

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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QUEBEC, THURSDAY, 4TH OCTOBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

FURS.

W. ASHTON & CO.

3, MOUNTAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO PESCOTT GATE.

HAVE MANUFACTURED throughout the summer, and now offer for sale a stock of

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS which for neatness of style and quality of material they feel proud to offer for competition

Their having for some years past secured during the summer season, probably the best Hat Trade in the Province, enables them to undersell any house depending on the winter trade for twelve months' support; this, together with the advantages they have over any other furriers in this city by importing their own materials direct, are the only hints they think necessary to drop

All description of Furs made to order, and returnable if not approved of

In repairing any article, or altering it to the present fashion, W. A. & Co. pledge themselves that their charges will be on the most moderate scale, and will forfeit the value of any article when promised to be done at a certain time, in which there may be a single hour's want of PUNCTUALITY

NO SECOND PRICE.
Quebec, 29th Sept. 1838



THE Subscribers having just received from England a variety of Materials for WINTER AND SUMMER CARRIAGES, selected, under the personal inspection of Mr. J. SAURIN, from the first houses in London, are enabled to furnish their work in better style and much cheaper than any other house in Canada.

SAURIN & CO.

Quebec, 29th Sept. 1838. Coach Builders.

FOR SALE, OF CHARTER.

THE NEW FAST-SAILING BRIG GUANA, Captain Tazo, 200 tons old measurement, coppered and copper fastened, will take Freight to any safe port in Great Britain, Ireland or the West Indies.

This vessel's well equipped on carrying horses to the West Indies, having had stoves on board last voyage, which were all safely landed at Berbice. Applications to be made to

GEORGE BLACK,

Sept. 29th, Ship Builder.

T. HOBBS,

Cabinet, Sofa, and Fancy Chair Manufacturer, NO. 18, SAINT JOHN STREET,

IN returning thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, informs them that in addition to his Cabinet stock of Furniture on hand, he has commenced the

FANCY CHAIR BUSINESS,

works in all its branches, having engaged experienced workmen for that purpose. On hand, and nearly finished, 300 Chairs of various patterns and colours; Garden Chairs made to any pattern, of the best materials

All orders in the above line executed with dispatch
Furniture furnished on the lowest terms—Expense to let
Quebec, 16th August, 1838

SHIP BUILDERS, TAKE NOTICE.

THE subscriber will furnish full Warrants of Rigging, fitted complete to order, guaranteed equal to any that is imported, in every respect—also, a very superior article; Blocks made of the best seasoned timber by patent machinery, and as cheap as the common Blocks made by hand; and constantly on hand, a General Assortment of Cordage, Chains, Anchors, and Ship Chandlery. Those now building intending to build Vessels this winter, will find it to their interest to call and lease their orders

S. C. SALISBURY, Agent,

Store on Atkinson's Wharf, Office, 40, St. Peter Street.
Quebec, 29th September, 1838

PARTNERSHIP.

THE Establishment hitherto known as F. HACKER & CO. will be carried on, from this date, under the name of HACKER & FLETCHER, Architects, Civil Engineers, and Surveyors. Office, St. Anne Street, Upper-Town. Quebec, September 1, 1838.

POETRY.

TO A CHILD.

Fairest of earth's creatures!
All thy innocent features
Moulded in beauty do become thee well
Oh! may thy future years
Be free from pains, and fears,
False love, and others' envy, and the gu!
That lurks beneath a friendlike smile,
And all the various ills that dwell
In this so strange compounded world; and may
Thy look be like the skies of May,
Supremely soft and clear,
With, now and then, a tear
For joy, for others' sorrows, not thy own;
And may thy sweet voice
Like a stream afar
Flow in perpetual music, and its tone
Be joyful, and bid all who hear rejoice.
And may thy bright eye, like a star,
Shine sweet, and cheer the hearts that love thee,
And take in all the beauty of the flowers,
Deep woods and running brooks, and the rich nights
Which thou may'st note above thee
At moonlight, or on interlunar nights,
Or when blue firs, after showers,
Bend her cerulean bow, and seems to rest
On some distant mountain's breast,
Surpassing all the shapes that lie
Haunting the sunset of an autumn sky.

THE PROCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

[Concluded.]

