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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(FOR THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT.) INES FOR THE FESTIVITY OF SAINT PATRICK.

y I joy, to the festive, the Saint's day ensuing, b lov'd by his votries—those dear souls of soug then holy St. Patrick comes pouring and doing he choicest of blessings his children among.

each friendly bosom, its leaves wide extending, t blest emblem of Erin is seen to appear r hearts that would perish its honor defending, hanging in love for their land and the fair!

ilst the pride of the city,-the brave and th

witty,
I fair ones bewitching our mirth with us share,
Il we not on this day be joyous and gay,
giving our fees and forgetting our care.

hat heart can be dull then, or will not be full then or the friends we hold dear, for getting despair of recedom and friendship united the men the trio of nations that never knew fear.

t us mingle to-morrow, to drown all our sorrow scord and disunion, misfortune and spleen, potations of pleasure, in cups without measure-ara for our country, our friends, and our Queen ilst mirth shall astound us, to all that surround us ether kindred or stranger, alike and the same, each courtesy proffered, with heart and hand

ed in full bumpers their line and their

nt forget not each martyr who nobly did barte is life it the field with the valiant and brave,— he died full of honor 'neath old England's ban om repine and bloodshed his country to save

Jonathan utter his bombast and sputter Jonathan utter his bombast and sputter Maine and militin, as much as he will; brook no spolistion or rude peculation, hold fast our rights in despite of him still, though we may baster whist o'er the de-tailed when the still the still the still of the de-cay of maint knock under in contest with wonder as of the boys who hold. "Patrick's Day."

have any, our faults are not many— tor a "fair one" the greatest "tis true, ure is a small one, nor Meaven will call or est of works for regard when we sue.

the festal is over, with lady and lover, ach one respond to the cheers and huzzas, riends so united,—for lovers delighted,— Erin,—our country, our Queen, and our la

C. H. O., Q.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

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see of Old Erio, is thy harp unstrung?

ser are the strains thou one so sweetly sung?

set are the strains thou one so sweetly sung?

st thou but sleep, or art thou with the dead?

a only sleep, ought else it cannot be,

thou art luked with immortality.

she off thy langour, raise thy voice and sing,

site the bold harp, and sweep o'er every string;

agh some wild notes around the numbers put,

joy inspire, and pleasure guide the lay—

rat, fairest muse, the bouds of sleep in twain,

d be the foremost of the tuneful train.

starts to the summons, her yellow locks wav ng fingers have mingled the harp strings among, blue eyes are glancing, their bright beams ar

ing, as now drops from her silvery tongue, by country, from yonder green island road waving billows I've ventured afar; dly we claim her our own native land, beacon that lights her's the bright mornin

n and prejudice round her have hung, eaking forth with a lustre unclouded, n is of gladness where sorrow was

far from the soil where the shamrock

growing, i son of St. Patrick is liberty's friend,— r bosoms with courage and loyalty glowing, standard of freedom they'll bravely defend.

St. George, and St. Andrew uniting ar that e'er brigands will Canada swa pensing with form, in one holy cau at one altar on Patrick's day.

J. W. Cm. Gds.

SHADOWS,

BY R. M. MILNES.

They owned their passion without shame et fear,
And every household duty counted less
Than one spiritual bond, and men severe
Said, they would sorrow for their wildness.

And truth the world went ill with them; he knew That he had broken up her maiden life, Where only pleasures and affections grc w, And sowed it thick with labour, pain and sirife.

What her unpractis'd meckness was to her The presence of her suffering was to him Thus at Love's feast did Misery minister And fill their cups together to the brim.

They asked their kind for hope, but ther: was h Till death came by and gave them that, and m Then men lamented—but the earth rolls on, And lovers love and perish as before.

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER.

From Wilson's Tales of the Borders.

When the glass, the laugh, and the social "crack" go round the convivial table, there are few who may not have hered the words, "Well have another?" It is an off repeated phrase—and it seems a simple one; yet, simple as it appears; it hath a magical and a fatal influence. The lover of sociality yieldeth to the friendly temptation it conveys, nor drameth that it is a whisper from which scaled tatcheth its thousand cehoes—that it is a phrase which has blasted reputation—withced affection's heart—darkened the fairest prospects—ruined credit—conducied to the prison-house, and led to the grave. When our readers again hear the words, let them think of our present story.

Adam Brown was the eldest son of a poor widow who kept a small shop in a village near the banks of the Teviot. From in fancy Adam was a mild retiring boy, and he was soldom seen to join in the sports of his schoolmates. On the winter evenings he would sit poring over a book by the fire, while his mother would say—the Dinna stir up the fire, baim, ye dinnamind that coals are dear, and I'm sure yell hurt yoursel' wil pore, poring ower your books—for they're never out o' your hand." In the summer, too, Adam would steal away from the noise of the village to some favourite sawdy nook by the river side, and there, on the gowany brae, he would, with a standard author in his hand, "crack wil kings." or "hold high converse with the mighty dead." He was about thirteen when his father died, and the Rev. Mr. Douglas, the minister of the parish, visiting the efflicted widow, she said, "she had had as air bereavement, yet she had reason to be thankfu' that she had one comfort left, for her poor Adam was a great consolation to her; every might he had read a chapter to his younger brothers—and oh, sir," she added, "it wad make your heart melt to have heard my baim pray for his widowed mother. "Mr. Douglas became interested in the boy, and finding him apt to learn, he placed him for another year at the parish school in this own expense. Adam's progress was all that h

