

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

we folk had it been to save my life. I never could affront any body in my days. Yet I often wished that I could take her advice, for I saw people getting deeper and deeper into my books without the prospect of payment being made more manifest. Under such circumstances I began to think w. I'er, that their silliness would be as good as their custom—the one was not worth much without the other.

But just to give ye a few instances of my simplicity.—I was walking on a summer evening, as my custom was, about a mile out of the town, when I overtook a Mr. Swanson, a very respectable sort of man, a neighbour, and an avid acquaintance, who appeared to be in very great tribulation. I think indeed that I never saw a fellow-creature in such visible distress. His countenance was perfectly woeful, and he was wringing his hands like a body demented.

"Preserve us! Mr. Swanson!" says I, "what's the matter wi' ye!—has only this happened?"

"O! I happened!" said he, "I'm a ruined man!—I wish that I had never been born!—that I had never drawn breath in this world of villainy! I believe I'll do some ill to myself."

"Dear me! Mr. Swanson!" quoth I, "I'm sorry to hear ye talk so. It is very unchristian like to hear a body talking of doing harm to himself. There is a poet, (Dr. Young if I mistake not,) that says—

"Self-murder! name it not, our island's shame."

Now I dinna like to hear ye talking in such a way, and though I have no wish to be inquisitive, I would just beg to ask what it is upon your mind that is making ye unhappy?"

"O Mr. Middlemiss!" said he, "it is of no use telling ye o't, for I believe that sympathy has left this world as well as honesty."

"Ye're no very sure o' that," said I, "neighbour," says I, "and I dinna think that ye do myself and other people justice."

"May be not sir," said he, "but it is not a hard case, that after I have carried on business for more than twenty years honestly and in credit wi' all the world, that I should have to stop my business to-morrow for the want of three hundred pounds?"

"It certainly is!" said I, "a very hard case, but dear me, Mr. Swanson, I always thought that ye would be worth twenty shillings in the pound."

"So I am," said he; "I am worth twice twenty, if my things should be put up at their real value, but at present I canna command the ready money—and there is where the rock lies that I am to be wrecked upon."

"Assuredly," returned I, "three hundred pounds are no bauble. It requires a person to turn ower a number o' shillings to make them up. But I would think, that you having been so long in business, and always having borne an irreproachable character that it would be quite a possible thing for you to raise the money amongst your friends."

"Sir," said he, "I wouldna require them to raise the money, nor ever to advance or pay a farthing upon my account. All that I require is, that some sounable person, such as yourself, would put their name to a bill for six months. There would be nothing but the signing of the name required o' them; and if you sir would so far oblige me, ye will save a neighbour from ruin."

I thought there was something very reasonable in what he said, and that it would be a grand thing if by the mere signing o' my name I could save fellow-creature and auld acquaintance from ruin, or from raising his hand against his own life. Indeed I always felt a particular pleasure in doing a good turn to any body. I therefore said to him—"Weel Mr. Swanson, I have no objections to sign my name, if as you say that is all that's in it, and if my doing so will be of service to you."

He grasped hold o' my hand wi' both o' his, and he squeezed it until I thought he would have caused the blood to start from my finger ends.

"Mr. Middlemiss," said he "I shall never be able to repay you for this act o' kindness. I will feel it in my heart the longest day I have to live."

I was struck with his agitation; in fact, I was very much put about. For even a tear upon the face o' a woman distresses me beyond the power o' words to describe; but to see salt water on the cheeks of a man, indicates that there is something dreadfully ill at ease about the heart. And really the tears ran down his face, as if he had been a truant school-lad that had been chastised by his master.

"There is no occasion for thanks, Mr.

Swanson," said I, "none in the world; for the world would be worse than a heathen, that wouldna be ready to do ten times more."

Weell, he grasped my hand the harder, and he shook it more fervently, saying—"O sir! I have a friend in need is a friend indeed; and such ye have proved to be;—and I shall remember it."

That very night we went to a public-house, and we had two half-muchicks together; in the course of drinking which he got out a stamped paper, and after writing something on it which I was hardly in a condition to read, [for my head can stand very little,] he handed it to me, and pointed with his finger where I was to put my name upon the back o't. So I took the pen and wrote my name—after which we had a parting glass, and were both very comfortable.

When I went home, Nancy perceiving me to be rather spry, and my ear no as they ought to be, said to me—"Where have ye been Nicholas until this time o' night?"

"Tou!" said I, "what need ye mind. It is a hard matter that a body canna stir out ower the door but ye maun ask—where has ye been? I'm my own maister I suppose—at least after business hours!"

(Concluded on next.)

UNITED STATES.

