

THE FURLOUGH.

In the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the stork kingdom, and as I did not travel like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident. I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from the coach. "Come down wid us, Thady," the speaker was the old woman; "come down to your old mother. Sure it's flag ye will and strip the flesh off the bones I give ye. Come down, Thady, darlin'!" "It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach. "Thady, come down—come down, ye fall of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" said the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof. "O Thady, come down, sure it's me, your own mother, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jiver; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before. "It's honour! honour bring it, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three at once, with the same earnestness. "Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fall, come down!—O Thady, come down to us!" "It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!" Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so potent, that I did not hesitate to go down and enquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family, and having exceeded as he thought the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired? "The 1st of March, your honour—had luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!" "The 1st of March—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then—the 1st of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days." The soldier was thunder-struck—"Twenty-nine days is it?—You're certain that same? O mother, mother!—the devil fly away wid you're ould a manack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, aftir living so long in the family of us!" His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud hurrah!—His second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and his third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment. "It's a happy man I am, your honour, for my word's saved, and all by your honour's manes. Long life to your honour for the same! May ye live a long hundred—and lapa years every one of them!"—*Hood's Own.*

THE BATTLE OF ELEVEN HUNDRED HORSES.

Two of the (Spanish) regiments which had been quartered in Fiume were cavalry, mounted on fine long-tailed black Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, 1100 in number, and Romano was not a man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles therefore were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued which probably never before was witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those who were beaten down, till the shore in the

course of a quarter of an hour, was strown with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of battle than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romano, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them; and it was found too dangerous to attempt this, and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction.—*Southey's History of the Peninsular War.*

Fontenelle and Asparagus.—He had a great liking, it seems, for this vegetable, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain bon vivant about whom he was extremely intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner. The abbe was very fond of asparagus also—but liked his dressed with butter. Fontenelle said, that for such a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable—and that he should have had the dish of asparagus which he had just ordered for himself—and that half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing together very lovingly, and waiting for dinner, the poor abbe falls suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy—upon which Fontenelle instantly springs up, scampers down to the kitchen with merciful agility, and bawls out to his cook with eagerness: "The whole with oil! the whole with oil! as at first!"

SMART REPARTÉE.—On the night of a Dublin illumination, a well grown lad was observed by a gentleman to break several windows. The gentleman severely rebuked him for doing mischief; when the lad excused himself, saying it was good for trade, he was a glazier. The gentleman, who carried a cane in his hand, applied rather a sharp blow to the lad's head, and, on the latter's remonstrance, he said, that is good for trade, I am a doctor.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

The Queen will visit Ireland in August next and proceed to Killarney.—*Liverick Chron.*

It is said that Mr. Spring Rice is going to resign, and that Mr. Baring is to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—*Standard.*

NEW PEERS.—At the coronation the following Peers will receive Dukedoms: Marquis of Lansdowne, Marquis of Westminster, Marquis of Anglesy. Commomers to be raised:—Sir John Wrottesley, Sir Jacob Astley, Sir John Hobhouse, Mr. Paul Methuen, Mr. Hambury Tracy, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir F. Lewis, Sir C. Lemon, and about eight others. The daughter of the Earl of Liverpool to be a Peeress in her own right, the Chief supporters of O'Connell, will receive the Irish Peerages. Lord Stirling to receive an Irish Dukedom. Earl Fitzwilliam is also to receive a Dukedom.

The expenses of the London police, for the year ending the 31st Dec. last, exceeded £220,000 sterling.

