

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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SATURDAY, 27th OCTOBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WILLIAM BURKE,
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
No. 15, Fabrique Street,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has received from London a choice assortment of articles in his line, among which are black Buck and curried Goat Skins, of a superior quality, for Gentlemen's Summer Boots, which will be made up in the first style, and on the shortest notice.
Quebec, 31st May, 1838.

NEW GROCERY STORE,
CORNER OF PALACE & JOHN STREETS.
H. J. JAMESON,

RESPECTFULLY announces that he has commenced business in the above house, where he has on hand a choice selection of WINES and other LIQUORS, TEAS, SUGAR, COFFEE, and all other articles usually connected in his line, and will dispose of them for the lowest possible profit, and by a strict attention to all orders which may be favoured with, he trusts to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—For Sale, at very reduced prices, 88 dozen of superior London Particular O.L.P. and O. L. P. T., warranted eleven years in bottle.
Quebec, Sept. 1838.

GROCERY STORE.
THE Subscriber is returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business, most respectfully intimates that he is constantly on hand a choice assortment of Wines, Spirituous Liquors, Groceries, &c. all of the best quality.

JOHN JOHNSTON,
Corner of the Upper Town Market Place
Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits' Barracks.



THE Subscribers having just received from England a variety of materials for WHEELER & SUMMER CARRIAGES, selected under the personal inspection of Mr. J. SAVOIS, on the first houses in London and Birmingham, are enabled to execute their work in better style, and much cheaper than any other house in Canada.

SAURIN & CO.
Coachbuilders
Quebec, 29th Sept 1838.

BROWN'S
DEAP CLOTHING AND GENTLEMEN'S
DYES CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 9, outside St. John's Street Gate.

Best quality Cheeses by
aged 4 weeks, and many articles on
sold given in for sale.
Quebec, 28th July, 1838.

TO SHIP-MASTERS.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Ship-
masters trading to Quebec, that the high-
prices are paid at his Establishment, for
boards of OLD SAILS, CORDAGE, &c.
&c.

JAMES S. MILLER,
Commercial Buildings, St. Peter Street.
Quebec, 15th Sept 1838.

FOR SALE,
BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
50 HUNDRED MINOTS PEAS,
10 cwt. Ship Biscuit,
20 bbls. Boston Crackers,
50 lbs. Butter,
20 cases Salad Oil,
40 casks Hull Cement,
Green and Blue Paint.
CREELMAN & LEPPER.

Doctry.

From the *Evansville (Indiana) Journal.*

VICTORIA.

"Behold the crown!
May He that wears the Crown Immortally,
Long guard it thine!"

A glad and glorious thing hath met
Within that ancient fane;
To place the bright Coronet seal
On young Victoria's reign:
Full oft the gorgeous pageant there
Those sacred walls have seen;
But purer, deeper homage erects
That fair young maiden Queen.

And many a voice from distant lands,
His plaudits mingle there—
And many a hand its fealty paid,
Full many a heart its prayer:—
For here Devotion o'er the sea,
A solemn anthem sings—
She lays aside her Crown to kneel
Before the King of kings!

A lofty seat is thine, fair girl!
Whom proudest realms obey;
And borne to earth's remotest bound
The flag is still unfurled;
No day so rife with pride and joy
Can "merry England" claim;
Like this, when they rend the air
With fair Victoria's name.

Sole daughter of the regal line
Whom proudest realms obey;
A Sceptre, gift with care, is thine,
For youthful hands to sway;
But from thy ripe and vigorous mind
Thy Nation's hopes arise;
And may each destiny ye proclaim
VICTORIA—good and wise!

THE DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.

BY JOHN ST. HUGH MILLS.

In a small room in the middle lane of the Inner Temple, whose cramped window permitted only the eye to wander upon the blue expanse of heaven, or more generally the thick, humid vapour which chokes one even to think of, a London fog, sat a young pale-faced man, thin, haggard and worn with evident excessive mental exertion, his taper, wasted fingers entangled in his neglected nut-brown hair, his large sparkling gray eyes fixed upon a manuscript before him, and his colourless lips quivering moving to the impulse of intense thought; a few books graced a shelf within his reach, a college cap and gown hung proudly from a cobwebbed peg, prima facie evidence of his studies deep and jealous; a glass chipped in the rim, with a few drops of cold water occasionally raised to his lips, showed the simple beverage with which he quenched his thirst. It was Beaumaurice Clarke, the young, learned, excellent, kind hearted, enthusiastic author.