"Come, Nanny acushla, give us another drop of that you give us last," exclaimed one, whose rolling eyes gave token of approaching intoxication; "you're not used to be sparin', an' couldn'ter! the way you get id, needn't be so—eh? Dick, what do you say to another drink?"

"Game to the last," answered the man addressed—"never refuse id."

"Why, Nanny," observed a low but muscularly formed man, who seemed from his manner to exercise some slight command amongst his associates, "what's the matter wid you to-night? Sure we're goin' to do what you've long been axin' us, an' what you first give us leave to meet here far—an' by don't so we've got the fame of bein' not quite right. The villain of a proctor that sint poor Bob off afore he could look about him, 'ill resolve his pay to-night, anyhow. What say you, boys?"

"No doubt ov it!—All right!—Who! sartinly! they grumbled and shouted in reply; and then, the whiskey having been brought, the health of Nanny's absent son, and their companion, was loudly proposed and drank.

"I say, Dick," hiccupped the first speak who now began to wax drunk, "what in your opinion should we do to ould Whelan?"

"You know, I'm (hiccup) not natherally crule, bud suppose (hiccup) we jist cut the ears off the baste, an' (hiccup) have him hard ov hearin' for the rest ov his life!"

"I'm not the man to disagree wid a reasonable iday," laconically answered Dick.

"What do you say to that, my ould (hiccup) woman?" again asked he, addressing Nanny, who had drawn near to listen; "suppose we arve him that a-way, will you be (hiccup) satisfied; or may be you'd sooner we'd prevint his bein' annoyed wid a cough by (hiccup) cuttin' his informin' throat!"

While he spoke, an indescribable expression lighted up the old woman's eye, and she stood a moment, as if a struggle were going on between long-brooded-over revenge and some newly awakened sympathy. The rest of the men were busy with other schemes, and did not even hear the last conversation, for they had before agreed to pay Whelan a visit that night, and Nanny had eagerly entered into their intentions; for she had an only son, who being wild and dissipated, had got connected with the very gang at present in her cabin, and through Whelan's means (he having informed against him) was transported. An Irish mother soon looks upon the faults of a darling child with levity; and when he was torn from her arms, in the madness of grief she had vowed vengeance against Whelan; and though he soon after removed to where he

then was, she followed him, and took up her residence on the mountain, where, as she was a stranger, and had no apparent means of living, a report of her communion with evil spirits was soon spread abroad. This she rather encouraged than otherwise, by the advice of the men whom she fixed on as the completers of her revenge, and by such means the light and nightly noises were piled to the account of any thing but their real cause.

She had endured many griefs, and many mortifications, from her reputation as a witch, but met every thing in that way with patience, as the dream of her soul was revenge, and that dream by such means alone could be realized. However, when on the very point of its completion, one of those sudden and mysterious changes which often takes place in the human mind made her waver in her purpose; and the child of her intended victim having behaved so tenderly and so kindly when all the rest hooted at and tormented her, made her fervently wish that she could turn the fierce man around her from that fell purpose which she herself had nourished, till it grew into a fixed, and she dreaded an unwaterable determination.

"Hadin' ye bether wait," she tremblingly began, scarcely knowing what she was at all to propose—"another night? 'ill do as well for Whelan."

"How's this," interrupted one of them, "Nanny, you growin' lukewarm!—you proposin' another night—are you beginnin' to be afraid we'll be hindered from popin' him off, or are you repentin' yer former anxious desire?"

"No—no!" hastily answered she, dreading lest they should discover her iceing, as she well knew that many amongst them had revenge to be gratified as well as herself; "I don't repent as regards him, bud—bud—his daughter—poor little Minny—the purty golden-haired child—I wouldn't like any thing 'ud harm her, an' I'm afraid ov her bein' hurted—that's all."

"He did not feel so six years ago," said a deep voice at her elbow, "when yer only son was sint off from home an' country through his manes!"

Nanny started, she knew not why, at the tones of the speaker, and turned round to look closer at him; but his back was towards her, and a large loose coat prevented all recognition of his person; besides, bringing an occasional newly enrolled stranger there, was a common circumstance, so she soon forgot the momentary surprise she had met in her anxiety about their intention.

"He is a brute—his heart is harder nor steel, an' he must be punished, said another, whose bent brow and flashing black eye spoke of malignity and crime.

