

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT.

write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately into Coutts—mighty honest people and all that; but, faith, no solicitor should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in any body's hands—and I'll write about it once.

As I said so, I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutts; and, after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed as the watchman was calling "past twelve o'clock," beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions, that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamt that it was day-break on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly pointed and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore favours in their wigs, and large nose-gays in the breasts of their canonicos; and that our friends were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torse over our heads at the altar, and danced a pas de deux with the bride down the middle of Regent street, as we returned in procession from St. James; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser; that I acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony, by whispering in my ear that he had forgotten to order breakfast for the party; that, on returning to my house, which appeared to be the Pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money-bags, full of sovereigns, each marked eighty thousand pounds, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the moment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my eighty thousand pounds, and five hundred pounds of his partner's.

I was horror struck!—I was ruined!—What was to be done. The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very immutable Mr. Drax, whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as a model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed him suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements dis-composed.

"Oh, Mr. Lutterell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Lutterell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence—what will the world think?—what will the world say? The house of Drax and Drayton! Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Went away, Sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him! A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money."

"Your money, Mr. Lionel Lutterell?—here has the same party taken off with him five hundred pounds of the common property of the house; and all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands; drew a draft for the whole amount; appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction! Why, sir,

I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and have had my draft refused acceptance!"

"Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me. Sir—sir—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event. But Mr. Lutterell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business;—my situation—"

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to John Fraser," I exclaimed,—"he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events; he'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency."

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened towards Regent street with the rapidity of one who feels impelled of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hasty way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the pet of the dandies—"Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop. I want to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me!—Upon what?"

"Your appointment: inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann's, Soho; of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers."

"Nonsense!—Don't stop me!—I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune."

"Oh! indeed!—So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts!—A failure!—a complete failure!—Don't be angry, Lionel! I always said you were rather a failure.—And so now the attorney man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculation in hops."

The poet of the dandies walked off laughing as immoderately as a "professed exclusive" ever dares to laugh, and made what he believed to be a pun. I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun: Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of his vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punner would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them.

"It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapped at the door of his lodgings in Regent street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, stramy maid-servant, in a dirty lace cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron to answer the summons.

"Is Mr. Fraser at home?" I demanded in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr. Fraser at home!—No, sir, he an't!"

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone to?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawing voice—"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, nor I."

"Indeed! what can possibly have happened?"

"What had happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told me all about what had happened; says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr. Lutterell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr. Robert; 'and so, suppose, says he, 'that master and I are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.'"

"Good heavens! and can such cold-hearted treachery really be?"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculations, "and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got everything nice about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that kind, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

(To be continued.)

The following characteristic anecdote of a British sailor will be read with feelings of deep interest. The subject of it was the father of Sir T. Trowbridge, now one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

A curious scene occurred on board the Sans Pareille on the morning of the 1st of June, Lord Howe's action. Captain Trowbridge, who had not recently taken in the Castor, with his convoy, bound to Newfoundland, was a prisoner on board the French ship just named, where Rear Admiral Ni-willy had his flag flying. After Lord Howe had obtained his position, and had drawn his fleet in a line parallel to that of the enemy, he brought to, and made the signal to go to breakfast. Trowbridge knew the purport of the signal, and telling it to the French Admiral, they took the advantage of the time allowed them for the same repast. Trowbridge, (whose appetite never forsok him on these occasions,) was helping himself to a large slice from the brown loaf, when the French captain observed to him by an interpreter (for Trowbridge would never learn their language,) that the English Admiral showed no disposition to fight, and he was certain did not intend it.

"What!" said the English hero, dropping his loaf, and laying his hand almost too emphatically on the Frenchman's shoulder, while he looked him furiously in the face, "not fight! stop till they have had their breakfast! I know John Bull—well, and when his belly is full, you will get it."

In a few minutes after this the fleet bore up to engage. Trowbridge was sent into the boatswain's store-room, where for a length of time he leaned against the foremast, and amused himself in pouring out every invective against the French, and the man appointed to guard him. Sud-denly he felt the vibration of the mast, and heard it fall over the side; when grasping the astonished Frenchman with both his hands, he began to jump and caper, with all the gestures of a maniac. The Sans Pareille soon after surrendered, and Trowbridge assisted in getting her to rights and taking her into port.—[Brenton's Naval History.]

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1839.

No American or Upper Canada papers received by mail this morning, and Montreal papers of Monday are entirely destitute of interest. The steam-ship *Liverpool* which was to sail on the 13th ultimo, may now be considered due, and the news by her which cannot fail to be of importance, is anxiously looked for.

The Quebec Races are advertised to take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 3rd and 4th September. The Stewards appointed are H. J. Caldwell, (has. De-Lery, G. W. R. Land, Captain Daniel (Coldstream Guards), Captain Wittington, (11th Regiment), G. B. Syme, D. A. C. G. Rout, Charles Duchesney, and A. C. Buchanan, Esquire; Secretary, Capt. Boyle, (Coldstream Guards).

The *Literary Garland*.—The eighth number of this popular and interesting publication has been received in town this morning.