At an early age he was sent to Eton, where after enduring the many pains and penalties which all are subjected to who occupy the English school, he went to Oxford, where, vigorous, thick and fast bailed upon his well-merited exertions; the advanced, indolent scholar, though poor in purse, was courted by the opulent and powerful, landings and dukings were pleased to have the friendship, or rather acquaintance of excellent Beau, as he was called, because he could materially, and would cheerfully, relieve their pudding-heads of unnecessary exertion—unnecessary, as circumstances placed within their grasp all they desired—books which would take months of unceasing exertion in the talented student; a slight notice in a publication, or a compliment from a professor, would be produced by one of these aristocrats in a few-hunt or uproarious—in others, disgraceful behaviour—the act of misconduct which would condemn the one, would be facetiously shaded and glossed into a joke of the first water, concerning the other. Many months had Beaumaurice devoted to reading for a fellowship, which, upon obtaining, would place him above the common wants and necessities of life. The day arrived for the examination, and, primed with classic lore, he threaded his way to the hall to undergo the

awful ordeal. While passing the rooms occupied by Lord St. Paul, he was hailed by his lordship and boon companions to enter and partake of breakfast, but he declined, alleging as an excuse the lateness of the hour. "Late, indeed!" said his lordship, "why, you are an hour before the time; come in, man, I want your assistance, or I shall be plucked to a certainty." This was sufficient to induce him to accept the invitation, and as he mounted the staircase, his lordship said in an under tone, "Let us endeavour to fuddle him; what a joke it will be."

"If you prevail upon Beau to drink one drop, Paul, you'll accomplish a task of persuasion uncollected in the annals of sporting, ancient or modern!" said one of the company. "What a lark it would be to see him duck-headed at the examination!" said another. "I'll manage it," said Lord St. Paul; "I'll put *cau de vie* in some coffee and give it to him; he will not discover it, for I don't believe he has any palate, except a taste for Græco-latinum et latino-græcum."

"Unpleasant food for me," said another, "I hate the dry stuff."
"That, I suppose, accounts for your immoderate potations," said his lordship.
When Beaumaurice entered, he was surrounded by a dozen young men, whose inflamed eyes told plainly of excess; the table, loaded with viands and the room filled with smoke, showed one of those orgies had been kept, with its usual waste and extravagance, a college breakfast.

"Come Beau, before we discuss crack-brained Greek," said Lord St. Paul, "discuss some breakfast; have a cup of coffee, it will clear your head, if not so transcendently good as usual."

"You flatter me, my lord; however, I recollect neglecting my breakfast, and will accept one cup of coffee," said Beaumaurice.

The beverage had scarcely been swallowed when the fiery poison began to inflame the blood of the inexperienced student, his head felt too light to remain upon his shoulders; and words tumbled glibly from his lips, so exquisitely potent that the surrounding bacchanals drank in the flowery language with greater greed, if possible, than the draughts of wine they had previously. Every moment his excitement increased, till at length his lips strained to its utmost pitch, reached the ears of others who crowded in to hear and see the student—*marotte dictu*—madly inebriated upon the day which was to crown him with honours and emolument. "How did it happen?" asked one. "Who did it?" inquired another. "He will be plucked to a moral!" whispered a third. And so he was. Yes, the gifted, kind hearted, benevolent fellow, from a sportive jest, was dismissed with disgrace from Oxford, for daring to appear in a state of intoxication before the examiners. No apology or excuse could alter the stern decree; the fact was stated to them, by Lord St. Paul, who bitterly regretting his thoughtlessness, candidly acknowledged it, stating truly how it occurred; yet nothing could be received as mitigating the sentence, the reply being, "if one such flagrant act could be forgiven, innumerable excuses would be offered constantly on future occasions."