"Bud his child—his poor little Minny!" exclaimed Nanny, "sure you won't injure her—she hasn't deservid id at yer hands—she has done nothin', bud is a sweet an' kind-hearted crathur. Oh! if you had seen her when I was in the village, an' the boys were bootin' an' peltin' me, an' no one interferred to protect the hated Nanny—iv you had seen the little angel how she stood before me, an' cried out 'shame!' an' held up the pitcher for me to drink, an' helped me to rise, offerin' me the shelter of her father's house, little dhramin' ov whom she was spakin' to—you wouldn't have a thought ov hurtin' her—bud—no one—no one could harm Minny!—she is too sweet, too pure, too like a little angel!"

"A hair of the child's head shall not be touched!" said the same deep voice that had before made Nanny start; "he, the informer an' the prosectutor, must feel our vengeance!"

Nanny was silent—she saw that further parley was useless, and was obliged to bear with the concession she had already obtained. Meanwhile, the men having ascertained that it was time they were stirring, hastily equipped themselves, and prepared to start. When they were leaving the house, the stranger, whose voice had so startled her, took her hand, though his face was studiously averted, she heard him say solemnly—

"Nanny, good bye!—my promise I'll keep,

sacred—the good child shall not be touched!"

She had not time to utter her thanks, for his hand as hastily relinquished its hold, and ere she could speak, all were gone, and she heard the luzz of their voices, as in a group they decended the mountain.

The bright moonbeams silvered the motionless leaves of the trees that surrounded Whelan's cottage—there was not a stir within—no light gleamed from the lattice, and the small thin brook that bubbled through the long grass a little in its front, seemed to hush its merry song to a mere low trickling sound, as if in unison with the universal repose. A dark group of figures stood in the little garden before the door, as if debating how they should act. Two of them, separated a little from the rest, conferred together, one of whom was the stranger we have already noticed, and the other the man we have spoken of as seeming to possess some command over them all. Suddenly the latter started, and exclaimed in the quick, sharp tone of command—

"Advance, men, an' smash the door—there's no use in delayin' longer."

An almost instantaneous crash was the answer, and the door flew from its hinges, and four or five of the men rushed into the cottage, while the rest kept watch outside. Exclamations of surprise, mingled with harsh epithets, were heard within; and then they appeared a second time, dragging with them the unfortunate and trembling owner, whom they had just torn from his bed. A loud shout from the rest spoke their eagerness for his punishment; and amidst prayers for mercy, and entreaties, he was dragged to the centre of the garden, placed on his knees, and his hands firmly tied behind his back.

"Now Misther Whelan acushla," asked one, in a jeering tone, "would you be jist pleased to make yer choice between two purty little inventions of ours—cardin' an' cartin'?"

The poor man trembled violently, and his livid lips opened, but he could not utter a word.

"What an obstinate, silent ould baste you are," said the same man, "not to give a civil answer to my question. Bud may be the look of this playthin' id drive spate out ov you—may stare now!" Saying this, he drew forth a board with a thick handle, the bottom part of which was closely studded with nails and sharp pieces of iron, in imitation of the caris they use for wool, and continued—"Would you admire the taste of this in the flesh on your back my informin' codger!—eh?"

Upon this, shouts of "Card him! card him!" arose from the group, and his hands were quickly unloosed, and he was violently dashed on his face, while some held his legs and others his arms. Then his back was stripped, and the stranger laid the board flatly on it, with the iron points touching the flesh, while another stood up with the large mallet ready to drive them in, the shrieks of their victim becoming more and more faint. Just as the man who held the weapon last named was about to strike, and just as a demon grin of satisfied vengeance distorted the otherwise handsome features of the stranger, a light and tiny form flew screaming towards them, her long yellow hair floating in the night breeze, and her white dress hanging loosely about her delicate limbs. It was Minny, who unaided of all, and seeing only her father, threw herself on her knees beside him, exclaiming in tones of agony.

"Oh, my father—my dear father—what is the matter?—what are they goin' to do wid you?"

The stranger started at the tones of her voice, and on gazing at her for a moment, flung the card to a distance, and catching her in his arms, kissed away the tears which covered her cheeks, as she struggled for release.

"Is id you," he said with much emotion, "that I promised to protect?—You, who succeeded an, saved me when I was dyin' for want? An' are you the daughter or Whelan the proctor?"

The men, perplexed at the apparition of the child, mechanically had released their pris-