

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MIDSHIPMAN'S EXPEDIENTS; OR, THE DEPUTY CLEAN SHIRT. A TALE OF THE SEA.

By the author of "Hathin the Heifer," &c.

[Continued from our last.]

On a Sunday morning the marine who is placed as sentinel over the light that is always burning in the cockpit, has no sincere office. His arm is generally made stiff for the ensuing work by continuous brushing. Those also who can boast of the shadow of a beard upon their chins, give, at this important crisis, ample employment to the ship's barber.

In a three-decker there is generally some feud between the larboard and the starboard berths, and whilst the young gentlemen are engaged on their sedulous and all engrossing occupation of Adorning, the opportunity is generally seized for making predatory excursions into the deserted berths. An ill guarded case-bottle of rum is generally the reward of a successful foray of this sort, a dreadful colic the attendant upon a failure. We have altered all these things now, in the navy. Little boys, fresh from school, will talk of their injured honour, and oil their Manton hair-triggers at the breath of insult. The young gentlemen, at present, are very prettily behaved young gentlemen indeed; but let neither us nor them, on that account, despise the rough sailor midshipman, who settled his disputes with their lists, thought more of their country's honour than their own, and nobly supported it too, with Duncan, Howe, and Nelson.

But in the midst of this bustling, bawling, brushing and slopping, we must now discover how our hero was employed. He was just about half as miserable as a man that is going to be hung that day fortnight. His captain had, as yet, scarcely noticed him; the lieutenants had openly slighted him, and even his messmates, and the petty officers of his own class, had hitherto affected a contempt for him. Now where a man has to bear up against an accumulation of contumely, you may take it as a sound philosophical truth, that he will do it with the more chance of success, the better that he is irritated. "This hard, very hard, with soiled linen and a threadbare coat, to attempt to look down on perfumed and well dressed pride. Horace felt this Sunday morning, and felt it bitterly. He had performed his lavations with scrupulousity, his clothes were still good and neat, and he had both his hat and boots in the best order; but he had shipped his last clean shirt on the previous Sunday. Though he knew he had but thirteen, he still continued to count them over and over again, as if the art of enumerating them would increase their number.

Mr. Peter Wilkins, the son of a wholesale cheesemonger in Doolley-street, and whose father was the deputy of the ward; and Mr. Jacob Filkins, the son of a retail grocer (but still in a large way,) nearly dressed for muster, stood over poor Horace, insulting him with their pithy, and irritating him by their remarks.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Peter Wilkins, looking complacently on his own proudly embellished frill, and acting the compassionate, "he hasn't got over a clean shirt—what in the world will he do?"

"Sham Ab'ram, skulk, go on the sick list; brig mit-lovite, poor, shabby." Mr. Jacob Filkins loved to be sententious, but he did not so much love the looks that his sententiousness had brought upon him from its object. "Yes," said Peter to his friend Jacob, "you came to the point at once. Now you know, Filkins, folks who are nobodies, and the sons of nobodies, may do very well for cutters and briggs, and craft of that sort, and pass for gentlemen there too, but young gentlemen who belong to line-of-battle ships on duty to sons of nobodies; nay my father allows me forty pence a-year, Filkins, which you know very well; and another, Mrs. Deputy Wilkins, as the top gent always call her in our ward, takes care that my rig-out never disgraces the ship: way, I have six-and-thirty linen shirts!"

"I know you have," said his Achates, "and I've got almost as many, and five of them are clean yet; but I could not demean myself, you know, looking significantly upon poor Horace."

"No, you couldn't, Filkins. Must not disguise everybody that is nobly, like a gentleman, or I would lend the poor devil one myself."

"Beggan an horseback—ride to the devil," said Filkins.

And thus these two city-sprung worthies mutually inflated the pride of each other. Poor innocents! they knew not all this time how near they were to the verge of danger. Still they stood over Elmsford, marking his every article as he pulled them forth separately from his chest. At length the searcher after clean linen had made a very decent pile of clothes upon the deck, for now he had nearly riddled to the very bottom of this massive receptacle of his goods and chattels. Still the two youths, Wilkins and Filkins, looked down upon his labours with all variations of superciliousness.

"I'm thinking, Mr. Filkins," said the son of the Deputy, "that they'll beat off to divisions in no time, and this brig's midshipmate will be made headed for the rest of the day. I say, come here, all of ye—look at Elmsford—he's raving mad." See here, he's flinging his duds all out of his chest—look! here's a kit for you," continued the orator, giving the pile of garments that lay on the deck a most contemptuous spura with his foot.

"And a kick for you," said the enraged Horace, starting up, and sent the astonished Wilkins some feet off by the vigour of the application, until he was brought up by falling down into a basin of well used soap and water, that effectually spoiled the frill and collar of his clean shirt for that day.

"My friend," said Filkins intruding his long nose.

"Hand him that," replied Horace, striking this said interesting nose smartly over his bridge. As the water rushed forth from the rock, when stricken by the wand of Moses, so rushed forth the sanguineous streams from the magnificent organ of Filkins; and thus, in less than one minute, were two clean shirts spoiled.

"I'll have the satisfaction of a gentleman, the moment we get on shore," said Wilkins, putting on another shirt.

"And so will I," said Filkins, pulling off his bloody one.

"Then you'll get more than you are entitled to," said Horace, working away at his chest.

"Low fellow—brig's midshipman—father would astonish him ashore," muttered Wilkins.

"Very low—how he would stare—our wille at Pockham—green verandah—American glass—in a small sugar-cask—painted and varnished—looks like a vase—had him there—know who's who," replied Filkins.

After all, the petty cares of life are the most annoying—the most subduing. We can meet great misfortunes with firmness, and bear up bravely against terrible reverses. In our country invaded, our fields plundered, and our lives, and the lives of those who are dear to us threatened, we grid up our loins like strong men; our step becomes more proud; there is even a smile of haughtiness and defiance upon our countenances. In a struggle of this sort we may be destroyed, but the better part of us, the soul, cannot be overcome. But to appear among our equals mean, ridiculous, sordid, beggarly; those are the stings that enter into and fester the heart of the proud man. Horace Elmsford would much rather have marched up to a well served battery, than have faced the annoyances of that Sunday morning.

