

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. 1. No. 81.]

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## QUEBEC AUTUMN RACES.

1838.

Under the Patronage of

His Excellency the Governor General.

MONDAY, the 2d. & TUESDAY, the 3d

SEPTEMBER, 1838.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, 2d SEPTEMBER.

Her Majesty's Plate of Fifty Guineas.

Entrance, Five Pounds: to each a whip and

a distance. Open to all horses bred in the

Province of Lower Canada, that never won

mate, plate or sweepstakes. Weights—

three years old, 8 st. 11 lb.; four yrs. 9 st.

11 lb.; five yrs. 9 st. 11 lb. six yrs. and 7 yrs.

10 st.

Ladies' Purse, \$100.

Entrance Five Dollars, to which the Stewards

will add — Dollars. Free for all horses,—

Weight for age—4 st. 11 lb.; 5 st. 7 lb.; five

ys. 9 st.; 6 yrs. and aged, 9 st. 7 lb. Horses

once round the course and a distance.

Stewards' Purse, \$50.

Five Dollars entrance, to which the Stewards

will add — Dollars. Catch weights. One

third of a mile. Gentleman riders. Winner

to be sold for \$50.

Bonne's Rouge Stakes of 20 Dollars.

Entrance One Dollar. For all horses proved

to the satisfaction of the Stewards to be of

thorough Canadian breed. One mile, start-

ing from the distance post. Handicap races.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, 3d SEPTEMBER.

Handicap Race, \$100.

Four Dollars entrance, to which the Stewards

will add — Dollars. Free for all horses.

One heat of two miles, starting from the

distance. Gentleman riders. Weight, 11 st.

His Excellency's Cup, value \$100.

Entrance Ten Dollars. For all horses born

in the Province of Her Majesty's subjects

residing in the Province, and in fact possess-

ing for one calendar month previous to the

race, one round of the course, and a

distance. Gentleman riders. To close and

come on the 2d August. Horses to be

handicapped by the Stewards—to be shown

on the course at two, p. m. on the 27th Aug-

ust, and weight declared on the following

day. Ten horses to start, or no race. Win-

ner to be sold for one hundred sovereigns.

Quebec Stakes, \$200.

Five Pounds entrance, to which the Stewards

will add — Pounds. Free for all horses;

second horse to save his entrance. Weights

as in the Trial Stakes. Two mile heat,

starting from a distance. A winner of

one race to carry 7 lb., and of two races 14

lb. extra. Three horses to start, or no race.

Garrison Plate of 50 Pounds.

Entrance Five Dollars: For all horses born

in the Province of Officers of the Army,

one month previous to the race. Weight

as in the Trial Stakes. The winner of any

one to carry 7 lb. extra. Mile heats, start-

ing from the distance. Gentleman riders.

Beaten Plate, \$50.

For all horses beaten at this meeting. En-

trance Five Dollars, to which the Stewards

will add — Dollars. Horses once round the

course, and a distance. To be handicapped

by the Stewards.

ORDER OF RUNNING.

FIRST DAY.—Queen's Plate—Ladies' Purse

and Trial Stakes, alternate heats.—Scurry

Stakes.—Bonne's Rouge Stakes.

The Rules and Regulations of these

Races may be had at T. Cary & Co's Print-

ing Office.

None but subscribers of Five Dollars to en-

ter a horse.

No public money given for a walk over.

Horses to be entered for the first day's races

before one o'clock on Saturday, 1st September,

at Payne's Hotel, Esplanade.—For the second

day, Monday the third, on the Course.

The acceptances must be delivered the day

after the Handicap, between the hours of

11 and 12.

Admission Tickets to the Stand House,

Half-a-Dollar each, to be had at the Printing

Office of Messrs. T. CARY & Co. end at the

Stand.

All race-horse admitted on the course to pay

a quarter of a dollar each day. Horses seven

pence halfpenny.

Horns of string—One o'clock each day.

It is particularly requested that no dogs be

brought upon the Course.

N. B.—The 3d of August is the last day for

naming horses for the Governor General's Cup,

but no entrance money need be paid until the

owner has accepted the Handicap.

### STEWARDS.

Colonel Hon. C. Gore, C. H.

Captain Hon. James Lindsay, C. G.

