

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

FRIDAY, 22ND NOVEMBER, 1839.

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LATELY PUBLISHED,
By **William Gregg,**
EDITED BY NEWTON BOWDITCH, F.R.S. &
NEW AND IMPROVED WORK,
REVISED.
HOHELAGA DEPICTA;
OR,
EARLY AND PRESENT STATE OF THE CITY AND
ISLAND OF MONTREAL;
ILLUSTRATED with Forty-Five Original Cop-
y Plates Engravings of the Public Buildings;
Views of the City, from different points, a
of the City as it was in 1735, one year before
conquest, and an Outline Plan as it now is;
AN APPENDIX, containing a brief History of
the REBELLIONS (1837-1838) in Lower Can-
ada and a Chapter on AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—
15mo. neatly printed, and bound in Fancy
Gold Lettered, price 12s. 6d.
QUEBEC.—Sold by W. COWAN & SON,
August.

HORATIO CARWELL.
No. 4, *Embridge Street.*
In addition to his present extensive stock of
carpets, Counterpanes, Quilts, Flannels,
Linen, Russa Sheetings, Irish Linens, Da-
Tabl Linen, Longcloth, Sheetings,
Muslins, Prints; Cambrics, Boots, Shoes,
Silk and cotton Hosiery, Millinery,
&c. &c.

HAS JUST RECEIVED,
Per *Mary Lally,* from London,
the assortment of Printed & Non-Printed
Cloth, Ribbons, Autumn & Winter
with Ribbons to match of the newest
Black mode Mantillas trimmed with
Cashmere and Lama Wool Shawls,
Bolton and Brussels Lace Veils, and a
selection of the newest styles Mousse-
line Laines. *Not read as yet, but
a note of which is now being offered at re-
duced prices.*
No. 4, *Embridge Street.*

THE HUMAN HAIR.
HERE the hair is observed to be grow-
ing thin, nothing can be more propo-
sition than the use of oils, greases or any fatty
Their application can only be recommended
through the grossest ignorance, as they have
of the hair, by increasing the relaxation of
When there is a harsh, dry, or contracted
and when the small blood vessels which carry
to the bulb are obstructed, then the
may be good, as they tend to relax the
but alone they are of no avail. There
is a stimulus to raise the vessels from their
and quicken the current of the blood.—
From *Circumstances of the Hair.*
HALL OF COLUMBIA is the only preparation
to have that effect, being entirely free from
any substance.

A CASE IN POINT.
I unfortunately lost nearly all the hair from
my head, when I commenced the use of
of Columbia, and have, by the use of two
had my head covered with a fine growth of
There can be no mistake in the matter, as
my friends can see by calling on me. I had
some quite gray, but had the gray hairs
fall out, and it has grown in as the hair of
natural color. If any body doubts these
then call upon me and see. I bought the
of Comstock & Co., 2, Fletcher Street.
A. RINDGE,
19, Counties Slip, Agent of Detroit Line,
York, Nov. 9, 1839.

COUNTERFEITS ARE ABROAD.
Carefully on the splendid wrapper, for the
of L. S. Comstock. Beware! as all without
must be false.
Sold by
JOHN MUSSON,
Agent for Quebec, and by
**Messrs. SIMS & BOWLES, and
BIGGS & URQUHART,**
No. 4th October.

**BREW AND GERMAN
LANGUAGES.**
J. M. HIRSCHFELDER, late of the
University of Heidelberg, Germany, now
Master of the Quebec Classical
School, will give private instructions in the
Languages.
Applications made at the Transcript Office
are punctually attended to.

Ornate Poetry.
(FOR THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT.)
ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE BUFFALO IN
THE PORT OF QUEBEC, AUG. 1839.
There's a bark from merry England,
Comes sailing with the tide,
She is bounding up the river,
In all Britannia's pride,
She has elc'd th' Atlantic billow
As the swallow cleaves the air,
And our hearts expand towards the bark,
For kindred hearts are there,
Oh! how the pulses wildly beat,
And throbs the heart when we,
Meet these loved friends in foreign climes
We had despair'd to see.
'Tis fancy's vision realiz'd,
'Tis pleasure's witching dream,
'Tis the sun in brightest shining forth,
When we least expect his beam.
Thou art welcome gallant vessel,
From our own, our merry land;
And welcome all that pace thy deck,
To a bold Canadian strand.
We have watch'd your coming anxiously,
From morn till day's decline;
But now you're come, we'll fill the cup,
And drink to "Auld lang syne."
J. W. Co. Gds.

