

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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SATURDAY, 20th OCTOBER, 1838.

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Printing of every description executed with neatness and dispatch, and on moderate terms.

J. HOBROUGH,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Begs leave to announce to his friends that he has received his
FALL SUPPLY OF GOODS,
consisting of Cloths and Vestings of the finest descriptions and newest fashions.

Also:
Pilot and Buckskin Cloth, for Winter Top Coats, which he will make up according to order, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

General Wolfe, corner of Palace and St. John Streets, Sept. 20th.

NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE
No. 52, ST. JOHN STREET.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs to their friends and the public at large, that they have always on hand a choice assortment of French Cakes and Confectionery, as usual.

SCOTT & M'CONKEY,
Quebec, 1st May, 1838.

FURS.

W. ASHTON & Co.
26, MOUNTAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO
PRESCOTT GATE,

HAVE MANUFACTURED throughout the summer, and now offer for sale a stock of

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S FURS,
which for neatness of style and quality of materials they feel proud to offer for competition.

Their having for some years past secured, during the summer season, probably the best Hat Trade in the Province, enables them to undersell any house depending on the winter trade for twelve months' support; this, together with the advantages they have over every other furriers in this city by importing their own materials direct, are the only hints they think necessary to drop.

All description of Furs made to order, and returnable if not approved of.

In repairing any article, or altering it to the present fashion, W. A. & Co. pledge themselves that their charges will be on the most moderate scale, and will forfeit the value of any article when promised to be done at a certain time, in which there may be a single hour's want of PUNCTUALITY.

NO SECOND PRIZE.
Quebec, 29th Sept. 1838.

**A GOOD INVESTMENT IN THE
FUR TRADE.**

G. HANN, Fur Manufacturer, from London, do, in consequence of the state of his health, offers for sale his entire Stock of made up Furs, Skins, and working implements. Any one desirous of embracing such a profitable business, will be instructed in all the branches of the Trade by a regular bred Furrier.
Quebec, Oct. 9, 1838.

R. C. TODD,
Herald Printer, &c.
No. 16, St. Nicholas Street.

NEW GROCERY STORE,
CORNER OF PALACE & JOHN STREETS.

H. J. JAMESON,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he has commenced business in the above house, where he has on hand a choice selection of WINES and other LIQUORS, TEAS, SUGAR, COFFEE, and all other articles usually connected in his line, and will dispose of them for the lowest possible profit, and by a strict attention to all orders which he may be favoured with, he trusts to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—For Sale, at very reduced prices, 38 dozen of superior London Particular O.L.P. and O. L. P. T., warranted eleven years in bottle.

Quebec, Sept. 1838.
CHAMPAGNE, CHABLIS, AND BURGUNDY WINES,

THE Subscriber having been appointed by Messrs. DAMOTTE & CHEVALIER, of Tonnerre, Agent for the sale of their WINES in this City, invites the attention of the public to a consignment just received.

JOHN YOUNG,
St. Peter Street.
Quebec, 2nd Oct. 1838.

LANDING,

Ex Schooner "Mary la Pique,"
18 casks Sperm Oil.

Ex Schooner "Esperance" and "Farewell,"
500 barrels No. 1 Herrings,
50 do. Pickled Codfish
3000 gallons Cod Oil.

R. J. SOAD,
Hunt's wharf.
Quebec, 2nd October, 1838.

RECENTLY RECEIVED AND FOR SALE,
SALMON, in hardwood Tierces and Barrels.
Dry Codfish; and Cod and Seal Oil, in Barrels.

EBERNEZER BAIRD.
Quebec, 6th Oct. 1838.

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER, NO. 1, FA
BRIQUE STREET.

SUPERIOR SILVERED BLACK LEAD,
for Stoves, &c.

W. LECHERMINANT.
9th October, 1838.

TO SHIP-MASTERS.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Ship-masters trading to Quebec, that the highest prices are paid at his Establishment, for all sorts of OLD SAILS, CORDAGE, &c. &c. &c.

JAMES S. MILLER,
Commercial Buildings, St. Peter Street.
Quebec, 18th Sept. 1838.

FOR SALE,
BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,

SIX HUNDRED MINOTS PEAS,
50 cwt. Ship Biscuit,
20 bbls. Boston Crackers,
50 kegs Butter,
30 cases Salad Oil,
40 casks Hull Cement,
Green and Blue Paint.

CREELMAN & LEPPER.

FOR SALE,
At No. 11, Notre Dame Street,

30 TIERCES OF BRIGHT MUSCO-
VADO SUGAR,
100 kegs Plug Tobacco,
100 boxes English Candles,
4 lbs. Mustard,
5 pipes superior Cognac Brandy.

JOHN FISHER,
September, 1838.

TERESA.

A Tale of Revolutionary Rome.

BY N. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

Among many acts of revolting tyranny exercised by the French invading army, on their taking possession of Rome, in 1798, there was one exception which redounded much more to their credit, and which neutralized to a certain degree the hostile feelings of the people. This was their having thrown open the convents and nunneries, and released many young women who had taken the vows, under various circumstances of restraint or necessity.

It was shortly after the edict had come into effect, and the evacuation of the Holy City by the republican troops, that a young Englishman arrived there bearing a letter of recommendation to Lord —, who immediately appointed him to the situation of his private secretary. This nobleman was a military man, had been a diplomatist, and was more over a man of pleasure. His visit to Italy at that juncture was supposed to be connected with politics, but nothing transpired which could lead the public to know the exact nature of his mission—and not even this private secretary was admitted into the secret. In fact, the latter had so little to do in his new functions, that he only wondered at his own nomination to such a quasi-sinecure.