Captain Hon. R. E. Boyle, C. G.

Captain Hon. F. W. Wilton, A. L. C.

Lieut. Brown, Royal Artillery.

Hon. George Pemberton,

G. H. Ryland, Esquire,

W. K. McCorr, Esquire,

C. Delory, Esquire,

Lieut.-Colonel Gury,

Hon. Captain Lindsay,

J. C. Fisher, Esquire, and Secretary.

### POETRY.

#### PRAYER.

Oh! what can soothe the mourner's grief,

When friends depart? Or give relief

To deep consuming woe!

What can allay each anxious fear,

Heal the lone heart, and bid the tear

Of sorrow cease to flow.

When sickness comes with gloomy sway,

The restless night, the feverish day,

And all her wailing train;

Oh! what can cheer the sufferer's bed,

And consolation soothly shed

Around the couch of pain!

And is there aught with influence vast

Can soothe the mourner's troubled mind,

Or heal a wounded heart!

Aught that can cheer when pains subside

The languid frame, and from the view

Hope's last faint rays depart!

Oh! yes! there is one sacred power

Can radiate every varied hour

Of human care or blight;

One power whose calm and holy breath

Can sweetly cheer the bed of death,

And guide to realms of light.

Our great Creator from above

Viewed with compassionate love

Our folly and despair;

Then from his throne beyond the skies

Sent a bright beam to tranquilize

Our hearts,—and sent us Prayer.

#### A REVERIE.

Some days are filled with pleasure,

And some are filled with pain,

And though a different measure

Each mortal may obtain,

There's joy enough to speed us

Through life's short journey home,

And we enough to lead us

To long forworld's to come.

Life bears such recollections,—

Such changes on its wings,

Such beautiful affections,

Such black and baneful things,

That the fond's hope would try to

For future joy and pain,

Who that had hurried by it

Would try the path again!

## THE DISPENSATION.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

BY MRS. C. S. HALL.

(Concluded.)

"Do tell us where you've been, Watty!" inquired Alick, anxious to change the conversation.

"All in good time—not till we get home; and my uncle, at the Bleach House ye must give us all supper; and Mary, if ye're not able to sit up, I'll support ye—but to rest not one of ye shall go, till ye've heard my travels."

"Some folly, I'll go bait," observed his father.

Walter looked at him—meditated, but only replied, "time 'ill tell."

The day fully spent, and the gentle twilight had been succeeded by the deepening darkness of night; gradually the pale stars came out in their meek beauty, illuminating the blue arch of heaven with their sparkling fires. The party were too fatigued to keep up any conversation, always excepting Walter, whose spirits were overflowing, and who sung snatches of old ballads with untiring perseverance. When they came within sight of the village, through which they must pass before they arrived at the Sullivan's home, the party halted and gave three loud cheers; in moment every living soul, even to the toddling wee thing hanging to its mother's apron, rushed as with one feeling to meet and congratulate them; the joyous news spread even to the silent dwelling where the mother of Mary, sick and despairing, was rocking herself over the ashes of the turf fire. Jessie had joined the villagers, and, in her best sterner happiness, kissed and embraced every one she encountered.

But who can relate the meeting of the mother and daughter!—how the aged woman laid the pale girl on her bosom; pushed back from her delicate features the clustering and disarranged tresses; again and again pressed her lips on her fair brow, and repeated over and over, the sweet words, "My child, my own born child, is safe!—my child, my own born child, is safe!" Nor was her aunt less fervent in her demonstrations of affection.

In the excessive joy of this happy restoration, few thought of the sorrow that still weighed on the hearts of Alick and Mary. Nor was it until Watty had three times shaken his aunt by the shoulders, and demanded supper for himself and his companions, that the poor woman would resign her child.

"Ye're keeping over her, as if she were dead—so ye are—and I want my supper; for after that I've got a message for his Reverence, Father Neely, that I swore to give afore I'd lay side on a bed this happy night."

Basins of bacon, fresh eggs, new milk, strong ale, and plenty of whisky-punch, formed the regale.

"Jessie," said Mrs. Sullivan, "if ye were hanny now, ye would n't be long twisting the necks of five or six chickens, and they'd do diligently in the red ashes."