THE DEAD BRIDE.
It was a wild wintry night, in the latter part
of the fifteenth century. Then, as now, the
once impregnable castle of Dattenburg was
a shattered ruin—the abode of evil spirits in the
popular belief, and the terror of the surround-
ing country. On this night, while the wind
raged like thunder, and the raging river an-
swered it with a stormy diapason still louder,
a young knight, Kurd Von Stein, who pushed
his road from Hammerstein to Unkel, was la-
zated on his way, and wandering far out of the
direct path along the river shore, went astray
among the mountains. While struggling with
the binding rain, and bearing up bravely
against the wild blast, which assailed him
with a wondrous fury, he saw a faint light in
the far distance. Towards this light he im-
mudiently directed his steps. After much la-
bour and considerable difficulty, he succeeded
in reaching the ruins of the castle of Datten-
burg; but it was then unknown to him that
such was the spot in which he had sought a
refuge. In an upper chamber of the great
tower, burned the light which had guided him
thither. He had some trouble to discover an
entrance to the castle yard, and more than once
he fell over the huge blocks of basalt which
lay scattered about in confused masses, as
though cast there at random by some convul-
sion of nature; but he at length succeeded in
overcoming all obstacles, and finally found
himself in the principal court of the castle.
He was alone, and there were no signs of life
in his vicinity, except it might be the snort or
tramp of his tired steed, or the throbbing of his
own heart, from the intense ascent.—Long
grass grew through the interstices of the pave-
ment; the walls of the edifice were roofless,
the windows without frames; desolation seem-
ed to have made the place her dwelling. He
shouted for assistance, he called aloud on the
wardens to come to his aid, he hallooed for
the domestics, but no one replied to him; he
was only answered by a faint echo, nearly
drowned in the rushing of the wind, and the
noise of the raging waters of the swollen river
without. No other resource being left him,
and having no alternative but to wait on him-
self, he fastened his horse to a half prostrate
pillar, and groped his way to the foot of the
great tower, from whence gleamed the light
which allured him thither. The door of the
building stood half open, and he entered it
without hesitation. Ascending the narrow
and crooked stairs, he struck sharply at every
door he passed, for the purpose of rousing the
inmates, but in vain; no signs of life were
made manifest to his senses in any part of the
runicous pile. At length he attained the top-
most story. As he stood on the narrow land-
ing place, a flood of soft, mellow light poured
on him from an adjoining chamber. He looked
into the apartment whence it proceeded, and
there he beheld a lady sitting at a table, with
her head leaning pensively on her hand. She
was apparently absorbed in deep thought. This

fair dame was young, and very beautiful; but
the vitality of her youth seemed to have been
blighted by care or disappointment; her cheek
was wan and hollow, and her eyes dim,
sunk and lustreless. So wrapt did she seem
to be in meditation, that the entrance of the
young knight was quite unperceived by her,
until he stood fully revealed in her presence,
and proceeded to pray pardon for his involun-
tary intrusion on her privacy.
"I have been belated, fair lady," he
spoke; "and I have lost my way in the
storm. May I hope that it will not be a tres-
pass on your hospitality to give me shelter
until its fury shall cease, or until the night
passeth over?"
The lady nodded her head assentively;
but made no other reply. The young knight,
however, received it for an answer in the af-
firmative. She then rose from the table, and
placing a chair for the stranger beside her, and
word, motioned him to sit. He did so. Not a
word escaped her lips although he was loud in
his expressions of grateful acknowledgement.
The table was loaded with the richest viands;
game, and poultry of many kinds, were in
abundance, and wine of various vintages were
not wanting; but the youth knew not
whence or how they came there, as he could
perceive none of these things on his entrance
into the chamber. The lady beckoned him to
partake of the banquet; still, however, she
said no word; that he could hear, though her
lips moved slightly, as she spoke inaudibly,
or spoke to herself. He needed not much
pressing, for he was very sharp set with hun-
ger and fatigue; and he fell to, most heartily,
with the keen appetite of four-and-twenty
hours, whetted by a long, cold day's fast
and immense physical exertion. It was not
until his hunger was well nigh appeased, that
he discovered a singular omission in the ma-
terial of the feast,—an omission the more sin-
gular, as the articles in themselves were the
most simple and valueless of all that stood be-
fore him.—Wine and salt were not to be
found on that well-furnished board. He could
not guess the cause of it and he did not
well know what to think of the omission; but
his heart somehow misgave him as to the rea-
son, for now that he no longer felt the cravings
of appetite, he had leisure to speculate on
what he saw. Coupling this singular circum-
stance with the still more singular one of the
maiden's silence and total solitude, he could
not help feeling, involuntarily, some little
degree of dread. The age was a superstitious
one; and brave men, who would have faced a
host of their own fellow-creatures single-
handed, thought it no shame to confess their
fear of ghosts, and to quail before fiends, and
soulspirits. He made no comment, however,
on the circumstance, but adopted the only
means of comfort within his reach—copious
draughts of a peculiarly generous wine. As he
proceeded to drain off beaker after beaker of
the delicious beverage, his fears began rapidly
to dissipate; all the while, the beautiful
countenance of the maiden seemed to brighten,
and her eye to grow full again with pleasure,
as she perceived his spirits rise in the intox-
icating process. His soul soon scorned all sus-
picious; his heart began to grow too big for
his bosom; he was all magnanimity, and felt
not a little of sensual passion. He had
as resolved his courage to the sticking place."
Pleasure was now distinctly visible in his fair
companion's countenance.
"Loveliest of maidens," said he, looking
on her with maudlin tenderness; "are you
the daughter of this house?"
She nodded her head in reply, and smiled
a gracious smile; but still he could hear no
word from her lips.
"And who are your parents?" inquired he
again, after a short pause.
Again she nodded, smiling still sweeter
than before, and pointing to a couple of por-
traits which hung against the wall of the cham-
ber, just opposite where he and she were
seated together.
Kurd Von Stein looked at the portraits first,
and then he looked at the maiden. There
could be no mistake in the matter; the family
likeness was too distinct.

