

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. 1. No. 9.]

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 10th FEBRUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

MR. EDITOR.—Why it should please L. E. L. to abuse Love's passes my comprehension, for no one since Sappho's day has been more deeply indebted to the passion; and Love might parody the words of Gay's Rose, and say to her—

"Of all the world you should not flout me;  
What would your poems be without me?"

"Fair play" is the most English of English expressions; and that both sides of the question may be heard, I inclose you a few verses, which, though not written expressly for the occasion, have, to the best of my knowledge, never appeared in print. I am content that L. E. L. should take the odds of her great name and estimation,—"and trusting my client's cause to the feelings of the fair and brave, who are to give the verdict, I am confident that it will be in his favor; and while they allow L. E. L. an inch or two of latitude in evil-speaking of him who "rules the court, the camp, the grove," they will not sanction her taking as

E. L. L.

[See the Transcript of Saturday last.]

### L'AMORE DOMINATORE.

"That very strain that mourns a broken vow  
Is only sweet because it breathes of love."

I saw an ancient castle stand  
In faded light and shade,  
As softly o'er the battlements  
The gauding sun-beams play'd.

And many a pictured window there  
Hath-much the sunset rays;  
The very air the sighs of angels,  
And loveliness of other days.

And closely there the ivy twined  
Around each antique tower,  
And blossoming o'er the painted arch  
Was seen the sweet wall-flower.

Emblem of ancient days, when love  
Was half the soldier's duty,  
And on the cold-clad warrior's helm  
Was seen the scarf of beauty.

I saw that castle's fate heir,—  
A noble generous youth,—  
On his clear brow was honour stamped,  
On every feature truth.

And yet there was a listlessness,  
A languor in his air;  
His spirit flashed not from his eye,  
And genius shumbered there.

Time passed—I saw that youth again,  
That listlessness was gone,  
His eye had caught a keener glance,  
His voice a warmer tone.

I marked the man's glowing face,  
As he raised the glowing song;  
I heard an echo soft and low  
The gentle notes prolong.

And soft as on the breath of spring  
The tender strains arose,  
One word—a name of repeated name—  
Was heard in every close.

In gentler notes, in sweeter tones,  
It thrilled along the grove;  
I shuddered back at every pause;  
I shuddered—I was Love!

His country called: his bravest sons  
Marched to the battle field,  
And British arms, in Britain's cause,  
The sons of freedom wield.

That youth was first on crimson stain,  
Or on the olive deck;  
He dauntless braved the tempest's rage,  
The battle fire,—he wreck.

War ceased: they bound his brows with oak;  
The youthful war or came,  
And grateful thousands lifted the way,  
And shouted forth his name.

Mild thousand faces, one alone  
That graceful warrior sought,  
Mild thousand eyes, one eye alone  
His answering glance has caught.

The approving loo', the timid smile,  
Of yonder blushing maid,  
Are more to him than all his fame—  
His taill are overpaid.

For her he fought, for her he bled,  
Her name his song inspired,  
Her gentle love the sole reward  
His burning heart required.

Again: I saw a wedded pair;  
Around their happy hearth  
A group of smiling infants played  
In childhood's reckless mirth.

Fondly around the brother's neck  
A sister's arm was thrown,  
Affection beamed in every look,  
Love spoke in every tone.

I mark'd the matron's eye of pride,  
I saw the father's smile—  
Ereid I then the hearts of them  
Who dare Love's name revile!

Time held his course: again I look'd,  
And saw an ancient pile,  
Each form had lost the grace of youth,  
Age silver'd o'er their hair.

One gentle feeling still unchanged  
Each look, each action prove;  
It speaks, it breathes in every word,  
"Thou chasten'd—but 'tis L. E. L."

I turned to tales of other days,  
I read the roll of Fame;  
I spoke of many a god-like deed,  
And many a deathless name.

Yet still I found the noblest hearts  
One softer power could move;  
The bravest knelt before his shrine—  
The proudest bowed to Love.

Rome's haughtiest son, on Rome herself  
The storm of vengeance hurl'd;  
All had been lost—Love spoke, and saved  
The mistress of the world!

And, more than all, the immortal verse  
Was taught by him alone;  
He glow'd within the poet's breast,  
And song was all his own.

To thee, O Love! in youth's bright days,  
Our purst joys we owe;  
To thee we owe the ties of home,  
From thee all blessings flow.

Hail, then, to thee! and at thy shrine  
Let every mortal bend,  
As husband, father, brother, son,  
As lover, or as friend.

They cannot paint thee. Not the forms  
Which youthful poets see,  
When dreaming of the maids they love,  
Are half so fair as thee.

### THE DISMAL MAN.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The earth with age was wan."—Campbell.

Jeremiah Nightshade was born in a dull back street in London, just at daybreak before the fires were lighted, one thick, foggy, raw, chilly, damp, drizzly, utterly comfortless November morning. The dismal appearance of the world when he first popped his head into it made such an impression upon him, that he never got the better of it, and as he grew up, he still continued to look at everything in a very bad light. All matters, great and small, presented themselves to his vision through a hazy and discoloured atmosphere. This earth he regarded as a huge storehouse of sorrows, trials, and tribulations; and his ideas concerning the next were not by any means of a comfortable character.

Jeremiah Nightshade was never known to smile. He used to look in the dictionary for the meaning of "cheerfulness," and words of similar import; and as for laughter, he regarded it as a singular and most extraordinary natural phenomenon—a strange affection—a spasmodic contraction of the facial muscles—a distressing and dangerous convulsion; and he was wont to say, that if people generally were only aware of the number of their species that had gone off in laughing hysterics, they would be a little more cautious how they gave way to such a senseless and utterly unaccountable propensity.

