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Poetry.

SONNET.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

In the cold change which time had wrought on love,
(The snowy winter of this summer prime)
Should a chance slip, or sudden tear-drop, move
Thy heart to memory of the olden time;
Turn not to gaze on me with pitying eyes,
Nor mock me with a withering hope renewed;
But from the bower we both have loved, arise,
And leave me to my barren solitude!
That looks at that a momentary flame
Shoots from the ashes of a dying fire?
Ye gaze upon the hearth from whence it came,
And know the exhausted embers still expire;
Therefore no pity, or my heart will break;
Be cold—be careless—for my past love's sake.

ENGLAND'S GLORY NEVER FADE.

Is there a patriot in the land
Who has his country's woe at heart,
Whom neither gold nor threat can force
Once from his duty to depart,

O, is there one who truly loves
British constitution and laws,
The boast, the glory of the world,
The admiration and applause!

Now is the time to show your zeal,
Whilst foreign foes and rebels rise,
Against the government you chose,
To blot it out beneath the skies.

Stand to your arms in its defence,
Nor yield one jot whilst life remain;
O, let not shame or foul disgrace
Ever its crimson banners stain!

The mammoth republic is up,
And vomits her floods of poison ruin;
To swallow in her greedy maw
The richest pearls of British ground.

And like unto a bird of prey,
Is hovering to make a dart,
O, be vigilant on your post,
Nor let surprise your counsels start!

Shall they on Crecey's bloody field
And Agincourt arise a gain?
Shall they who fell at Waterloo
Four forth their blood for you in vain?

Shall Nelson's conquests on the deep
Be lost? and others won before?
Whilst the proud foe exults crying
"England was once—'tis now no more."

O, may this body lie beneath
A load of monumental clay;
A tropic cut the thread of life,
Before I see that fatal day!

While earth rolls in her orbit wide,
While Sol his radiant car ascends,
May England's flag triumphant float
The subject globe, till time shall end.

R. L. S.

EXPEDITION TO ST. EUSTACHE.

Capt. Marrvatt's Diary in America.

Captain Marrvatt was in Montreal during winter of 1837. The following is his description of the city, and of the expedition to Eustache:—
Montreal, next to Quebec, is the oldest and most aristocratic city in all North America. Lofly houses, with narrow streets, and antique. After Quebec and Montreal, Orleans is said to take the next rank, all of them having been built by the French. It is pleasant to look upon any structure in a new hemisphere which bears the mark of its origin. The ruins of Fort Putnam are the curiosities of America.

Montreal is all alive—mustering here, drilling there, galloping every where; and moreover, Montreal is knee deep in snow and the thermometer below zero. Every hour brings intelligence of the movements of the rebel patriots—the last term is doubtful yet it is correct. When they first opened the attack at Botany Bay, Barrington spoke the slogan, which ended with these two lines:

"True Patriots we be for it understood,
We left our country for our country's good."
In this view of the case, some of them, it is said, will turn out patriots before they die, they have not been made so already.

Every hour comes in some poor wretch, who for refusing to join the insurgents, has been made a beggar; his cattle, sheep and pigs driven away; his fodder, his barns, his house, all that he possessed, now reduced to ashes. The cold-blooded, heartless murder of Lieut. Weir has, however, sufficiently raised the color of the troops, without any further enormities on the part of the insurgents being requisite for that end; when an English soldier swears to show no mercy, he generally keeps his word. Of all wars, a civil war is the most cruel, the most unrelenting, and the most exterminating; and deep indeed must be the responsibility of those, who, by their words or their actions, have contrived to set countryman against countryman, neighbour against neighbour, and very often brother against brother, and father against child.

On the morning of the 1st—the ice on the branch of the Ottawa river, which we had to cross, being considered sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the artillery, the whole force marched out, under the command of Sir John Colborne in person, to reduce the insurgents, who had fortified themselves at St. Eustache and St. Benoit, two towns of some magnitude in the District of Grand Brak. The snow as I before observed, lay very deep; but by the time we started, the road had been well beaten down by the multitudes which had preceded us.

