

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 2ND FEBRY, 1839.

LATEST DATES. From London, From Liverpool, From Paris, From New York, From Boston, From Montreal.

There is no later European news. The steam ship Liverpool was to sail on the 10th, and intelligence by her may now be daily expected.

Montreal and Upper Canada papers received this morning contain no news of importance. The following are the only particulars of the proceedings of the Court Martial, which we gather from the Montreal papers.

On Wednesday evening, last sentence of death was officially communicated to the following prisoners:—Bren, Chevris, Joseph and Louis Douchette, Goyette, Rochon, De Lamoignon, Touchette, Fricot, and Lenois. The executions will take place at such time as His Excellency the Commander of the Forces may appoint.

Francis Remi Narbonne, Nicolas and the others were on trial upon their defence this day. The following are the names of the prisoners whose trial is fixed for Saturday the 2nd:—James Perrin, Louis Turcot, Jean Marie Lafleur, Godfroi Chaloux, Desor, Bonhomme, Michel Longtin dit Jerome, fils, Charles Roy, dit Lapensee, pere, Francois Xavier Prevost, Isidore Tremblay, Andre Papineau dit Montigny, David Gagnon, and Charles Rapin, all of St. Clement, St. Maurice, and St. Timothee.

From the Montreal Correspondence of the Quebec Exchange, dated Thursday, 3 p.m.

This being the 31st day of the month, all the volunteers were mustered, and paraded through the city, having their respective bands playing in front. Generally speaking, the men have both improved in appearance and discipline.

I have heard it stated upon credible authority that the Council have it in contemplation to do away with the Court Martial at present sitting, and to establish a Court of Oyer and Terminer in the District of St. Francis, for the purpose of more expeditiously disposing of the remainder of the prison 13 numbering I believe to be between two and three hundred.

A private letter, (an extract from which is given on the newsmagazine) from Sir George Arthur, in passing through that place, and the Legislature of the Upper Province would be called together on the 25th proximo; and that it was his conviction no further trouble would arise on the frontier.

At this date we have no mail from the States.

The defence of the prisoners, Nicolas and others, is now going on.

I believe there will not be any of the rebels executed to-morrow. Coffins, however, are in readiness, seven having been sent to the jail yesterday in case they should be required.

The Sandwich Herald mentions a rumour about a thousand invaders being about to visit that part of the country, and we are sure they will be well received. The Toronto Herald says, that Colonel Prince has received a threatening letter from that unwhanged villain, Thelner, which states, that he will soon visit Canada with two thousand men, and wash his hands in his (Colonel P's) blood.

It has been rumoured that a considerable portion of the Queen's Volunteers and the police force of this city was about to be disbanded. This, however, we believe, is not true; but we understand that vacancies occurring in the police will not hereafter be filled up.

The February Term of the Court of King's Bench for civil causes opened yesterday, when the Honorable Chief Justice Stuart took his seat for the first time since his appointment, Mr. Justice Bowen being also on the Bench.

It is stated in town that several important Ordinances are in preparation to be submitted to the Special Council, which commences its session on the 14th instant.—Gazette.

enemy slept on. I rushed to the fire-place, and rattled the shovel and poker against one another. He cannot but stir at this, I thought; and I listened in the expectation of hearing him start. Still the same death-like silence continued. I caught up the fire-irons, and hurled them together against the grate. They fell with a crash that might have startled the Seven Sleepers,—and waited in a paroxysm of anxiety for the result which I had anticipated. But there were the close curtains as before, and not a sound issued from behind them to indicate the presence of any living being. I was in a state bordering upon frenzy. The fearful suspense of the past night, the agony of emotions with which I had been shaken, working upon a body already greatly fatigued, had left me in a fever of excitement, which, if it had continued, must have ended in madness. I was wild with a mixed sensation of dread, curiosity, and suspense. One way or another this torture must be ended. I rushed towards the bed; upstaring the dressing-table in my agitation. I tore open the curtains, and there, oh God! lay the cause of my agony—a suicide—weltering in a pool of blood. I felt my naked foot slip in something moist and slimy. Oh Heaven, the horror of that plashy gore! I fell forward on the floor, smitten as by a thunderbolt into insensibility.