Jeremiah's face was very thin and of a most funereal aspect. He undoubtedly belonged to the very extensive family of the "Croakers," yet he was a good deal unlike the vulgar body of that disagreeable brotherhood. He was not morose, or spleen-tick, or

ill-natured; but simply lugubrious, sad, mournful, melancholy, and most unduly impressed with the calamities of existence. He was no raven—he desired not to croak evil tidings in order to render others unhappy, but naturally and unconsciously infected them with unhappiness, if his humour could be so styled. His horror of anything like merriment or jocularly was much of the same morbid character as that of the old gentleman in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," whose dislike of noise is so excessive, that all his servants have to think about it or trouble him in reality, he was, therefore, troubled at all things. Property in the funds to the amount of five thousand pounds, besides ten shares in that capital speculation, the "London Cemetery Company," relieved him from the necessity of struggling against physical wants and difficulties; and the consequence was, that he had full time and leisure to indulge mental malady which had latterly increased to such an extent, that all in the neighbourhood troubled with an exuberance of spirits, were recommended by their friends to go and take a dose of Nightshade.

Jeremiah was somewhat of a literary turn. His library was not extensive certainly, but then it was grave and solid. Nothing light, or trivial, or amusing was admitted there. "Young's Night Thoughts," "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," "Dodd's Prolusions among the Tombs," "Drellincourt on Death," "Blair's Grave," with other works of a similar character, a few volumes of Shipwrecks and Remarkable Calamities, "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," "Harrison's Diseases of the Human Frame," etc. etc., made up the staple of his light literature; and never was he more pleasantly or tranquilly unhappy than when seated over one of those enervating volumes on a dull, dreary evening, with the rain pattering monotonously on the almost deserted street, the silence of which remained unbroken except by the hollow knocking at, and opening and closing of an occasional door, as some shivering citizens sought shelter for the night in his humble domicile. This suited him exactly, and was what he termed sober and rational enjoyment.

Mr. Nightshade lodged in a house rented by a worthy clock and watchmaker, of the name of Phillips. This man was just the antipodes of Nightshade. He was not unlike a bottle of ginger pop; his body being of the shape of that particular kind of bottle, and his spirits full as light, brisk, and airy as the pleasurable beverage contained therein. He arose early and worked late, in order to procure for seven matrimonial tokens which his wife, an industrious woman, (as it would appear,) had presented him with; and he sang and whistled all the time he worked. The shadow of care never fell upon him, except, indeed, when he came in contact and entered into conversation with Mr. Nightshade. This did him good in some shape. It had a sedative effect, allaying the effervescence of his spirits. It regulated him; or his great fault was that he did everything in a hurry, and his watches, like himself, went rather too fast.

As might be expected Jeremiah and he regarded one another as prodies. They could not at all account for each other. "What can make Mr. Nightshade so unhappy?" he volentely conjectured Phillips, whenever the dolorous visage of Jeremiah darkened his door-way. "What does that man get to laugh at?" soliloquized Jeremiah a dozen times daily, as the hearty laugh of the man e watches ever and anon started him in the midst of some digital speculation—it is awfully thoughtless of him, considering that he has a wife and seven children, and provisions on the fire, too!" But Phillips was a man of thought—he was a man of action. He did his best for the day, and took no heed for to-morrow; his faith in being provided for was immense. With Jeremiah, on the contrary, "coming events" invariably darkened their shadows before; and not seldom in gloomy shadows they were. He was ev-

"perplexed with fear of change," "doubts and scruples shook him strongly." "We are told from high authority that we are all made of clay; yet really it was rather puzzling to think how two such very different kinds of animals could have been constructed out of anything like the same materials.

A favourite morning employment of Jeremiah's was to gain admission into the different churchyards of the metropolis, and edify himself by reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He had been twice apprehended on suspicion of being a resurrectionist on the look out, yet he could not resist the temptation of visiting these congenial spots; and this it was that principally induced him to become such an extensive purchaser of shares in the "London Cemetery Company," in order that he might follow the bent of his humour undisturbed. After impregnating himself with grave aphorisms and sepulchral reflections he used to come home to dinner, when, as he had to pass through the shop of the whistling, singing, care-defying watchmaker—the tenor of his thoughts, would be interrupted by some such strain as—

"Come, lady, life's a whirligig—  
Round we whirl,  
With a joyous frisk,  
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,  
Merry go down's the life for me!"

"Eh! Mr. Nightshade. Live and laugh—that's my motto."

"And a very foolish motto it is, allow me to impress upon you, Mr. Phillips: you especially for a man of your years! You cannot in the course of nature expect to live long. Really you astonish me. I should think that the awful reflections which your employment must naturally generate, would—"

"Awful reflections!"  
"Awful reflections!" Does not every tick of the watch in your hands remind you that you are hastening to the worms? I would think every stroke of the clocks around you would be a warning! Why, sir, you are five minutes nearer your grave since I entered this very shop!"

Jeremiah having just seen five minutes in the said shop, the truth of this assertion was undeniable.

"Lord, Mr. Nightshade, I never think of such things. All I want is to make and sell as many watches as will provide for myself and family—God bless them!"

"Really, Mr. Phillips, you are as happy and as thoughtless as a child! It is very unbecomingly—very. I will lend you 'Dealin-court on Death.'"

"La! Mr. Nightshade," cried Mrs. Phillips from the inner shop—how you talk! You should get a wife, and a parcel of young, merry faces round you, and then you would have no time for such dismal fancies."

This was too bad of Mrs. Phillips. The mere idea of Jeremiah being the proprietor of "merry faces," was most preposterous.

"A wife!" groined Jeremiah, as he seated himself in his solitary apartment—"a wife! What to do? To have a light, gadding, giggling, flitting, fantastical woman disturbing and perplexing my solemn thoughts day and night! To find myself chained to a shrew, a vixen, perchance worse! Children! noisy incumbrances that might grow up monsters of iniquity and end their days upon a scaffold! Children! that might have a legal, and not a natural claim upon me! Oh! the contingencies of marriage are fearful! No, no—no wife, no wife!"

How sho-tighted are mortals; how irritable is the passion of love! Six weeks after it is anti-matrimonial soliloquy, Mr. Nightshade found himself a married man.

The thing came about in this way. A pillow lady of the name of Starling took advice a next door to Mr. Phillips. Mrs. Phillips and a were not long in putting up a sort of womanhood friendship or acquaintance in the visible manifestation of which was, that they now and then went and drank out of each other's cups. It so fell out, that at one of these hyson or romberg meetings at the house of Mrs. P., Mr. Nightshade

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was induced to be present. The widow was decked in the habiliments of sorrow appropriate to her bereaved state, with a countenance to correspond, and Jeremiah thought he had never before seen a woman of such a grave and comely aspect. Moreover, such a beautiful evening the widow happened to be afflicted with a severe twinge of the toothache, which imparted to her face a wo-begone expression that rendered it perfectly irresistible in the eyes of Mr. Nightshade, and in the course of the evening she sighed and groaned almost as much as he did himself.

