

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 35.]

SATURDAY, 11th MAY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Poetry.

From the *New York Mirror*.
THE WIFE'S PRAYER.

HEAR me—Oh! hear me now!
By the red flush upon thy wasted cheek,
By the deep trac'ry o'er thy marble brow,
Hear me—Hear with me, husband, while I speak!

I've mark'd thee, day by day—
Thine hours are all of anxious, vague unrest—
Thine eye hath sought a stern, unsoften'd ray—
Thy lip hath lost all memory of its jest.

This wretched ear hath heard
Thoughts nursed by thee in solitude apart;
Which, like the young of the devoted bird,
Feed on the burning life-blood of thy heart.

Thy wife sits pale beside—
Thy child shrinks back appalled from thine embrace,
Thy meals quit before thy menial of pride—
Thy very dog avoids thine altered face!

Oh! for poor Glory's wreath—
Sating from these all tenderness and gladness—
Thou track'st a phantom on whose fiery breath
Trieth the way-fallows, till thou thirst to madness!

My prayer is for all these—
Thy life in thine—thy own remembered bliss,
By all thy watchful hours of misery,
That need hath, I fancy to render thee for this?

If thou yet lovest me, hear!
How, while thy feet press onward to the goal,
Turn thee, oh! turn thee, in thy stern career,
And thrust this mad ambition from thy soul!

THE LAME PEDLAR,

"Went my hair," said old Janet Colquhoun to her son, "I have tied long and sair to keep up my mind to this parting, but I cannot say that my heart's reconciled till't ye, Willie. An' only hair is dear, dear to a dowry mother." "And can you think, ther," said the son, "that I can leave only and a kind parent without a saur eggie? When I look at the very braes out us, and the bonnie burn that I have seen every day of my life, my heart is waeer than an' tell to think of gae away frae them. I have telt' you, mother, that I maun do something for myself, as I see every one in the world around me doing; and since this world is full of mine wians, let me work at labour, like my fathers afore me, I maun try something else; and what could I do other than the plan I have fixed on?" "I am misdoubting, Willie, but your end's a gude and your plan feasible," replied the mother; "but you're over young yet to set out on your lane on the world's little mair than steen! and the simpleness and single-mindedness of heart that used to be my pride in you." "Willie—it's it that gars me fear for now!" "The deil, mother," said Willie, "trifly, 'tis no sae bad, they say, as ca'd, and that's the case, I jalousie, the world too; sae ye needna have sae kles dread about my want of experience, de, mother, I'll tell you sae thing that determines me to take without delay to the sea. You can keep yourself woe enough now in this bit cot, by the kindness of the minister that to my father aye wrought but when you turn a'uder and frailer, and maun to wash at the farm house up bye, nurse their bairns—mother, I wad fain something woe before the time when claim may be a' your dependence!" Tears stood in the great parent's eyes as her son uttered his argument, and she made no reply to it. "On his part, the young man concluded the matter ended by this conversation, but about completing his preparations for his journey spoken of.

A short time after the conversation recorded above long remained impressed on the mother's mind, Willie Colquhoun left the banks a native Scot, with a small pack slung on his shoulders, in order to try his fortune pedlar in the districts adjacent to his birth-place, Roxburghshire. It may be remarked, in Scotland, among the lower classes, the people of ordinary work, often take to this trade, having, in their packs, or portable boxes

either a small assortment of jewellery, combs, &c., or of linen cloth, flannel, or other light articles of dress. Willie Colquhoun's father, though but a common cottar, or farm-labourer, had left behind him, at his death, a small sum of money, and this, with a little assistance from the generous farmer on whose grounds the cot was situated, furnished the lame boy with a small stock of the articles first mentioned as constituting the usual contents of the pedlar's pack. It was among the farmhouses, and other places distant from the large towns, that such things, of course, were chiefly sold by persons of this class. With this explanation of the equipment with which Willie Colquhoun entered upon the world, we shall now pursue his personal history.

