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Original Poetry.

FOR THE TRANSCRIPT.

ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

The intelligence of which I received a short time ago.

There's a voice o'er the waters, a dream o'er the
waves,
The voice is of wailing, the dream of the grave;
The voice is prophetic—the dream is true;
I'll weep in the skies, sainted mother, adieu!

Thou hast taught the good light, thou art gone to
thy rest,
And thy dwelling is now with the bright and the
blest;
How desolate now is the home of my birth;
No the last of my race—I am lonely on earth.

Give the wife of my bosom, there's none to impart
The halo of affection, the life of the heart;
And I know, thou art calm in thy spirit's wings,
That thy last breath was breathed in a prayer for
my soul.

Thou bestidest spirit, look down on thy son;
May thy soldier be ready in armour to do;
Should he fall, may it be with the brave and the
true;
I'll weep in the skies, sainted mother, adieu!

J. W. Cn. Gos.

Quebec, 6th Feb., 1839.

Society.

THE NUN.

She was very fair,
And intellect had poured its richest light
Upon her nature; but, alas for her!
She had a woman's heart, and love too soon
Swim'd his light letters round her spirit's wings,
Making it down to earth. Her life had been
Like a calm summer's day, and she had dreamed
Of hours away, 'mid those sweet fantasies
And youthful feelings flows. No threatening cloud
Had darkened her pure heaven of unious thought,
She looked on all things with the loving eye
Of happy innocence, and her sweet voice
Was like the carol of young birds in spring,
The echo of a child and joyous heart.
Alas! that angel should enter there!
But never yet was gentle woman led
By intellect to happiness. The light
Of genius serves but to illumine the waste
Of blighted hope, and she who robb'd fate
The sacred flame, like the poor Hindu wife,
Fights her own funeral pyre. Ah, Alina loved
At the heart level in youth, as women love
Nervous passion. Genius, beauty, all
That man can prize, or woman love, were given
As offerings to our deity. She lived
Out in his presence. Absence was to her
The son's deep midnight; for he was the sun
Of her bright world of dreams, and joyous heart,
Like Memnon's harp, beneath his eyes alone
Gave out its hidden music. It was deep,
Intense devotion, pure as infancy,
Set strong as death, which dwelt within her breast.
A life of tenderness could scarce repay
Such self-forgetting love. But, ah! the lot
Of woman was upon her, and she met
A woman's recompense.

The time had come
For their first parting now, and days passed on:
Yet bright anticipations filled her heart,
And she was happy. But long weeks and months
Roll'd by, and yet he came not. Then the one
Faded from Alina's cheek; yet she was calm;
And, though her lip grew pale, it still wore
A quiet smile: but what eye could trace
The daily withering of her heart, the slow
Contracted martyrdom of hope? At length
They told her he was married. No reproach
Broke from her lips, but meekly, like a flower,
She sunk beneath the blow. The heavy hand
Of sickness fell upon her, and she prayed
To leave a scene of suffering and of sin.
But death came not, and when the faithful flow
Of life's pure current came again, she turned
From all her former joys, and found her home
Within convent's walls.

When I first saw her, five long years had past,
And peace once more dwelt in her heart. Her cheek
Was pale as marble, and her features were
The settled calmness of a spirit schooled
By early suffering. The fierce storm had passed,
But left its trace of desolation. Time
Had done his kindly work, and she could smile
Once more with cheerfulness; but when she spoke
Of earlier days, a soft and deep light
Shone in her oblique eyes, as if a tear
Had burst from its sealed fountain.

TANTUR.

THE SUDDEN MATCH.

The heedlessness and desperation with which mortals rush into enterprises where life is uselessly endangered, the insanity which leads a man to stand up and be shot at, in atonement for the insults he has received, are powerful satirisms on the weakness of human nature; but to me they are far less inexplicable than the thoughtless haste with which multitudes rush into matrimony. I do not mean thoughtlessness on the score of pecuniary affairs; for I believe the old-fashioned creed, that an early union with a virtuous and discreet wife, is likely to make a man richer, as well as happier, than he would otherwise be. But what can be hoped where there is total want of knowledge and reflection concerning principles, habits, suitability of character, and mutual affection? One of the loveliest and noblest girls I ever knew, fell a victim to this sort of impudence. Her father's large mansion and highly cultivated farm are insight from my library window; and they seldom meet my eye without recalling her youthful figure to my mind. Her beauty was brilliant and peculiar. She was dazzlingly fair; and there was a glorious light of expression all over her face, as if the brightness of an invisible angel were forever reflected upon it. Her beauty was decidedly foreign—altogether like a rich picture, which an eminent artist had worshipped into life. Yet of gracefulness, both of thought and movement, she had even more than of beauty. Above all women I ever saw, she had a strong and deep capacity for disinterested love. Her mind was vigorous and manly—but a stranger to all disordered dreams of liberty and power; for her thoughts and feelings took their courting from her heart.

