

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 11th SEPT. 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, - - - July 31. | New-York, - - - Sept 6  
Liverpool, - - - Aug. 1. | Halifax, - - - Aug. 29  
Havre, - - - July 28. | Toronto, - - - Sept. 4

By the arrival at New York of the packet ship *South America*, in 31 days from Liverpool, files of English papers have been received to the 4th August inclusive, her day of sailing.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 27th July.

**SUPPLY.**—The House went into a committee of supply, and, on the motion that a sum of £10,000 be granted, to enable Her Majesty to grant relief to the distressed refugees Poles now in this country.

The conclusion appeared to be, that, if, next year, a resolution were proposed by ministers for £15,000, instead of £10,000, it would at once meet with the concurrence of all parties. For this session the vote was only taken for £10,000.

£19,153 for the expenses of the establishment of the Indian department in Lower and Upper Canada.  
£17,518 for the salaries of governors, Lieut. governors, and other officers in the West India colonies.

£30,000 for the moral and religious instruction of the emancipated negroes.  
£3,871 16s. 3d. for the salaries of emigration agents.

£4,900 for the expence of the civil government at Nova-Scotia.

£8,600 for the charge of the repair of the Rideau and other canals.

**CANALS.**—An estimate of the sum that will probably be required to defray the expences, beyond the ordinary grants for the years 1837 and 1838 and 1839, for army and ordnance services, occasioned by the insurrection in Upper and Lower Canada, five hundred thousand pounds. F. BURNES.

In the House of Lords, on the 30th July, a discussion took place on the character of the Ordinance issued by the Earl of Durham for the banishment of certain rebels to the Island of Bermuda, without the intervention of a trial.—Lord Brougham, who commenced the discussion, pronounced the measure a gross and outrageous violation of British laws.—Lord Ellenborough and Lyndhurst concurred with Lord Brougham, the former noble lord declaring that a more illegal or a more despotic measure never disgraced the records of a civilized country.—Lord Glenelg and Melbourne defended the measures of Lord Durham, and deprecated the course pursued by Lord Brougham as imprudent and unparliamentary.

The House then resolved into committee of supply, in which the proposed grant to Maynooth College called forth much comment and opposition, but it was agreed to, as were several other grants on the Irish estimates.

It seems that the Post-office commissioners have recommended a uniform postage of 2d., in place of 1d., as suggested by Mr. Hill.

The Irish Tithes Bill, Corporation Bill and Poor Laws Bill, have passed the Commons, and will probably pass the Lords.

The Customs Bill was also passed, and the Supplies were being voted conformably to the Estimates. In short, the public business to which the Government attached the most importance will be got through, and the session closed in August. The Duke of Wellington had paired off for the remainder of the session, and was going to visit the Continent.

The continental news is of little importance. The season was rather unfavourable for the crops, and grain had risen in consequence. Trade had improved at the latest dates.

The latest New York dates at Liverpool, on the 1st August, were of the 7th July, by the *Pennsylvanian*.

Marshal Soult visited Sheerness and Woolwich before he left England.

There have been several serious accidents on the Great Western Railway.  
Marshal Ney's son, the *Prince of Moskowa*, has just finished an opera.

Wordsworth, the poet, is on a tour.

Mr. Bunn, it is now definitely arranged, will be the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre for the next season. Mr. K. Bishop will be the musical director.

Poor Barnes, the clown, of Covent Garden, is said to be in great distress, and appeals to the hand of humanity for nourishment.

The celebrated Trevor Corry, of Newry, is dead.

It is said that the Duke of Sussex is about to be created Lord High Admiral.

Sir Greville Temple has been making excavations on the classic soil of old Carthage for the last six months, and has made many valuable discoveries.

The three days of July passed off in Paris much as usual. No disturbance.

There has been a dreadful famine in the East Indies.

The number of deaths amongst the Catholic Clergy of the notations district of England is truly awful. Within the space of eighteen months 25 priests, most of them in the very prime of life, have been carried away in the midst of their labors.

At the Cork assizes, an old woman has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, for offering to sell to a doctor a live boy, eight years old, and proposing to him to kill the child for dissection. She asked £3 for him, and offered to get him one a month.