Though he had been long extremely delicate in health (which was indeed, the cause of his being put to no trade,) Willie Colquhoun, at the outset of his career as a pedlar, had become tolerably strong and healthy, and but for a little deformity in one of his limbs, would have been set down as a well-looking youth. He was not able to take a long journey at a time, but this was scarcely necessary, as his youth, his ingenious countenance, and pleasing simplicity of manners, generally procured him an invitation to eat and rest at almost every country house where he stopped to "turn a penny." No business ever depended so much for success upon manners, as the pedlar's, and Willie soon found out the knack, being both willing and intelligent. After having roamed, therefore, for two or three months about the border counties, he found that he had both gathered a little sum of money, and had increased his store, which he had taken every opportunity of doing, by buying articles, when he could, to advantage. Willie had, on setting out, resolved not to go home (if all was well with his mother) until he had gathered something worthy of presenting to her. After writing to her, accordingly, and hearing in reply that she was well, our lame traveller entered England, to try his fortunes with the rich and generous south.

Bettering his store and increasing his means at every step by his unceasing industry, Willie Colquhoun wandered for the greater part of two years through the fertile counties of England. Several times during this period had he written to his mother (to whom he transmitted, on one occasion, the sum advanced by the farmer), and more than once, by waiting at an appointed place till an answer came, had he heard of her continuing welfare, and of her deep joy at his. At last, his desire to see his beloved parent's face once more became irrepresible, and he resolved to turn his steps homewards. He was at this time in the very southernmost part of England, and set out on his route through the western side of the country, towards Scotland. On reaching Bristol, which lay in his way from the quarter where he had been, an accident befel him, which had most momentous consequences, though seemingly of no importance at the time.

After having staid one night in Bristol, Willie left the humble lodgings where he had slept, in order to proceed to Gloucester. Being totally unacquainted, however, with Bristol, he had some difficulty in finding the proper direction in which to leave the city. While he was walking slowly through one street, uncertain as to this point, he asked a butcher's boy, who chanced to pass by with a sheep's head hanging from his hand. "Which was the right road to go to Gloucester?" "There, Scot," said the lad, half scornfully half good-naturedly, swinging the sheep's head round, and pointing with it behind him, as he turned himself half about; "there, Scot, straight before you!" Willie thanked him and moved on, too much accustomed to have his national accent noticed to address any thing about that part of the lad's address. The traveller found the direction given to him to be correct, and was soon out of Bristol, and on the road to Gloucester. It was not until he had fairly left the former city that he discovered a considerable number of spots or stains of blood upon his coat, which he immediately conjectured the butcher's boy, either intentionally or otherwise, to have cast upon it in swinging round the newly arrived

head which he carried. Willie's coat was an olive-coloured one, formed of the stuff called mole-skin; and after rubbing off the blood with his handkerchief, the stains were so far obliterated as to be scarcely perceptible, excepting on a particular inspection. Our traveller thought little of the occurrence at the time, but pursued his journey. Having started early in the day, he was enabled to reach the village of Bursley, eight or nine miles distant from Gloucester, at night. Darkness, however, had set in, a considerable time before this termination of his day's route.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous Selections.

The experiment of blowing up the wreck of the Royal George, at Spithead, by means of 13 inch shells, placed as far into her in different parts as the divers can manage, it will take place this week. To prevent accident to any boat, the explosion will be effected by the rising of the tide operating on a buoy attached to the shells by a log-line.—*A London Paper*.

A curious specimen of mechanical ingenuity is at present exhibited in London. It is a carriage for travelling without horse or steam, propelled solely by the traveller's own weight, and it is the invention of Mr. Nevis, a native of Cambridge. Its structure is light and elegant, and persons may on common roads, propel themselves at the rate of between twenty and thirty miles an hour, and on the railroads it might be worked with incredible velocity.

There is a pauper in Faringdon Union workhouse, named Mary Stanby, aged twenty-four years, who has already had one hundred and thirty-two needles extracted from her person, the greatest number of which has been taken from the breast.

Miss Bertha Douney, the daughter of the poet Laureate, was recently married at Keswick, to the Rev. Thomas Hill. The Laureate himself is expected to be married to Miss Caroline Bowles.

In Russia, if a carriage is driven over any person and hurts him whatever may be the merits of the case, the horses are forfeited to the crown, and the driver, if a Russian peasant, is sentenced to be a soldier.

Tagliani received three thousand roubles each night of her performance at the Warsaw theatre, where she made a prodigious sensation.

Jerrold, the author of the *Rent Day*, has had a five act drama accepted by the Covent-Garden management. It is to be entitled the *Spendthrift*.