But he was not entirely without resource. The genius of love was, all this terrible time of tribulation, watching near him. He was too proud to feign sickness to avoid the muster; he had reached the very bottom of his chest, and in despair. At length he saw included in lavender sprigs, and delicately enveloped in clean writing paper, the well

starched and immaculate cambie handkerchief that he had taken from the lady Isabella. He opened it out, and looked upon it fondly. He threw his whole soul into the mass of recollections, and, for a short space, forgot mysteriously down the stream of time. In those moments he did the beautiful girl justice; he acquitted her of heartlessness, and pronounced himself guilty of folly the most inexcusable. "I," said he, "to aspire to the hand of the only daughter of an earl, who cannot, on a Sunday, command a clean shirt. Presumption—madness!"

"Yes," continued he, half aloud, "her conduct was the wisest, discreetest. She showed me that she liked me well enough to encourage me to be worthy of her—to win her by my worth; and if there is vigour in this arm, and firmness in this heart, I'll win her yet." After this rashness he did not turn his face to the wall, for there was no wall, withal, to turn his face to; but he turned it against the casing of the chain-pumps, and, clapping the cambie to his lips, gave it, with the best round-bill, half a dozen hearty kisses, after the manner of lovers. Then, not thinking those endearments sufficient, he placed the love-keel against his bosom, and then a new light broke in upon him; it was the inspiration of love. Surely it is no great stretch of the imagination to suppose, that a very small emanation of the soul of his own Isabella was near, and whispered him the brilliant idea.

Despair was no longer on his brow, but pride and cheerfulness mantled over his countenance. Horace was a lad of ingenuity; no one better understood how to rig a jurnymast, contrive a make-shift rudder, or achieve ends with the least possible means. He put on the cleanest shirt that he had; he then divided the pure and precious cambie exactly into halves; so he cut through the worked coronet in the centre, he signed a little, but considered it altogether as a good omen. "We will divide our honours as well as our hearts," he said. Having made this division, and taking care that the hemmed corners should be before, he brought two of them up through his black silk handkerchief, and lo! a pair of finer or stiffer shirt collars were not exhibited in the grand fleet that day. Having adjusted this peculiarly to his satisfaction, he brought the remainder of the handkerchief, having first impressed two or three points upon it, over his bosom, and, uniting the two parts in front with a handsome diamond pin, behold, he stood forth a naval exquisite of the first water. Of course, a few compe pins were out in requisition, in order to keep this splendid invention in its proper situation. But there is no privacy in a cockpit. The above operation had been watched by many a wondering, many an admiring eye, and two pair of envious and jealous ones. These belonged to the kicked and beaten Wilkins and Filkins. About five minutes before the drum had beaten to divisions, these two gentlemen had repaired to the quarter-deck, and, in a minute and a-half precisely, every one there became acquainted with the nature of the ingenious contrivance that was about to be offered to their admiration.

The captain did nothing but rub his chin with delight at the invitation; and so eager was he to have an ocular proof of its perfection, that he ordered them to beat off full two minutes before the accustomed time.

Rub, dab-a-dub. The marines, half smothered with pipe-clay, and their eyes protruding from their sockets, on account of their clubbed pistols being tied so tightly behind, are under arms on the poop. Every officer in the ship, in his show clothes, is or ought to be on the quarter-deck, and the seamen come up, not musing and scrambling as at the boatswain's pipe, but with a decent quiet befitting the sacred day. Every man is scrupulously clean, and they range themselves in a double row entirely round the ship.

Up with the crowds of master's mates and midshipmen came Horace Elmsford, with his division list in his hand. He is the exposure of all eyes; every officer has something to say to him, and the gallant captain himself, for the first time, condescends to speak to him,

and bids him give a detail of the loss of the brig of loss of war to which he had recently belonged.

Poor Horace, he was more than half aware of the cause of all the utterings, and jokings, and scrutinizing glances with which he was honoured; and he was covered with confusion, and his face became the deepest scarlet, when Sir Hildebrand Capule asked him if he had saved from the wreck his whole stock of clean shirts.

"I perceive," said his tormenter, "that your linen is of a peculiar texture of fineness; but I rather wish that you would patronize frills, as you see they are worn by myself and all the other officers of my ship."

After having made Horace pass through this purgatory, the captain turned to the first lieutenant, and said, "I like the young fellow's looks amazingly; he is very handsome, and his features remarkable for intelligence and ingenuousness. I should like to show him some civility; I admire his contrivance exceedingly. Do you know any thing of his connections?"

"Nothing at all, Sir Hildebrand. No great things, I should suspect, from whence he came. Mr. Wilkins, his messmate, says that he is very low and very poor; that he knows nothing of genteel society. Indeed, from several quarters I have heard reports so unfavourable of him, that, as yet, we have not asked him to dine in the ward-room.—There are a sad set of scamps, just now, in the small craft of our navy."

"I am very sorry to hear this, indeed. He certainly has the air of a gentleman, though he seems to be laboring under a deal of confusion and embarrassment. Did he bring no letters of recommendation with him?"

"None at all, Sir Hildebrand."

"Sorry for it. I should like to have had him at my own table; but we must be careful Mr. Dix—our must be careful. How does he do his duty?"

"Not a fault to find with him, Sir Hildebrand."

"Then, by sheaves and blocks, he shall dine with me to-morrow; tax his ingenuity again; look at him Dix, he is as handsome as a figure-head, newly painted and gilded from the dock-yard."

In the meantime the divisions had been mustered, the various reports made, and every officer, with the exception of the captain and his first lieutenant, had lanced his miserable sneer against the gentleman with the simulated clean shirt; every one, with the above exceptions, having pronounced him "low—very low."

But, at the precise moment, Horace Elmsford was not the only object of interest. An hour before, an English frigate had been in sight of the fleet, and the admiral had made the signal to send boats on board of her, for letters and parcels from dear little England. The six-armed cutter had been absent almost half an hour. The captain was just upon the point of sending the men below, when she pulled alongside, and a bag full of letters was handed up, and two small boxes.

Independently of the letters in the bag, there was a parcel of letters for the captain, immediately from the admiralty. These, of course, were put into the captain's hands where he stood, whilst the bag and boxes were carried into the cabin. The captain breaks the seal of two or three; every eye in the ship is upon him except Horace's; he has no interest in the proceedings; he is only anxious to hide himself in the gloomy recesses of the cock-pit. There he stands to leeward, and as far from the other groups of officers as the amplitude of the deck will allow.

