

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

my knees, and blow it, and blow it, till I was half-blind w' ashes,—for we hadna a pair o' bellows; and there wad she lie grumbling at the time, callin' me useless, frow and useless that, and I just had to put up w' it. But after our first born she grew fatter, and I become more and more miserable every day. If I had been sleeping through the night, and the bairn had begun a hickin', or whingin'—then she wad be at the scullin', and I wad be sure to be started out o' my sleep w' a great drive between the shoulders, and her crying—

"G' up, ye lazy body ye—get up and see what's the matter w' this bairn."

And this was the trade half a dozen o' times in a night.

At last there was one day, when a' that I had done was simply saying a word about the dinner no being ready, and before ever I ken'd where I was, a cracky-toed that she had bought for the barn, came flingin' across the room, and gied me a dill on the elbow that made me think my arm was broken. Ye may guess what a stroke it was, when I tell ye I couldna lift my hand to my head for a week to come. Now, the like o' that ye ken was what mortal man could stand.

"Tibb," said I, and I looked very desperate and determined, "what do you mean by this conduct? By a' that's gracious I'll no put up w' it any longer!"

"Ye'll no put up w' it ye creature!" said she; "if ye gie me any mair o' your provocation, I'll pull your legs for you—will ye put up w' that?"

It was terrible for a man to hear his ain wife call him a creature—just as if I had been a monkey or a lapdog!—"O ye disdainful limmer," thought I, "but if I could humble your proud spirit I wad do it." Weel, there was a grand new ballad hawking about the country at the time, it was called "Watty and Meg," ye have nae doubt seen it, Meg was just such a terrible ferrogant as my Tibb; and I remembered the perfect reformation that was wrought upon her by Watty's bidding her farewell, and firing out to list. So it just struck me that I wad take a leaf out o' the ballad. Therefore, still keeping the same serious and determined look, for I was in no humour to seem otherwise—"Tibb," says I, "there shall be nae mair o' this. But I will gang and list this very day, and ye'll see what will come o' ye then—ye'll maybe repent o' your conduct when it's ower late."

"List! ye totum ye!" said she, "do ye say list?" and she said this in a tone and w' a look o' derision that zeed through my very soul. "What squad will ye list into—what regiment will take ye? Do ye intend to list for a fifeer ladie?" And as she said this she held up her oter, as if to take me below it.

(To be continued.)

LOVE.

BY PERCY WYCHE SHELLEY.

What is love? Ask him who lives, what is life; ask him who adores, what is God.

I know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even of them whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tendrils, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

Then demand what is love. It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chaos of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own; that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own; that lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood—this is love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with every thing which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us, which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. We dimly see within our intellects

nature, a miniature as it were of our entire self yet deprived of all that we cherish or despise, the ideal prototype of every thing excellent and lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed; a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and holiness; a soul within our own soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thinking that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret; with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of our ideal prototype, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands; this is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tends; and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which, there is no rest nor respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart.—There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks, and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awakes the spirits to dance in breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Stone says, that if he were in a desert he would have no cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives the husk of what once he was.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 5th JAN. 1839.

LATEST DATES.

From England, No. 10	From New York, Dec. 29
From Liverpool, No. 12	From Montreal, Dec. 27
From France, No. 14	From Boston, Dec. 25

New-York papers contain the following intelligence from Mexico to the 8th Dec. 1—

"We learn from New Orleans that a severe battle had been fought at Tampico, on the 30th November, between the government troops and a party opposed to them, in which the former were defeated with the loss of 500 men. Gen. Prioles, the commander of the government troops, was taken and shot.

"The New Orleans Courier says that the Mexican government had refused to ratify the treaty of Vera Cruz."

The special report on the defalcation of Mr. Swartwout, Collector of Customs at New York, has appeared. The amount is ascertained to be \$1,374,119. The abstractions commenced in 1830.