That night Jeremiah went to bed very considerably in love. "Ah!" cried he, as he pulled on his nightcap, "if I had only such a being to partake my sorrows with me!"

Now, Mrs. Starling was one of those singular women that have no objection to a second husband; and being apprised by Mrs. Phillips of Jeremiah's five thousand pounds in the funds, and ten shares in the Centry Company, she consulted the state of her heart, and found she had no earthly objection whatever to becoming Mrs. Nightshade. Having made up her mind, she next set to work to study the peculiarities of her intended victim; and being a shrewd madam, she was not long in finding out his weak side. She saw that the slightest manifestation of cheerfulness disconcerted him amazingly; and that a smile made him shuffle on his seat, and that he was as much startled and alarmed at a laugh, as a shy, nervous horse at a vigorous performance on the bagpipes. Accordingly, in his company she was sorrowful exceedingly, and her remarks on matters in general (weather inclusive) were almost as dolorous as his own. Jeremiah felt that he had found a congenial spirit. "Ah!" said he to himself, "how happy the wretched unhappy we might be together!"

Things were not long in coming to a climax. One evening she succeeded in inviting him into a "toll-a-toe," the result of which was, that he groaned forth a declaration of his passion, and she sobbed and sighed an unreluctant consent.

They were married, and a change speedily ensued. The lady's gravity vanished into thin air, and language is inadequate to paint the grief, horror and amazement of the deceived Jeremiah, when he awoke, as from a deusive dream, and found himself irrevocably fastened to a decidedly cheerful woman! a brisk, bustling, vivacious little body, with an illimitable range of tongue! a woman that preferred Liston and the last new face to "Blair's Grave," and actually laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks at a Punchinello exhibition! A woman, too, fond of company, and blessed with an infinite quantity of relatives, many of them of a frivolous turn, and all of whom came to wash the new matrimonial couple dry, and crack the jokes round on such occasions. Nay, more than this Mrs. Nightshade, though she had never met Miss Woolstoncraft, was a zealous advocate for "the rights of women"; that is, she had made up her mind to have her own way in all things, and accordingly insisted upon her husband doing just as she pleased, even to the extent of being gay, merry and sociable. She protested against being "moped up," and made Jeremiah go along with her to balls, play concerts, and other places of amusement; she kept up a running fire of parties, and had some of the women people of the neighbourhood sipping tea and chattering scandal with her five days out of the seven; nay, she actually, every spirit is exceedingly sorrowful for thee, Jeremiah!) instead of allowing him his morning stroll among the tombs took him a shopping; with her! This was too much; for all the importunities that grave, reserved man can be subjected to, that of going "shopping," (as they call it with a fantastical woman, as the most grievous and unbearable.)

This unnatural state of things could not last long. It was not to be expected. Such a total change of system was sure to be highly prejudicial, and Mr. Nightshade's health visibly declined apace.

One day she took it into her head to give a party on an "uncommon genteel" scale. The company, however, was more numerous than select! and their mirth was that of hearty, hilarious character which, among certain people, generally accompanies good cheer and no reckoning. A fat cousin of hers, a droll fellow, who told marvellous stories and sang a good comick song, sat next the unfortunate Nightshade. He was one of those gentlemen that do not need any pressing to make themselves "quite at home," and at the end of every joke he kept slapping Jeremiah on the shoulder with the familiarity of an old ac-

quaintance, and inquiring "why the deuce he did not laugh?" Laugh! Jeremiah well knew the danger of such a course of conduct, but he was of a complying disposition, and he tried. The unnatural exertion, as might be supposed, have been conjectured, proved too much for him. A bloodvessel burst in the middle of the attempt, and he was immediately carried to bed; although he was thought (by those who did not care much about him) not to be much worse. In the morning, however, when Mrs. Nightshade desired him to get up to breakfast, she received no response, and, on examination, found that during the night his gentle spirit had evaporated, and that she was once more a desolate woman. Of course as might have been expected from a lady of her experience, she conducted herself in the most approved manner; that is, first called in the neighbours, and then went into hysterics, which did not, however, prove fatal.

Though the end of Mr. Nightshade was sudden, no inquest was held upon the body, it being the general opinion (whatever might be said about the blood-vessel) that he had made a very natural termination, having, like many a good fellow beside, "come by his death in consequence of matrimony."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

**THE COLONATOR.**—We understand that the emigration of Queen Victoria, which is expected to take place in the month of June next, is to be solemnised with surprising magnificence. It is reported that there is to be a revival or modification of various old decorations and privileges which for some reigns have fallen into disuse.

We have just been informed that The highly gifted Richard Stiel has been appointed Secretary to the India Board. We believe the salary is about £2,500 per annum.

The *Doughda Journal* states that a rumour is in circulation to the effect that Morgan O'Connell, Esq. M. P. for Meath, will accept the Chiltern Hundreds immediately after the meeting of parliament, the hon. gentleman having been appointed to a high situation under her Majesty's government.

William Rathbone, Esq. of the Society of Friends, has been elected Mayor of Liverpool. We understand that Robert Holland, Esq. M. P., has purchased of the representatives of the late unfortunate Mr. Cocking the interesting collection illustrative of the science of aræology made by that gentleman. The collection consists of drawings, models, prints, and a very extensive apparatus.

Mr. Dobbs, for many years one of the most popular comedians on the British stage, has put a period to his existence by hanging himself to the rail of his bed. Verdict of the coroner's jury, "Temporary Insanity."

An experiment is in course of trial at Greenwich, with every probability of success, to rear fish in fresh or rather slightly brackish water. They are gradually accustomed to the change; and mullet, turbot, plaice, and saucis, have thriven in the new blood.

Mr. J. O. Robinson, the publisher, and well known to literature and the fine arts as the partner of Mr. Hunt, and intimately connected with the Edinburgh house of Constable and Co., died on the 5th inst, adding one more to the list of mortality in this class for 1837.