When I revived I found the room crowded with people. The noise of my fall had alarmed the occupants of the room beneath, and they had burst into the chamber where we lay. But my sufferings were not yet at an end. The noises I had made in endeavoring to rouse the stranger had been heard, and were now construed into the struggle between the murderer and his victim. How it happened I know not, but the razor with which the suicide had effected his purpose was found within my grasp. This was deemed proof conclusive of my guilt, and I stood arraigned as a murderer in the eyes of my fellow-men. For months I was the tenant of a dungeon. "It passed, it passed, a weary time;" but at length my trial came. I was acquitted, and again went forth, with an untainted name. But the horrors of that night have cast a blight upon my spirit that will cling to it through life; and I overmore execrate the wretch who first projected the idea of a DOUBLE BEDDED CHAMBER.

BON GAULTIER.

MEMOIRS OF TOM JONES.

The following account of the purchase of the copy-right of this work, is given in the Athenaeum, as heard by Mr. Colquhoun, from the life of Millar, the bookseller.

Millar being hard pressed for money to pay a twenty pound bill, took the manuscript as soon as finished to a second-rate bookseller, who gave him very faint hopes of purchasing it at all "for" said he. "I do not think the book will take." "He did not think any inducement could make him offer more than twenty-five pounds for it, and he could not make up his mind, till the next day, even to give that sum. Fielding expected twice the sum—for the work had been approved by some literary friends; but he was so situated that he replied, "well, sir, I shall call tomorrow. The book is yours for twenty-five pounds, for I am pressed for the money."

Fielding, on his return home, met his friend Thompson, the poet, and told him of the negotiation. The poet, who was sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached him with his rash bargain, telling him if he could cancel it, he should endeavour to find a purchaser, whose purse would do more credit to his judgment. Fielding posted next morning to the bookseller, dreadfully apprehensive that he would stick to his bargain. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature returned the manuscript safely into his hand.

Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thompson, who accompanied him to Mr. Andrew Millar—a popular bookseller at that day. Mr. M. was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading, but on his wife's approbation; the work was therefore left with him, and some days after, she having persuaded him to let her by no means to let it slip through his fingers.

Mr. M. accordingly invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thompson, at last, so gratified, "it would be as well if they proceeded to business."

Fielding, still, with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded to give for his work?

"I am a man," said Millar, "of few words and fond of coming to the point; but really,

after giving every consideration I am able to give you more than two hundred pounds for it."

"What?" exclaimed Fielding—"two hundred pounds?"

"Indeed, Mr. Fielding," returned Millar, "indeed, I am sensible of your talents; but my mind is made up."

"Two hundred pounds?" continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment; "two hundred pounds, did you say?"

"Upon my word, sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer, or his great merit; but my mind is made up, and I cannot give one farthing more."

"Allow me to ask you," replied Fielding, with undiminished surprise—allow me, Mr. Millar, to ask you—whether you are serious?"

"Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to hurt your feelings, or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel."

"Then, my good sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of fortune, "give me your hand; the book is yours. And, waiter," continued he, "bring us a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Millar died he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by Tom Jones, out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents, at different times, of various sums, till they amounted to two thousand pounds. And he closed his life bequeathing, to each of Mr. Fielding's sons, a handsome legacy.

ELOQUENCE OF THE PASSIONS.

Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprung from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in the comparison, render void the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. It happened some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was concluded to the tower, as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the Lord Protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, ceased; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."

PROVERBS.

The wisdom of all ages, from the highest antiquity, has compressed and communicated its lessons in short compendious sentences, which were readily received and easily retained. Stamped with the authority of sages, mankind gave a wide circulation to them, and their universal currency proclaimed their value.

