

counted on his arrival was Mr. Wilmot; and, saddened as he was by the cruelty of his own father, he could not endure the bitter reproaches which were heaped upon him by the father of Julia. Scarcely conscious of what he did, he struck the old man a blow which felled him to the earth. Had the wealth of worlds been his, he would gladly have given it for the power of annihilating that ungrateful moment; but his repentance came too late. The injury which the blow had inflicted upon the person of Mr. Wilmot was very slight; but that which his honour had sustained was almost irreparable. Before he recovered from the swoon which had been occasioned by his fall, Henri had been forced from the spot by his friends; and Mr. Wilmot returned home with a soul burning with shame, and with the desire of revenge. Deeply as Julia loved Henri, she was yet far from being insensible to the gross insult which her father had received; and when with all the frenzy of desperation, Henri ventured to write to her, his repeated letters were returned unopened; and at length with the bitter words of reproach. Thus passed one long miserable day; but at midnight, when Julia had retired to her chamber, to weep those tears which she dared not shed in the presence of her father, she was alarmed by the opening of the low casement; and an instant Henri stood before her. His eye glared with the wildness of insanity, the flush of fever was on his cheek, and his lips poured forth the incoherent ravings of madness. Before Julia could summon assistance, he rushed towards her, clasped her wildly in his bosom, and while she was yet struggling in his embrace, put a pistol to his head, and fell lifeless at her feet. The report of the pistol alarmed the family; they hastened to the spot, and found the senseless form of Julia extended upon the mangled remains of her unfortunate lover, and stained with the warm blood which flowed from his fatal wound. Medical assistance was immediately procured. Henri was gone for ever; and the wretched Julia recovered from her death-like swoon only to become the frantic tenant of a sick chamber for many a weary month. After passing nearly two years in this manner, without one lucid interval, she recovered her reason almost as suddenly as she had been deprived of it; but it was almost impossible to ascertain whether her recollection had also returned. The name of Henri never passed her lips; and when, in compliance with the wishes of her parents, she re-entered the world, no one would have imagined that, beneath her gay smiles and costly attire, was concealed a broken heart. But in acquiring this self-command, she had lost all the simplicity of her character. The dissimulation which was at first necessary, became habitual; and they who sought to discover her real feelings, and opinions, were obliged to own themselves completely baffled.

Such was the being who, for several years, shone with univalued brilliancy in the fashionable circles of our own country. I am not recounting a mere fiction. Few persons can have mingled in the gayeties of New-York, Boston, and Washington, ten years since, without having frequently met this extraordinary woman. To gratify the ambitious feelings which had taken entire possession of her after the destruction of gentleness, she became the wife of Commodore Mordant. Dazzled by the glory which his courage and skill had acquired, she perceived not the defects of his character until it was too late. Possessed of immense wealth, he lavished it with the greatest profusion upon his lovely wife; but it was only that he might be gratified by the admiration which she excited. It was his chief pleasure to follow her steps at a distance, until the charms of her intellectual conversation, her polished manners, and her exquisite music, had attracted a crowd of respectful admirers, and then to break rudely in with some coarse sea-phrase, or harsh rebuke, or vulgar jest, in order to show his power and authority over the creature who, to all other eyes, was "a bright peculiar star." Such was the martyrdom which she endured for several years, and so perfect was her self-command, so imperturbable her apparent tranquillity, that many doubted whether she was capable of feeling the insults which she constantly received. But Julia had long since ceased to live for herself. To be the idol of fashion was now all her aim, to seem placed upon the summit of worldly felicity was her sole object. Even this consolation was denied. The commodore became at length wearied of his own tastes were so unlike his own; and his gross indelicacies finally produced a separation between them. From his immense

wealth he allowed her a small stipend, far from being sufficient to supply those extravagant habits which he had himself created; and while the rude sailor was rioting in riches and luxury, the beautiful, the accomplished Julia Wilmot, the pride of courts, the beloved of nobles, the admired of all beholders, was left to drag on a miserable existence in loneliness, and almost in poverty.

THE PAINTERS REVELATION.

"I cannot paint it!" exclaimed Duncan Weir, as he threw down his pencil in despair. The portrait of a beautiful female rested on his easel. The head was turned as if to look into the painter's face, and an expression of delicious confidence and love was playing about the half-parted mouth. A mass of luxuriant hair, stirred by the position, threw its shadow upon a shoulder that but for its transparency you should have given to Hys, and the light from which the face turned away fell on the polished throat with the rich mellowness of amaranth. She was a brunette—her hair of a glossy black, and the blood melting through the clear brown of her cheek and sleeping in her lip like color in the edge of a rose. The eye was unfinished. He could not paint it. Her low, expressive forehead and the light pencil of her eyebrows, and the long, melancholy lashes, were all perfect; but he had painted the eye a hundred times, and a hundred times he had destroyed it, until, at the close of a long day, as his light faded, he threw down his pencil in despair, and resting his head upon his easel, gave himself up to the contemplation of the ideal picture of his fancy.