We have a letter from Niagara Falls, written on the 31st July, from which we make the following extract.

"In looking over the Star of Tuesday, I see it stated the wood is being all cut off from Nany Island. It is not so—I was around the Island yesterday, and could not perceive that any thing had been done since it was evacuated by the celebrated General Van Rensselaer, whom, by the by, I saw on my way up."

It is said that he was paying attention to some lady at that place. They tell a rather romantic story of the lady. When Mr. Van Rensselaer made suit, it was received on condition that he should signalize himself in some great exploit. About this period the Mackenzie rebellion broke out, and Mr. Van Rensselaer being at that time in the west, thought it presented a fine chance to win his lady love. Whether the result of the campaign was glorious enough for the lady, time must determine."

(N. Y. Com. Advertiser.)

New York May 4th.—La Duchesse d'Orleans a new ship of 850 tons burthen, intended for the union line of Havre packets, will be launched on Monday next at nine o'clock, A. M. from the ship-yard of Webb & Allen, at the foot of seventh street, East river.

UPPER CANADA.

Cobourg, August 1st.—A letter from Toronto, received last night, informs us that MORRIS was executed at Niagara at twelve o'clock on Monday last. Our correspondent adds: "It is said that a party of refugees at Lewiston had been concerting measures with a view to his rescue, and that the authorities at Lewiston having received intimation of the affair, had the party arrested to the number of thirty or thereabouts."

(Star.)

SERIOUS AND EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.—A gentleman of this town, Mr. SHAW Armour, formerly of Montreal, met with a dreadful accident on board the Rice Lake Steamer, Newcastle, yesterday morning about 8 o'clock his escape from which alive is little short of a miracle. The particulars related to us, are as follow: Mr. A. who is a man of very large frame, was crossing the boat near the action of the fly wheel, when by some mischance losing his balance he fell with his arm through the wheel, and in an instant was dashed by its power headlong through an aperture in the deck measuring only ten and a half inches wide! As to be expected, he is dreadfully crushed, but we are happy to learn from Dr. Goldstone who since attended him, that no bones are broken, and that at present he does not apprehend the consequences will be fatal. He was carried shortly after the accident to the Inn at Claverton, where he now remains.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—On Saturday, about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, a dark and portentous cloud passed to the Northward of this town. We have since learned that in its course over the rear of Augusta, the lightning struck the house of the widow of the late Samuel Hough, about two miles from Belamy's Mills, by which she was instantly killed, and one of her sons so much injured that he is not expected to live. The electric fluid entered the glass end of the house which was of logs, passed down a window in the

centre, thence across the logs to a clock directly beneath, which was entirely destroyed, passed across a table in front of the clock, at which Mrs. Hough was sitting reading her Bible, killing her instantaneously. The son was sitting a little on one side, having a child in his arm. The fluid struck him on the left cheek, crossed the left arm above the elbow, passed round the body, across the back down the right leg and passed off at the great toe. He was a considerable time senseless, but revived, and was in a most precarious state when we last heard from him. The child was but little injured.—*Brockville Recorder*, Aug. 2.

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.—Yesterday the Colonians, celebrated the anniversary of the emancipation of the West India slaves, which took place on that day three years. On the first day of August the present year, the whole system of Negro apprenticeship, which had been limited to seven years, was done away with, and every colored man throughout the British Isles, was as free as any subject in Her Majesty's dominion;—no wonder that the poor Africans rejoice, and that their sires before them have experienced the cruelty of the slaveholder, they are overjoyed at living in a country, which though it boasts not of its liberty, allows every subject whether white or black, equal rights, and protection, and permits every one to enjoy the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which is set forth in the American Declaration of Independence, but which, to their everlasting disgrace be it said, has never since the formation of their union been adhered to.

The day passed off without any thing to disturb the proceedings, and at six o'clock in the evening a Royal salute was fired in very good style.—*Brockville Sentinel*, Aug. 2.

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, 7th August.

Yesterday morning Major General Clitherow inspected the 7th Hussars, on the Old Race Course. They presented a fine, warlike appearance, and went through their exercise in good style. They are, perhaps, the finest regiment that was ever stationed in this colony.

On Saturday a purse, containing £31 15s., was presented by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Montreal Volunteer Rifle Corps, to Lt. M. Eardley, as a token of their approbation of his conduct as their adjutant.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday last Mr. William Matchett, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Fisher, of New York, and young Mr. Gundlach, of this city, went to fish on the river in a small boat, when nearly at the first cottage on the opposite side of the St. Helen's Island the boat struck against a rock which lay a few feet under the surface of the river; the shock caused Mr. Matchett, who had been standing, to fall overboard; he was seen from the island to remain on the rock for a few minutes, but before the others in the boat were able to give him any assistance, he sunk to rise no more. The deceased was a highly respectable young man, a native of Derbyshire, England.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, THURSDAY 9TH AUGUST, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, . . . July 4. New-York, . . . Aug. 2.
Liverpool, . . . July 5. Halifax, . . . July 25.
Havre, . . . July 2. Toronto, . . . July 28.