The doctrines of the Druids were not reduced to writing, but preserved by oral tradition; and when the Druidical priesthood was extinguished, their lore was lost, excepting the few vestiges which may be collected from the songs of the bards, and the proverbial triads of the Cymri. Each of these triads, as the name imports, contained three facts, precepts, or definitions. The following are specimens of the triads, which are often remarkable for sagacity and knowledge of human nature:—

The three qualifications of poetry—Endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and happiness of mind.

The three foundations of judgment—Bold design, frequent practice, and frequent mistakes.

The three foundations of learning—Seeing much, suffering much, and studying much.

The three foundations of happiness—A suffering with contentment, a hope that it will come, and a belief that it will be.

The three foundations of thought—Perspicuity, amplitude, and justness.

The three canons of amplitude—Appropriate

thought, variety of thought, and requisite thought.

THE "KEY OF DEATH"

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the Arsenal at Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:—

About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamoured of the daughter of an ancient house, already married to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most fearful weapon which could be imagined. It was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed, that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered into the flesh, and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited, in disguise, at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wretched man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bride party. A vein was all the skill of the physician, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days.—The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited to the utmost the vigilance of the magistrates; and when on close examination of the bodies the small instrument was found in the gannetted flesh, there was universal; every one feared for his own life. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but, since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, as though she had a presentiment of his guilt, and her reply was most decisive in the negative.—Tebaldo, beyond control of himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeon who hastened to her assistance, taught, by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state-inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered and he perished on the gibbet.

We understand that Lady Durban's resignation of her office at Court, was the spontaneous act of her ladyship, and that the noble Earl was not cognizant of her intention until it was carried into effect. Her Ladyship's letter to Her Majesty, it is said, instead of following the usual form of requesting permission to resign, tendered her resignation at once, and in express terms. The answer of the Queen, we are further told, was couched in language expressive of esteem, and even of affection, and intimated, that had the form usually adopted on such occasions been adhered to, the permission to resign would not, without the greatest reluctance, have been granted to her Ladyship.—Morning Post.

John Hannon, the American who stood charged with having in his possession a copper plate for the purpose of forging notes on the Toronto Bank, in Upper Canada, was brought before Mr. Minshull, at Bow-street Office for final examination, and the prisoner was fully committed to Newgate for trial.

In Covent Garden market, on the 18th December, there was exhibited a gourd grown in the garden of Alderman Hall, of New-York, nearly nine feet in circumference, and weighing 126 lbs.

On Thursday evening seven and eight, an individual named Comeau, going down three boys who were which they had with the Comeau roundstated it but only received an in he consequently gave I solvent of them, a slap hand. The latter turn knife, and made an on near, slightly wounded blow was instantly replied his one'st, immit effects of which he cited ating agony, about four On of the police patro the affray, and secur were lodged in jail.—F years of age, but has been as a desperate and inco arrived a few days ago two boys are named S the former 13 and the Langueid has been for the town selling plaster his person was found a commonly used by mstric tried to be the most fatal wound was inflic by trade, a sawyer, two and resided with his p Valier Street, St. Roch

A coroner's inquest yesterday afternoon, w dict of "Willful Murd prisoners, who have un trial.

MARI At Montreal, on the 21 Mooreland, baker, to M At Montreal, on the 26 han, widower, to Mrs W

On Friday evening, 2 Davies, Esquire, mercha At Three Rivers, on T Emma Hoggis, third dang

THEATRE THE WIDOWS IN THE MILIT THE Amateur Company belonging to the Co WILL F Os THURSDAY EVE TEK The Siege o A SELECTION OF SERGIO SERRAS, PORT, S Songs: "The English Martyr" RECITA: THE POPUL THE B APPLICATION FOR TICKETS hours of Twelve and six Thursday and at the door to the performance. Private Boxes continue Box Tickets, (Dress C Circle, half a dollar; H Quarter of a dollar. 12 Doors open at 10 to commence at HALF PA Persons are requested their Tickets of Admissi

FOR BRIG FURNISHING AT ONE O'CLOCK 26 THE OLD CI