that he was too simple, that he allowed the children to have all their own way; and a few even hinted that he went too much back and for ward to the mansa in the adjoining parish to pay attention to his school. However these things might be certain it is the school did not succeed, and, after struggling with it for two years, he resolved to try his fortune in London. He was to sail from Leith, and his trunk had been sent to Hawick to be forwarded to 'tecarier. Adam was to leave his mother's house early on the following morning, and on the evening preceding his departure, he paid his fairwell visit to the manse. Mr. Douglas received him with his wonted kindness; he gave him one of two letters of recommendation, and mas nearly as ignorant of what is called the world, as the youth who was about to enter it. Adam sat long and said little, for his heart was full and his spirit heavy. He had never raid to Mary Douglas, in plain words, that he loved her—he had never fared to do so; and he now sat with his eyes anxiously bent upon her, trembling to bid her farewell. She, too, was silent. At length he rose to depart; he held out his hand to Mr. Douglas, the latter shook it affectionately, adding—"Frewell, Adam, and may Heaven protect you agoing in her eyes, she looked towards her father, who nodded his consent, and she acose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked towards the flower garden—he had texen her had in his—he pressed it, but he spoke not, and she hofered not to withdraw it. He seem-fathered as he spoke. With a tear glistening in her eyes, she looked towards her father, who nodded his consent, and she acose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked towards the flower garden—he had texen her had in his—he pressed it, but he spoke not, and she offered not to withdraw it. He seem-d struggling to speaks, and, at length, in a tone of earnest fondness—and he shook as he spoke.—Les said—"Will you forget me, Mary 1".

A half-smothered scb was her reply, and ten fell on his hand.

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tear fell on his hand.
"Say you will not?" he added, yet more

Admandamenters of was her reply, and a tar fell on his hand.

"Say you will not?" he added, yet more earnestly.

"O, Adam!" returned she, how can you say forget?—never!—never!"

"Enough! enough!" he continued, and they wept together.

It was scarce daybreak when Adam rose to take his departure, and to bid his mother and his brethern farewell. "O!" exclaimed she, as she placed his breakfast before him, "is this he last meal that my bairs" so to et in my house?" He heard but little; and she continued weeping as she spoke.—"Eat, hinny, eat; ye have a lang road before ye;—and O, Adam, aboon every thing earthly, mind that ye write to me every week; never think o' the postage—for, though it should take my last farthing, I maun hear frae ye."

He took his staff in his band, and prepared to depart. He embraced his younger brothers, and tears were their only and mutual adieu. His parent sobbed aloud. "Farewel, mother!" "said he, in a voice half choked with anguish.—"Farewel!""

"God bless my bairn!" she exclaimed, wringing his band, and she leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept as though her heart would burst. In agony he tore himself from her embrace, and nurried from the bouse, and, during the first miles of his journey, at every rising ground, he turned anxiously round to obtain another lingering look of the place of his nativity, and, in the funess and bitterness of his feelings, he pronounced the names of his mother, and brethren, and of Mary Douglas, in the same breath.

We need not describe his passage to London, on tell how he stood gazing wonderstruck

We need not describe his passage to Lon-don, nor tell how he stood gazing wonderstruck like a graven image of amazement, as the vessel winded up the Thames through the long forest of masts, from which waved the flags of every nation.

It was about mid-day, early in the month of April, when the smark drew up off Hermitage Stain, and Adam was sroused from his reverie of astonishment by a waterman, who had come upon deck, and who, pulling him by the buttuhbole, said—" Bost, master 7 boat?" Adam did not exactly understand the question, but

truly that he could not effort four shillings, for, after paying his passage, he had not thirty shillings left in the world.

It is time, however, that we should describe Adam more particularly to our readers. He was dressed in a coarse gray coat, with trowsers of the same colour, a stripped waistocat, a half-worn broad brimmed hat, and thick shoes studded with nails, which clattered as he went. Thus arrayed, and with his trunk upon his shoulders, Adam went tramping and clattering along East Smithfield over Towerhill, and along the Minories, inquiring at eventy turning—" If any one could direct him to Mr. Davison's, the Merchant of Cornhill? There were many a laugh and many, ajoke, ast Adam's expense, as he went trudging along, and more than once the trunk fell to the ground as he came in contact with the crowds whoweve burrying past him. He had been directed out of his way, but at length he arrived at the ground—he rang the bell—and again and again he rang, but no one answered. His ground—he rang the bell—and again and again he rang, but no one answered. His letter was addressed to Mr. Davidson's counting-house—it was past business hours, and the office was locked up for the day. Adam was now tired, disappointed, and perplexed. He wist not what to do. He informed several "decent-looking people," as he said, "that he was a stranger, and he would be obleged to them if they could recommend him to a lodging." He was shewn several, but the rent per week terrified Adam. He was a stranger, and he would be hikely to obtain a lodging at the rate of eighteen-pence or two shillings a week?"

"Sure and it's I who can, jewel," replied he, "and an iligant room it is, with a bed has Holiness might rest his blessed bones on, and never a one slapes in it at all but my own and never a one slapes in it at all but my own and never a one slapes in it at all but my own and never a one slapes in it at all but my own and never a one slapes in it at all but my own and never a one slapes in it at all but my own and never a one slapes i

together."

Adam was glad to have the prospect of a resting place of any sort before him at last, and with a lighter heart and a freer step followed the old orange-woman. She conducted him to Green Drageon Court, and desiring him to follow her up a long, dark, dirty stair, usbered him, into a small miserable looking geres, dimly lighted by a broken skylight, while the