

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LONDON TEA-GARDEN PLEASURES.

(By Bos.)

Let us turn to another portion of the London population—The Sunday pleasers; and let us be our readers to find them thus situated by our side in some well known rural "Tea-garden."

The heat is intense this afternoon, and the people, of whom there are additional parties arriving every moment, look as warm as the tables which have been recently painted, and have the appearance of being red-hot. What a dust and noise! Men and women—boys and girls—sweethearts and married people—babies in arms and children in chairs—pipes and straws—cigars and petit-fours—tea and coffee. Gentlemen, in alarming waistcoats, and steel watch-chains, gnomes—sabbath about, three abreast, with surprising dignity for as the gentlemen in the next but last row observe, "cutting it uncommonly hot!" Ladies with cutting hair, white gaiters, and kerchiefs like small table-cloths, in their hands, choosing one another on the grass in the most playful and interesting manner, with the view of attracting the attention of the aristical gentlemen—husbands in perspective ordering bottles of champagne for the objects of their affections, with a flourish of exposture; and the said objects washing down large quantities of "strawberries" or "wickies," with an equal disregard of their own bodily health and subsequent comfort—boys with great silk hats just balanced on the top of their heads, smoking cigars, and trying to look as if they liked them, gentlemen in pink shirts and blue waistcoats, occasionally suspecting either themselves, or somebody else, with their own eyes.

Some of the ladies of this company provoke a smile, but they are all clean, and happy, and disposed to be good natured and sociable. There two motherly-looking women in the smart pelisses, who are chatting so confidentially, inserting a "sultan" at every fourth word, seraped an acquaintance about a quarter of an hour ago; it originated in admiration of the little boy who belongs to one of them—that diminutive specimen of mortality in the three-cornered pink satin hat with black feathers. The two men in the coat and drab trousers, who are walking up and down, smoking their pipes, are their husbands. The party in the opposite box are a pretty fair specimen of the generality of the visitors. These are the father and mother, and old grandmother; a young man and woman, and an individual addressed by the euphonistic of "Uncle Billy," who is evidently the wit of the party. They have some half-dozen children with them, but it is scarcely necessary to mention the fact, for that is a matter of course here. Every woman in "the gardens," who has been married for any length of time, must have had twins on two or three occasions; it is impossible to account for the extent of juvenile population in any other way.

Observe the inexpressible delight of the old grand-mother, at Uncle Bill's splendid joke of "a tea for four; bread and butter for fifty;" and the loud explosion of mirth which follows his wailing in a voice "as rattling" as the waterfalls of Niagara. The young man is evidently "keeping company" with Uncle Billy's niece; and Uncle Bill's hints—such as "Don't forget me at the dinner, you know," "I shall look out for the cake, Sally," "I'll be godfather to your first-wager; it's a boy," and so forth, are equally embarrassing to the young people, and delightful to the elder ones. As to the old grandmother, she is in perfect ecstasies, and does nothing but laugh herself into fits of coughing, until they have finished the "gin-and-water warm with," which Uncle Bill ordered "glasses round" after tea, "just to keep the night air out, and do it up comfortable and regular arter sitch an astonishing hot day!"

It is getting dark, and the people begin to move. The field leading to town is quite full of them; the little hand chairs are dragged wearily along, the children are tired, and amuse themselves and the company generally by crying, or resort to the much more pleasant expedient of going to sleep—the mothers begin to wish they were at home again—sweethearts grow more sentimental than ever, as the time for parting arrives—the gardens look mournful enough, by the light of the two lanterns which hang against the trees for the convenience of smokers—and the waiters, who have been running about incessantly for the last six hours, thank they feel a little tired, as they count their glasses and their gains.

COMMERCIAL SPIRIT OF LIVERPOOL.

Fortunes are made here with a rapidity unexampled in any other parts of England. It is true that many adventurers fail; yet with all the ups and downs of commercial speculation, Liverpool prospers beyond all other parts. There is too a princely liberality in its merchants, which, even in London, is not rivalled. Let any thing be proposed for the advantage and ornament, or honour of the town, however little akin it may be to their own pursuits, habits, and feelings, they are ready with their subscriptions to any amount. It has lately been resolved upon to have a botanical garden here; a large sum has been raised for the purpose, and ground purchased. "It will be lost," said I to our friend, "before it can be brought to any perfection." "Oh, sir," said he, "you do not know how we do things at Liverpool. Money and activity work wonders. In half a dozen years we shall have the finest in England." The instance of this Athenaeum is a striking proof of their spirit; by this means they call a public library, with a reading-room for the newspapers and other journals,—for all periodical publications, whether daily, monthly, quarterly, or yearly, are called journals in England. Two of the literary inhabitants of the town were talking one day after dinner of the want of a public library in the town, and they agreed to call a meeting for the purpose of forming one. The meeting was advertised,—they went to it, and found themselves alone. "What shall we do now?" said the one, "here is an end to the business." "No," said his friend,—"take you the chair, I will be secretary; we will draw up our resolutions unanimously, and advertise them." They did so; and in four-and-twenty hours sufficient funds were subscribed to establish the first institution in the kingdom.—Southey's Letters of Esquiline.