"Are they alive?" he asked, once more
addressing her.
She only shook her head sorrowfully.
"Have you any brothers or sisters?" he
queried.
"I am the last of my race," replied she,
in a voice soft as the whisper of the summer
breeze, and as sweet as the sound of an Eolian
harp, on which the breath of a balmey eve is
blowing.
The one great difficulty was now surmount-
ed. This soft speech satisfied the young and
arrogant knight that he should not have a dumb
bride, if fortune pleased to favour his suit with
the maiden. Enraptured with her grace and
beauty, animated by her smiles, and heated
by the copious libations in which she had
indulged, he felt desperately in love; and long
before the midnight hour had arrived, he had
resolved to make her an offer of his hand—his
heart she already had in her safe keeping. He was
poor in worldly possession, though rich in youth
and health, and a very handsome fellow; and with
a touch of worldliness almost incompatible with
the purity of his intended passion, he deemed that
he could make no better selection than the
daughter of a noble house, who could afford to
give such good cheer, and keep so excellent a
cellar of wines. The desolate court-yard, with
the long, rank grass waving over the pave-
ment—the solitary chamber, tenantless, windowless,
roofless—and the silent, unwatched outer walls
of the castle, so faithfully indicating decay, were
all in the favour of his affection and the delirium
induced by drink.
"Fairest of fair ones," stammered he, fall-
ing on one knee at her feet, after the most
approved fashion of the period; "loveliest of
lovely creatures, may I ask if you are free to
love?"
A nod and a smile were his answer. He had
at the moment stained the summit of his hap-
piness.
"Will thou be mine!—my bride!—my
own!—most peerless princess?" he uttered
in passion.
The maiden's face flushed with pleasure.
She nodded her head again, smiled more gra-
ciously than ever, woman smiled on him be-
fore. Rising quickly from her seat, she
hastened to an antique cabinet which stood in
a corner of the room, and a gold ring returned.
In one hand she held forth a quickly ring of
oldest fashion, in the other, a withered wreath
of rosemary leaves. With not a moment's delay
she intertwined the faded garland in her long
black locks, then proceeding towards the door
of the chamber, she beckoned the knight to
follow. A feeling of doubt, not unaccompanied
with some degree of dread, flashed on the
mind of the Drunkard; but it was instantly
dispelled by the fumes of the wine, and the
sweet smile of the maiden. He followed her
in silence to the castle chapel. At the gate of
the sacred edifice they were joined by two
persons whom he had not seen before. He
looked on the strangers with some surprise,
and to his sudden horror he saw that they were
the originals of the two pictures which stood
in his lady's chamber—her father and mother,
who by her gesture, in answer to his inquiry
respecting them, he had been given to under-
stand were long since dead. Again he
hesitated, and for a moment the idea of retreat
crossed his mind; but it was only for a moment
—retreat was now impossible. With the
maiden before him, the black walls on each
side of him, and the old couple behind him,
bringing up the rear of the procession, he was
as it were, completely blocked in and found
himself irrevocably in their power. They
all entered the chapel together; it was lighted
up as on the eve of some high and holy festi-
val; yet the youth could not discover whence
came that strong illumination, for neither
torch nor lamp was to be seen within its pre-
cincts, and the black sky was only visible above
its ruined roof. They approached the altar,
everything seemed to have been prepared in
anticipation of the nuptials. In the centre of
the aisle stood the proud monument of a bishop,
one of the noble family of the castle, who had
been dead and buried there upwards of a cen-