I wish all my readers had painted a portrait, the portrait of the face they best love to look on—it would be such a chance to thrill them with a description of the painter's feelings. There is nothing but the first timid kiss that has half its delirium. Why—think of it a moment! To sit for hours gazing into the eyes you dream of! To be set to steal away the tint of the lip and the glory of the brow you worship! To have beauty come and sit down before you, fill its spirit is breathed into your fancy, and you can turn away and paint it! To call up, like a rash utterance, the smile that be adores you, and have power over the expression of a face, that, meet you where it will, laps you in Elysium!—Make me a painter, Pythagoras!

A lover's portrait of his mistress, painted as she exists in his fancy, would never be re-quired. He would make little features and complexion. No—no—he has not been an idolater for this. He has seen her as no one else has seen her, with the illumination of love, which, once in her life, makes every woman under heaven an angel of light. He knows her heart, too—its gentleness, its fervor; and when she comes up in his imagination it is not her visible form passing before his mind's eye, but the apparition of her invisible virtues, clothed in the tender recollections of their discovery and development. If he remembers her features at all, it is the changing color of her cheek, or the droop of her curved lashes, or the witchery of the smile that welcomed him. And even then he was intoxicated with her voice—always a sweet instrument when the heart plays upon it—and his eye was good for nothing. No—it is no matter what she may be to others—she appears to him like a bright and perfect being and he would as soon paint St. Cecilia with a wart, as his mistress with an imperfect feature.

Duncan could not satisfy himself. He painted with his heart on fire, and he threw by canvass after canvass till his room was like a gallery of angels. In perfect despair, at last, he sat down and made a deliberate copy of her features—the exquisite picture of which he has spoken. Still the eye haunted him. He felt as if it would redeem all if he could give it the expression with which it looked back some of his impassioned declarations. His skill, however, was, as yet, baffled and it was at the close of the third day of unsuccessful effort that he relinquished it in despair, and, dropping his head upon his easel abandoned himself to his imagination.

Duncan entered the gallery with Helen leaning on his arm. It was thronged with visitors. Groups were collected before the favorite pictures, and the low hum of criticism rose confusedly, varied, now and then, by the exclamation of some enthusiast spectator. In a conspicuous part of the room hung "The Mute Reply, by Duncan Weir." A crowd had gathered before it, and were gazing on it

with evident pleasure. Expressions of surprise and admiration broke frequently from the group, and, as they fell on the ear of Duncan, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach and look at his own picture. What is like the affection of a painter for the offspring of his genius? It seemed to him as if he had never before seen it. There it hung like a new picture, and he dwelt upon it with all the interest of a stranger. It was indeed beautiful. There was a bewitching loveliness floating over the features. The figure and air had a peculiar grace, and freedom; but the eye showed the genius of the master. It was a large lustrous eye, moistened without weeping, and lifted up, as if to the face of a lover, with a look of indescribable tenderness; the deception was wonderful. It seemed every moment as if the moisture would gather into a tear, and roll down her cheek. There was a strange freshness in its impression upon Duncan. It seemed to have the very look that had sometimes beamed upon him in the twilight. He turned from it and looked at Helen. Her eyes met his with the same—the self-same expression of the picture. A murmur of pleased recognition stole from the crowd whose attention was attracted. Duncan burst into tears—and awoke. He had been dreaming on his easel!

"Do you believe in dreams, Helen?" said Duncan, as he led her into the studio the next day to look at the finished picture.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 29th SEPT. 1827

Latest Dates.
London, - - - Aug. 18. - - - New-York, - - - Sept. 21
Liverpool, - - - Aug. 20. - - - Halifax, - - - Sept. 12
Havre, - - - Aug. 16. - - - Toronto, - - - Sept. 19

New-York papers of Monday evening last were received by mail this morning. Much anxiety was felt for the arrival of the *Great Western*, of which nothing had been heard up to four o'clock P.M. on Monday.

The Royal William steam ship arrived at Liverpool on the 19th ult. She made a most beautiful run, having performed the voyage home in fourteen & a half days. The distance run in four successive days 1005 miles, a rate of speed scarcely ever exceeded by any steamer. The arrival created an immense excitement at Liverpool.

The passengers published in Liverpool a complimentary card to the Captain and officers. They say, "with one or two exceptions we have all crossed the Atlantic before, many of us very frequently, and the universal conviction in favor of this mode of making the passage, and of its unquestionable superiority over that by sailing vessels."