Lord W — occupied apartments in the Piazza d'Espagna; but the hotels of Italy at that period not affording the luxurious accommodation now to be found, his Lordship expressed a wish that his secretary should look out lodgings in some private house, and in a particular quarter of the city, which Lord W — specified as the one most to his taste. During one of his rambles, a few days afterwards, for this special purpose, Edward Moreton, the *secrétaire sans portefeuille* (as the French say) observed in a balcony, in a pleasant and retired street of the desired neighbourhood, a most beautiful young girl peeping from behind a half closed verandah. Being of a romantic turn, and fond of adventures, he stopped and gazed; but when her eye caught she she instantly retired. Struck by the extreme modesty of her look, and fearful of exciting observation by a prolonged intrusion, Moreton turned away into an adjoining street, having carefully noticed the number of the house. But just as he took a lingering look at it round the corner, he observed his patron and employer walking off in an opposite direction, and at the same time, as Moreton thought, slyly observing him. The secretary was of a frank nature; he had, moreover, been for a full week habituated to the peculiar atmosphere of secret diplomacy. Therefore, whether it was from a downright cunning, or upright character, I do not pretend to determine, but he no sooner reached the hotel, having ascertained that Lord W — had also returned home, than he told him of the discovery he had made.

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Moreton," said his Lordship, "always be prompt in revealing a secret that you know to be already found out."

Moreton blushed up to the eyes. "I assure your Lordship," stammered he—"Never mind, never mind, my young friend, and pray be cautious through life about asserting or protesting any thing positively."

"But yet, my Lord —"

"I do not like but yet, Mr. Moreton—"

But yet is as a jailor, to bring forth Some monstrous malefactor.

So says Shakespeare, and so say I; and there will both go and sup this evening with the peeping beauty of the balcony."

There was a decided and peremptory manner about Lord W —, very imposing to a young and inexperienced man. Moreton therefore did as he was desired, that is to say he said nothing more on the subject; and when evening came he made ready, without any observation, to accompany his Lordship. But he could not help thinking that if the young lady were, as he fervently hoped, a person of re-

spectability and character, it was very presumptuous on the part of his Lordship to make a party, uninvited, for her supper-table; and if, on the contrary, (and he shuddered at the supposition,) she was of dubious reputation, he thought it still more indecible of his titled employer to lead him into such company.

At eight o'clock the same evening—and a lovely autumnal evening it was—

"When all was pretty in air and sky," Lord W —'s carriage was at the door of the hotel. In less than a quarter of an hour young Moreton's heart beat high, when he found that they had stopped under the identical balcony which he had so closely remarked in the morning. He threw a hasty glance upwards; the verandah was open, and the balcony unoccupied. His eager look next darted into the room on the ground-floor, but no graceful form filled "the dim obscure."

"Come along, Mr. Moreton," said Lord W —, with a smile, as he observed the secretary's abstraction, he himself having descended from the carriage while the other only gazed from the window. In a few minutes they were in that little ground floor saloon which Moreton had so instinctively peered into, ushered by a "G-nelle Rittella," as received by a portly dame, of a commanding figure, who was evidently not unconscious of her now waning beauty, and resolved to make the most of it by an assiduous attention to her toilette.

While Lord W — paid his compliments to the lady, in a manner which proved his visit to have been expected, while he was himself a stranger to her, Moreton cast his inquisitive glances round.

"— the place where the beauty was not;"

but, in lieu of the living ornament which he sought, he allowed his admiration to rest on several clever copies of pictures from the old Italian masters. Anxious to lead the conversation to the absent Signorina, he was on the point of asking if the paintings were the work of the lady's daughter, but Lord W —, as if divining his thoughts, and for the purpose of avoiding their abrupt expression, inquired of his hostess whether the pictures were by her husband, and if they formed part of those intended for sale.

This question led to a long answer and explanation, all in the affirmative, but more irksome than a hundred rapid negatives to the impatient secretary. Whatever Lord W — felt, he listened with exemplary and most diplomatic composure to the detail of personal mishaps and disappointments. Moreton just caught enough to let him know that the lady was the widow of a lately deceased artist, and that her chief, if not only means of subsistence, was the produce of the unsold, and, in some instances, unfinished pictures which formed her collection. His interest was somewhat more excited when the dame began to touch on the younger branches of the family, and when she stated, in plaintive tones, that her only son, who had been apprenticed to a *notario*, had been drawn as a conscript a short time after his father's death, thus depriving her of her only means of support and protection.

"But you have the consolation of feeling that he is serving his country, and fighting against its enemies," said Lord W —, with a tone of benevolent inquiry.

"Alas, no, my Lord," replied the dame; "even that cruel consolation to a mother's heart is denied to mine. My beloved boy is at this moment in prison, falsely denounced as a democrat, and detained in defiance of justice, and despite my most urgent appeals for his release."

"Indeed!" said Lord W —

"Alas, my Lord, it is true, and I am almost driven to despair—" sobbed forth the dame, and a few genuine mother's tears trickled down her cheeks, throwing an interest into her whole bearing and appearance far surpassing that of her graceful though somewhat coquettish manner.

Moreton watched his employer's countenance, and he thought he discovered an unwonted expression of feeling in it. He was, however, too young in diplomacy to decide if it was real or feigned. As for himself he was not so touched with compassion on the score of