SEASONABLE HINTS.—The following is an extract from Colonel Macrom's "Seasonable Hints," which appear in the *Mechanics Magazine*, dated February 23, 1838. After stating the utility of sheepskin clothing, for persons whose employments render it necessary that they should be much out of doors &c., he says, "I will not conclude without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet and their boots from wear. I have only had three pair of boots for the last six years (no shoes), and I think I shall not require any others for the next six years to come! The reason is that I treat them in the following manner:—I put a pound of tallow and half a pound of resin into a pot on the fire: when melted and mixed, I warm the boots, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the soles nor upper leathers will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a good polish, dissolve an ounce of bees wax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a tea-spoon-full of lamp-black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and resin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the resin gives it an antiseptic quality, which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat, that, with it in the boot, the feet are always warm on the coldest snow floor."

OLD LETTERS.—I know of nothing more calculated to bring the nearly-faded dreams of youth, the almost obliterated scenes and passions of our boyhood, and to recall the brightest and best associations of those days—

When the young blood ran riot in the veins, And boyhood made us sanguine— nothing that more easily conjures up the alternate joys and sorrows of maturer years—the fluctuating visions that hover before the restless imagination in times gone by, and the breathing forms and inanimate objects that would themselves around our hearts, and become necessary to our existence, than the perusal of old letters. They are the memorials of attachment—the records of affection—the speaking trumpets through which those whom we esteem hail us from afar. They seem hallowed by the brother's grasp, the sister's kiss, the father's blessing, and the mother's love. When we look on them, the friends whom dreary seas and distant leagues divide from us are again in our presence. We see their cordial looks, and hear their gladdening voices once more. The paper has a tongue in every character it contains, a language in its very silence. They speak to the souls

of men like a voice from the grave, and are the links of that chain which connects with the heart and symptoms of the living an ever-green remembrance of the dead.

STOOP! STOOP!—The celebrated Dr. Franklin, of America, once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates, in a letter to his son, Dr. S. Mather, dated Pessy, May 12th 1781. "The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me as hoffer way of the house by a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over-head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind and I turning towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him till I found my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard bumps!' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

About the year 1790, many young men of the first families, following the example of the Duke of Clarence, began to flock into the navy. One ship in particular was remarkable for having a great many of them. The young ones were accustomed to reef and furl the mizen-top-sail. One day, when they were aloft furling the sails, the captain thus addressed them from the quarter deck: "My lords and gentlemen, and you right honourable lieutenants on the mizen-top-sail-yard, roll that vessel up and come down."—*Life of Earl St. Vincent*. Among the committeemen last week to the Wilton (Somerset) house of correction was that of Ann Pain, spinster, for stealing a "heart," on St. Valentine's day.

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

WHEREAS WILLIAM COATES, of the City of Quebec, late First Teller, of the Branch of the Montreal Bank, established at Quebec, stands charged with feloniously stealing, in the month of February last, from the Office of the said Bank at Quebec, a large quantity of notes of the Montreal Bank, amounting in the whole to nearly Ten Thousand Pounds currency; and whereas the said William Coates hath been committed to the common jail of the District of Quebec, to take his trial for the said offence, and whereas the greater part of the said Notes so stolen, as aforesaid, has not been found or traced.—Notice is hereby given, that the above reward of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS currency, will be paid to any person or persons who shall give information by which the whole of the said stolen property shall be recovered, and a proportionate part of the above Reward according to amount which may be so found and recovered, upon application to the undersigned at the office of the said Bank, in St. Peter Street, in the city of Quebec.

A. SIMPSON, Cashier. N.B.—The Notes stolen are principally Notes of 100 Dollars, 50 Dollars and 20 Dollars each, of the Montreal Bank, payable at Quebec.

JOSHUA HOBROUGH, TAILOR.

No. 3, HOLT STREET, NEAR TO MR. J. J. SIMS. IMPRESSED with a due sense of gratitude for the favours conferred upon him by the gentleman residing in Quebec, and his wife, and by the public in general, avails himself of the present moment, to return them his most heartfelt thanks; and at the same time he assures them, that no effort on his part shall be wanted to insure a similar continuance of their future patronage and support. Quebec, 15th January, 1838

BOOKS FOR SALE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE, No. 14, Mountain Street.