Sir Hildebrand has read one particular letter slowly through; he seems transfixed with surprise, and in his astonishment he has dropped it upon the deck; before any can assist him he has picked it up again, and reads it through still more slowly; all manner of doubt is seen to vanish from his countenance; it is now lighted up with a rich smile of joyousness, and a little archness is mingled with its expression of happiness. He walks rapidly over to leeward; the clusters of officers make

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UPPER CANADA.

DEATH OF CATHARINE BRANT.—The Upper Canada papers announce the death, at the Mohawk village, on the Grand River, of Catharine Brant, relict of Captain Joseph Brant, the celebrated leader of the Six Nations, aged 78 years. This Indian princess was a remarkable woman. She was the third wife of the distinguished Chief, whose name during the war of the American revolution carried terror into every border hamlet, and was moreover, in her own right, by birth, the head of the great Indian confederacy of the Six Nations, hence, on the death of her husband, in 1837, upon her devolution of the naming of a successor to the Head Chieftaincy of the Alliance. The post was conferred on her youngest son, the late John Brant, who died of the cholera, in 1832. On the decease of this brave fellow, who was her favourite son, she appointed to the Chieftaincy an infant grandchild, the son of Colonel William J. Kerr, of Brant house, Wellington Square, who married the youngest daughter of Joseph Brant. The Chief is a sprightly little fellow, three quarter Mohawk, and inheriting his white blood from Sir William Johnson. Mrs Brant, the deceased, was a true Mohawk. She was very handsome when young, and was married to Captain Joseph Brant, at Niagara in the spring of 1780. When the old Chief visited England the first time in 1775-6, having resolved to take up the hatchet in the cause of the Crown, he procured a large gold ring, upon which his name—Joseph Brant Thavendanegea, was engraved, in order that, in the event of his fall, his body might be known. Soon after his death this ring was lost, and was not seen again until ploughed up in a field, two years ago. Its recovery gave great joy to the old lady, who happened to be on a visit to her daughter, when it was found. After the war, her husband built a mansion at the head of Lake Ontario, where he adopted the English style of living to a considerable extent. But on his death, Mrs. Brant resumed the Indian mode of life, and returned among her people, on the Grand River where she has resided ever since, with the exception of occasional visits to her accomplished daughter at the Brant house.—*New York Commercial.*

A seizure was made last evening by A. Jones, Esq., Custom House Officer in this village, of a large quantity of spurious copper coin, brought by a person from Lower Canada and stated by the owner or individual in charge, to have been manufactured in Great Britain; the coin was contained in nine separate bags, weighing in all 430 lbs.—*Preston Sentinel.*

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, Feb. 17.—The Williamstown Glengary Highlanders marched on Wednesday for St. Philippe and adjoining parishes. The battalion numbered 871 bayonets, and presented a fine body of effective men. Colonel Fraser is the commander of the battalion. This gentleman was in the army during the war with the United States, and for two years was stationed at St. Philippe, so that he will be quite *au fait* in his present quarters. Whatever service this corps may be employed on, we feel assured it will do its duty; and one great object has been already gained for the maintenance of this colony as portion of the British Empire, namely, proof has been afforded that the militia of Glengary are not only willing to fight at home, but abroad; not only ready to protect themselves, but to give their assistance to their friends, the Constitutionlists of this Province. Well may they claim the motto "Aye ready."

We learn that the county of Glengary can turn out upon emergency, two thousand fighting men.—(*Montreal Herald.*)

A few evenings ago one of the sentries of the St. Lawrence Ward was attacked near the barrier by three "loyal" Canadians, who knocked him down and attempted to wrest his bayonet from his grasp. With admirable presence of mind, he unfixed his bayonet, and sheathed it about four inches in one of the ruffians, on which they all engaged to assassinate it is reported that the man is since dead.—*Id.*

The two men who so brutally beat Mr. Knapp, a few days ago, are now in jail. Their names are J. Baptiste Desjardins and J. Baptiste Johannek. The latter it will be recollected, was one of the witnesses of the House of Assembly, in the affair of the 21st May.—*Montreal Transcript.*

army, nearly annihilated, is flying before his enemies. The moment that peace is established, hasten to the arms of your affectionate father, nor leave me till I expire in yours.

"ARROWFIELD AND EASTONVILLE." Horace did not read this letter unmoved—he promised a great deal of love to his three cousins; but vowed that it should be strictly brotherly.

There was another commended letter to be opened. It was from Lord Montescue, and ran thus:—

"My dear Lord Milintower,—What was the cause of that little *bramillier* of ours? You misunderstood me quite. "Walk out of my house was plain speaking, however," muttered Horace. "I was quite surprised at not finding you at dinner that evening.—We were so disappointed, particularly Bella. She tells me you robbed her of a handkerchief. *Adieu, an adieu.* I can't allow that, you know, so immediately you return to England, you must come to it and restore it with your own hand. So I find by the Gazette that that most estimable nobleman, your highly respected father, is one of the cabinet. No one can rejoice at it more than myself. Tell him that he may command my vote and interest in both houses. I shall not say adieu, but merely *au revoir.*"

"MONTSCUE." Contained in this was a little billet, merely containing these words:—

"Do not, Horace, lose or spoil my handkerchief. I set a great value upon it."

"I have cut it in halves," said he, as he kissed the perfumed note.

Hardly had Horace appalled himself that the admiral signalled to the Harleux; to send Lieutenant Lord Milintower on board the Flag. This was a great annoyance to the Harleux. Horace, of course went, and was highly respected with all manner of honours and attention. The admiral presented him with his commission, and the young lieutenant came ashore his own ship in the commander-in-chief's barge.

The hands were immediately turned up, and the commission read. That day, the midshipmen lost their appetites in astonishment. They were in a state to swallow anything but their dinners. Not only was it now believed that the dirty brig's midshipman was the son of a minister, but that that very midshipman was going home to be appointed the First Lord of the Admiralty. However, they resolved to make the most of him whilst they had him. It was not long.

Horace that day dined with the admiral, and the evening night slept on board his ship. The next day it was announced to Sir Hippobrande Canine, that Lord Milintower had exchanged into the Flag. The son of a cabinet minister and a real Lord was an article much too good for the Harleux.

How Horace bore his change of fortune, and what other advantages befell him are all foreign to our purpose. He had known adversity and borne it like a man. We hardly can suppose that he would act unbecomingly, in his prosperity.

It was a long time before the excitement among the Harleux subsided. Cutters' and brig's midshipmen were treated better among their afterwards. Lord Milintower went over the ship's side for the last time: Mr. Wilkins and his friend Mr. Filkins sided up to him, and asked him hesitatingly to shake hands with them as old messmates, the which his lordship did most heartily, and rather painfully to them in his energy.