The effect of the whole line of troops, in their fur caps and great coats, with the trunks of artillery, ammunition and baggage wagges, as they wound along the snow white road, was very beautiful. It is astonishing how much more numerous the force and how much larger the men and horses appear to be, from the strong contrast of their colours with the wide expanse of snow.

As we passed one of the branches of the Ottawa, one of the ammunition waggons, falling through the ice, the horses were immediately all but choked by the drivers—a precaution which was novel to me, and a singular method of saving their lives; but such was the case, the air within them, rarified by heat, inflated their bodies like balloons, and they floated high on the water. In this state they were easily disengaged from their traces, and hauled out upon the ice; the cords which had nearly strangled them were then removed, and, in a few minutes they recovered sufficiently to be led to the shore.

Let it not be supposed that I am about to write a regular despatch. I went out with the troops, but was of about as much use as the fifth wheel to a coach; with the exception, that as I rode one of Sir John Colborne's horses, I was, perhaps, so far supplying the place of a groom who was better employed.

The town of St. Eustache, is very prettily situated on the high banks of the river, the most remarkable object being the Catholic Church, a very large massive building, raised about two hundred yards from the river side, upon a commanding situation. The church the insurgents had turned into a fortress, and perhaps, for a fortress "d'occasion," there never was one so well calculated for a vigorous defence, it being flanked by two strong stone houses, and protected in the rear by several lines of high and strong palisades, running down into the river. The troops halted about three hundred yards from the town, to reconnoitre; the artillery were drawn up and opened their fire, but chiefly with a view that the enemy, by returning the fire, might demonstrate their force and position. These being ascertained orders were given by Sir John Colborne, so that in a short time the whole town would be invested by the troops. The insurgents perceiving this, many of them escaped, some through the town, and others by the frozen river. Those who crossed on the ice were chased by the volunteer dragoons, and the slipping and tumbling of the pursued and pursuers, afforded as much merriment as interest; so true it is, that anything ludicrous will make one laugh, in opposition to the feelings of sympathy, anxiety, and fear. Some of the runaways were cut down, and many more taken prisoners.

As soon as that portion of the troops which

had entered the town, and marched up the main street towards the church, arrived within half-musket shot, they were met with a smart volley, which was fired from the large windows of the church, and which wounded a few of the men. The soldiers were then ordered to make their approach under cover of the houses; and the artillery being brought up, commenced firing upon the church; but the walls of the building were too solid for the shot to make any impression, and had the insurgents stood firm they certainly might have given a great deal of trouble, and probably might have occasioned a great loss of men; but they became alarmed and fired one of the houses which jutted upon and flanked the church,—this they did with the view of escaping under cover of the smoke. In a few minutes the church itself was obscured by the volumes of smoke thrown out; and at the same time that the insurgents were escaping, the troops marched up and surrounded the church. . . . The fire from the house soon communicated to the church. Chénier, the leader, with ten others, the remnant of the insurgents who were in the church, rushed out; there was one tremendous volley, and all was over.

By this time many other parts of the town were on fire, and there was every prospect of the whole of it being burnt down, leaving no quarters for the soldiers to protect themselves in at night. The attention of every body was therefore turned to prevent the progress of the flames. . . . Some houses were pulled down, so as to cut off the communication with the houses the troops were bottled in. The insurgents had removed their families, and most of their valuables and furniture, before our arrival, but in one house were the commissariat stores, consisting of the carcasses of all the cattle, sheep, pigs, &c. which they had taken from the loyal farmers; there was a very large supply, and the soldiers were soon cooking in all directions. The roll was called, men mustered, and order established.

The night was bitterly cold; the sky was clear, and the moon near to her full; houses were still burning in every direction, but they were as mere satellites to the lofty church, which was now one blaze of fire, and throwing out volumes of smoke which passed over the face of the bright moon, and gave to her a lurid, reddish tinge, as if she too had assisted in these deeds of blood. The distant fires scattered over the whole landscape, which was one snow-wreath; the whirling of the smoke from the houses which were burning close to us, and which, from the melting of the snow, the fierce yellow flames, mingled with the pale beams of the bright moon—this, altogether, presented a beautiful, novel, yet melancholy panorama. I thought it might represent, in miniature, the burning of Moscow.

