Stocks**, being desirous of making quick sales, he is disposed to offer his Goods at **UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES.**
Quebec, 19th July, 1838.

WINE S.

GILLESPIE, JAMIESON & CO. are pleased their usual supply of—
Sparkling Champagne,
Fine Old Hock,
Claret, Laiffie,
Sauterne,
in cases of 3 dozen each.

They have also on hand, in wood—
Fine Old Port,
Sherry, Pale and Brown,
Madera.
Quebec, 14th August, 1838.

Oatmeal, Pot Barley, Sails,

FOR SALE.

A FEW TONS OATMEAL, in bags and barrels & 45 barrels Pot Barley, superior quality;
ALSO,

A variety of Sails,—comprising Fore-sails, Top-sails, Fore-gallant-sails, and Gilt-sails, suitable for vessels of from 200 to 800 tons.
10 cwt. 2, 3 & 4 Span Yarn, and
A few cwt Oakum.
1000 2, 3, and 4 bushel Bags and Sacks.
JAMES S. MILLEE,
Commercial Buildings, St. Peter Street

ON SALE,

UPPER CANADA FLOUR, of superior quality, which will be disposed of **CHEAP**, to close a consignment;

ALSO,
Single and Double-barrelled GUNS, of the very best quality. These Guns are all proved, and warranted by for the most superior fowling pieces ever imported into Canada; and will be sold at whatever they will bring.

R. McCLIMONT,
No. 5, Saulteau-Matlot Street,
Quebec, 11th August, 1838.

NEWSPAPER & PERIODICAL AGENT.

G. P. BRADFORD begs respectfully to inform the Proprietors of Newspapers, and others, that he has commenced the above business, and be trusts by attention and care to merit any confidence placed in him. No exertion shall be spared to further the interest of his patrons.
No 2, Saint Stanislas-street,
16th August, 1838.

POETRY.

W. E. WILLIE.

BY DEATH—In Blackwood's Magazine.
Fare-thee-well, our last and fairest,
Dear wee Willie, fare-thee-well!
He, who lent thee, hath recalled thee
Back with him and his to dwell.
Fifteen moons thine silver lustre
Only o'er thy brow had shod,
When thy spirit joined the seraphs,
And thy dust the dead.
Like a smok-ann, through our dwelling
Shone thy presence bright and calm;
Thou didst add a zest to pleasure;
To our sorrows thou wert balm;
Gleeter beamed thine eyes than summer;
And the first attempt at speech
Thrilled our heart strings with a rapture
Music o'er could reach.

As we gazed upon thee sleeping,
With thy fine face outward,
Thou didst seem a little angel,
Who from heaven to earth had strayed—
And, entranced, we watched the vision,
Halt in hope and half afraid,
Lest, what we deemed ours, and earthly,
Should dissolve in light.

Snows o'ermander'd hill and valley,
Sullen clouds begrimed the sky,
When the first dread doubt oppress'd us,
That our child was doom'd to die!
Through each long night-watch, the taper
Shed the hectic of thy cheek,
And each anxious dawn beheld thee
More worn out, and weak.

'Twas even then Death's nation's angel
Shook his pin on o'er our path,
Isid the coast of our household,
And struck Charlie down in death—
Fearful, awful! Desolation
On our limbed set his sign,—
And we turned from his sad death-bed,
Willie, round to thee!

As the beams of Spring's first morning
Through the silent chamber played,
Lifelines, in mine arms I raised thee,
And in this small coffin laid,—
The day-star with the darkness
Mine times had triumphant striven,
None so good and yet so fair,
And your souls in Heaven!

Five were ye, the beautiful blossoms
Of our hopes, and hearts, and hearth,—
Two asleep in the land under—
Three for us yet gladden earth:
Thou, our Hyacinth, gay Charlie,
Willie, thee our snowdrop pure,
Back to us shall second spring-time
Never more again!

Yet while thinking, oh our lost ones,
Of how dear ye were to us,
Why should I dream of doubt and darkness
Haunt our troubled spirits thus!
Why, across the cold dim churchyard
Fit our visions of despair!
Faded on the tomb, Faith's angel
Says, "Ye are not there!"

Where then are ye? with the Saviour
Blest, for ever best, are ye,
And the sinless, little children,
Who have heard his "Come to me!"
'Tis the shades of death's dark valley,
Now ye lean upon his breast,
Where the weaned dare not enter,
And the weary rest!

We are wick'd—we are weary—
For us pray, and for us plead—
God, who ever hears the sinless,
May through you the sinful heed—
Pray that, through Christ's mediation
All our faults may be forgiven,—
Plead that ye be sent to greet us
At the gates of Heaven!

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY; OR, WHICH IS WHICH.

A TALK FOR THE DISCONTENTED.

"Who knoweth what is good for a man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow!"

