

fy nerves felt as firm as her oak, and my  
 art free as the pennant that waved defiance  
 over her mast-head. I was as active as any  
 no during the battle; and, when it was over,  
 nd I found myself again among my own  
 country-men, and all speaking my own lan-  
 guage, I fancied—may, hang it!—I almost  
 believed, I should meet my father, my mother  
 or my dear Bess, on board of the British frigate.  
 I expected to see you all again in a  
 few weeks at farthest; but, instead of return-  
 ing to old England, before I was aware, I  
 found it was helm about with us. As to writ-  
 ing, I never had an opportunity but once.  
 We were anchored before a French fort; a  
 sacket was lying alongside ready to sail; I  
 ad half a side written, and was scratching  
 y head to think how I should come over  
 writing about you, Bess, my love, when, as  
 ad luck would have it, our lieutenant com-  
 me, and says he, "Eliot," says he, "I  
 now you like a little smart service; come,  
 y lad, take the head oar, while we board  
 some of those French bum-boats under the  
 batteries!" I couldn't say no. We pulled  
 shore, made a bonfire of one of their craft,  
 and were setting fire to a second, when a  
 leady shower of small-shot from the garrison  
 cuttled our boat, killed our commanding off-  
 cer with half of the crew, and I the few who  
 were left of us, were made prisoners. It is  
 ous bothing you by telling how we es-  
 aped from French prison. We did escape;  
 nd Tom will once more fill his vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish farther ac-  
 quaintance with our friends, all we can say is,  
 he new year was still young when Adam Bell  
 stowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of  
 Inchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant  
 hair again occupied, and a namesake of the  
 ird generation prattling on his knee.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

A better than these, and the best  
 music under heaven, is the music of the hu-  
 man voice. I doubt whether all voices are  
 of capable of it, though there must be de-  
 ficiency in it as in beauty. The tones of af-  
 fection in all children are sweet, and we know  
 of how much their unpleasantness in after  
 life may be the effect of sin, and coarseness,  
 and the consequent habitual expression of  
 discordant passions. But we do know that  
 the voice of any human being becomes touch-  
 ing by distress, and that, even on the coarse-  
 minded and the low, religion, and the higher  
 passions of the world have sometimes so  
 wrought, that their eloquence was like the  
 strong passages of an organ. I have been  
 much about in the world, and with a boy's  
 urest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensa-  
 tions, have mingled for a time in every walk  
 of life; yet never have I known man or wo-  
 man, under the influence of any strong feel-  
 ing that was not utterly degraded, whose  
 voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur,  
 or soften to cadences to which a harp might  
 have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect  
 instrument as it comes from the hand of its  
 Maker, and, though its strings may relax  
 with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse  
 and neglect, it is always capable of being  
 re-strung to its compass till its frame is shat-  
 tered.

Men have seldom musical voices. Wheth-  
 er it is that their passions are coarser, or that  
 their life of caution and reserve shuts up the  
 kindness from which it would spring, a pleas-  
 ant masculine voice is one of the rarest gifts  
 of our sex. Whenever you meet it, how-  
 ever, it is always accompanied either by noble  
 qualities, or by that peculiar capacity for  
 understanding all character, which Goethe  
 calls a "prementiment of the universe," and  
 which enables its possessor, without a spark of  
 generous nature himself, to know perfectly  
 what it is in others, and to deceive the world  
 by assuming all its accompaniments, and all  
 its outward evidence. I speak now, and  
 throughout these remarks, only of the conversa-  
 tional tone. A man may sing never so well  
 and still speak execrably; and I rarely have  
 known a person who conversed musically, to  
 sing even a tolerable song.

There is nothing like a sweet voice to win  
 upon the confidence. It is the secret of the  
 otherwise unaccountable success of some men  
 in society. They never talk for more than  
 one to hear, and to that one, if a woman, it is  
 a most dangerous, because unsuspected spell;  
 and every one knows how the voice softens  
 instinctively with the knowledge that but one ear  
 listens, and that it is addressed without  
 witnesses to one who cannot stand aside from  
 herself and separate the enchantment from his  
 music. It is an insidious and beguiling pow-  
 er; and I have seen men who, without any

pretensions to dignity or imposing address,  
 would arrest attention the moment their voices  
 were heard; and who, if they leaned over to  
 murmur in a woman's ear, were certain of  
 pleasing, though the remark were the very  
 almost common-place of conversation.

