

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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TUESDAY, 16th OCTOBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



BUSTS OF THE QUEEN.

At the request of several friends, a mould has been made from a true likeness of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, just arrived from Liverpool; and a few BUSTS are now finished and for sale at the stores of

M'KENZIE & BOWLES,
St. John Street.

ALSO,

A handsome PEDESTAL, which will answer either for this or other figures to stand on.
Quebec, 2nd October, 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,"
TWENTY-FOUR TIERCES RICE,
18 casks Sperm Oil.
Ex Schooner "Esperance" and "Forewell,"
500 barrels No. 1 Hettings,
50 do. Pickled Codfish,
3000 gallons Cod Oil.

H. J. NOAD,
Head's wharf.

Quebec, 2nd October, 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 MUSCOVADO SUGAR,
100 kegs Plug Tobacco,
100 boxes English Candles,
4 hhds. Mustard,
5 pipes superior Cognac Brandy.

JOHN FISHER.

September, 1838.

R. C. TODD,
Herald Printer, &c.

No. 16, St. Nicholas Street.

FOR SALE, OR CHARTER.

THE new fast-sailing brig GUANA, Captain Tuzo, 300 tons old measurement, coppered and copper fastened, will take Freight to any safe port in Great Britain, Ireland or the West Indies.
This vessel is well calculated for carrying horses to the West Indies, having had thirty on board last voyage, which were all safely landed at Berbice. Applications to be made to

GEORGE BLACK,
Ship Builders.

29th September.

ENGRAVING, &c.

J. JONES, Visiting Card Engraver and Printer, REMOVED to No. 18, Couillard Street, two doors from St. John Street, Upper Town.

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. 30th.

BROWN'S
CHEAP CLOTHING AND GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 9, outside St. John's Street Gate.

Cast off Clothes bought, sold, or exchanged for new, and money advanced on goods given in for sale.
Quebec, 28th July, 1838.

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

THE Subscribers most respectfully intimate to their friends and the public at large, that they have always on hand a choice assortment of Fresh Cakes and Confectionary, as usual.

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

FURS.

W. ASHTON & Co.
3, 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 frieriers in this city by importing their own materials direct, are the only things 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 PRICE.
Quebec, 29th Sept. 1838.

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 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.

Doctry.

THE PALMER'S HYMN.

BY THE ETRICK SHERIFF.

Lauded be thy name forever,
Thou of life the guard and giver,
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.

God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock and river,
Blessed be thy name forever.

I have seen thy wondrous might,
Through the shadows of the night,
Thou who slumb'rest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindest, keep'st.

God of evening's yellow ray,
Of yonder-dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity.

Thine the flaming spheres of light,
Thine the darkness of the night,
Thine are all the gems of heaven,
God of Angels! God of Heaven,
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name forever.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

(CONCLUSION.)

"You see melancholy to-day, my dear Nugent," said Colonel Nelmore, as he met his young friend walking with downcast eyes in the old mall of St. James's Park.

"I am unhappy, I am discontented; the glass is faded from life," answered Nugent, sighing.

"I love meeting with a pensive man," said the colonel; "let me join you, and let us dine together, *tête-à-tête*, at my bachelor's table. You refused me some time ago; may I be more fortunate now?"

"I shall be but poor company," rejoined Nugent; "but I am very much obliged to you, and I accept your invitation with pleasure." Colonel Nelmore was a man who had told some fifty years. He had known misfortune in his day, and he had seen a great deal of the harsh realities of life. But he had not suffered nor lived in vain. He was no theorist, and did not affect the philosopher; but he was contented with a small fortune, popular with retired habits, observant with a love for study, and, above all, he did a great deal of general good, exactly because he embraced no particular system.

"Yes," said Nugent, as they sat together after dinner, and the younger man had unbosomed to the elder, who had been his father's most intimate friend, all that had seemed to him the most unexampled of misfortunes—after he had repeated the perjuries of Balfour, the faithlessness of Charlotte, and the rascalities of Gilpin—"yes," said he, "I now see my error: I no longer love my species; I no longer place reliance in the love, friendship, sincerity, or virtue of the world; I will no longer trust myself open-hearted in this vast community of knaves; I will not fly mankind, but I will despise them."