The celebrated robber, Cardenas, who was executed at Madrid on the 6th ult., for stealing various articles from Maria Christina's *Marchande des Modes*, proceeded to the place of execution decked with diamonds, which he presented to the executioner and his man.

Gambling houses will cease to be licensed by the French Government on the 31st inst. by which the revenue will lose upwards of 6,600,000*fr.* per annum.

An inquest was held at Doncaster last week on the body of John Willoughby, who died after taking a quantity of Morrison's pills. After the jury had investigated the matter for two days, they returned a verdict—"That the deceased took a large and immoderate quantity of Morrison's pills, as a cure for the rheumatism, which produced inflammation of the bowels, of which he died."

We have had personal experience of the great advantages afforded by the railway, having travelled upwards of 600 miles upon the Grand Junction, Liverpool, and Manchester Railways, in about 20 hours!

The first stone of the City of London Literary and Scientific institution was laid last

week. The new building will cost about £4000. The members comprise between eight and nine hundred persons, a gratifying fact for those who wish to view the importance of the diffusion of useful knowledge among the people.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The match of Townsend to walk sixty miles per day for ten successive days, was lost. He had only twenty miles left to perform at half-past eleven on the last day, but was in so weak a state as to be unable to proceed. He attributed his loss to the weather.

Cottareval, of Milan, has invented a new wind instrument. It is called Glycipharon, and is in the form of the Bassoon, and its tones are said to bear a close resemblance to those of the human voice.

Mr. Patrick, the great sporting printer, died at Liverpool on Monday last, having cut his throat on the previous Tuesday. He was much respected.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, the other day, Mr. Laing, the Bow-street magistrate, consented to a verdict against himself for £50, damages and costs, for striking a gentleman named Paine, who ran against him accidentally, at a corner of a street, and giving him in charge to a policeman.

**LITERATURE.**—The turmoil of politics keeps publications very backward. Bulwer's new romance "Leolin, or the Siege of Granada," illustrated like the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, and *Merritt's Pirate* is formally announced as kept back, until after Christmas, on account of the dullness of the times. Lady Blessington's Confession of an Elderly Lady, is postponed from the same cause.

Lockhart's sixth volume of the *Life of Scott* has been postponed until January. It will probably complete a work which, whether from its materials or the ability with which they are worked up, has scarcely any in the language to surpass it.

The name of the new work by "Boz" has not transpired. It may be as popular as the *Pickwick Papers*, but if so, the man's mind must be like a gold mine—full of precious ore.—There have been 30,000 copies of *Pickwick* sold in England.

**MARRYAT'S NOVELS.**—These most entertaining novels are about to be published in a small shape to Scott's and Edgeworth's works of fiction. This announcement will be generally acceptable.

**DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.**—A most singular discovery was made in Blaenys-Nant Lead-mines, near Mold, county of Flintshire, a few days ago. The workmen at the end of one of the levels were surprised, and obliged to run for their lives, in consequence of an immense rush of water suddenly bursting upon them. After three days the water totally disappeared; and, on cautiously proceeding to the place, they found an opening through which the water had issued, of about four inches diameter. Hearing a sound as of a heavy run of water inside, they enlarged the aperture so as to admit of their passing through, and found that it was the bed of a subterraneous river, which in all probability affords the principal supply to the far-famed St. Winifred's Well at Holywell, from which it is distant about two-fve miles. The stream being then shallow, they explored it about sixty yards down, and were astonished to find several large caverns to the right and left, from the roofs and sides of which were suspended numerous and beautiful specimens of white spar or stalactites. The company are in high spirits, these appearances being considered favourable for a large amount of ore.

## UNITED STATES.

New-York, January 30th.—A fire broke out between 11 and 12 o'clock, noon, on the west side of Avenue D, in the rear, between Fifth and Sixth streets. The flames soon communicated to the front buildings on the Avenue, and also to the adjacent ones on Fifth street. The appearance of the fire at this time was truly alarming; but by the spirited exertions of the firemen it was subdued, after destroying SIXTEEN BUILDINGS, all of them two-story brick dwellings, and all except one, owned by J. G. Coster. Twelve of them were on Avenue D. (including all on both sides between Fifth and Sixth streets) and four on Fifth street. It must be remembered that there are many vacant lots in that vicinity. The value of Mr. Coster's fire-buildings was about \$35,000; insured. The other was owned and occupied by Wm. Smith, whose loss is estimated at about \$5,500; insured \$2,500.

In the Senate on the 29th Mr. Howard from the Committee on foreign affairs gave notice that at the first opportunity he should move to take up the Bill for the preservation of neutrality on the frontier.

The driver of the United States mail was murdered on the night of the 19th inst., near Stockton, Alabama, and the mail was robbed. A reward of \$600 has been offered by the postmaster for the apprehension of the murderers.

## UPPER CANADA.

Toronto, January 31.—The prisoners taken on board the American private schooner, which was lately captured by the gallant militia near Amherstburgh—General Theobald, &c. &c.—were brought to this city yesterday afternoon under a guard of militia, and safely lodged in jail to await their trial. Colonel Dodge, who was severely wounded in the head in the affair, was not sufficiently recovered to be removed with the others.

**YORK ELECTIONS.**—The election for the first Riding of York commenced on Monday the 29th ult. The candidates were Mr. George Duggan, Jr., Attorney of Toronto, Mr. Gamble, of Mimico, Mr. Lawrence, of Yonge-st., and Mr. W. Ketchum, of Toronto. The last put forth his pretensions to the suffrages of the Electors, as being a reformer, but did not make his appearance at the Hustings.

At the close of the Poll last night, the votes stood thus—Mr. Gamble, 226; Mr. Duggan, 198—Majority in favor of Mr. Gamble, 28. Mr. Lawrence having but 40 votes, withdrew from the contest at three o'clock—Scotts-man, Feb. 1.

There are still two elections to take place—the one in room of Dr. Charles Duncombe, of Oxford, and the other in room of Dr. John Rolph, of Norfolk.

## LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, (Wednesday,) 7th February.

About six o'clock on Sunday evening last, three arrived in town about three hundred "Highland heroes" from Glengarry. They were under the command of Major Macdonald, and were escorted by the Montreal Cavalry, the Queen's Dragoons, the Rifles, the Royal Irish, and the Royal City. These detachments are, we understand, to be followed by two others, of respectively three and four hundred each. The whole to be stationed on the frontier to give "a free and equal" hand-dish across the line, if necessary, a warm and truly highland reception.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, five hundred more of these gallant and hardy sons of Scotia "wha winna turn back," arrived in town under the command of Colonel Fraser. They were also suitably escorted by a military brigade, and preceded by the fine band of the 83rd Regiment, playing, in the most efficient manner, appropriate Scottish airs. The officers and men of both divisions presented the finest possible and decidedly the most martial appearance, and were hailed on their respective arrivals, with the utmost satisfaction and the most enthusiastic and prolonged cheers, from the assembled thousands who eagerly crowded to witness their entrance into and march through the city. These detachments are, we understand, to be followed by two others, of respectively three and four hundred each. The whole to be stationed on the frontier to give "a free and equal" hand-dish across the line, if necessary, a warm and truly highland reception.

A detachment of the Royal Montreal Cavalry left this on Saturday last, under the command of Seret Spiers, escorting arms and ammunition to St. Johns, L. C., and returned this afternoon, bringing with them one prisoner, Mr. Louis Papineau. Shortly afterwards a detachment of the St. John's Loyal Volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Lett, arrived at the new gaul with three prisoners, charged with seditious practices. Capt. Patrick Murray, Michael Dwyer, and Peter O'Callaghan. These men were arrested last Friday inst., by a detachment of the latter corps under the command of Lieut. Macdonald, near the south-west river, 12 miles from St. Johns. Captain Lay and a large detachment of the same corps left St. Johns for Henryville at ten o'clock yesterday morning, with the arms and ammunition brought out by the Royal Montreal Cavalry.

On Sunday evening last, Messrs. Hebert and Pronix, M. P. P., were brought to town by Comeau, the baillif. They are charged with high treason.

On Saturday last, the 3d of February, as Mr. MOSES KNAPP was on his return from Montreal to his residence at Cote St. Louis,

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in his carriage, accompanied by a friend, between the hours of six and seven o'clock in the evening, was proceeding through the village a little above the Cote a Baron, commonly known as Cadieux Village, were waylaid by two men armed with loaded sticks of bludgeons, (supposed to be Canadians,) who, rushing out of one of the houses, first struck Mr. Knapp from the rear of the carriage, with such effect and with such force, as laid him insensible, after which he was dragged out of the carriage and the blows repeated in so brutal a manner, as left him for dead; the person with him also received several blows, but not so as to render him insensible. After the ruffians had, as they supposed, effected their object, in having murdered the former gentleman, they very deliberately took their leave without attempting to add the crime of theft to advantage, as Mr. Knapp had a considerable sum of money on his person, which he had received that day in town. He is now so far recovered as to be out of danger.

Monsieur Louis Perrault, one of the gentlemen "rebels" for whom a reward has been offered, has written from Vermont to say, that so soon as "Martial Law" is revoked, and he has a chance of trial by a jury of his countrymen, he shall deliver himself up. He is right, when his countrymen are permitted to decide whether he is a rebel or not, there can be no doubt that he will be declared "not guilty,"—but when the law officers of the Crown will dare to insult common sense and patriotism, by allowing the fate of a rebel to depend on a verdict rendered by the French Canadians, is a period we never expect to see arrive.

## THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 10th FEBRUARY, 1838.

### LATEST DATES.

London, --- Dec. 25. New-York, --- Feb. 3  
Liverpool, --- Dec. 21. Halifax, --- Jan. 23  
Haye, --- Dec. 21. Toronto, --- Feb. 3.

The Liverpool packet-ship Pennsylvania, which sailed on the 21st December, has arrived at New-York. The letters and papers were delivered in Quebec this morning. The advices from London by this conveyance are not so late as those already received by the Philadelphia.

The packet-ship Independence, which sailed from New-York on the 8th December, and took home the account of the defeat of the rebels at St. Charles, arrived at Liverpool in fifteen days; and the Liverpool papers of the 23rd contain the account of the battle, from the Montreal papers.

Toronto papers to the 3rd inst. are received this morning.

Numerous addresses from various parts of the Province are being prepared for presentation to His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, expressive of approbation of his past noble conduct and regret for his untimely recall.

The Hon. Col. McNab has resumed his duties as Speaker of the Assembly.

The Assembly has voted 100 guineas for the purchase of a sword to be presented to the Hon. Col. McNab, and 75 guineas for a sword to Capt. Drew, R.N., for his gallant conduct in the capture of the Caroline; and a bill has been passed, granting a pension to the widow of the late Colonel Moodie.

We understand that the Earl of Gosford will leave this for Boston, by the Kennebec road, on Tuesday next. On the same day, Sir John Colborne will be sworn in Administrator of the Government, at Montreal. Several of the Executive Councillors left town this morning, to be present on the occasion.

A frigate has been ordered from Halifax to Boston, to convey Lord Gosford home. Mr. and Mrs. Walcott, Lieut. Vivian, &c., and Mr. Engleback, will accompany Lordship.

His Excellency the Earl of Gosford has appointed Monday, the 26th instant, to be observed as a day of General Thanksgiving throughout the Province of Lower Canada, for the cessation of seditious tumults, and the restoration of public peace.

By a proclamation in the Official Gazette, the Provincial Legislature is prorogued from the 19th February to the 19th March.

Andrew Stuart, Esq., who has consented to act as agent to the Quebec Constitutional Association, will start in eight or ten days for London.

### CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION.

A very large and respectable meeting of the members of this Association took place at the Union Hotel, on Wednesday evening, to consider of the expediency of a legislative reunion of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The chair was taken by Andrew Stuart, Esq., who, in an eloquent speech, explained the object of the meeting, and succinctly detailed the political and commercial considerations which rendered the proposed reunion of the Provinces desirable. In the course of his speech, Mr. Stuart was loudly cheered. Excellent speeches were also delivered by P. Langlois, W. Bristow, and John Jones, Esquires, in support of the several resolutions which they proposed; and the whole business of the meeting went off with the utmost unanimity,—not a single dissentient voice being heard. The resolutions submitted were as follow:—

Moved by C. F. Aylwin, Esq., seconded by R. Symes, Esq.:

1. That Her Majesty's subjects in this Province are not less bound by the most sacred duty than are they by motives of affection and gratitude, and by a due regard to the just interests of themselves and of their posterity, to maintain inviolate the connection of this Province with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Moved by Peter Langlois, seconded by ———

2. Moved by the Assembly of Lower Canada, as established and composed under the existing laws, is altogether incompetent to the performance of the important duties assigned to it by the Constitution, and that in the exercise of the powers confided to that body, it has disregarded and set at naught those duties, and after encouraging and fomenting seditious insurrections, has wilfully abdicated its high duty, and has thus rendered it of paramount and immediate necessity to provide a remedy for the evil.