In London, the stock market has been very flat. Money on good paper can be had on lower terms—say from 25 to 3 per cent.

Our readers were informed by a Postscript in Saturday's Transcript that the four individuals arraigned at Montreal for the murder of Chartrand had been pronounced *not guilty* by the jury, after half an hour's deliberation, in direct opposition to the charge of the Chief Justice, and against the clearest testimony of a host of witnesses. The Montreal Herald of Saturday states that on the verdict being pronounced a rebel cheer was attempted to be got up in the very Court House; and the same paper thus remarks on the unparalleled dishonesty of this affair:—

"The trial ended, as many supposed it would in the acquittal of the prisoners, and only, proves that the habitants are the most ignorant, and the most degraded race of human beings in the civilized globe. When the verdict was known out of doors, it excited not surprise, but indignation and feeling of deep rooted hatred and revenge on the part of the loyalists, a feeling which will yet feel fearfully. Never, except on the receipt of intelligence of Col. Gore having been discontinued at St. Denis, do we remember to have seen so much excitement, or to have heard such vows of revenge. The brother of the murdered Chartrand was in Court in a state of frenzied agitation, and we do not wonder at it. Before him were four men who, like savages, placed their victim at a tree and deliberately killed him by a discharge of musketry, not because he had any hostile feeling against them, but because he was honest and loyal; and near him were twelve men who committed, what many call, a most deliberate and wanton perjury, screening the murderers from justice. The ancient law allowed a man to revenge his brother's death, and, if ever there was a case in which such a course was justifiable, it is the present. Deeply will this verdict rankle in the breast of the volunteers, and should the opportunity ever arrive, it will be avenged in blood. Yes, Volunteers, one of yourselves has been basely murdered; your enemies, by whom he was tried, have refused atonement for his blood, and it calls aloud upon you for deep, ample vengeance. His fate might have been yours, the very men who committed the vile atrocity are again at large on the world, and the impunity with which they have committed one murder, may induce them to make a similar attempt on any of you. One foul outrage upon society has been added to another, unpunished murder and apparent perjury.—If the law is insufficient for our protection, we must protect ourselves, and if it is insufficient to punish offenders against it, they must not be, on that account, allowed to escape.

THE THEATRE.

Sargeant Talford's interesting play of "Ion" was performed last night, Miss Tree sustaining the part of Ior, which may be considered the best and most popular of her varied round of characters.

Throughout the whole of this performance we look in vain for any fault, for any single point that might be improved. The aptness and truth of the following remarks from a recent number of one of the most popular American periodicals, must strike every one who witnessed Miss Tree's performance last night. "Perhaps the greatest of her many merits is the remarkable purity of her utterance, and the true sound and meaning with which she clothes the language of the author.—In the classic phrases of 'Ion,' this beauty is prominent; the choice words which form the finished sentences of this gem of English literature, are sounded full in every letter. Vowels and consonants receive their measured justice, and every line is meted out with its just cadence, imparting to our much abused English a quality as free from blemish as it is capable of sustaining. In common or less classical compositions, the words are endowed with a strength and beauty, which are borrowed from her perfection of utterance. There is a roundness and a rich purity in her pronunciation, which gives a finish and fullness to the sound, that is really musical. She is a worthy mistress of the Queen's English.

[From the Montreal Herald of Saturday.]

We have seen a gentleman who conversed a few days ago with E. E. Rodier, Luger Duverney, and several other proscribed republicans. Mr. Rodier is well known in Montreal by both parties as a bold, consistent traitor, and a man who has obtained a very high character for honorable feeling and strict veracity. We always liked the man for his candour, however much we detested his principles. He distinctly told our informant that General Wood did, in his hearing, offer to Dr. Nelson to take the command of the rebel force, and laying his hand on Rodier's shoulder, he said "My dear Rodier, I wish your cause success, and if you can but show me that there is a reasonable chance of success I will embark in your enterprise, but there is