When peace was proclaimed, and Mr. Wilkins had it all his own way round the fire-side in Tooley-street, and Mr. Filkins ditto, at the villa at Peckham, both of these half-pay lieutenants would spin most extraordinarily long yarns, among which there was always sure to figure something very remarkable about their intimate friend and messmate, Lord Milintower.

UNITED STATES.

SPECIE PAYMENTS.

It is believed that the United States Bank of Pennsylvania is the sole obstacle at this moment to the resumption of specie payments by the banks throughout the Union.

Governor Ritner, in his annual message, assured the Legislature, that "the banks of Pennsylvania are in a better condition than before the suspension, and that the resumption of specie payments, so far as it depends upon their resources and situation, may take place at any time."—(*Albany Argus, February 12.*)

room for him with wonder, he passes them all, to the solitary corner where stands the disconsolate Horace Elmston, he seizes the slender-stricken youth by both hands, works them violently, in my humble fashion, and of length exclaims: "My dear Lord Milintower, I wish you all manner of joy!" Then, leading him forward by the hand, he continues, addressing the assembled officers, "Gentlemen, I am proud to introduce to you the junior lieutenant of this ship, my friend, Lord Milintower."

"Lor—er," said Mr. Wilkins to Mr. Filkins. "My," said Mr. Filkins to Mr. Wilkins. I wish I had lent him a clean shirt."

"Well, a real lord too; nobody can say I wasn't his messmate, however." There was consolation in the idea, and Mr. Wilkins paced the deck more proudly.

We are not going to occupy three or four pages with the expressions of surprise, and congratulations, and the offers of friendship that ensued. Every one now perceived, at once, the air of aristocratic in my Lord Milintower, that was totally imperceptible in Mr. Midshipman Elmston. Every one accused himself of being a fool for overlooking so much latent merit. However, the captain soon rescued our friend Horace from the persecutions of politeness by taking his arm and leading him into his cabin. The reader may be sure that no allusion was made to the deputy clean shirt. Sir Hippobrande's valet was sent for, and the whole toilet of his master placed at the service of a young lord.

But, for all these attentions, there was but small occasion: Horace's father, now the Earl of Arrowfield, had thought of the dignity of his son. The two small boxes were for him, and contained the necessary uniform for his advanced rank in the service, and a fresh supply of linen. There were also two letters placed in the hands of Horace.

"Command, my dear lord," said the captain; "the privacy of my after-cabin; you will there be able to read, unmolested, your communications from home." Sir Hippobrande again shook Horace's hand, and our hero found himself alone.

For a few minutes he could only pace the deck of the cabin; so tumultuous were his feelings. Though the news that he had just received were so joyous, yet joy at first was hardly felt. Astonishment seemed to possess one half of the faculties of his mind and tenderness the other. He had his father's letter sealed with the impression of an immense coronet, in his hand, and yet he was thinking of Lady Elizabeth Montescue. There too, amidst his thoughts, when the reflection stole upon him that he had not achieved greatness, but that it had been thrust upon him. "But she will pardon me this, I hope," he thought. He would not have been so well pleased if he had known how easily.

At length, when his perturbation had a little subsided, he broke the seal of his father's letter. It was to the following effect:—

"My dear Son,—You have been a blessing and a pride to me during many years of poverty, and almost a privation, and knowing and feeling this, I am assured that you will be my boast and my honour in our unexpected affluence and advancement. Your uncle, the late Earl of Arrowfield, though he never could love, could not forbear esteeming me. On his death, the honors of which I trust I have alleviated, he desired to be commended to you, and to express his regrets that he had never been known to you. My poor brother has been severely tried. Two fine youths, his sons, cut off in the short space of seven months,—I marvel not that the blow was too heavy for him. He bowed his head before the infliction and died. There are three of his daughters living, your cousins, whom you have not only never seen, but perhaps, whose very names are unknown to you. We must be kind to the poor orphans.

"For myself, I felt that I wanted occupation; by the time that you will have received this, most likely I shall have joined the present ministry; it seems that my stern and uncompromising character will be more appreciated in the cabinet than at the bar. I doubt it, but we shall see.

"As to yourself, my dear Horace, I wish you to remain in the service till the conclusion of the war. After that, of course, as you will have heavy responsible duties as a great land-owner and a future statesman to perform, you will retire from the service, and educate yourself carefully for the important office that Providence has called upon you to fulfil.

"The white flag will soon be flying on the batteries of Toulon; for Bonaparte, with his

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 20th FEBRUARY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, --- Jan. 4. New-York, --- Feb. 14.
Liverpool, --- Jan. 1. Halifax, --- Feb. 8.
Barré, --- Dec. 31. Toronto, --- Feb. 14.

New-York papers of the 14th inst. received this morning, furnish no later intelligence from Europe.

There are various flying rumours in circulation of new bands being formed on the frontiers, with the intention of invading Canada, but nothing certain is known.

The Halifax mail, which arrived yesterday morning, brought papers to the 8th instant. They are without any news of moment.

The departure of Lord Gosford and suite we understand, is finally fixed for Thursday next. They will proceed to Boston, and will cross the river at the proper time of tide on that day.

We are not among the violent abusers of His Lordship or his administration. In our private capacity, we never asked but one favor at his hands, and it was granted immediately—we mean that we tendered our services as one of the rank and file in an unpaid corps, and that they were most graciously accepted. And we have swayed the editorial sceptre too short a time to have had any opportunities of counselling His Excellency *ex officio*, and showing him how the government should be administered; and he has not, therefore, incurred our displeasure by presuming to think differently from us. We believe him to be a kind-hearted, good-natured nobleman, wishing well to all parties, and doing what he thought most likely to promote his grand object, of conciliating men to whose trade peace and good-will among the inhabitants of this Province would have been ruin, and of reconciling those whose bloods would not mingle in a bowl.

We could blame no man for not succeeding in setting the Thames on fire; and if we should think there is no great wit in making the attempt, we should certainly admit the wisdom of asking leave to give up the job as a bad one. His Lordship went rather far, perhaps, when as the Queen's Representative, he undertook to make love to certain of her enemies; but the principle was a Christian one, and saved Her Majesty some trouble, which she would hardly have taken herself, Head of the Church and Defender of the Faith though she be; and if he put some of them into a position in which the great body of them in a position into which the sternest opposition could never have got them; and if they are now known to our rulers at home for what they are, we may thank His Lordship for it.