Moved by William Bristow, Esq.:

3. That the establishment of an efficient Legislature, capable of providing such laws and of adopting such measures as may from time to time be exacted by the wants of the country, as may serve to develop its agricultural and commercial resources, to extend the benefits of education thereon, and to improve its moral and social condition, will afford the only sure means of perpetuating the ties which happily unite the North American Colonies to Great Britain.

Moved by John Jones, Esq., seconded by J. Boucher, Esq.:

4. That this object can be only fully and effectually accomplished by a Legislative Reunion of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

Moved by R. H. Gairdner, Esq., seconded by J. Deau, Esq.:

5. That the geographical position of the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, and the community of the use of the waters of the Saint Lawrence as a common highway to the Ocean established between them as to trade, navigation and external relations, a community of interests which can only be protected and advanced by such Legislative Union.

Moved by W. Patton, Esq., seconded by Geo. Black, Esq.:

6. That in the opinion of this meeting, it is expedient that some person possessing the confidence of the British and Irish inhabitants of the Province, do proceed to London, to represent their wants and address to the Home Government.

Moved by J. Gibb, Esq., seconded by R. Shaw, Esq.:

7. That a Petition be prepared, founded on the foregoing Resolutions, and that the Executive Committee be requested to draw such Petition and to carry the said Resolution into effect.

On motion of E. Baird, Esq., seconded by R. H. Gairdner, Esq., the Chairman then left the chair, and Alexander Simpson, Esq., was called there to.

Moved by C. F. Aylwin, Esq., seconded by J. Jones, Esq.:

8. That the prominent part which Andrew Stuart, Esquire, has for many years taken in public affairs; his thorough knowledge of the causes which have retarded the progress of public improvement; and the high estimation which his talents and integrity have gained for him, are calculated to give weight to his representations to the Home Government, and eminently qualify him for the office of Agent to represent the British and Irish inhabitants of this Province; that he therefore be respectfully requested to undertake the mission to England on behalf this Association and of the several Branch Associations who shall concur in the said nomination.

Mr. Stuart returned thanks for the honor conferred on him, and assured the meeting that however feeble his abilities, no zeal or efforts on his part should be wanting to prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him. This announcement was received with tremendous cheering.

Moved by E. Baird, Esq., seconded by Robert Symes, Esq.:

9. That a subscription be now opened to defray the expenses attending the mission of an Agent to London.

Lieut. J. Hoskins, R.N., who has been appointed to the command of the steam-ship recently built at Bristol, was among the passengers arrived at New-York in the packet Garrick. Capt. H. intends immediately to return to England, to take the command of the vessel, which will sail for New-York about the middle of the month of April.

### COMMERCIAL.

New-York, Feb. 1st.—The money market continues unassuagingly tight. Our Banks have had a conference with those of Philadelphia. The Barometers there are of opinion that no day ought to be named for the resumption of specie payments until the Treasury Bill is disposed of. Our Banks probably could then, if aided by the Philadelphia Banks, fix a day on which they could resume.

Montreal, Feb. 8th.—The Montreal Bank draws on London at 11 per cent prem. Mercantile Bills are worth 10 1/4.

### THE ARMY.

The last company of the 31st Regiment crossed from Point Levy on Wednesday and marched into the Jesuit Barrack, where the four Battalion companies are now quartered and it is at present understood will remain some time in this Garrison unless circumstances should require their presence in the Montreal district or elsewhere. The corps is decidedly positively nothing during its march, so evidence as proof the fact that the Regiment embarked in Her Majesty's Ship Cornwallis, at Halifax on the 11th of January and there are now at Quebec, and in advance with the Flank companies 500, one man only having been left behind, from an injury occasioned by a fall, so that in fact not one of this large number remains behind from sickness.

The following are the names of the officers now in this Garrison—Major Geo. Ruxton, Captains C. B. Brisbane, Edw. Broderick, J. K. Matthews, Lieutenants George Harford, R. D. Kelly, F. H. Lang, Ess. John McDonald, E. P. A. Tallot, G. F. Harvey, Adj. H. E. James, Qr. Master James Duke, Surgeon Geo. Griffin.

Lieut. Dillon, 32d Regiment, has arrived at New York, by the packet ship Philadelphia, from Liverpool.

### PASSENGERS.

By the packet ship Mediator, sailed for London, on the 1st instant, are William Badgley, Esquire, agent for the Constitutional Association of Montreal, Mrs. Badgley and child, Mr. Robert Mackay, of Montreal, Mr. E. P. Woodrich, of Quebec, and Mr. Jeanne Bushman, of Toronto.

Messrs. E. Thompson, A. Ewing, and A. W. Strachan, of Montreal, sailed same day to the Gibraltar, for Liverpool.

### MARRIED.

At Chicago, on the 30th of December, Thomas Nye, Esq. Advocate, of Montreal, to Corinna, eldest daughter of Mr. Ariel Bowman, of Dundee Grove, Illinois, and formerly of Montreal.

### DIED.

On Monday last, at Cote-des-Neiges, Montreal, Mrs. MacFarlane, suddenly, of inflammation, aged 41 years.

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.

### 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-sleigh, 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 forbid 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.

### 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' Barracks,

### FOR SALE.

AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK by Parkinson & Frodsham, London; a TWO-DAY CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPLISOMETER, at

MAHTYNS'S,

Chromometer Maker, &c. &c.

St. Peter Street, 20th Jan. 1838.

### RUSSIA ERMINE CLOAK.

TO BE RAFFLED.—A Camel Cloak, lined throughout with Russia 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.

### NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,

Carsing, Turning, Designing, Model 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 HOWLES, an experienced Musical Instrument and Cabinet Maker, from New-York.

M'KENZIE & HOWLES beg to express their hope, that from the excellence of their materials, their skill as workmen, and the very general nature of their establishments, 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.

### FOR SALE.

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

THE SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE, by Astenis. CONTENTS.—Introductory, Introductory Letters, Introduction to Society, at home and from home, Visiting, Talking, and Gossiping, Table, Familiar Habits, Salutations and Ceremonies, Dress, Dancing, Presents, Letters, and Appointments, Travelling, Servants, Fashion.

### 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.

### BOOKS FOR SALE.

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

SCOTT'S WORKS, in seven vols. Baldwin's Novels, in 1 vol. cloth, Maryat's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth, Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep, Henry's Miscellaneous Works, Dwight's Theology, Home and Smollett's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols. Astoria, by Washington Irving, The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz," Mitford's Expeditions, by the author of Ratanah Rectory.  
Quebec, 13th 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 Haulchees, all of the very best quality.  
Quebec, 13th January, 1838.

### JOSHUA HOBROUGH,

TAILOR,

No. 3, HOFF STREET, NEAR TO MR. J. J. 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 wanting 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 Cloths, Buckskins, Casimeres, &c. suitable to the season; and he is ready to receive and execute all orders on the most reasonable terms.  
Quebec, 13th January 1838.

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]  
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Good night! good night! she said,—and she is gone,  
And sad, sweet thoughts upon my bosom press;  
The fields around me in their stony dress,  
The silent heaven in stary loveliness,  
And moonshine beauty looketh down above.  
Cease not, sweet thoughts; y your influence is to bless;  
Like angels' whispers through my heart ye move,  
And sing of holy hope, and calm and happy love.  
And yet 'tis all deceitful. Yonder cloud,  
That rises slowly in the far-off west,  
Will soon envelope with funeral shroud  
This lovely scene of still and smiling rest.  
And so with man, and such the human breast:  
At times, and but at intervals, I ween,  
With happy hopes and mild affections blest,  
Till some dark misery mingles o'er the scene,  
And all feels doubly drear, from joys that just have been.

Now chance the cause of woe, whom if we blame;  
A poor excuse, to turn the edge away  
Of fierce Remorse, or bitter biting Shame,  
And hush the voice within, which else would say  
Our folly makes our misery: God doth lay  
His chastening hand in Wisdom on our brow,  
And long forgotten sin, oh child of clay,  
May be the scourges of thy bosom now,  
Piling the hearts' deep fountains until they overflow.  
Or haply thou art strong, and standest sure,  
Unboothing him whose will commissions Fate,  
Alas! while robed in sin dost thou secure?  
The Lord of Death may leave the Heavenly gate  
To smile, and bring a prayer for grace—too late;  
Awake, while yet thy God in mercy call,  
For mercy smiles in grief, however great,  
Shake off the lethargy thy soul enthralles,  
And, when thou meetest Death, smile as his arrow falls.

A. G. L.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

### THE PLEASURES OF BEING UNWELL.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

A pretty severe fit of indisposition, which under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me, this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such, for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a bed, and draw day light curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a legal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lolls it there! It what caprices he acts without control! How kind-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and turning up, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes sides often than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of transgression. Within the four curtains he is absolute. How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness incarnated upon him as his only duty. It is the Two Tables of the Law to him. He is not to think of any thing but how to get better. What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on the strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vivisection, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only. He lies pitying himself, hating, and moaning to himself; he yearns to over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself. He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself, studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations. He makes the most of himself; dies to himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals as he hath eyes and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from himself—upon his poor aching head, that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a lox, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pines his long, clammy, attenuated layers. He compassionates himself all over;

and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart. He is his own sympathiser, and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the Doctor makes his daily call: and even in the lines of that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as the sick man. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his doubts so carefully for fear of rustling—in no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours teach him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on in the house, soothes him, whilst he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know any thing—not to think of any thing. Servants gliding up & down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exact knowledge would be a burthen to him; he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking "who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchal prerogatives. Compare the silent tread and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demure, the uncerimonious goings in and coming out,—slapping of doos and leaving them open—of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness—throw, let me rather call it—the elbow-chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye? The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presene chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancties—how is it reduced to a common bed room! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is made every day. How unlike that that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so soon a time since, when to make it was a service not to be thought of at off-ner than three or four days revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome washes which his shaken frame decreed; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days a spite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fit of furrow was a historical record of some sickening posture, some unaverting, some seeking for a little ease, and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlet.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's disease of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed!—this man of news—of chit—of every thing but physic; can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his rival enemy, as on a solemn embassy from Nature, therein; herself into a high mediating party?

Phew! "his some old women." Farewell with him, all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the house-hold—the doat like stillness, felt in the stillness of his most chamber—the noise of his members—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the so-called kindness of distemperately fixed upon itself—wonder, though he exulted—the man a world unto himself—his own the.

What a spook is he dwindle into! SLEEP.—What a beautiful thing is sleep! There is no row to doer, no chief so all enduring, to which "nature's soft rust" cannot in some elevation! It is the veritable Lethæan cup of the soul, above all stimulation, and beyond all price.

## THE POETRY OF DEEDS.

BY JOHN MACRAE NELSON.

I am not aware if poetry, as existing in deeds and visible objects, has hitherto been treated of by any writer; and perhaps the idea may appear to some to be wholly visionary. To those who consider poetry is merely a thing of words and measured syllables, I would not address myself. Poetry is a living, thrilling, an exciting something. Its principles are universal as motion is water. It is the language of the soul—it is its action. It is the grasping of the heart and its passions. It is, and is in, every thing that elevates a man from the prose around him. Poetry is enthusiasm,—is every or any thing in which is beauty or power. It exists in the power of producing effect, and in the effect produced. The whole life of Napoleon, for example, was one great and splendid epic; his very existence was a concentration of it. There are more noble and sublime instances of poetry in some of his addresses to his army previous to engagements, than in almost any production of the age. Some have asserted that they are mere bombast,—but bombast is as light as air,—poetry is power;—and the speeches of Napoleon had power to produce effects like a universal earthquake. Take but the following sentence, as an example, and let the reader picture a host of splendidly armed and panoplied Mameluke cavalry, covering the plain before the army of the conqueror; while on his right hand appeared the sacred river of Egypt,—the mountains of Mohrattan,—the cities of Cairo and of classic Memphis; and on his left, the everlasting pyramids kissed heaven. At such a moment—while his army held their breath for the charge—"Go!" said he, pointing to the pyramids—"Go!" and think "that from the height of those monuments—'forty ages survey our conduct!'"