New York papers of Saturday last, received this morning, are without news of any kind. The steam-ship Royal William had cleared, and was to sail on the evening of that day.

Montreal, Tuesday evening, August 7.—

There is nothing new today.

Mr. Wilson, of the Exchange News Room, left this city on Thursday morning with a letter-bag for the Royal William steam ship, and reached New York on Saturday morning at four o'clock, having been only 43 hours on the way. He writes from that city at half past three o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, stating that the Great Western was not then telegraphed, but that she was expected the following day.—(*Gazette*.)

The Virgennes Vermont of the 1st instant states that Mr. Papineau had gone to Baltimore, with the intention of settling in the southern states.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—The following few lines, from the New York Correspondent, of the Montreal Herald, exhibit an interesting variety of "what pertains to feats of broil" in the land "where freedom's goddess holds command."

"The murders continue in our city. Yesterday another man was found dead, but his murderers had escaped. Almost every day we have a case of stabbing. Another man was killed yesterday by the running away of a horse and sulky. At Washington city the Justices of the Peace have been horsewhipped by two negroes. A shoemaker in Florida about a week since killed three men with a bowie knife. A case of Lynching in Mississippi came off not many days ago, in which the most outrageous wrong was done to an innocent man. In truth our whole atmosphere is tainted with the crime of murder and Lynching.—Ashes—Pots active at 5s."

The Montreal Correspondent of the Quebec Gazette of last night, confirms the report of the execution of Moreau, at Niagara, and states that the sheriff of that District had to perform the office of hangman himself, as the person employed for the purpose, ran off from his post.

Lieut. General Sir John Colborne is daily expected to arrive in Montreal from Upper Canada, and it is supposed that His Excellency will immediately proceed on to Quebec.

Lady Arthur and family arrived in Toronto, from England, on Sunday the 21st ultimo.

On Tuesday last the steamer EAGLE arrived from Montreal, having on board twenty men of the 32nd Regiment, who have been wounded by the American "sympathizers" on Pointe-au-Pele Island. They are a fine body of men; and though their emaciated and crippled state is truly distressing to witness, yet they appeared to be in good spirits.

A concert will be given by Miss Hill, assisted by Mr. Cope, this evening, at the Quebec Picture Gallery. This lady's vocal abilities are highly spoken of, and judging from the programme of the performance, a rich treat may be expected.

A number of Bedouin Arabs, who have performed successfully in Paris and London, arrived at New York in the packet ship St. James from London, and will appear shortly at the Park Theatre.

We understand that Captain Bagot, late Lieutenant in the *Medea*, who was promoted at the Coronation, intends to proceed to England by the *Great Western* steam ship from New-York.

Along with the last *Albion*, we have received a beautiful and well executed plate of Mademoiselle Celeste as the *Maid of Cashmere*. The thanks of his patrons are due to the proprietor of the *Albion* for these occasional presents, at once tasteful and useful, and we trust that his exertions in this way will be rewarded in the manner they deserve.

A trotting match came off this morning at four o'clock, from the Red House to Lorette Church, and back, a distance of fifteen miles. The horses belong to Messrs. Vachon and Normand. The bets were, £50 a side, between private parties. Mr. Normand's horse went over the ground in one hour, eleven minutes, and that of Mr. Vachon, in one hour, fourteen minutes—a difference of three minutes in favour of the former. We understand, however, that some objection has been made on the part of Mr. Vachon, and the race remains undecided.—*Gazette*.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—On Saturday evening, Mr. Edward Montizambert, of the Quebec Bar, had a narrow escape from drowning. He was bathing with a party of friends near the booms of Messrs. Sheppard and Campbell, and when swimming in a strong tide-way was suddenly seized with cramp, in the left leg, rendering him incapable of reaching the boom. His danger was perceived by Mr. Charles Campbell, who had joined the party, and who instantly hastened to the assistance of his friend and by powerful exertions, succeeded in placing him in safety; both gentlemen were nearly exhausted when they reached the booms. It is to the alacrity of Mr. Campbell that Mr. Montizambert owes his fortunate rescue from impending death, and we notice the circumstance with the more satisfaction, because this is the thirteenth instant in which Mr. Campbell has been instrumental

in saving, and often a *Mercury*.

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