But we are getting seriously political, and must stop. Perhaps, in our next, under a new and military Governor, we may fix bayonets and come to the charge with a confession of our political faith; but for this time we shall conclude by saying that we sincerely wish his Lordship and all his suite a pleasant journey and a fortunate passage, and health, wealth and prosperity at home, winding up by four couple of rhymes to his justification and praise—

Why should loyalists praise to Lord Gosford be-
grudge
Because A.'s made a Colonel or B. is a Judge?
We should love all our foes—and no doubt it is true
That we ought to love those who are good to them
too.
Then triumphant the Baron of Worlington's case is,
For he gave our worst foes honors, money and places,
And they found him good-natured and cheerful
enough.
Though he came in a pique, and goes off in a huff
(Hough).

Mr. C. D. DAY, of Montreal, has addressed a long and interesting communication to the New-York Commercial Advertiser, detailing the causes and consequences of the late rebellion in Lower Canada. Mr. Day is a gentleman of American origin, and distinguished for his ardent attachment to the Sovereign and the existing Constitution of this Province. The clear and dispassionate manner in which the subject is treated, will doubtless have the effect of convincing the sensible portion of the people of the United States,—if there are any such as yet unconvinced,—how ill-judged and misplaced was that "sympathy" so largely bestowed on the miscraut marauders of Canada.

Sir John Colborne will be sworn in as Administrator of the Government, at Montreal, on the same day on which Lord Gosford departs; and in the evening that city will be illuminated in honor of Sir John Colborne.

A meeting of the Loyal Volunteers of the Seigneurie of Beauharnois held a meeting on the 14th instant, for the purpose of contradicting a report in circulation, that they had refused to march to meet the enemy threatening an invasion of the Province at Hemmingford. The following is an extract of a resolution unanimously passed at the meeting:—

"Our brethren of the Townships may rest assured that we consider it a paramount duty to hold ourselves prepared to proceed at any moment to aid and assist them in the protection of their lives and properties, situated as they appear to be in the vicinity of a set of lawless miscreants, pretended sympathisers for Canadian oppression, and other vagabonds, citizens of the United States, whose objects are murder and rapine, under the pretence of propagating the doctrines of liberty and equality. We beg also to assure the Commander in Chief of our readiness to march against either the foreign or domestic foes of our Queen and country, whenever and wherever we are ordered, and request especially that we were not allowed to embrace the late opportunity of making a more palpable manifestation of our zeal in the cause."

The Fugitive of the Church at Chateaugay was entered on the night of the 13th instant, and the sum of 20,000 livres, in specie, dollars and half dollars, carried off. A reward of 1000 livres is offered on information and recovery of the money.

The Quebec Light Infantry, consisting of five companies, under the command of Major John Sewell, were marched from their rendezvous, at the House of Assembly, on Sunday afternoon, through Palace Gate, to the ice on the River St. Charles, where they performed a variety of field movements with great precision highly creditable to the corps and their respective officers. The day was fine, and a large number of the citizens were present. The appearance and manoeuvres of the Rifles gave much satisfaction.

The Steamboat *Three Rivers* has been purchased by Mr. Augustin St. Louis, of Yamachiche, for the sum of £750, and is intended by him to be employed in the trade and navigation of the river Chaubaly.—*Gazette*.

Eight resolutions, on the breach of neutrality by the citizens of the United States, were ordered to be printed by the House of Assembly of Upper Canada on the 3rd instant. They appear to be true; approve of the capture of the Steamer *Caroline*—censure the grand intrigue of the County of Niagara in the State of New-York, who found a Bill against Col. McNab and those employed in the capture, for murder, and conclude "that reparation is due by the American Government to Her Majesty, not only for the expenses incurred in defending the Province, but for the destruction of the lives of our fellow subjects.—*Id.*"

THE ARMY.

The London Globe mentions that all officers on leave of absence from Canada, have had their leave cancelled, and are ordered to proceed forthwith, via New-York, to join their respective corps.

Lieut. Col. Wetherall, who has so distinguished himself in this Province, is son to General Sir F. A. Wetherall, and brother to Col. Wetherall's late Commandant of the British Legion in Spain.

Colonel Mailland occupies London (U. C.) with four companies of the 32nd Regt., and part of the 83d are at St. Thomas.

DIED.

At Three-Rivers, on the 12th instant, Thomas Budden, Esq. aged 54.

At Toronto, suddenly, on the 9th instant, James Newbigging, Esq. of the firm of Murray, Newbigging & Co. of that city, of which he was Alderman. At Toronto, on the 5th instant, Mrs. Allan Chisholm, of typhus fever; and on the 10th instant, Mr. Chisholm, her husband, formerly merchant in Toronto, of the same disease.

At Guernsey, on the 8th Dec., Lieut. Col. John Harper, Commanding the Royal Engineers in that island.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT is published every Tuesday and Saturday morning; Price, One Penny. Subscriptions will be received by the year, half-year, or quarter, at the rate of Ten Shillings per annum.

As the moderate price at which THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT is published is calculated to ensure it a very wide circulation, it will afford a desirable medium for advertising.

Subscriptions, advertisements and communications are received at the Office, No. 24, St. Peter Street. Subscription lists are also left at the Exchange Reading Room and at Mr. Neilson's Book-store.

The circulation of THE TRANSCRIPT, which is daily increasing, already amounts to ONE THOUSAND OF EACH PUBLICATION; and it consequently offers decided advantages to persons desirous of giving publicity to their advertisements.

AGENCY IN MONTREAL.

MR. J. WHITE, Hardware Merchant, St. Paul Street, (opposite to Raseau's Hotel,) is Agent for the LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, and is authorized to receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c.

VOLUNTEERS—ATTENTION!!!



CAPTAINS GILLESPIE'S COMPANY, No. IV. Quebec Light Infantry, will for the future meet every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evening, at Half-past Six o'clock, in the Riding House, near the Chateau.

The attendance of the members for Drill being required only three times a-week, it is requested that all will appear PUNCTUALLY at the appointed hours on the days above mentioned. Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

TAVERN LICENCES.

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE PEACE, QUEBEC, 5TH FEBRUARY, 1838.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that on the 1st Day of MARCH Next, at the hour of 10, A. M., at the Court House, in this City, a General Special Session of the Peace will be held for the purpose of taking into consideration Applications and Petitions for Tavern Licences and Renewals of Tavern Licences for the present year. That in no case will any application for a Renewal of License be entertained, unless the License for the preceding year be produced and filed. All Applications and Petitions for such Licences, and Renewals thereof, to be in the meantime made and filed in this Office. (By order.)