From the Montreal Correspondence of the Quebec Exchange, dated

"Thursday, four o'clock P. M.—It has been rumoured about town this morning that Mr. P. E. Leclere, who left here for the neighbourhood of Missisquoi, a few days since, accompanied by Mr. D. Lisle, for the purpose of taking depositions against the parties concerned in the late incendiary expedition, had been taken prisoner; and an addition was afterwards made that he was shot.—Nothing official has reached town.

The trial of the two Sanguinet's and six others charged with the murder of Walker, commenced this morning. Mr. Vitely one of the Loyalists so severely wounded (as you may recollect) was examined, he gave his evidence in a clear and intelligent manner, but could not identify any of the prisoners; there are, however, several witnesses present who can do so.

All parties here are prepared for war with the United States; indeed it is from general report inevitable. And wagers have been made hat before this day month, an American port will be blockaded by a British fleet.—Nous verons.

We have but few regulars here just now, and all the garrison duty is performed by the Volunteers.

P. S.—Five of the prisoners have been distinctly saved to us.

It is said that the Grenadier Guards stationed at Laprairie left early this morning for Missisquoi Bay."

The following are the only paragraphs of immediate interest which we find in the Montreal papers of Thursday last, received this morning:—

The Court Martial closed yesterday its proceedings in reference to Decree and the other Naperville prisoners, and this morning entered upon the cases of the nine prisoners from La Touche, charged with the murder of Walker.

The Royal Regiment, a detachment of Artillery with two guns, and Capt. Campbell's troop of the 2d Hussars, the whole under the command of Colonel Wetherall, C. B., left town this morning for Terrebonne. It is understood that after passing through the parishes north of Montreal, with the same view as the expeditions which lately traversed the country between the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu, the troops will return to this garrison.—Gazette.

A movement in support of the very small though active force of Volunteers enrolled in the neighbourhood of Missisquoi, would be hailed by the inhabitants all the way from St. Johns to Missisquoi. They are in a state of alarm, excitement and fatigue, which has by its continuance disqualified them, in some measure, to meet the moment of actual attack, which we venture to affirm will come, and which cannot be known before hand.

A gentleman just arrived from the frontier describes the population as loyal and brave to admiration, but as anxious and worn out by watching.

Messrs. Leclere and Delisle were there taking depositions as to the late incendiary incursion.

We were informed last night that a second incursion, of the same ferocious character as the last, has been made in the same neighbourhood.—Transcript.

The Missisquoi Standard, dated Jany. 1st, gives the following additional particulars of the diabolical outrage committed by a band of American brigades, on the persons and property of the loyal inhabitants residing on the Rouville frontier:—

About two o'clock, A. M., a band of American ruffians from Alburg, to the number of 15 or 20, armed with muskets and swords, came across the line about half a mile, and broke open the house of a loyalist of the name of Gibson. The trifling family awoke from their sleep, and saw the glare of their barne on fire, overpowering the beams of the full moon. To save his life, Gibson leaped from a window, naked as he was, and fled. They, wife and family, consisting of five infant children, the oldest not 13 and the youngest an infant, were ordered by the miscreants to flee. The poor woman prayed to them, in the name of our Saviour, to permit her to throw some clothes on her children and herself. But the monsters drove them out with imprecations and set fire to the house. The mother with her babe in her arms and her shivering little ones by her side, without a shoe on her or their feet and scarce a garment on their bodies, was compelled to drag herself through snow and snow drifts three quarters of a mile, before she could find a shelter.

"The wretches then proceeded to the next house, occupied by Isaac Johnson, a loyalist, with two daughters, ordered the inmates to leave it, and then set fire to it also and the barns. They then came on to Wm. Clark's, the next loyalist, and set fire to his barns, stove in the doors and windows, and were only prevailed upon not to fire the dwelling house, by the prayers and entreaties of Mr. C's mother-in-law, who was watching the sick bed of her daughter, being unable to escape or be removed. The barns of Mr. Monie, the next loyalist, shared the fate of the others, but the house being unoccupied was not fired. The scoundrels were at this place fired at by a guard which had in the most cowardly manner fallen back before them, and made good their retreat back to Vermont.