"No, no!" vociferated Walter, "I'll not stay in the house if a living thing is made dead this night. I've got the means of making ye all kings and queens; one round, load luizza—now a glass a-piece—and now for a fool's toast!—May old Nick make the bed of all who contrive mischief! Alick, come here, agree that that, astome! I never saw the good of teaching people to dilly dally paper, until I got that scrap from his high Reverence, Doctor O'Brien—bishop of this and other districts."

All started in stupid astonishment, as Alick took the profane document; he unfolded it; but kept the contents most religiously to himself; it was soon evident he could not read it aloud; his cheek flushed—his eye kindled—his hand trembled; yet still he held it fast, as if fearful that if aught touched it, save himself, the illusion would be destroyed.

"Give it me, Alick," said Walter, taking it from him, "give it me. Now, Father, read it. I know what it is—but I'd like to hear it

set out regularly. Why, you look as much loathered as Alick—now I'd like it!"

The father did indeed read—what gave universal happiness to the entire party—fully authorizing the marriage of Alick and Mary Sullivan. The estrangement, and happiness, and show all, the gratitude felt and spoken, can be more fully imagined than described.

Astonishment was loudly and universally expressed, as to the how and the where of Walter's plans. Watty, however, was never long in one mood, and he seemed disposed to hold his tongue, just at the moment they wished him to be particularly communicative.

"Let Mary ask him—let Mary ask him to tell, and he will!" said Jessie.

"May-be I might then; if she'd ask me partly, and call me brother." This was obviously a difficult task for the blushing bride-elect; but on Watty's placing his ear very near her lips, she, I suppose, complied, for he seemed satisfied; and seating himself on the table, in the midst of his animated and delighted auditory, recited his adventures.

"Ye mind Doctor O'Brien's sister's son, who is to be a priest, and was taking for a while at the squire's—well, he was very kind to me, as you may remember; and stood a power of pains to incense me into many things, and was desperate civil to me all thro', and often wanted me to go up to his priest's place; indeed, I think he'd ha' made a uncle of me, if he had his will;—ye may laugh—but sure it's faith is the great thing in a priest; and father, if ye had given me the fanning, I'd ha' been a jewel of a priest; but no matter—somehow, it came across me, that Father Neely took too much entirely upon himself, about the dispensation." (Here a general "Oh, oh, Watty!"—say, Watty!" murmured amid the hearers.) "If ye don't let me tell my story my own way, ye may do without it," said the orator; "I'm not afraid to repeat it—like many others in the world, he had too much upon himself—save us!—don't wrona me just's flesh, as well as our! There now, Mary, sorry, if it vexes you, I won't brattle a moment more about it. Well, I thought me I'd just make myself decent, and unobtrusively, and lay the whole case before his holiness the Bishop; seeing I was sure of the good word of my uncle pley-fellow, his sister's son; so I set off, as you know—but you don't know that when I got to his house—my darling!—it's off he was—a big piece the other side of Keegan's wood, and my honorable friend with him, going a' visiting for a bit. Well, I took after him—Rory and me—and of course I first axed to see the young gentleman; and sure he's a odd thing, only a dale more stout and hearty; and I'm sorry for him—very much given to shooting quereits, which I tould him was very unchristian." (Here another "Oh, Oh!" burst forth; but Walter continued.) "Well, he has a kind heart—he remembered all of ye; and said my family was at the top of the county for decency. So he brought me straight to his neck, and wouldn't cut me up what to say—only did me tell my story my own way; and then I thought of the blessing you gave me, Mary, and spoke up, 'an' th' lauded. He's a new man, the bishop, as you see in a month of Sundays; tall, like a mountain ash, with hair as white as the foam of the waves, and a voice so soft—yet so grand!—'Did you say,' says he, in fine English, 'that the girl and boy have grown up under one roof and tale heart-love to each other from their early years? I remember his very words.

"'Just, yer grate reverence! I had answer, 'like two birds in a pigeon's nest; and a cool look, nora hard thought, has never come betwixt one of the family.'

"'I wonder why Father Cormack should so go against it,' says he again.

"'If yer honour's glory 'ill permit, I'll tell ye,' says I. 'He has a bit of a neevy that's taken a wonderful fancy to Mary's face, and Mary's form—his reverence knows him.' (I knew the young master had an odd grudge agin him, for a dirty turn he did). So with