PERRAULT & SCOTT,
Clerk of the Peace.

One insertion weekly in all the Newspapers published in this City, in their respective languages, until the 1st of March next.

GEORGE HANN, FURRIER,
St. JOSEPH STREET, UPPER TOWN.

BEGS to inform his friends and the public, that it is his intention shortly to leave Quebec for England, and he would thank those who are indebted to him to settle their accounts without delay; and to those to whom he is indebted are requested to present their accounts for payment. Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

QUEBEC MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.

MEMBERS are respectfully informed that Mr. CHRISTOPHER SPARLING has been appointed Sub-Librarian and Collector to the above Institution, and his hereby authorized to collect Subscriptions or Donations on account of the Society.

HENRY WESTON,
Recording Secretary, Q. M. L.

Quebec, 8th February, 1838.

RAN AWAY.

EDOUARD F. DUBOIS, an apprentice to Mr. McPHERSON, Shoe-Maker, residing at the Falls of Montmorency, absconded on Thursday morning last, taking with him a hand-leigh, and several articles of clothing, the property of his master; a liberal reward will be given to any one who will apprehend him. And all persons are hereby forbidden harboring him, under the penalties of the law. He is fifteen years of age, black hair and dark complexion; about five feet in height, and was dressed in a suit of grey cloth-du-pays. Quebec, 10th February, 1838.

JOSHUA HOBROUGH,
TAILOR,

No. 3, HOPPE STREET, NEAR TO MR. J. S. SIMS, [IMPRESSED with a due sense of gratitude for the favors conferred upon him by the gentlemen residing in Quebec, and its vicinage, and by the public in general, avails himself of the present moment, to return them his most heartfelt thanks; and at the same time he assures them, that no efforts on his part shall be wanted to insure a similar continuance of their future patronage and support.

J. H. takes this opportunity likewise, of respectfully informing the gentry and the public at large, that he has received his Fall Supply, consisting of—Beerskin Cloth (superior to any in town), Pilot Cloth, Buckskins, Cassimeres, &c. suitable to the season; and he is ready to receive and execute all orders on the lowest terms for cash. Quebec, 15th January 1838.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business, most respectfully intimates that he has constantly on hand a Choice Assortment of Wines, Spirituous Liquors, Groceries, &c., all of the best quality.

JOHN JOHNSTON,
Corner of the Upper-Town Market Place,
Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits' Barrack.

FOR SALE.

AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK by Parkinson & Frodsahn, London; a Two-Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPSON-SOMETER, at

MARTYNS,
Chromometer Maker, &c. &c.
St. Peter Street, 30th Jan. 1838.

NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,

Carving, Turning, Designing, Mould Making, &c. No. 27, SAINT JOHN STREET.

The premises formerly occupied by J. & J. Thornton JAMES M'KENZIE returns cordial thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, and informs them that he has now entered into Partnership with THOMAS BOWLES, an experienced Musical Instrument and Cabinet Maker, from New-York.

M'KENZIE & BOWLES beg to express their hope, that from the excellence of their materials, their skill as workmen, and the very general nature of their establishment, they will be able promptly to execute all orders with which they may be favored in the above mentioned, and in the FANCY line, in such a manner as to meet the unqualified approbation and increasing preference and patronage of their employers.

Piano Fortes and other Instruments carefully repaired. Quebec, 29th January, 1838.

NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE.

THE Subscribers in returning thanks to their friends and the public at large, for the liberal support they have received since they commenced business, most respectfully intimate that they have a large assortment of CONFECTIONARY and CAKES, of the best quality.

SCOTT & M'CONKEY,
No. 59, St. John Street.
Quebec, 27th January, 1838.

SAMUEL TOZER,

BUTCHER,
STALL No. 1, UPPER TOWN MARKET.

BEGS respectfully to return thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support he has hitherto received; and takes this opportunity of informing them that he has always on hand Corned Rounds of Beef, Briskets, &c.; also, Mutton for Saddles and Hamchees, all of the very best quality. Quebec, 13th January, 1838.

BOOKS FOR SALE,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE,
No. 14, Mountain Street

SCOTT'S WORKS, in seven vols.
Bulwer's Novels, in 1 vol. cloth,
Murray's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth,
Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep.
Henry's Miscellaneous Works.
Dwight's Theology,
Hume and Smollett's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols.
Astoria, by Washington Irving,
The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz."
Mishnupoc's Expedients, by the author of *Ratlin the Reserger*.
Quebec, 13th January, 1838.

FOR SALE,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE,
Price 1s. 3d.

THE SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE, by Astolius. CONTENTS:—Introduction, Introductory Letters, Introduction to Society, at home and from home, Visiting, Tatling, and Gossiping, Table, Peculiar Habits, Salutations and Ceremonies, Dress, Dancing, Presents, Letters, and Appointments, Trailing, Servants, Fashion.

RUSSIA ERMINE CLOAK.

TO BE RAFFLED.—A Camelot Cloak, lined throughout with Russian ermine,—by forty subscribers at five shillings each. A subscription list is left at the Elephant & Castle Hotel, Upper Town, where the Cloak may be seen.

FIRE-WOOD.

FOR SALE,—in quantities of from One to Fifty Cords,—consisting of Birch and Maple.—Apply to Mr. SAMUEL TOZER, Upper Town Market. Quebec 13th January, 1838.

POETRY.

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEER'S SONG,
BY THE EDITOR OF THE NIAGARA REPORTER.

Queen of the Ocean and the Isles,
Although before thee now
The canopy, the pomp and pride
Of chivalry may bow,
We know thou wilt not seem to own
The homage of the free
Of 'tis fair land, who greet thee well—
Fair Lady of the Sea!

We breathe for thee the soldier's prayer,
Thou hast our confidence
But spirit joins the fervent shout—
"Huzza!—God save the Queen!"
Altho' might buckled in courtly phrase
Canadian tongues may bow,
Their arms are strong to guard thy throne—
Fair Lady of the Sea!

When red Rebellion's fiery cross
Spoke from its fierce alarms,
'Twas hark! the thrilling bugle-horn,
And Freedom rushed to arms.
Thou wert, as saw, and quailed before
The fan-ghosts of the free!
Canadian rights and thine were saved—
Fair Lady of the Sea!