A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman.  
 I do not think I can describe it. It can be,  
 and sometimes is, cultivated. It is not in-  
 compatible with great vivacity, but it is often  
 the gift of the quiet and unobtrusive. Loud-  
 ness or rapidity of utterance is incompatible  
 with it. It is low, but not guttural; delibe-  
 rate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinct-  
 ly heard, but they follow each other like drops  
 of water from a fountain. It is like the ring-  
 ing of a dove—not shrill, nor even clear, but  
 uttered with the subdued and touching redun-  
 dancy which every voice assumes in moments  
 of deep feeling of tenderness. It is a glorious  
 gift in woman. I should be won by it, more  
 than by beauty—more even than by talent,  
 were it possible to separate them. But I never  
 heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak-  
 minded woman. It is the organ of strong  
 feeling, and of thoughts which have lain in  
 the bosom till their sacredness almost bushes  
 utterance. I remember listening, in the midst  
 of a crowd, many years ago, to the voice of a  
 girl—a mere child of sixteen summers—till I  
 was bewildered. She was a pure, high-mind-  
 ed, impassioned creature, without the least  
 knowledge of the world, or her peculiar gift;  
 but her own thoughts had wrought upon her  
 like the hush of a sanctuary, and she spoke  
 low, as if with an unconscious awe. I could  
 never trace in her presence. My conscience  
 seemed out of place, and my practised as-  
 surance forsook me utterly. She is changed  
 now. She has been admired, and found out  
 her beauty, and the music of her tone is gone!  
 She will recover it by and by, when the de-  
 lirium of the world is over, and she begins to  
 rely once more upon her own thoughts for  
 company; but her extravagant spirits have  
 broken over the thrilling trinity of childhood,  
 and the charm is unbound.

There was a lady whom I used to meet  
 when a boy, as I hovered to school with my  
 satchel in the summer mornings, and of whom  
 by and by, I came to dream, night and day,  
 with a boy's impassioned and indefinite long-  
 ing. She was a married woman, perhaps  
 twenty years older than I, but very—very  
 beautiful. She was like one's idea of a coun-  
 tess—large, but perfectly light and graceful,  
 and with an eye of inexpressible softness and  
 languor. I was certain she had a low deli-  
 cious tone, and, as she passed me in the street,  
 I used to fancy how the words must linger  
 and melt on that red lip, with its deep colour-  
 ed and voluptuous fullness. Years after, when  
 I had become a man, I was introduced to her.  
 I made some passing remark, and with my  
 boyish impression still floating in my mind,  
 waited almost breathlessly for her answer.  
 When she did speak I was perfectly electrified.  
 Such a wonderful rapidity of utterance,  
 such a volume of language, I never heard  
 from the lips of a woman. My dream was  
 over.

It was always a wonder to me, that the  
 voice is so neglected in a fashionable educa-  
 tion. There is a power in it over men, greater  
 even than manner, for it is never suspected.  
 Nothing repels like indifference, and indiffer-  
 ence is a loud talker, to whom any body may  
 listen, and whom, therefore, nobody cares to  
 hear. But a low tone is redolent of the great  
 secret of a woman's power—reliance! nothing  
 wins like reliance. Be it in manner or tone,  
 it is alike irresistible. I knew a woman who  
 would captivate most men by simply leaning  
 on their arm. It was the only thing she knew  
 and she did that beautifully. It said more  
 plainly than she could have spoken it, "I  
 confide in you utterly;" and who, that had  
 not been initiated, could resist such an appeal?  
 There is something in words spoken softly,  
 and meant for one's ear alone, which touches  
 the heart like an enchantment. I never lin-  
 ger by a low voiced woman if she is not  
 young. It indicates either a most childlike  
 innocence and truth, or it is the practiced  
 witchery of a woman of the world, who knows  
 too well for me, the secret of her power.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—Mr. Henry Es-  
 kine being one day in London, in company  
 with the duchess of Gordon, asked her, "Are  
 we never again to enjoy the honor and plea-  
 sure of your grace's society at Edinburgh?"  
 "Oh," said she, "Edinburgh is a vile dull  
 place, I hate it!" "No," said he, "I love  
 the gallant barister," "the sun might as well say  
 this is a vile dark morning, I won't rise to-  
 day."