I could not help thinking, as I stood contemplating this melancholy scene of destruction, bloodshed, and sacrifice, that if Mr. Hunt or Mr. Roebuck had been by my side, they might have repented their inflammatory and liberal opinions, as here they beheld the frightful effects of them.

Miscellaneous.

INGENUOUS SMUGGLING.—A most extraordinary and ingenious mode of smuggling tobacco and cigars from Holland has been lately discovered, which is, perhaps, without parallel in the history of the contraband trade. A ship called the *Leed Strangford*, now lying alongside Brewster's quay, was entered at the Custom House in the early part of this week with a cargo of timber from Rotterdam. The logs were about to be landed, when an accident induced the captain to examine them, and it was found that the logs of wood were hollow, and were filled up with tobacco and cigars, a plug being inserted at each end of the same colour as the wood. One of the logs having become warped by the weather, the plug fell out, and discovered the fraud intended on the revenue. On examining the remainder of the timber it was found that a large hole, about six inches in diameter, had been scoop-

ed out in each, and filled with cigars and tobacco. The captain immediately gave information to the Customs, and the contraband cargo was seized and landed yesterday. The quantity of tobacco and cigars exceeds five tons, and the value is upwards of £3,000.—*London Paper.*

PRIVATE SOIREE.—The annual soirée of the Messrs. Chambers, to the numerous persons in their printing employment, was given in the large room of their printing office, High street, on Thursday evening. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Chambers, who was ably supported by Mr. Simpson, advocate, Councillor McLaren, and other gentlemen. These were upwards of one hundred and fifty persons present, including the wives and daughters of the workmen; and we have certainly never witnessed a more harmonious and agreeable entertainment. Admirable speeches were delivered by the gentlemen who were named, and to those we may add that of Mr. Forsyth, an operative engaged in the establishment; while the graver proceedings of the evening were agreeably intercepted with music. One fact mentioned by Mr. W. Chambers connected with their Journal, (Chambers Edinburgh Journal) is worthy of notice, as illustrating the growing demand of the public for this species of literature. It appears that upwards of seventy thousand copies of that work are printed weekly, and that its circulation is higher at the present moment than at any former period.—The object of these social meetings as explained by Mr. Chambers, is the highly laudable one of cultivating a friendly intercourse with their workmen—an example which it would be well for other extensive employers to imitate. Mr. Robert Chambers acted as croupier.—*Edinburgh Paper.*

COLONIZATION OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The third annual report of the Colonization Commissioners for South Australia has just been printed by order of the House of Commons, and presents a mass of information not only for those who contemplate emigration, but for all who feel an interest in the welfare of that thriving colony. The number of individuals who left this country for Australia, in 1838, is stated at 3,154, of whom about 2,700, children included, appear to have been of the labouring classes, and about 450 of a superior class. In addition to these, about 600 German Protestants have sought a refuge in South Australia from religious persecution, and about the same number are supposed to have arrived from the adjoining Australian colonies. The entire population of South Australia, at the close of 1838, is supposed to have consisted of upwards of 7,000 inhabitants, a population which must be considered surprising, when we reflect that the colony had not yet completed the third year of its existence.

London paper.

A fair correspondent writes to us from Newton Stewart, in the following terms:—"Recently I happened to gather a beautiful penny, and when tired of admiring it, tossed the toy aside, which partly, by accident, fell into a box full of soap suds. The said penny had neither joint nor root, and you might judge of my surprise when at the end of a day or two, I found it growing. From this time forward I watched it narrowly, and now found it, after lapse of a fortnight, a goodly plant with several buds on it. Thinking it might produce the same effect, I placed a newly-cropped penny in an element, which pure in itself is the medium of purity in every thing else; but it withered and died on so spare a diet. By way of confirming the first experiment, I have since placed a slip of a rose tree and a pink in suds, and both are flourishing in great vigor in my dressing-room. Should this accidental discovery prove useful to florists, it will afford sincere pleasure to your correspondent."—*Dumfries Courier.*

INTERFERENCE.—The following graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of intemperance from the argument of certain citizens of Portage county Ohio, is a memorial to the Legislature on the subject.—*Christian Guardian.*

"And yet its march of ruin is onward still!
It reaches abroad to others—invasades the fami-