Cat-bans, let a pirate bark
Her blood-stained banner wave,
The ruffian scold stalks thee forth,
You foolsh-hand of slaves,
Brothers, again—the bugle horn
Pours forth its starting glee!
As in we rally round our Queen—
Fair Lady of the Sea!

Again the hour of peril came—
The booming gun is heard—
The Star of glory lights our way,
We wait no chains but those of love,
The fetters of the free!
Huzza! for Britain's Queen of hearts—
The Lady of the Sea!

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A FAMILY SCENE,
BY MISS FERMIER.

"The great use of dressing should be, that we may know how for hours to live in the gown, therefore, ought of absolute necessity, to be failed."—JOHNSON.

The first appearance of the Holm was highly impressive. It was a large, handsome-looking house, situated in a well-wooded park, by the side of a broad placid river, and an air of seclusion and stillness reigned all round, which impressed the mind with images of peace and repose. The interior of the house was no less promising: there was a spacious hall and a handsome staircase, with all appliances to beauty; but as they approached the drawing-room, all the luxurious indulgence of thought, inspired by the tranquillity of the scenery, was quickly dispelled by the discordant sounds which issued from thence, and, when the door was thrown open, the footman in vain attempted to announce the visitors. In the middle of the room all the chairs were collected to form a coach and horses for the Masters and Misses Fairbairn. One manly-looking archer sat in front, cradling a large whip, with all his might—another acted as guide behind, and there a third, in a night-cap and flannel lappet, who had some what the air of an idiot quarrelled with the rest of the party, patting up and down, in solitary majesty, beating a drum. On a sofa sat Mrs. Fairbairn, a soft, fair, grunted-looking woman, with a crying child of about three years old at her side, tearing paper into shreds, seemingly for the delight of littering the carpet, which was already strewed with headless dolls, tailless horses, wheelless carts, &c. As she rose to receive her visitors it began to scream.

"Can not going away, Charlotte, however, don't be frightened," said the fond mother, with a look of indelible pleasure.

"You no get up—you shan't get up," screamed Charlotte, sitting her mother's gown fiercely to detain her.

"My darling, you'll surely let me go to speak to uncle—your uncle, who brings you pretty things, you know?"—but, during this colloquy, as he and the ladies had made their way to the enraptured mother, and the bustle of a meeting and introduction was not over, Clara was detained by the footman with some difficulty, and placed as close to the mistress of the house as possible, aware, that otherwise, it would not be easy to carry on even question and answer amid the tumult that reigned.

"You had as rather noisy, I am afraid,"

said Mrs. Fairbairn with a smile, and in a manner which evidently meant the reverse: "but this is Saturday, and the children are all in such spirits, and they won't stay away from me—Henry, my dear, don't crack your whip quite so loud—there's a good boy—that's a new whip his papa bought him from London; and he's so proud of it!—William, my darling, don't you think your arm makes rather too much noise?—If I were you I would give it a rest.—Alexander, your trumpet makes rather too much noise—one of these ladies has got a headache—wait till you go on—there's my good boy, and then you'll blow it at the cows, and the sheep, you know? and frighten them.—Oh! how you'll frighten them with it!"

"No, I'll not blow it at the cows—I'll blow it at the horses, because then they'll think it's the pull-coach."—And he was running off when Henry jumped down from the coach.

"No, but you shan't frighten them with your trumpet, I shall frighten them with my whip. Manan, aren't horses best frightened with a whip?"—and a struggle ensued.

"Well, don't fight, my dears, and you shall both frighten them," cried their mamma.

"No, I'm determined he shan't frighten them, I shall do it," cried both together, as they rushed out of the room, and the drummer was preparing to follow.

"William, my darling, don't you go after those naughty boys; you know they are always very bad to you. You know they wouldn't let you into their coach with your drum." Here William began to cry.—"Well, my dear, you shall have a coach of your own—a much finer coach than theirs; I wouldn't mind your ugly dirty coach; and you shall have—"

Here something of a consolatory nature was whispered, William was consoled, and even prevailed upon to relinquish his drum for his mamma's ivory work-box, the contents of which were soon scattered on the floor.

"These boys go gone without their hats," cried Mrs. Fairbairn in a tone of distress.

"Eh, my dear, pull the bell for Sally to get the boys hats."—Sally being despatched with the hats, something like a cabu ensued in the absence of her of the whip and trumpet, but as it will be of short duration, it is necessary to take advantage of it in improving the introduction into an acquaintance with the Fairbairn family.

Mrs. Fairbairn was one of those ladies who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be any thing else. All the duties, pleasures, charities, and decencies of life, were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother; she was the grand-mamma of her dear infants, her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts, and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband from the time he became a father. He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr. Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs. Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr. Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings, or refined taste; and although, at first, he did feel a little uneasy at what he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet, in time, he became accustomed to it, then came to look upon Mrs. Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers, and finally resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs. Fairbairn was the mother. In all this there was more of selfish egotism, and animal instinct, than of rational affection, or Christian principle; but both parents piqued themselves upon their fondness for their offspring, as if it were a feeling peculiar to themselves, and not one they shared in common with the lowest and weakest of their species. Like them, too, it was used the bodies of their children that they lavished their chief care and tenderness, for, as to the immortal interests of their souls, or the cultivation of their minds, or the improvement of their tempers, these were but little attended to, at least in comparison of their health and personal appearance.

"And if there be not a gem so precious as the immortal soul," how often do these gentlemen pass their best before you; for how seldom is it that a parent's greatest care is for the immortal happiness of that being whose presence, and at best transient, existence crosses their every thought and desire! But, perhaps, Mrs. Fairbairn, like many a foolish, ignorant mother, did her best, and had she been satisfied with spoiling her children herself for her own private amusement, and

not have drawn in her visitors and acquaintances to share in it, the evil might have passed unperceived. But Mrs. Fairbairn, instead of shutting herself up in her nursery, chose to bring her nursery down to her drawing-room, and instead of modestly denying her friends an entrance into her purgatory, she had a foolish pride in showing herself in the midst of her angels. In short, as the best things, when corrupted, always become the worst, so the purest and truest of human affections, when thus debased by selfishness and egotism, turn to the most foolish and ridiculous of human weaknesses—a truth but too well exemplified by Mrs. Fairbairn.

"I have been much to blame," said she, addressing Miss Bell, in a soft, whispering, child-like voice, "for not having been at Bellevue long ago; but dear little Charlotte has been so pleased with her toilet, I could not think of leaving her—for she is so fond of me, she will go to nobody else—she screams when her maid offers to take her—and she won't even go to her papa."

