

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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TUESDAY, 30TH OCTOBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, SCOTCH & KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS.

HORATIO CARWELL,

No. 4, Fabrique Street,
HAS just received per RESERVE, from London, a large assortment of Single Milled and Double Milled Welsh, Lancashire, and Saxton Flannels.
An extensive lot of 3-4, 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, 13-4, 14-4, and 15-4, real Witney Blankets, including a few of a quality superior to any hitherto imported—price \$18 per pair.
20 pieces Scotch and superfine 4-4 Kidderminster Carpets.

These goods having been purchased on very advantageous terms, H. C. conceives that he will be enabled to offer them quite as moderate, if not lower, than any other in the market.

DAILY EXPECTED:
A large collection of MANUFACTURED FURS, made up to order, and of the very newest style, with his usual assortment of rich AUTUMN GOODS.
Quebec, 29th Sept. 1838.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND OFFER FOR SALE,

THEIR supply of Stationary, consisting of superfine Writing Papers of various sizes, Quills, Steel Pens, Sealing Wax, Wafers, lead Pencils, Ink, Ink Powder, Inkstands, Blank Books, Memorandum Books, Paper Cases, with and without locks, Water Colours and Hair Pencils, superior Drawing Pencils, Drawing Paper and Card Paper, Stumps, Chalk, Indian Rubber, Poite-Crayons, embossed Music Paper, Music Pens, Visiting Cards, plain, gilt and enamelled, Pink Saucers, Thermometers, Chinese Japanned Tea Caddies, Screen Handles, Slates, Inkwells, Patent India Rubber, Office Lead Pencils, Bend's and Reeves & Son's Marking Ink, Screw Top Inks, Red Tape, Coloured Scraps for Albums, large and small Pencil Inkstands, rough Drawing Paper, Wedgewood Inkstands, Bookbinders Gold Leaf &c., &c.

—ALSO—

Bibles and Prayer Books, School Books, French, English, Hebrew and Latin, Woodcock and Olney's Atlas and Geography, Huntington's Geography and Atlas, and Dartmouth's Gazetteer.

W. COWAN & SON,

12, John's Street

13th October.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY
W. COWAN & SON,

THE Pickwick Papers, 1 vol. plates, Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, first and second series,
Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, 7 v. Shakespeare's Works, complete in 1 vol., with plates,

Moore's Poetical Works, 1 vol.,
Alice, or the Mysteries, by Balwer, 1 vol., do.,
Hannah More's Private Devotion,
Comstock's Young Botanist, plates,
Do. Young Chemist, do.,
Preston's Book-Keeping,
Lévizet's French Grammar,
Perrin's Elements of French Conversation
Parley's Geography for Children,
Hall's Geography for Children,
Cramer's Instructions for the Piano Forte,
&c., &c., &c.

18 October.

TO THE LADIES OF QUEBEC.

HANN can with confidence recommend his present Stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's made up FURS, which for workmanship and quality will be found far superior to those sold by interlopers in the Rue Trade.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

BY MRS. CHILD.

The County of Stafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery.—Ranges of hills, towering one above another as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which offer off lies sleeping in the embrace of the clouds—precipices from which the eagle delights to build his eyrie—dells rugged and tangled with dark and deep ravines, form the magnificent characteristic of this picturesque region.

A high Precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend, which tradition alone has saved from utter oblivion. This spot, being in the midst of very romantic scenery is little known, and less visited, for the vicinity is as yet, untraversed by railroads or canals, and no "mountain house," perched on the tremendous battlements allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion.

In olden times, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizards and mountain spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot, we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise had retired to this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life by impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell, something of a haughty spirit, slightly curbed by circumstances which he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed superiority; but unconsciously there was thrown around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, but they knew not why, that he was "among them, but not of them."

His stature was gigantic and he had the bold, quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hidden places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness or expression, and sometimes under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would rapidly light up, seeming like the sunbeams flying over the shaded field in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favourable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path for ennoblement and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts; and the restoration of Charles the Second was a death-blow to his hopes of advancement in his country. Immediately flight became necessary; America was the chosen place of refuge, and to this solitary spot he withdrew with his family.