L. E. L.—Ah! 'tis true, Miss London is to be married to Mr. Maclean, the governor of the British Settlements on the Gold Coast, whither they sail in three or four weeks. To think of "L'Improvisatrice" amongst the niggers! it's too bad.—*London Age.*

DISCOVERY OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

The following account of the successful expedition in search of a North West Passage, is abridged from a long article in the Liverpool Journal of the 21st April:—

The Hudson's Bay Company determined upon equipping an expedition, at their own expense, and composed of their own officers and servants, with the view of endeavouring to complete the survey of the American continent. The formation and equipment of the expedition were entrusted to Mr. Simpson, the resident Governor in the spring of 1836. Two leaders, Messrs. Dease and Thomas Simpson, and twelve men were selected from among the volunteers who came forward, and they were forwarded with the necessary supplies to Fort Chipewyan, Athabasca Lake, where they passed the winter of 1836-7. On the 1st June 1837, the party started from Fort C. in two small boats, descended Slave river, passed the western end of Great Slave Lake, and descended Mackenzie's river to Fort Norman, where they arrived on 1st July.

On the 9th of July they reached the ocean by the most westerly mouth of the Macken-

zie, making its situation in latitude 63 deg. 49' in. 23 sec. N., longitude 136 degrees 38 min. 45 sec. W. On the 11th they reached Point Kay, where they were detained by ice until the 14th. They continued their course, through great difficulties and hardships until the 23d, when in Foggy Island Bay they had the satisfaction of discovering a range of the rocky mountains to the westward of the Ross's mouth chain, not seen by Sir John Franklin, but being within the limit of his survey, called it the Franklin range, as a just tribute to its character and merits. That evening they reached Sir John Franklin's Return Reef, where their survey commenced, that officer having got no farther. Having reached Cape Halkett, they determined it to be in latitude 70 degrees, 53 min. N., longitude 152 degrees 14 min. W.; the variation of the compass 43 degrees 8 min. 33 sec. E.

From Cape Halkett the coast suddenly turned off to the W. N. W. presenting to the eye nothing but a succession low banks of frozen mud. Boat Extreme was destined to be the limit of their boat navigation; it is situated in latitude 71 degrees, 3 minutes, 21 sec. N., longitude 154 degrees, 26 min. 30 sec. W.; variation of compass 42 degrees, 36 minutes, 18 sec. E. Under these circumstances Mr. Simpson accompanied by five of the men undertook to complete the journey on foot. On the 2nd August, Mr. Simpson had an observation for latitude in 71 degrees, 9 minutes, 45 sec. The party had proceeded about nine miles when to their dismay the coast suddenly turned off to the southward, forming an inlet as far as the eye could reach. Having, however, fell in with a party of Esquimaux, Mr. Simpson obtained the loan of their "oomiaks" or family skin-canoes.

On the 3d August, at Point Christie, the latitude 71 degrees, 12 minutes, 36 sec. was observed. At midnight they passed the mouth of a fine deep river, which Mr. Simpson gave the name of Bellevue, and in less than an hour afterwards the rising sun manifested him with the view of Point Barron stretching out to the W. N. W. They soon crossed Eison Bay, which is the perfect cove, had acquired a tough coating of young ice, but had much difficulty in making their way through a broad and heavy pack that rested upon the shore. On reaching it, and seeing the ocean extending away to the southward, they hoisted their flag, and with three cheers took possession of their discoveries in His Majesty's name.

UNITED STATES.

MADRYGAL.—It is strange how awfully this novel writer has gone down within a few weeks, because he has turned to abusing him, because for closers to be logical, or is so from principle.—*New-York Sun.*

[It is, indeed, remarkably strange; but the true "because" of the matter would be better explained by substituting the word "loyal" for "logical."]

LUMBER BUSINESS.—We learn by a gentleman from Bangor, that the rivers of Maine are very low, owing to the long drought; and that a continuance of the draught would prevent but a small quantity of lumber from coming down. The consequence will be that prices will be as high as ever.

MATCH FOR \$20,000.—We learn by the Spirit of the Times, that a match is on the tapis between Decatur and Boston for \$10,000 a-side, to come off over the Camden Course, near Philadelphia, on the third week of the present month.