After his unhappy congee, having the sympathy of all who knew him, the broken hearted student, with unprecedented benevolence, shook hands with the unintentional destroyer of his bright career, hopes and anticipations of honour, fame and opulence, forgetting not with hypocritical appearance, but in his heart, no shadow of animosity existing; tears chased each other silently down the cheeks of the poor fellow, as with reluctant heel he turned from the arena of his glory and defeat, wending his way toward the

"Hastens of men and smoke—for now we come
To—where, coachman?—That, s.r., London."

With scanty purse and suicidal spirits, poor Beaumaurice searched for a suitable lodging upon one street and down another till nearly exhausted; at length a piece of paper stuck against a gate of a Temple, attracted his attention from its peculiar and inviting appearance.

"A hairy attack helegantly situated in the happier parts of these premises—possession immediate—rent in advance, for further particulars apply to Mrs. Chell on the premises, if by letter post-settled. None need apply except principals. Ouse-agents don't trouble yourselves." The referee, a fat, antiquated lady, pointed out the many advantages to be derived from so desirable a locality. "Sir," said she, "the first gentlemen at the bar read and wrote here; and many of them, at one time, could hardly afford to pay their way for this snugery. Sir Edward Pellett studied in this room, Sir Edward Suggden, the lord chancellor for Ireland, Mr. Chitty the great law-writer, and—"

"No doubt all the first men of the age," interrupted Beaumaurice, smiling at the incoherence of the dame.

"Yes, sir, every one almost," said the old lady.

"What is the rental?" inquired Beaumaurice.

"Ten shillings a week, sir, payable in advance; for, since my severe loss, sir, my rule is to make my lodgers pay down before—Land said Mrs. Chell.

"You have had a misfortune?" said Beaumaurice.

"Indeed I have, sir," observed Mrs. Chell, with a melancholy visage. "I let my lodgings, these very chambers, to a Mr. Griffin; a little shabby fellow—Griffin by name, sir," as Mrs. Chell said, "and Griffin by nature. I trusted him the matter of five week's rent and board, when he absconded without paying me a farthing, sir."

Beaumaurice performed the indispensable stipulation and located himself in the attractive residence, determined to follow the path strewn with thorns and misfortunes; a poor author's.

"The spacious West,
And all the teeming regions of the South,
Hold not a quarry to the anxious fight
Of knowledge, half so tempting, or so fair,
As man to man."

To succeed in the world we must place an ostensible value upon ourselves. If we cannot respect our own abilities, although we may possess great erudition and unceasing energy, our talents will little avail us. Self confidence renders acquisitions available, without it they are useless. Persius says, "scire tuum nihil est, nisi to scire hoc sciat alter"—the knowledge you may possess is as nothing, unless it is known to others that you possess it—and Bulwer, with his thorough acquaintance of the world, asks, "how can we expect others to think well of us, if we (who best know ourselves) appear not to do so." This is obvious, & the great precept of "knowing thyself," we are convinced was not merely intended to check our vanity, but also that we might comprehend our worth.

The great fault of Beaumaurice was his diffidence and want of confidence; often would a rival in his class, possessing little else than assiduity, or indeed, impudence, eclipse his splendid talents, and reap the honours which otherwise would have been his—so much does success depend upon appearance rather than worth. We would say to a man—look wise, rather than be so and appear ignorant.

With assiduity he commenced his first production, the "Artist's Daughter." Every word was carefully weighed and duly considered, every sentence smoothed and polished, all the feeling expressed in the glowing colours which alone can be painted by the vivid imagination of a poet. With pride he surveyed the completed work, and as the last sheet was turned from the desk, his palpitating heart beat loud and quick, as the thought flashed across his brain of the praise that would be lavished upon him. "Yes," said he—"I shall succeed; my misfortune at college will be no injury to me—it may be even for the best," and he laughed that inward, heart-stirring laugh, which only proceeds from real substantial gratification.

The manuscript was carefully tied and sealed, that no impertinent eye might survey its hidden beauties, save that for which it was formally intended—the editor of the *Magazine*. It was committed to undergo the ordeal of acceptance or rejection, accompanied