At nineteen she was engaged to a young man apparently worthy of her, and her friends warmly approved the choice. It was not until the arrangements for her wedding were nearly completed, that she discovered herself to be a second object of affection, and that her forsaken rival was fading under disappointment and weariness of heart. Her high romantic feelings resulted at this—a mortal foe had intruded upon the fairies—and her dreams were gone for ever. The young man, abashed at her eloquent admonitions, returned to his first love, from whom excessive beauty had enticed him, and this union proved a happy one. As for the young Octavia, her spirits were for a while upon her by the consciousness of having acted nobly; but love with its dreamy extensations, and all-grossing tenderness, had awakened affections that would not again return into the sealed caverns of the soul. Octavia was active and energetic—her mind and heart ever busy in some scheme of improvement and benevolence; but those who had known her intimately, saw that all this was done with effort.

A journey was proposed, and in a few months Octavia was at the Springs and the dangerous influence of flattery and fashion, in six weeks she returned engaged! She who had reflected so much, and so wisely on the chances of domestic happiness, had suddenly promised herself to a man, of whose principles and disposition she knew nothing. "After all, it is out a lottery," she said, "and if I inquired and reasoned a year, I might be deceived." I neither liked nor believed this doctrine; for I thought a tolerable share of discrimination would enable a careful observer to detect the real character, through the most studied display of art.—Moreover I did not like the gentleman. He was a county and polished favorite of the drawing-room; but there was a vindictive fire in his eye, and a practiced graciousness about his mouth, that, to me, indicated an ill-tempered and selfish man. Octavia's father knew him to be of goodly parentage, and possessed of a competent fortune; and as he made no objection, they were soon after married, with much of the "pomp and circumstance" of fashion.

Three months after, I visited Octavia. Something of painful embarrassment marked her very kind reception of me; and during my

of her husband, except in the most casual way. Her manner towards him was submissive and gentle; but it seemed like the sweet resignation of a martyr. He was zealous at home; and when there his conduct was cold and selfish in the extreme. Once when she began to read a new book with much eagerness, he begged her to lay it aside, as he wished to have the pleasure of reading it himself.—Another time, when she was very ill, she dropped at his feet a handkerchief on which she had just poured some Cologne; but he locked it up without moving. I arose and gave the handkerchief to my friend. She coloured like crimson, and raising her eye to mine, she burst into tears. Poor girl! I knew the misery of a heart that had thus involuntarily poured forth its waters of bitterness! We never spoke on the subject; but from that day I resolved to warn all young ladies against marrying a man whom they have known only six weeks—and that too at the Springs!

OLD LETTERS.

Reader, hast thou never pored over a budget of old letters, frail remembrances of things frolic than they? traces of the hand that guided thine infancy, parental injunction, and fond anticipations? How well have they been answered? Some careless chirography too, from schoolmates and college cronies, filled with schemes of pleasure, and plans for many a mad-cap frolic; and always some Tom Scamper who was to join the party, and give it a double relish! Then a thousand plans for the years to come; promises of heart and purse; assurances of disinterested friendship; hopes of soon meeting—all mixed with that freshness of feeling which grows faint, and withers, and grows away in the dimly atmosphere of after years. Where now are the kind and light hearted? Some risen to opulence, others crushed by disappointment—one has crossed the ocean wave—one sleeps beneath it—all are parted—all changed. The bright links have been displaced by other "sterner stuff" and yet, perchance, by those that bind closer and firmer. But yet—a pity 'tis—those bright things must pass away. They have however, and for the past—peace to its ashes!

EXCELLENT RULES.