The colonel smiled. "You shall put on your hat, my young friend, and pay a little visit with me;—nay, no excuse: it is only an old lady, which has given me permission to drink tea with her." Nugent demurred, but consented. The two gentlemen walked to a small house in the Regent's Park. They were admitted to a drawing-room, where they found a blind old lady, of a cheerful countenance and prepossessing manners.

"And how does your son do?" asked the colonel, after the first salutations were over; "have you seen him lately?"

"Seen him lately! why, you know he rarely lets a day pass without calling on, or writing to me. Since the affliction which visited me with blindness, though he has nothing to hope from me, though from my jointure I must necessarily be a burden to one of his limited income, and mixing so much with the world as he does; yet had I been the richest mother in England, and every thing at my own disposal, he could not have been more attentive, more

kind to me. He will cheerfully give up the gayest party to come and read to me, if I am the least unwell, or the least out of spirits; and he sold his horses to pay Miss Blandy, since I could not afford from my own income to pay the salary so accomplished a musician asked to become my companion. Music, you know, is my chief luxury. Oh, he is a paragon of sons—the world think him dissipated and heartless; but if they could see how tender he is to me!" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands, as the tears gushed from her eyes. Nugent was charmed; the colonel encouraged the lady to proceed; and Nugent thought he had never passed a more agreeable hour than listening to her maternal praises of her affectionate son.

"Ah, colonel!" said he, as they left the house. "how much wiser have you been than myself; you have selected your friends with discretion. What would I give to possess such a friend as that good son must be! But you never told me the lady's name."

"Patience," said the colonel, taking snuff, "I have another visit to pay."
Nelmore turned down a little alley, and knocked at a small cottage. A woman with a child at her breast opened the door; and Nugent stood in one of those scenes of cheerful poverty which it so satisfies the complacency of the rich to behold.

"Aha!" said Nelmore, looking round, "you seem comfortable enough now; your benefactor has not done his work by halves."
"On Blessing on his heart, no! Oh, sir, when I think how distressed he is himself, how often he has been put to it for money, how calamitated he is by the world, I cannot express how grateful I am—how grateful I ought to be. He has robbed himself to feed us, and merely because he knew my husband in youth."

The colonel permitted the woman to run on. Nugent wiped his eyes, and left his purse behind him. "Who is this admirable, this self-deceiving man?" cried he, when they were once more in the street. "He is in distress himself—would I could relieve him! Ah, you already reconcile me to the world. I acknowledge your motive, in leading me hither; there are good men as well as bad. All are not Balfours and Gilpins! But the name—the name of these poor people's benefactor?"

"Stay," said the colonel, as they now entered Oxford-street; "this is lucky indeed—I see a good lady whom I wish to accost—Well, Mrs. Johnson," addressing a stout, comely, middle-aged woman of respectable appearance, who with a basket on her arm, was coming out of an oil shop; "so you have been labouring in your vocation, I see—making household purchases. And how is your young lady?"

"Very well, sir, I am happy to say," replied the old woman, courtesying. "And you are well too, I hope, sir?"

"Yes, considering the dissipation of the long season, pretty well, thank you. But I suppose your young mistress is as gay and heartless as ever—a mere fashionable wife, eh?"

"Sir!" said the woman, bridling up, "there is not a better lady in the world than my young lady; I have known her since she was that high!"

"What, she's good-tempered, I suppose?" said the colonel, sneering.

"Good-tempered—I believe it is impossible for her to say a harsh word to any one. There never was so mild, so even-ke a temper."

"What and not heartless, eh! this is too good."

"Heartless, she nursed me herself when I broke my leg coming up-stairs; and every night, before she went to any party, she would come to my room with her sweet smile, and see if I wanted anything."

"And you fancy, Mrs. Johnson, that she'll make a good wife; why; she was not much in love when she married?"

"I don't know as to that, sir, whether she was or not; but I am sure she is always studying my lord's wishes, and I heard him myself say this very morning to his brother, 'Arthur, if you knew what a treasure I possess!'"