A public meeting of all those favorable to British interests and connection is to take place at the Quebec Exchange on Wednesday next, at three o'clock, P.M. to take into consideration the propriety of presenting an ADDRESS TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL on the occasion of his proposed departure from this Province.

The requisition for the meeting is signed by the members of the Executive Committee of the Constitutional Association and a great number of other influential inhabitants of Quebec.

A meeting for a similar purpose is to take place at the St. Ann's Market-house on Monday next. A meeting for nearly the same object, was also advertised to take place at the City Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday last.

The cannon, a new six-pounder, but little used, captured by the Missisquoi Volunteers, last week along with three horses, taken at the same time, were brought to Montreal on Wednesday. The cannon has been deposited at the Ordnance Yard.

AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.—The London Morning Herald in referring to a speech made by Lord Lyndhurst on presenting a petition from Glasgow on the state of foreign trade the preceding evening, remarks:

"In America we are losing the markets which we have hitherto held. In our commerce with Poland, we are cheated and bullied by Russia. In the African gum trade, we are robbed and cheated by France. In our trade with Java, we are cheated by Holland. Russia cripples our Baltic trade, and converts Persia into an instrument of aggression in the

east. France colonizes in Africa, and laughs at the simplicity which possessed us when we placed faith in its pledge not to extend its power in that direction. The United States are conspiring to rob us of the Canadas—and yet to that, as to all the other aggressive movements of foreign powers, our rulers are, or affect to be blind."

Mademoiselle Celeste, and her elder sister, Constance Kepler, a celebrated danseuse, said to be superior even to Celeste, were passengers in the packet ship England, which arrived at New York on Sunday last.

A performance was advertised in the New York papers, to take place at the Park Theatre on Thursday last, in which Miss Tree, Miss Clifton, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, and Mr. Power were to appear. The receipts of the Park Theatre on the 19th inst. are said to have been \$1600—at the National \$1400—at the Franklin \$500—at the Olympic \$300. Each theatre was crammed.

The town of Sachersburgh in Virginia, a slave state, stands on the Ohio river, nearly opposite to Marietta in Ohio—a free state. The Gazette published in the former place, (said to be a principal depot for the shipping of the human cattle raised in Virginia,) complains that:

"Within the last three months, slaves valued at from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars have run away from a small section of this country and state; and although immediate pursuit has been made, and large rewards offered in every instance, not one has been apprehended; and there is reason to believe that most of them are now beyond the limits of the United States."

Perkins' Cries: men are a "Jeapotic Canada." The following remarks we extract from a New York paper.

That is very bad indeed! Stocking! 44teen or twenty two dollars is no small tax for one's small station to pay in three months. And lost in such an unscriptural way, too. The wise man allows that "riches will take to themselves wings and fly away." But where is the Bible warrant for "fifteen or twenty thousand dollars" worth of property taking up legs and walking away? And not a dollar recovered.—*Montreal Herald.*

The draft of an Ordinance for establishing Register Offices throughout the Province, has been printed and transmitted to several persons for their observations, with a circular, dated the 22nd instant. It is intimated, we understand, that these observations should be sent in as early as convenient.—(Gazette.)

We have been credibly informed, that the paper circulated here in manuscript, as a copy of the confession of the Bermuda exiles, and which it appears has got to England, is not the confession upon which they were sent away; but that there exists another signed by them, as their confession, the one circulated having been considered as altogether inadmissible.—B.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

September 26th.
Bark Cato, Taylor, 8th Aug. Plymouth, Le-Mansier & Co. ballast.
Bark Barbadoes, Forrest, 25th July, London, Atkinson & Co.
Bark Pekin, McDonald, 1st Aug. London, Gilmour & Co. ballast.
Bark New Eagle, Lovings, 1st do Padstow, Levy & Co.
Schr. Tadusac, 34 days from Equimaux Bay, with salmon and furs for the Hudson's Bay Company.

The steamer Canada started on Thursday morning at two o'clock, for Riviere du Loup, for the purpose of towing up the brig Southampton, which is there, having been ashore, and lost both anchors. The Southampton was on her voyage from Newfoundland for Quebec, with a cargo of 150 hogsheads of sugar to Leyscraft & Co.

The steamer Charlevoix, arrived on Thursday at 10 o'clock, reports the steamer Canadian Eagle aground in the entrance of the Sorel River.

Yesterday, Mary Jane Lyons, wife of Mr. Phoebe McConby, Baker, St. Roch's, consented to take place to-morrow evening at 4 o'clock, to which friends and acquaintances are invited.