"Is that possible?" said the Major.

"I assure you it's very true—she's a very naughty girl sometimes," bestowing a long and rapturous kiss on the child. "Who was it that beat poor papa for taking her from mamma last night? Well, I can't cry—no, no, it wasn't my Charlotte. She knows every word that's said to her, and did from the time she was only a year old."

"That is wonderful!" said Miss Bell; "but how is my little favourite Andrew?"

"He is not very stout yet, poor little fellow, and we must be very careful of him." Then turning to Miss St. Clair, "Our little Andrew has had the measles, and you know the dregs of the measles are a serious thing—much worse than the measles themselves, Andrew—Andrew Waddell, my love, come here and speak to the ladies." And then upon Andrew Waddell, in a night-cap, riding on a stick, drew near. Being the Major's namesake, Miss Bell, in the ardour of her attachment, thought proper to coax Andrew Waddell on her knee, and even to open her watch for his entertainment.

"Ah! I see who spoils Andrew Waddell," cried the delighted mother.

The Major chuckled—Miss Bell disclaimed, and for the time Andrew Waddell became the hero of the piece; the dregs of the measles were carefully pointed out, and all his sufferings and sayings duly recapitulated. At length Miss Charlotte, impatient at finding herself eclipsed, began to scold, and cry with all her strength.

"It's her teeth, darling little thing," said her mother, caressing her.

"I'm sure it's her teeth, sweet little dear," said Miss Bell.

"It undoubtedly must be her teeth, poor little girl," said the Major.

"If you will feel her gum," said Mrs. Fairbairn, putting her own finger into the child's mouth, "you will feel how hot it is."

This was addressed in a sort of general way to the company, some of whom seemed to avail themselves of the privilege; till Mrs. Major stepped forward, and having with his fore-finger made the circuit of Miss Charlotte's mouth, gave it as his decided opinion, that there was a tooth actually cutting the skin. Miss Bell followed the same course, and confirmed the interesting fact—adding, that it appeared to her to be "an uncommon large tooth."

At that moment Mr. Fairbairn entered, bearing in his arms another of the family, a fat, sour, new-waked-looking creature, sucking its finger. Scarcely was the introduction over—"There's a pair of legs!" exclaimed he, holding out a pair of thick purple stumps with red worsted shoes at the end of them.

"I don't suppose Miss St. Clair ever saw legs like these in France; are they not, these are sorrel and milk legs, are they not, Bobby?"

But Bobby continued to chew the end of his own thumb in solemn silence.

"Will you speak to me, Bobby?" said Miss Bell, bent upon being audible and agreeable—but still Bobby was mute.

"We think this little fellow rather long of speaking," said Mr. Fairbairn; "we delight that his legs have run away with his tongue."

"How old is he?" asked the Major.

"He is only nine, ten months and ten days," answered his mother, "so he has not yet made much time; but I would rather see a child fat and thriving, than have it very forward."

"No comparison!" was here uttered in a breath by the Major and Miss Bell.

"There's a great difference in children in their time of speaking," said the mamma—

"Alexander didn't speak till he was two and a quarter; and Henry, again, had a great many little words before he was seventeen months; and Eliza and Charlotte both said mamma as plain as I do at a year—but girls always speak sooner than boys—as for William Pitt and Andrew Waddell, the twins, they both suffered so much from their teething, that they were longer of speaking than they would otherwise have been—indeed, I never saw an infant suffer so much as Andrew Waddell did—he had greatly the measles of William Pitt at one time, till the measles pulled him down."

A movement was here made by the visitors to depart.

"You mustn't go without seeing the baby," cried Mrs. Fairbairn—Mr. Fairbairn, will you pull the bell twice for baby?"

The bell was twice rung, but no body answered the summons.

"She must be asleep," said Mrs. Fairbairn; "but I will take you up to the nursery, and you will see her in her cradle." And Mrs. Fairbairn led the way to the nursery, and opened the shutter, and uncovered the cradle, and displayed the baby.

"Just five months—uncommon fine child—the lance of Mr. Fairbairn—fat little thing—neat little hands—sweet little mouth—pretty little nose—nice little toes" &c. &c. &c. were as usual whispered over it.

Miss St. Clair flattered herself the exhibition was now over, and was again taking leave, when, to her dismay, the squires of the whip and the trumpet rushed in, proclaiming that it was pouring of rain! To leave the house was impossible, and, as it was getting late, there was nothing for it but staying dinner.

The children of this happy family always dined at table, and their food and manner of eating were the only subjects of conversation Alexander did not like mashed potatoes—and Andrew Waddell could not eat broth—and Eliza could live upon fish—and William Pitt took too much small beer—and Henry ate as much meat as his papa—and all these peculiarities had descended from some one or other of their ancestors. The dinner was simple on account of the children, and there was no dessert, as Bobby did not agree with fruit. But to make amends, Eliza's sampler was shown, and Henry and Alexander's copy-books were handed round the table, and Andrew Waddell stood up and repeated "My name is Norval," from beginning to end, and William Pitt was prevailed upon to sing the whole of "God save the King," in a little squeaking mealy voice, and was bravoed and applauded as though he had been Ibrahim himself.

To paint a scene in itself so tiresome is doubtless but a poor amusement to my reader, who must often have endured similar persecution. For, who has not suffered from the obstinate fondness of parents for their offspring?—and who has not felt what it is to be called upon, in the course of a morning visit, to enter into all the joys and sorrows of the nursery, and to take a lively interest in all the feats and peculiarities of the family? Shakespeare's anathema against those who hated nursing is scarcely too strong to be applied to those who dislike children. There is much enjoyment sometimes in making acquaintance with the little beings—much delight in hearing their articles and unsophisticated prattle, and something not unpleasant even in witnessing their little freaks and wayward humors—but when a tiresome mother, instead of allowing the company to notice her child, torments every one to death in forcing or coaxing her child to notice the company, the charm is gone, and we experience only disgust and annoyance.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn had split on this fatal rock on which so many parents make shipwreck of their senses—and so satisfied were they with themselves and their children, so impressed with the idea of the delights of their family scenes, that vain would have been any attempt to open the eyes of their understanding. Perhaps the only remedy would have been found in that blessed spirit which "gaunteth not itself, and seeketh not its own."

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Mr. E. H. Russell, Agent for the Literary Transcript, is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c.