"The name of the leader is Grogan, an American who formerly lived on the Ridge, and who own's a farm there. Mr. Gibson, Mrs. Gibson, and the two eldest children are all severely frost bitten in the feet."

"The barns containing the whole grain produce of the farms, and all the buildings, were a heap of mouldering ashes before sunrise."

The Toronto Colonist of Dec. 28, contains in a postscript, the following account of another attempt, which has been made by the frontier brigands of the United States, to invade and plunder the Sister Province of Upper Canada:—

"Intelligence has been received in town this morning of another attempt on the part of the pirates, to effect a landing in Canada. On Monday evening last, while Col. Kerby was walking along shore, from Fort Erie barracks towards Point Abino, he observed some persons approaching him on the ice. He immediately returned to the barracks, and having got his men under arms, they marched against the invaders, who turned about and retreated. About fourteen sleighs came out from their hiding place in the woods, when they saw the others retreating and followed them very quickly. Col. Kerby ordered his men to fire upon them, but with what effect we have not heard. It is supposed that the intention of the party was to approach the garrison during the night, and fire it.

On the 26th ult. eight brigades were brought up for trial before the Court Martial at Kingston, all of whom pleaded not guilty. Thirteen were brought up on Thursday. The Chronicle of the 26th ult. states that warrants had been received by the Sheriff for the execution on the 4th inst. of six of the individuals recently found guilty.

The Montreal papers received this morning contain the Report of the Executive Committee of the Constitutional Association of Montreal. It is pronounced by the Gazette to be a solid, judicious, and well-written exposition of the situation of the Province, and of the means by which alone the British population of Lower Canada can be secured in the enjoyment of that peace and prosperity to which their loyalty and attachment to British connection so justly entitle them.

The annual meeting of the Saint George's Society, for the election of officers and other business, will take place at the Albion Hotel, this afternoon, at three o'clock.

The Official Gazette of Thursday contains, amongst numerous other appointments, that of Jeffrey Hale, Esq. to be Her Majesty's Receiver General of and for the Province of Lower Canada.

The Official Gazette of Thursday contains a new Commission of the Peace for the District of Montreal. A great number of names in former Commissions are omitted in the present one, and a few additional names are found.

Mr. Justice Bedard embarked on New-York on the 26th, in the packet ship Sidons, for Liverpool. He was accompanied by Mr. Louis Blausie, of this city. Captain Moffat, of the Montreal Volunteers, was a passenger in the same vessel. He is the bearer of despatches from Sir John Colborne relative to the suspension of the Judges.

The Canadian of yesterday says that a letter has been received in town from New York, which mentions, as a prevalent rumour, that Papeineau is negotiating for his return to Canada. He has returned from his visit to Washington, and is at present at Albany.

From the Three Rivers Correspondence of the Quebec Gazette, dated Jany. 3rd.

"The brewery situated in Notre Dame Street, Three-Rivers, on the property of Ezekiel Hart, Esq., and lately occupied by Mr. David Anderson, formerly of Canada, was destroyed by fire last night.

"Joseph Guillaume Barthe, of Three-Rivers, has been arrested and lodged in gaol on a charge of treasonable practices. It is said that he is the writer of an article which appeared lately in the columns of the Fantasia newspaper, published at Quebec, and which was addressed to the political exiles now returned from Bermuda.

"Judge Vallieres, and his brother-in-law of this place, proceed to England in a few days. The former to "Downing Street" the latter to "Brantford."

The sufferers by the late fire in Champlain street, owners of lots of ground on the river side, have entered into an obligation, by a notarial act, to give up ten feet of their respective properties in order to widen the street, provided that within twenty days, the public will engage to pay them £800 towards reimbursing part of the value of the ground and walls which they give up, and to defray the expense of building new foundations for their houses.—Gazette.

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