no use for my being fool hardy." Rodier also stated that preparations were making for a much better organized rebellion and invasion than those of last year, and that the troubles might not recommence this winter. We state these facts, for the double purpose of showing the hypocrisy and hollow hearted profession of the American Government, and that the pardoned and outlawed rebels, are as much rebels as ever they were. As soon might you change the skin of the Ethiopian, or the spots of the leopard, as expect that the Papnau and his myriads can ever be made loyal men. Loyalty is not a mere taking the oath of allegiance, it is an innate feeling of attachment to certain institutions represented by a certain monarch, and the innate feeling of the rebels, is hatred to the British monarch, to British institutions and to the British name. A drunkard may be reformed, or a notorious sinner may become pious, but it is impossible to transform a French republican into a British loyalist. The idea is supremely ridiculous. At the 20th of June last, we mentioned, on good authority that there would be a general jail delivery on the 28th of that same month, and every person ridiculed the idea as insane and incredible. Even the Courier, the willing slave of tuted power, whether of a Gostord or of a Durham, on the 27th, the very day before the liberation, not having up to that period got the cue from its master, stated its firm authority, as follows: "We can state with perfect confidence, that the idea of a general and unconditional pardon of all persons at present accused of treason, or of a jail delivery tomorrow, has never been entertained by the Government."

A general amnesty was proclaimed the very next day, and the intelligence of it excited the deepest surprise and indignation from Quebec to Sandwich. It was an act so disgraceful to the government, so insulting to the loyalists, and so encouraging to their sworn and unrelenting enemies, that it appeared more like a dream than a painful reality; and now it appears more than probable that the last grand act in the drama of conciliation will be the pardon of the rebels who are outlawed. The strange want of consistency in punishing traitors in Upper Canada and pardoning them in this province has had the effect, which might have been expected, of displeasing every party.

It is said that the Duke of Sussex is about to be created Lord High Admiral. Sir Greville Temple has been making excavations on the classic soil of old Carthage for the last six months, and has made many valuable discoveries. The three days of July passed off in Paris much as usual. No disturbance. There has been a dreadful famine in the East Indies. The number of deaths amongst the Catholic Clergy of the notations district of England is truly awful. Within the space of eighteen months 25 priests, most of them in the very prime of life, have been carried away in the midst of their labors. At the Cork assizes, an old woman has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, for offering to sell to a doctor a live boy, eight years old, and proposing to him to kill the child for dissection. She asked £3 for him, and offered to get him one a month. In London, the stock market has been very flat. Money on good paper can be had on lower terms—say from 25 to 3 per cent. Our readers were informed by a Postscript in Saturday's Transcript that the four individuals arraigned at Montreal for the murder of Chartrand had been pronounced not guilty by the jury, after half an hour's deliberation, in direct opposition to the charge of the Chief Justice, and against the clearest testimony of a host of witnesses. The Montreal Herald of Saturday states that on the verdict being pronounced a rebel cheer was attempted to be got up in the very Court House; and the same paper thus remarks on the unparalleled dishonesty of this affair:— "The trial ended, as many supposed it would in the acquittal of the prisoners, and only, proves that the habitants are the most ignorant, and the most degraded race of human beings in the civilized globe. When the verdict was known out of doors, it excited not surprise, but indignation and feeling of deep rooted hatred and revenge on the part of the loyalists, a feeling which will yet feel fearfully. Never, except on the receipt of intelligence of Col. Gore having been discontinued at St. Denis, do we remember to have seen so much excitement, or to have heard such vows of revenge. The brother of the murdered Chartrand was in Court in a state of frenzied agitation, and we do not wonder at it. Before him were four men who, like savages, placed their victim at a tree and deliberately killed him by a discharge of musketry, not because he had any hostile feeling against them, but because he was honest and loyal; and near him were twelve men who committed, what many call, a most deliberate and wanton perjury, screening the murderers from justice. The ancient law allowed a man to revenge his brother's death, and, if ever there was a case in which such a course was justifiable, it is the present. Deeply will this verdict rankle in the breast of the volunteers, and should the opportunity ever arrive, it will be avenged in blood. Yes, Volunteers, one of yourselves has been basely murdered; your enemies, by whom he was tried, have refused atonement for his blood, and it calls aloud upon you for deep, ample vengeance. His fate might have been yours, the very men who committed the vile atrocity are again at large on the world, and the impunity with which they have committed one murder, may induce them to make a similar attempt on any of you. One foul outrage upon society has been added to another, unpunished murder and apparent perjury.—If the law is insufficient for our protection, we must protect ourselves, and if it is insufficient to punish offenders against it, they must not be, on that account, allowed to escape.