The following rules, from the private papers of Dr. West, were thrown together, as general waymarks in the journey of life:—Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others esteem such, he never should they may appear to you.—Never show levity where the people are professedly engaged in worship.—Never to resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it.—Nor on any occasion to retaliate.—Never to judge a person's character by external appearance.—Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.—Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from you in political or religious opinions.—Never to dispute, if you can fairly avoid it.—Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years old; nor with a woman; nor with an enthusiast.—Not to affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.—To say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near to you.—To aim at cheerfulness without levity.—Not to obtain your advice unasked.—Never to count the favour of the rich, by flattering either their vanity or their vices.—To respect virtue, though clothed in rags.—To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.—Frequently to review your conduct, and note your failings.—On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and a future state.—Not to flatter yourself that you can act up to these rules, however honestly you may aim at it.

The ordinary expenses of the State of Maine for the ensuing year are estimated at \$560,842, and the ordinary resources at \$134,723! The State debt at the close of next year will probably amount to \$1,600,000.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

FROM LATE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PAPERS.

ADULTION OF FRANKING.—It is stated by a correspondent of the Times, that a proposition for the abolition of the franking privilege was made by Lord Lowther to the Postage Committee last session, and carried unanimously. It appears from the returns that the number of "privileged" letters passing thro' the Post-Office in a year is about 7,000,000. Deduction 1,000,000 of letters on behalf of public departments, the abolition of franking may be estimated to turn about 6,000,000 of free letters into paying letters.

Rothchild's two sons, who have managed the business of the house since the old man's death, are said to be spendthrifts of the first water.

At Rambouillet, in France, there are said to be five twins united together at the back, the inverse of the Siamese principle.

The navigable canals in England exceed 2,000 miles in length.

The Convent of Bethlehem, in Havana, is possessed of property to the amount of 3,332,000, with a yearly income of 190,556. There are three other convents there, whose united possessions amount to about the same sum. The vice-regal government of Cuba has ordered the sale of this immense property. The monks are to retain the houses and be supported by Government.

HOAXING IN DUBLIN.—EXTRAORDINARY RECEPTION OF VISITORS.—At the Dublin Police Office on Friday, Mr. John Pearson, of Great Brunswick Street, charged Mr. John Hicks, of Cork Street, with an assault. The parties appeared to be very respectable, and were attended by several young men, and two most fashionably dressed young ladies. Mr. Pearson stated that he got a most pressing and polite note from Mr. Hicks to attend a tea party on last Sunday evening at Mrs. Hicks's. He accordingly went there with his wife and another lady, on arriving he was a little surprised to find many carriages, cars, &c. assembled about the door, all with company in them. On entering the house he found about 40 or 50 persons, all of whom, it appeared, had got similar notes of invitation. But judge of his amazement when Mr. Hicks ran up to him, kicked him out in the street, pushed out his wife after him, tore her silk dress, broke her watch, and then began to lay about him on the rest of the company so viciously, that thinking him mad, they all "cut"; gentlemen losing their hats, ladies their bonnets, some coming off with half shirts, and others not having any skirts at all. Mr. Fulham for Mr. Hicks, said the fact was, the young men had been friends for a long time; but Mr. Hicks was informed on Saturday that Pearson had played a trick on him by sending cards of invitation in his (Hicks's) name to seventy or eighty people. The appointed evening came, and with it came twenty-five covered cars full of ladies and gentlemen, all ready dressed for a ball! Mr. Fulham offered an apology on the part of his client, which Pearson said he would accept, but Mr. Hicks refused, saying, "I am the injured party." Mr. Pearson then lodged indignations, and Mr. Hicks was held to bail.

CHRISTMAS BOX.—The private wealth of the present Mr. Aikwright, has grown to such an enormous sum, by his unostentatious mode of living, that, exceeding Prince Esterhazy, he is the richest man in Europe. A few years back he met his daughter, Mrs. Hunt, of Derbyshire, on a Christmas visit to Dr. Holoomb's, and she told me that a few mornings before the whole of her brothers and sisters, amounting to ten, assembled at breakfast at Wilsley Castle, her father's mansion. They found, wrapped up in a napkin, a £10,000 bank note, which he had presented them with as a Christmas box. Since that time I have been informed that he has repeated the gift, by presenting them with another hundred thousand pounds.—Gardiner's Music, &c.

EPICURIAN IN DEATH.—The Duke of Biron heard the decree for his instant death, pronounced by the revolutionary tribunal in