The sun was gone from the valleys, and its last languid rays were lingering on the mountain tops, when there came forth from a cottage in one of the sweetest and humblest spots in Westmoreland, a widow whose weeds were but of yesterday; and at her side were two young men of pleasant aspect, grave in the sobriety of an early sorrow, and graceful in the inartificial courtesy with which they paid reverential attention to the sadness of their widowed mother. At a little distance behind them walked a rustic servant bearing a trunk on his shoulders; he kept aloof from the mother and her sons, not because of the haughtiness of those whom he served, but that he might not intrude on the sanctity of that sad moment, in which a mother parts with her children, and is on the brink of a solitude which may last for life. The party proceeded by the side of a rivulet, and then crossed a little bridge which brought them to a public house, at which the stage-coach was in the habit of stopping. Andrew laid down his load on a plot of grass in front of the house, while the mother and her sons went into a small parlour to wait for the coach. The widow sat down languidly, and endeavoured to make her sorrow look more like bodily fatigue than a mental anguish. "The walk is almost too much for me," she said, and accompanied the remark with a feeble effort at a smile, which, like the sun peeping out in a day of clouds, made the gloom yet darker by way of contrast, and revealed the true character of the heaviness which sat upon her soul. The young men had seated themselves on either side of their mother, and the elder one took her by the hand, looking in her face as though he would speak, but his lips trembled and he kissed her in silence. The younger then said, "You shall hear from us immediately on our arrival in London, and I have no doubt that I shall give you a pleasant account of our reception. London is the place for young men of enterprise to make their fortunes. Young James Burroughs, whose father was only an inn-keeper at Ambleside, is said to be now worth nearly ten thousand pounds; and surely if the son of an innkeeper, whose education was none but the plainest, could succeed so well, we, as the sons of a clergyman, having been so carefully instructed, may hope to find our way in the world. And then you shall choose whether you will come and reside with us in London, or whether we shall take a villa in Westmoreland."

He who thus spoke was a fine-looking youth about nineteen years of age, of light complexion, aquiline nose, handsome in his profile, but some what too thin and sharp, with light sandy hair, and forehead high but narrow. His look was that which you would say gave indication of considerable acuteness, and that kind of penetration which is so exquisitely useful in mercantile affairs. The elder brother, who was upwards of one-and-twenty, was very much like the other so far as a family likeness goes, but notwithstanding the featural resemblance which pronounced them to be brothers, there was a diversity of expression, which told the most careless observer, that there was a wide difference between their characters. In the look of the elder there was a placidness which indicated a disposition rather to give than to take advantage, while the younger had that sharp, quick expression which show symptoms of making a good bargain. In the elder there was a look of thoughtfulness, so indeed there was in the younger, but the thoughtfulness of the elder was contemplative, abstract, disursive, and benevolent,—that of the younger was indicative of shrewdness and selfish calculation. The younger had the readiest tongue, and while his brother was thinking, he would speak, and oftentimes much to the purpose.

When their father died, leaving his widow in very narrow circumstances, and his two sons with no profession, all the neighbours said that George might be his mother's support, but that Robert, would be her comfort.

That they might be in a way to maintain themselves, their mother was paring with them and sending them to London, at the invitation of some friends and relations of their departed father. This was indeed a sad task. If it be one of the heaviest punishments that man can inflict upon his fellow-man to take him from a cheerful and peopled home, and to immerse him in a solitary cell, where familiar faces are no more seen, and where friendly voices are no more heard,—how much must a poor widowed mother feel, when her own home is made desolate, and when all she sees reminds her of those who once were most dear unto her—when the dwelling, which once was musical with the sound of many steps and many tongues, has now no other sound than the echoes of the widow's footsteps and the faint whisper of her sighs! How does her heart swell when she sits down to her solitary meal, and looks at the empty chairs of her cold and cheerless parlour! She shivers at her own fire-side, and when she prays that God would bless her absent children, she prays with the bursting heart and tearful eye, but words cannot find articulation.

Not many minutes had the party been in the house, when the sound of the coach wheels was heard, and the stage was at the door. Then the mother grew paler, and had much difficulty to rule her sorrow and to keep it down to the solace of a quiet sadness. Children are always children to an affectionate and sensitive mother: she can never forget the pretty days of their helpless infancy, the cradle wailings, and the bright sunny smiles which gave token of their joy in existence; and when she parts with them, whether it be at God's altar where they pledge their hearts to another love, or whether it be by the side of the vessel or carriage that shall bear them from their home to distant scenes and novel interests, a pang is felt as though the better part of her life was reat away from her. So felt the widow of the Rev. Robert Stewart, when having taken leave of her sons, she returned to the cottage which some kind friends had fitted and prepared for her reception after the death of her husband.

It is not speaking disrespectfully of the young men, or accusing them of any want of feeling, to say that they did not experience quite so much sorrow at leaving their mother as their mother did in parting with them. They were young and full of hope, unchilled by any worldly experience, futurity was filled for them with fancy visions, all bright and glorious, and as they both had a real affection for their mother, they were promising themselves, that by means of their success in the world, of which young men never doubt, they should soon be able to place her in a state of comparative opulence. So they went on their way rejoicing, and forming various imaginations as to what manner of reception they should meet with in London. As they had never seen any larger city than Carlisle, London was indeed a strange sight to them; for though they had read of Rome, of Nineveh, of Babylon, and other places of historic interest, yet all this could not give them an idea of the dark and dusty reality of a great and actual metropolis. They were astonished at all they saw and heard, and not least of all at the well-dressed liverly servant, who met them at the inn where the coach stopped, and announced him self to be sent by his master to conduct the young gentlemen to the house of Mr. Henry Alexander. The obsequious attention and almost reverential respect which the servant paid to them, so different from the clumsy, kind, and smiling officiousness of their more intimate domestic in the north, produced on their minds the first strong and deep impression that they had ever felt of the cool diversities of rank. A handsome carriage was in waiting to convey them to the house of their opulent and distant relative, and after a short ride they were set down at the door of a well-built mansion in