A small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional sufferings. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrelling had ever arisen: and although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was considered a prophet among them, and as such, an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive, would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in fury and ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small black fiery eye, expressions lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never proved it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect every thing and tasted of every thing which came in his way. Some poison prepared for a mischievous fox which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy, and he went home to his father to sicken and die.

From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions; he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of the Indian animosity is always the same. Campbell left his hut for the fields one bright morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too strictly showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind, grief like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had gathered up all his life—heat, and now they were torn from him. The remembrance of her love clung to him like the death grapple of a drowning man, sucking him down in darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible, the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

For many days those who knew and revered him, feared that the spark of reason was forever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild demonic spirit of revenge. The death grapple of Chocorua would make him smile even in his dreams—and when he looked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition when he committed murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterwards took his name probably looking out for their return. Here Campbell proposed to effect his deadly purpose. Having traced the dark-minded prophet to his lair, he was one morning startled at a loud voice, from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of the enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness, "the Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua, he will not take it away at the command of a white man." "Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder," exclaimed Campbell, as he pointed his rifle to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as the panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hands to his ears to shut out the stunning report, the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But recovering and raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a voice rendered more terrific as the huskiness increased—"a curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while the eye still loved to look on the bright sun and green earth! The evil spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war-path of the Indians! Panthers howl and wolves fatten over your bones!—Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men."

The prophet sunk upon the ground—still uttering inaudible maledictions—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested in the settlement. The tomahawk and the scalping knife were busy among them; the withered up trees and buried them at their death; and sicknesses were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon the strongest men. At last the

remnant of them departed from the fatal spot, to mingle with the populous and fortunate colonies. Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking his fellow men; and two years after the dispersion of this colony he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious think that Chocorua's spirit sits enthroned on his precipice, breathing curses upon them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PAPERS.

A Jewish writer has just published in Europe the History of Christ, his doctrine and the church during the first century.

A new work has been published in London, entitled "Jonathanism," in two volumes. It is made up, juxta d'esprit from the American newspapers, letter biographies, &c.

There is not a single daily paper in Liverpool, England, a city nearly as large as New York.

A father, mother and daughter, living near Newburg, (N. Y.) were poisoned to death by eating toxic tools; they were all dead a few hours after eating them.

A new historical work, by Raumer, is nearly ready, in three volumes; being Europe from the beginning to the end of the seven year's war, (1753 to 1783,) from documents in the British Museum and French Archives.

It is said that Jihuhar is now brought to a high state of cultivation in England, and is much used for medicinal purposes.

Havana contains about 150,000 souls, including strangers and garrison, about one half of whom only are whites, and of the blacks about one-third, or 25,000 slaves.

There were in the University of Berlin, in 1828, 1706 students.

The Virginians are cultivating the mulberry with great success.

A Mr. Bellows is lecturing at the New-York Institute, on the properties of mind, or the air.

It is said that Christ's Hospital in London, boards, clothes, and educates 1200 children.

In a committee of the House of Lords last week, it was contended in favour of a particular clause in the bill in discussion (the Loch Foyle Drainage Bill), that that clause had been inserted by the House of Commons. "Sir," said Lord Brougham, "there is no absurdity of which the House of Commons unformed has not been guilty, and there is nothing beyond absurdity of which the reformed House of Commons is not capable."

LOWER CANADA.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

The tug of war is again about to commence in real earnest, and the government and loyal inhabitants of the two Canadas are now to have a trial of strength with American sympathisers and French rebels, for the purpose of deciding which party shall have possession of the country. Sir John Colborne has received the most positive information that along the whole frontier line in the states of New York, Ohio, and Michigan, the most extensive preparations are making for an invasion, and there is no doubt but that Vermont and Maine will also turn out their hordes of buccaniers for a similar purpose. Sir John Colborne has once again thrown himself on the loyalty of the volunteers of this city, and we are sure that his appeal to their patriotism will not be made in vain. We are sure that there is not a man who can boast of the sea girt isles being his fatherland, but will respond with cheerfulness and alacrity to the spirit stirring call, and will be anxious with his life, if necessary, to assist in protecting his country from the domination of thieves and murderers. In predicting coming events we have been sneered at as inventing rumours, although we did not tell even half of what we knew. The Lieutenant Colonels of the different Volunteer battalions in town, were yesterday summoned to attend Sir John Colborne, who has given directions that they be again organised, their