If there be one born in Britain, who can hear the name of Nelson pronounced without enthusiasm, he is a blot upon his country. No man can think of the hero of Teneriffe,—of the Nile,—of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, without glorying in the idea that he is his countryman. The name of Nelson was the talisman of victory. His very presence was inspiration. The record of his last triumph is a poem more imperishable than the *Iliad* itself. Think of the poetic power of his last signal—"England expects that every man will do his duty!" This was the last signal of Nelson—the last whisper of the God of battles to his servant. The sentiment of the God's whisper hovering between the confines of earth and immortality, breathed only by the Angel of Death and of Victory, as he descended to wait for the soul of the hero! Was there not poetry in the feeling that followed, when courage became sublimity, when the loud, long shout of ten thousand voices rushed along its flight,—arresting the astonished seabird in the air,—silencing the deep-toned voice of the waters, and falling on the dismayed hearts of their enemies, saying—"Every Englishman will do his duty!"

EFFECT OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON HAIR.—My own head, which in England was soft, silky, and almost straight, began immediately after my arrival at Alexandria, to curl, to grow crisp, strong, and coarse; and before I reached Egypt resembled bare-hair to the south, and was all disposed in ringlets about the face. This is no doubt to be accounted for by the extreme dryness of the air, which, operating through several thousand years, has, in the interior, changed the hair of the negro into a kind of coarse wool.—(St. John's Travels.)

TRUE LOVE.—"Hast thou not observed, Davis, that the future husband has lame feet?" "Yes, papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then he seeks to me so kindly and pleasantly that I seldom pay attention to his feet." "Well, Davis, my young woman generally look at a man's face." "I too, papa," was her answer; "but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm; stilling, and how could I love him?"

SECRETS.—The duty of keeping secrets was most happily expressed by Sir Philip Sydney, who says, "What is mine, even to my life, is not my love; but the secret of my friend is not mine." A familiar story in one of Congreve's plays uttered the following truth: "I have heard that in order to think that he does a secret's independent of the benefits of his mistress. There is not so important a thing in nature as the surey lock of an assured man, confident of success."

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

PRICES OF MEAT, BUTTER, CHEESE, &c. IN THE QUEBEC MARKET.

	Saturday Morning, 10th February.	s.	d.	q.
Beef, per lb.	0	2	0	5
Mutton, per lb.	0	4	0	0
Do. per quarter	2	6	3	6
Veal, per lb.	0	6	0	7
Pork, per lb.	0	4	0	0
Rooms of Beef (corned), do.	0	5	0	0
Bristles, do.	0	0	0	0
Turkeys, do.	2	0	2	8
Fowls, per couple	2	0	3	6
Duck, per couple	4	0	4	6
Turkies, per couple	8	6	4	8
Geese, per couple	6	0	7	0
Chick, do. (fresh), per lb.	0	4	0	0
Butter, (fresh), per lb.	1	3	1	6
Do. (salt), in tins, per lb.	0	9	0	0
Eggs, per dozen	1	0	0	0
Potatoes, per bushel	1	6	0	0
Turkeys, per lb.	1	3	0	0
Apples, per bushel	2	0	0	0
Peas, per do.	6	0	7	6
Hay, per bushel	1	8	2	0
Hay, per hundred bundles	23	0	27	6
Straw, do.	12	6	15	0
Fire-wood, per cord	10	0	12	6

LEMONADE.—To the rinds of ten lemons, pared very thin, put one pound of fine loaf-sugar, and two quarts of spring-water, boiling hot; stir it to dissolve the sugar; let it stand twenty-four hours, covered close; then squeeze in the juice of the ten lemons; add one pint of white wine; boil a pint of new milk, pour it hot on the ingredients; when cold, run it through a close filtering-bag, which will be fit for immediate use.

RED CURRANT WINE.—Take seventy pounds red currants, bruised and pressed, good moist sugar fifty-five pounds, water sufficient to fill up a fifteen-gallon cask, ferment; this produces a very pleasant red wine, rather tart, but keeps well.

APPLES.—The preservation of apples is now brought to great perfection, by keeping them in jars secure from the action of air; but there is one method of preparing them for culinary purposes which is not practised in this country. Any good baking sort, which is liable to rot, if pressed and cut into slices about the thickness of one-sixth of an inch, and dried in the sun, or in a slow oven, till sufficiently desiccated, may be afterwards kept in boxes in a dry place for a considerable time, and only require to be soaked in water for an hour or two before using.

TO INCREASE THE ODOUR OF ROSES.—Plant a large onion by the side of the rose-tree in such a manner that it shall touch the root of the latter. The rose which will be produced will have an odour much stronger and more agreeable than such as have not been thus treated; and the water distilled from these roses is equally superior to that prepared by means of ordinary rose leaves.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

[In submitting a new paper to the judgment of the public, it becomes a duty incumbent on the conductors to state what are the objects contemplated in its publication.

Briefly then,—the design of this paper will be to yield instruction and amusement to the domestic and social circle. It will contain choice selections from the latest European and American periodicals,—selections from new, popular and entertaining books,—of the most celebrated authors, with other interesting literary and scientific publications.

The news of the day, compressed into as small a compass as possible, yet as fully and comprehensively as to convey a just and general knowledge of the principal political and miscellaneous events, will also be given.

It columns will at all times be open to receive such communications as are adapted to the character of the work; and the known talent and taste existing in Quebec justify the hope to entertain that the value of our publication will be enhanced by frequent contributions.

The publication in this city of such a paper as the one now proposed has hitherto been long considered a desideratum; and the happy disposition which has already been excited in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident expectations that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement everywhere.

Mr. R. D. BELL, Agent for the Literary Transcript, is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c.

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THOMAS J. DONOHUE, PRINTER.