SCOTT'S WORKS, in seven vols. Bulwer's Novels, in 1 vol. cloth. Marvatt's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth. Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep. Henry's Miscellaneous Works. Hume and Smollett's History of England with Miller's continuation, 4 vols. The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz." Midshipman's Expedients, by the author of *Nation's Reformer*. Quebec, 13th January, 1838

FOR SALE. AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK

by Parkinson & Frodsham, London; a Two-Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPSONETER, at MARTYNS, Chronometer Maker, &c. &c. St. Peter Street, 20th Jan.

MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers, general Agents for Morison's Pills, have appointed WILLIAM WHITTAKER, Sub-Agent for the Upper Town, No. 27, St. John Street.

LEGGE & Co.

That the public may be able to form some idea of Morison's Pills by their great consumption, the following calculation was made by Mr. WING, Clerk to the Stamp Office, Somerset House, in a period of six years, (part only of the time that Morison's Pills have been before the public) the number of stamps delivered for that medicine amounted to three million, nine hundred, and one thousand.

The object in placing the foregoing before the public is to deduce therefrom the following powerful argument in favour of Mr. Morison's system, and to which the public attention is directed, namely, that it was only by trying an innocuous purgative medicine to such an extent that the truth of the Hygienic system could possibly have been established. It is clear that all the medical men in England, or the world, put together, have not tried a system of vegetable purgation to the extent and in manner prescribed by the Hygienists. How, therefore, can they (much less individually) know any thing about the extent of its properties.

PROSPECTUS

QUEBEC & MEGANTIC LAND COMPANY. CAPITAL £30,000. In Shares of Fifty Pounds each. PAYABLE IN TEN YEARLY INSTALLMENTS OF £300 AS TO 47 1/2 IS EACH.

DURING the administration of Lord Aylmer, who at all times was most anxious for the improvement of the Eastern Townships, a purchase was made of an unsurveyed tract round Lake St. Francis, in the County of Megantic, on similar terms as those granted by the H. M. Government to the British American Land Company.

The purchase embraces a tract of 220,000 acres of land of good quality, lying contiguous to the unsurveyed block of the British North American Land Company, within 30 miles of Quebec.

The proprietors of the Company intend throwing open the stock on receiving the following confirmation of the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department to the sale made by Lord Aylmer, taking it for granted the same facilities would be given to a Company, consisting of individual either natives of or residents in Canada, as had been conceded to the British American Land Company, the greater part of the Stockholders of which reside in England. No such confirmation has as yet been given, the subject being referred to the late Commission, the Secretary of which in his last 14th stated a report had been sent to England, but since that period, December, 1836, nothing has been done.

It is proposed to divide the stock into 600 shares of £50 each, payable in ten annual instalments, varying from £10 to £7 1/2 is each.

It will be well to state a few words in favour of the project and to state at once that there will be no exclusion whatever of any class of Her Majesty's subjects, in the settlement of the tract, industry and sobriety being the requisites of those whom the Company will be anxious to encourage.

Megantic has been to long neglected, and unless some stimulus is given, by the prospects of extensive improvement, it is to be feared the well settled country on the Chaudiere and the thriving Townships of Leeds, Inverness, H.ifax, &c. will be much retarded.

To every resident in Quebec the prospect of setting 220,000 Acres within a day's journey of the city cannot fail of being interesting, for not only will all the necessaries of life be abundant but all property will be enhanced in value, for sooner or later this must be the outlet of the Townships.

The Company will be carried on most economically, as only two Agents and one Surveyor will be required, one of the former to reside at Lake St. Francis or where the most eligible site in the tract would be chosen for a town, and one in Quebec. A board of three unpaid Commissioners would be chosen by the Stockholders under whom the Agents would act.

The British American Land Company will doubtless, not stand in hand with the present Company, if formed, for every additional acre thrown up, near their unsurveyed tract, will enhance its value, and the proprietors of the Quebec and Megantic Land Company feel assured that if it goes into operation it will add new life to their operations, as the Stockholders in England will think more favorably of the investment they have made in this Province when they see that residents are desirous of making similar ones precisely in the same tract of country. Quebec, 23rd April, 1838.

SAMUEL TOZER, BUTCHIER,

STALL NO. 1, UPPER TOWN MARKET. BEGS respectfully to return thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support he has hitherto received; and takes this opportunity of informing them that he has always on hand Corned Rounds of Beef, Briskets, &c.; also, Mutt m for Saddles and Harness, all of the very best quality. Quebec, 13th January, 1838