Charles Keane will come passenger in the Great Western, which leaves Bristol on the twenty-eight of May.

Lord Brougham's daughter is said to be the most beautiful woman in England. She is yet on the sunny side of sweet nineteen.

Sixty-three hair-dressers in Norwich have come to a resolution to discontinue business on Sundays.

Marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.—A curious fact, in relation to the marriage of John Kemble, is told in Bannister's memoirs, lately published. One of the daughters of a noble lord, formerly holding high office, but then living in retirement, had fallen in love with the graceful and showy actor, merely from seeing him on the stage. Kemble was sent for by her father, and, to his astonishment, acquainted with the circumstances. The noble lord told him further, that it was in his power to do him either a great evil or a great favour; and that, if he would do the latter, by relieving him from all apprehension of the lady's indulging her fantasy, and relieve effectually by marrying any one else for whom he might have an attachment, his wife should receive a dowry of five thousand pounds. Kemble immediately proposed for Mrs. Brereton, a pretty actress in the company, and the marriage took place without delay. But the amusing part of the tale is, that the affected and magnanimous father instantly recovered his spirits, and lost his memory. On being applied to for his thousands, he declared that he had no recollection whatever of the com-

plaint, nor indeed, any of the idea, further than some general conversation on such matters with the very intelligent person in question; adding, that if he was to pay the five thousand pounds for every whim of his daughters, he must soon be a much poorer man than he ever intended to be. It is certainly believed that Kemble never got a shilling from this very sensitive nobleman, and that, for the rest of his life, he attached a new value to the vulgar etiquette of sealing beforehand, even with the most plausible of mankind.

Mr. T. C. Grattan, the author of his very agreeable work entitled 'Highways and Byways,' and also of an excellent 'History of the Netherlands,' has received the appointment of British Consul at Boston. Mr. Grattan is an Irishman and a man of genius.

The executors of the late James Woolley, Esq. of Birmingham, have paid to the unmentioned charities the following sums directed to be paid within twelve months after the death of Mrs. Woolley:—Deaf and Dumb Asylum, £1000; Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, £500; Litchfield and Coventry Diocesan Church Building Society, £500; Warwick County Asylum, £500; General Hospital, £100; Dispensary, £100; Blue Coat School, £100.

The Countess of Bridgewater has presented £1000 to the Litchfield & Coventry Diocesan Church Building Society.

Mr. O'Connell will publish, in the course of next month, the first volume of his History of Ireland. The volume embraces one of the most important periods of our history,—that from 1782 till the accomplishment of the Legislative Union in 1800. The work will come out simultaneously in London and Dublin.

A recruiting officer in the Leeds District ran off a few days since with the Major of Durham's daughter.

THE DARLING FUND.—The following is an accurate statement of the sums of money raised in the various towns to reward Miss Grace Darling and others who exerted themselves so heroically in behalf of the survivors from the wreck of the *Forfarshire*:—Received for rewarding the Darlings and the North Sunderland fishermen, three hundred and sixty pounds; ditto received by Miss Darling for her own use, two hundred and fifty-four pounds; ditto Mr. William Darling, for his own use, fifty pounds;—in all about three thousand dollars.

Why is Murphy, the almsack-maker, the most hardy man alive? Because he is out in all weathers. Murphy is the most weather-beaten man in all the world.

The following advertisement which appeared in a London newspaper, we give as a specimen of true *ballois*:—"If this should meet the eye of Emma D—, who absented herself from her father's house on Wednesday last, she is implored to return, where she will meet with undiminished affection by her almost broken-hearted parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she be determined to bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has spent so many happy years—it is at least expected, if she be not left to all sense of propriety, that she will without further delay, send back the *Key of the tea-caddy*."

The Jews are hastening by thousands to Palestine from all quarters of the globe. Large sums of money have been subscribed for erecting an English Church at Jerusalem, which is intended to be built, if possible, on Mount Sion itself.

It is astonishing how little of life there is when you come to abstract. Infancy or childhood can only be called *recreation*; then, when you add to this sleep, dressing, and undressing, to how little it is reduced! How important, then, to use that little well.

The *Sheridan Mercury*, in describing a ball which took place in Dorsetshire, says, "Dancing was kept up with great spirit until Bol-doff-d his hat and squinted through the sky."