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The setting of Miss Tree was such as to throw all the other performers at a great distance; but it is justice to mention Mr. Abbot Mr. Fredericks, and Mrs. Knight, who in their several parts were excellent.

The evening's entertainment was concluded with the farce of "Why don't she marry?" in which Mr. Latham and Miss Melton were irresistibly droll, and kept the house in good spirits.

The house was filled, almost crowded, in every part. We trust that if Miss Tree's other professional engagements do not prevent it, another opportunity will be afforded to the inhabitants of Quebec, to whom such treats are few and far between, of again witnessing her performance of "Ion."

I said every morning, but there was one in each week which brought no letter—and on Monday Mary's step was listless, and her spirit dejected—so that day she felt as if there was nothing to live for.

She did not strive to struggle with her love. She read over every word of the few books he had left her, and she walked every day over the same ground which had seemed fairly-land when with him; and she always passed by the house where he had lodged, that she might look up to the window where he was wont to sit. Rupert found that landed property, where farmers are not left to settle their own leases, and stewards to provide for their little families, is not altogether a sinecure. He had lived abroad like a prince, and his estate had not been the better for his absence. He inquired into the exact profits of his property; renewed old leases on new terms; discharged his bailiff; shut up the roads in his park, which had seemed to all the neighborhood a more desirable way than the turnpike conveniences; let off ten poachers, and warned off ten gentlemen; and, as the natural and obvious consequences of these acts of economy and inspection, he became the most unpopular man in the county.

One day Rupert had been surveying some timber intended for the use of the weather was truly English, and changed suddenly from heat into rain. A change of clothes was quite out of Rupert's ordinary habits, and a fever of severe nature, which ended in delirium, was the result. For some weeks he was at the verge of the grave. The devil and the doctor do not always agree, for the moral faith that there is no friendship among the wicked. In this case the doctor was ultimately victorious, and his patient recovered. "Give me the fresh air," said Rupert, directly he was able to resume his power of commanding, "and bring me whatever letters came during my illness." From a pile of spoiled paper from fashionable friends, country cousins, county magistrates, and tradesmen who take the liberty to remind you of the trifle which has occupied your recollection—from this pile of precious conceits Rupert drew a letter from the Irish officer's lady, who, it will be remembered, first attracted Rupert to Mary's village, acquainting him that she had been reported by some one—a good-natured friend to her husband, immediately upon his return from Ireland. Unhappily, the man loved his wife, valued his honour, and was of that unshakable temperance, which never forgives an injury. He had smelt his Achates twice during Rupert's illness to Dr. Lindsay Castle, and was as enraged at the idea of his injury's departing this life by any other means than his bullet, that he was supposed in consequence to be a little touched in the head. He was observed to walk by himself, sometimes bursting into tears, sometimes muttering deep oaths of vengeance; he summoned all society, and sat for hours gazing vacantly on a pistol placed before him. All these agreeable circumstances did the unhappy fair one (who picked up her information second hand, for she was an alien from the conjugal bed and board) detail to Rupert with very considerable paths.

"Now then for Mary's letters," said the invalid; "no re-lit Irishman there, I trust," and Rupert took up a large heap, which he had selected from the rest as a child picks the plums out of his pudding by way of a regale at the last. At the perusal of the first three or four letters he smiled with pleasure; presently his lips grew more compressed, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. He took up another—he read a few lines—started from his sofa. "What ho, there! my carriage and four directly!—less not a moment!—Do you hear me!—Too ill, do you say!—never so well in my life!—Not another word, or—My carriage, I say, instantly!—Put in my swiftest horses! I must be at T—to-night before five o'clock!—and the order was obeyed.—(Concluded in our next.)

An eminent political economist calculates that a thousand little responsibilities are introduced daily into the breathing world of Great Britain and Ireland. £2,733,627, or nearly \$11,000,000, were paid for military expenses alone, in the Colonies of Great Britain during the year ending March, 1837. The expenses for 1838 will probably be a million more on account of the Canadas.

No numerous are the omnibuses that run in and about London, that the mileage duty alone amounts to \$200,000 per annum.

There are about five million acres of waste land in Ireland.

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