ALPHABETICAL PUN.—Among Matthew's  
 numerous puns is the following: A person  
 speaking to a very deaf man, and getting an-  
 gry at his not catching his meaning, says—  
 "Why it is as plain as A B C." "Ay, sir,  
 but I am D E F."

THE LIE.—At a court martial, a young  
 Irish officer, when questioned whether he had  
 not given the lie to a certain person, replied  
 "No: I only said that either he or the col-  
 onel had told a lie, and that I was sure it  
 wasn't the colonel!"

Last Instance of Absence of Mind!—A lady  
 a few days ago, being deeply enamoured of  
 one of the "lads," wrote him a very pathet-  
 ic epistle; folded it up and set out to the Post  
 Office with it. Upon arriving at the office,  
 an unfortunate slip of abstraction came over her,  
 and she popped the letter back into her retic-  
 ule and slid herself into the letter-box. She  
 did not discover her mistake until the Post  
 Master, before stamping her, asked if she was  
 single.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

It is reported that two Greenlanders have  
 given information to the Danish Government,  
 that on the eastern coast of Greenland, it al-  
 about 63 north, they found a heathen stone,  
 having on it an inscription, evidently of recent  
 date—supposed to contain some information  
 respecting the French brig of war *L'Elouise*,  
 which left Iceland in August, 1833, on a  
 voyage of discovery, and has never been heard  
 of since.

Two couriers, in the service of Prince Es-  
 tershazy, arrived at Chandos House, on Satur-  
 day, in charge of the magnificent coronation  
 dresses to be worn by the Prince at the ap-  
 proaching august ceremony. The diamonds  
 in charge of the couriers were, it is said, of  
 the value of £130,000.

On Sunday morning, the *George the Fourth*  
 East Indian man, containing one of the largest  
 cargoes of tea (amounting to 28,000 packages)  
 ever known to be brought to England, in one  
 ship, arrived off Sheerness. The ship's crew,  
 including officers, amounts to the almost in-  
 credible number of 110, whose wages for the  
 voyage is estimated at something about £3000.

A most dreadful explosion occurred at the  
 Kennal gunpowder mills, near Pentyn, on  
 Thursday morning, the 10th of May. Five  
 miles blew up in succession, and part of a roof  
 was found a mile from the premises. There  
 was only one man very seriously injured, and  
 hopes are entertained of his recovery.

According to the returns to Colonel Sib-  
 thorp's motion, the total amount of silver joes,  
 or fourpenny pieces, which have issued out of  
 the Mint, is £89,325, and the number of pieces  
 5,359,500.

A fair will be held at Hyde Park, on occa-  
 sion of the Coronation.

The *Waterwitch* has lately captured, on the  
 coast of Africa, a Portuguese brig with 356,  
 and a schooner with 272 slaves on board.

UPPER CANADA.

Anderson one of the Peel banditti has been  
 acquitted. The Kingston Chronicle says that  
 three of the Jury were for a verdict of guilty  
 and quantify remarks that he did not think  
 there had been "three honest men in Water-  
 town." On the authority of the oracle at Lew-  
 iston, however, it seems their honesty gave  
 way before a feeling of vindictiveness on ac-  
 count of the honour conferred on Sir Allan  
 MacNay by the British Government. Not a  
 pirate or "patriot" of the lot will be found  
 guilty. We think both governments should  
 drop the business and hang up their fiddles.  
 That tries criminals or pretends to do it, and  
 cannot find them guilty—this goes only a step  
 farther and pardons them after they have been  
 found guilty; and sometimes like the other,  
 declines trying them altogether.

We learn from the *Kingston Herald* and  
*Kingston Chronicle*, that at the Special Court  
 for the trial of persons charged with High  
 Treason, lately re-opened at Kingston, by the  
 Hon. Mr. Justice McLean, the following per-  
 sons were arraigned and tried:—Nelson G.  
 Reynolds, Asa L. D. Lewis, Peter Lessge,  
 Anson M. Day, Charles Lafor sine, Samuel  
 Marsh, Peter Orr, Tobias W. Meyers. On  
 Friday, the 7th, Reynolds was tried and ac-  
 quitted, and on the next day, Lewis, Lafon-  
 taine, Marsh, and Orr, were also tried and  
 acquitted. The Jury, in the last mentioned  
 cases, were shut up from Saturday night till  
 Monday evening, when they came into Court  
 with a verdict, finding they were not guilty.  
 On Monday, Day was also tried and ac-  
 quitted; and Lessge and Meyers were ad-