The first number of a semi-weekly journal under the title of "The Canadian Colonist," was issued in this city on Monday last.

Mr. T. Mitchell has withdrawn from the editorial management of the *Montreal Courier*. The following intimation of it appears in the last number of that paper:—

The underigned terminates, with the present number, his casual connection with the *Montreal Courier*, intending, henceforth, to devote himself exclusively to the duties of the Legal Profession, which he lately had the honour of becoming a member. He has much gratification in announcing that the conduct of this Journal now falls into hands, that will give to its various departments, what his other and to him more important duties, while under his control rendered impossible—as undivided attention; and he has no doubt, it will become worthy of even a more liberal patronage than, through the kind indulgence, of the public to many short comings, it has hitherto received.

THOMAS MITCHELL.

Montreal, 1st July, 1839.

An extraordinary degree of excitement prevails among the Members of the Quebec Bar, in consequence of the nomination of Mr. Cochrane as a Judge of the Court of King's Bench. It has been suggested that the Bar of this city should meet and sustain their brethren of Quebec.—*Montreal Courier*.

From the *Mercury* of yesterday.

Lieutenant Rubidge, Royal Navy, arriving on the ship *Waterloo*, from Limerick on the 28th May. This gentleman has brought her 181 emigrants, sent out by the Ennis Migration Society, acting for Colonel Wychdale, who has succeeded to the estate of the late Earl of Egmont at Petworth in Sussex. It is excellent to have the arrangements under which these people embarked, that not a case of sickness has occurred on board. The whole expense of the voyage is borne by Col. Wychdale, and at his sole cost, under the direction of Lieut. Rubidge. They are to be conveyed to their destined location in the Newcastle District, Upper Canada.

Mr. Rubidge further reports that there will be an immigration of about eight thousand to Scotland this year.

From the same gentleman we have also received three numbers of a new monthly publication, *The Canadian, British American, & West Indian Magazine*.

On Monday last, the Honble. Messrs. Cochrane and Duval, were sworn in as assistant Judges of the Court of King's Bench of this District. It is generally said that one of the situations had been previously offered to a gentleman high in practice at the Quebec bar, and by him declined.

On Thursday last a body in a very advanced stage of decomposition was found, by some habitants of Ange Gardien, floating in the north channel of the St. Lawrence, opposite the Fall of Memory. From the clue given by the remains of the dress there is every reason to believe that the body found was that of Mr. Williams, Mate of Her Majesty's Ship *Malaba*, who fell into the river whilst at fireworks were exhibiting from the shipping, on the night of the 28th June, 1838, the anniversary of the Queen's Coronation.—If so was the case the body of the unfortunate young officer had been twelve months in the water.

A person was arrested on Tuesday, at Benmont, charged with some offence of a political nature, his name is *Picard des Trains Marins*; he had for some time resided out of the Province, and kept a public house in the neighbourhood of Lake George, in the State of New York.

Commercial.

At an extensive auction sale on Monday, by Peter Sheppard, at the stores of Messrs. Gillespie, Jamieson & Co. the following price were obtained:—

- 4 hds. & 2 puns. Brown Stout, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 2d.
30 gal.—13 chests Hyson Tea, 2s. 10d. @ 2s. 11d. per lb.; 11 chests Twankay, 2s. 2d.; 2 chests Bhoes, 1s. 4jd.—92 chests Lemons, 12s. 6d. @ 12s. per chest—25 drums figs, 9s. 6d. per drum.—25 bags Spanish Nuts, 3jd. @ 4d. per lb.—110 boxes Muscatel Raisins, 11s. @ 11s. 6d.; 50 half boxes do., 6s. 2d.; 50 gr. boxes do., 2s. 10d.—30 boxes Bloom Raisins, 9s. 6d.—5 boxes Jordan Almonds, 2s. 0jd.—18 casks and 10 bbls. Muscovado Sugar, 38s. @ 40s. 3d.—4 bbls. Hambro Prime Mess Pot, 18s.—3 pipes Benecario Wine, 41s. 10s. @ 41s.—75 bags E. I. Sugar, 4s.—25 bbls. U. C. High Wines, 3s. 8d. @ 3s. 11d. per gallon—3 q. casks Xeres Sherry, 3s. 2d.—1 pipe Sicilian Brandy, 4 9d.—2 pipes and 2 hds. White Brandy, 1 to 1, 3s. 11d. @ 4s. 2d.—25 half boxes glass, 9s. 8d. 11s.—23 boxes do. 7s. x 6s. 10s. 9d.; 17 half boxes do. do. 10s. 6d.—3 hds. Bolland Lined Oil, 3s. 6d.—1 pipe and 1 hhd. Olive Oil.



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Brig Mary, Newham,
Brig True Briton, Fox
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74 ditto Coal dit
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100 dozen corn B
40 bags W. Inuts
20 ditto Fiberts
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60 ditto Hyson
100 boxes Pecco,
100 ditto Souchon
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150 barrels ditto

3rd July, 1839.

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Quebec, 28th Ju