Thomas Bradford, Esq. the oldest Editor and printer in the United States, died on Monday last at Philadelphia, at the age of ninety four. Mr. Bradford was the successor of Dr. Franklin in the printing office in Philadelphia. We have not the honor ourselves of being a printer, but we suppose we are the next oldest Editor in the Union, and shall expect to be so valued and respected accordingly.—*New-York Gazette.*

STEAMBOAT BUNKER-HILL.—Apprehensions are entertained of the loss of this boat. She left Buffalo about ten days since, with one to two hundred passengers, several horses, and a large amount of freight. She has not been heard of since leaving Dunkirk. The fact that the bodies of several horses have been seen drifting on the Lake, excites the most intense anxiety.—*Daily Advertiser, May 1.*

A CRACK STEAMER.—The Sultana, at New Orleans, went thence to Louisville, (Ky.) and back in thirteen days, say 2000 miles—

A crack steamer! Yes, just such a puff of the Moselle went the rounds of the papers for

a few days in advance of the news of the catastrophe at Cincinnati, and she proved to be "a crack steamer," indeed. This puffing of the captains of steamboats for short trips they make is one of the chief causes of the frequent catastrophes on the western waters. So long as speed without regard to safety is the only object, and while the managers of steam vessels suffer no penalty for the destruction they cause, the public ear will continue to be pained by the recital of the end of "crack steamers."—*Pennsylvanian.*

LOWER CANADA.

SHARBROOK, MAY 10.—On Monday evening the 30th ult. Three young men named Young, Barker, and Sawyer, were drowned in the Little Magog Lake. They had been occupied for some hours in spearing for fish, and it is supposed that the skill they were using, was upset by some accident. The body of one was found dead in the boat and it is conjectured that he had been rescued by one of his companions, and died subsequently of cold. The other two bodies were found clutched together, as if endeavouring to save each other.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 19th MAY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, - - - April 12. | New-York, - - - May 5
Liverpool, - - - April 13. | Halifax, - - - April 11
Bristol, - - - April 14. | Toronto, - - - May 5

The Liverpool packet ships *England* and *Garrick* have arrived at New-York, bringing London dates to the 18th and Liverpool to the 19th, the day of their sailing.

The Bark *Fanny*, Capt. Sloan, arrived in port on Thursday last in 24 days from Liverpool, bringing a few papers to the 23rd ult.

Windsor, April 19.—The Earl of Durham, the Earl and Countess of Exbridge, and Lady Eleanor Paget, and Lord Glenelg, joined the royal dinner party last evening at the Castle.

London, April 20.—Lord Durham returned to town yesterday evening from a visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle.

Liverpool, April 23d.—Lord Durham had an interview on Friday, with Lord Glenelg, at the Colonial Office. To-day his lordship leaves London for Portsmouth, and he will probably sail to-morrow. It is said, that there are between six and seven hundred persons ca bound the *Hastings*.

Portsmouth, April 16th.—H. M. steamship *Dee*, will sail in a few days for Canada.

Tenonip pots are to the 10th and Kings ton to the 13th.

Charles Durand, of Hamilton, who was tried and found guilty of high treason at Toronto, received the sentence of death on the 10th instant, which is to be carried into effect on the 24th.

Dr. Merison quitted Toronto for the United States immediately after his acquittal. He was apprehensive of further indictments being preferred against him. It is said to be certain that Captain Zealand, one of the most active of the gallant band, engaged in the destruction of the Steamer *Caroline*, has been made a prisoner by the Rochester, "sympathizers."

A meeting of the citizens of Montreal is to take place this day, for the purpose of appointing a committee to prepare an address to His Excellency Sir John Colborne, on the occasion of his relinquishing the administration of the government of this Province.

The first number of Mr. Kenzie's Gazette was issued on Saturday last. We have not seen it; but it is said to be just what might have been expected from the man, so far as truth is concerned.

The Banque du Peuple has announced the intention of resuming specie payment from the 17th inst., but we believe that the amount of its notes in circulation is comparatively small.

The steamer *Charlevoix*, arrived at Montreal on Tuesday last in 214 hours from Quebec, all stoppages included.

The Mississkoui *Standard* has again made its appearance.—Mr. James Moir Ferres, its former Editor, resumes the chair editorial.