mitted to bail on their own recognizance, each  
 in the sum of £500. In explanation of these  
 wholesale acquittals, it is stated in the *Chro-  
 nicle*, that the evidence adduced against the  
 prisoners, was very deficient in that "connect-  
 edness" of purpose, which was necessary to  
 establish their criminal conduct; that material  
 witnesses had contradicted themselves; and  
 that the merciful intentions of Government, as  
 exhibited in this Province, must have had a  
 certain effect upon the kindly disposition of  
 the jurors.—(Moore's Gazette.)

The Right Reverend Bishop M'Donnell, and  
 Major General Sir James M'Donnell, K. C. B.  
 arrived at Kingston, on the 11th instant, after  
 spending a few days in Glengarry. On leav-  
 ing his Highland friends in Glengarry, the  
 Major General was escorted by upwards of  
 one hundred gentlemen from that quarter as  
 far as Dickinson's Landing. Nothing, it is  
 said could surpass the handsome reception  
 which he met with on his arrival at Lanca-  
 ster.

The brigantine *John Dougall* arrived in port  
 on 4th instant, from the head of Lake Erie,  
 we are told she is to be laid up at Kingston for  
 the present, owing to the great risk there  
 exists in navigating the Lakes, especially  
 Lake Erie. The *John Dougall* was chased  
 by two piratical schooners, on her trip down,  
 but owing to her superior sailing, she soon  
 left them far behind.—Prescott Sentinel.

An Engineer Officer has just arrived from  
 Kingston, to commence the erection of block  
 houses &c., for the accommodation of Her  
 Majesty's troops that may be stationed here,  
 a measure highly necessary, and one that  
 has been too long delayed.—*Id.*

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 17th JULY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, . . . June 3. New-York, . . . July 19.  
 Liverpool, . . . June 2. Halifax, . . . June 30.  
 Havre, . . . May 30. Toronto, . . . June 5.

New-York papers to the 12th instant were  
 received this morning. The packet ship *Sully*,  
 2nd June from Havre, arrived on the 11th  
 instant.

The steamers *Canada* and *Charlevoix* arriv-  
 ed from Montreal at an early hour this morn-  
 ing by which the *Herald* and *Courier* of yes-  
 terday were received. We have given a few  
 extracts.

The Congress of the United States was  
 summoned on the 9th instant, and the New York  
 papers contain lists of the Acts to which the  
 President had affixed his signature. The  
 only measure which we find on these lists,  
 bearing any reference to the affairs of the  
 British Colonies, is the following:  
 A provision has been made for indemnify-  
 ing the State of Maine for expenses incurred in  
 consequence of the imprisonment of Messrs.  
 Greely and Baker, by the British authorities  
 of New Brunswick.—*Gazette.*

His Excellency the Governor General  
 arrived at Cornwall (U. C.) on the 10th inst.  
 where he was well received. From a state-  
 ment made by the Corwall Observers, it would  
 appear that His Excellency, in answer to an  
 address from the inhabitants of that place, ex-  
 plicitly declared himself in favour of a Legisla-  
 tive Union of the whole of the British North  
 American Colonies.

From the Quebec Gazette of yesterday.  
 "Saturday evening July 14th  
 "There is nothing new here today. An  
 extract of a private letter on the New-Recorn  
 Register states that one of Bill Johnson's boats  
 with two of his men in it, had been taken by  
 the British.  
 "The Earl of Durham reached Prescott on  
 Wednesday afternoon, in the Steamer Brock-  
 ville, which was chartered to convey His  
 Lordship and suite from the head of the Long  
 Sault to Kingston. The Brockville made no  
 stay at Prescott further than to take on board  
 some firewood.

His Excellency Sir Charles Augustus Fitz-  
 roy, the Lieutenant Governor of Prince Ed-  
 ward's Island, it is said, is shortly expected  
 at Quebec, on a visit to His Excellency the  
 Governor General.

The steamer *British America* yesterday  
 proceeded on a pleasure trip to Grasse Isle  
 and round the Island of Orleans. The day  
 was fine and the number of passengers on  
 board very great.