

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. I. No. 81.]

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 24TH MARCH, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WINE.

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast
no name to be known by, let us call thee—*Devil!*"
SHAKESPEARE.

Some eighteen months, or two years ago I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board His Majesty's frigate the *Astræ*, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem, with our first Lieutenant, and filling up every pause with merriment at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honourable Captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for; and where *fadettes* are held by hands as far as their coquetish folds are black and lustrous. We had done due service to the state, by catching agues, snipe shooting in the Albanian marshes; listening to five-year-old operas screeched by fifty-year-old prime donnas; by learning to swear by Saint Spiridon, and by Klephtic votives. We had spouted in the school of Homer, and shouted at Lepanto; poured libations on the grave of Anacreon; and voted the Leucadian leap a trifle, compared with a Leicestershire fence!

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilight of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize, (having been for three preceding days, not "spell bound" but "calm-bound among the clustering *Cyclades*," it was the pleasure of our noble Captain and his cousin to drop anchor in the Bay of —, (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit) where after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it part of their religion to give offence to the blue jackets, where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock, *à la* seated at the mess of His Majesty's gallant —, doing as much justice to the roast beef of old England, as if we had not been within a days sail of the Island of the Minotaur. It was indeed refreshing to listen to the king's English, in its own accents; to eat of the king's sirlin, in its own gravy; and to join in the jargon of horse flesh, in its own slang;—to hear the names of Newmarket, White's, Tattersalls, Ellen Tree, and Fanny Kemble, familiar in their mouths as household words; to throw off, in short, for an hour or two, the tedium of professional existence. A bumper of port appeared as palatable in a climate where the thermometer stood at 80 degrees in the shade, as amidst the clammy fogs of the cold North; and at length after a liberal indulgence in Hudson's best, (only the more re-lished because the richest Turkey tobacco, and a pipe of cherrywood was in the hands of every soldier in the garrison) proposals were made for a bowl of "Gin-Punch!" Lord Thomas Howard a lieutenant in the —, had announced to be a masterhand in the scientific brew; and the very name of gin punch affords, in the fatherland of Achilles, a sort of anticlimax, which there was no resisting. The materials were brought. The regimental bowl, in which Pictou himself is recorded to have plunged the ladle; lemons from the islands redolent of romance and poetry; and a bottle of Hodge's best, redolent of Holborn Hill, appeared in as orderly array as though we had been supping at Limmer's.

"Are you a punch drinker?" inquired my neighbour, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as a school fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.
"If I may venture to own it, no!" said I.
"I have swallowed too much punch on commission in the course of my life."
"I judged as much from your looks," replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. "If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention."
And in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself snatching with him, arm in arm

on the bastions of —. We had an hour before us for the Captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and on the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet, to gossip away the time; interrupted only by the measured tramp of the sentinels, and enjoying the freshness of the night air, perfumed by jessamine and orange blossoms, proceeding from the trellised gardens of the government house. As I am not ambitious of writing bad Byron, my readers must allow me to spare them the description of a night in Greece. A lieutenant of H. M. S. the *Astræ*, and a captain of H. M. S. the —, may be surprised to entertain Hotspur's prejudice against ballad-mongers!

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess," said I, to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast.
"Thornton, a understand, carries off his two bottles a day, like a Trojan; and the fat major who sat opposite to me, made such play with the Champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For on my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit snoring and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave dryly.
"Fortunate?" cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkier dog unharmed, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over night, I am ready to shoot myself with the headach and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton; who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of Nancy Dawson between his two last bottles and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table."

"I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned; saturated like an old claret hogshead!"
"Envious old! From time immemorial, odes have been edited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When I turn lyrical, it will be to pray for an insensible stomach! 'Tis a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the trollying of a joyous *chanson à boire* or *trinkled*, under the lime-trees of France or Germany, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship. Think of Lord Thomas's gin-punch, and pity me!"

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh; which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost upon him. Yet I continued.

"Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchæan idolatry, I think we hardly give honour due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"Personal meaning?" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy 'hat poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat Major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.
"I can scarcely imagine, Sir," he continued in a voice, however, that savoured of anything rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject?"

"Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the un-

graciousness of his demeanor; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen has induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanour; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me?" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands nearly his arms towards me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a haggardness—that involuntarily I repeated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but after a few minutes' silence I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained," said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humour you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!"

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. On his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such advice as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that, we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'quake glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the bow of its divinity; and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to *Dante's* *Divine Comedy*; do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty dutifully. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow; the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither modulate its tones to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot: a thing which children mock at, and women chafise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal."

"Only when unconscious of his intimacy," said I bluntly.

"Shakespeare makes Cassio conscious, but not till his fault is achieved."

"Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter; but an ordinary man, aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief?"

"Easy, as we look upon the thing; from hence, with the summer sky over our heads, the unshakled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorners unheeded; but in the animation of a convivial meeting, with cooler fluids to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, who can at all times remember how short a process it turns to poison in his veins? Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honour, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception?"

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burthen to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen: When I became your brother's friend at Westminster, I was on the foundation,—an only son, intended for the Church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulant to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my years. A studentship at Christ-church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasions of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectars of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by rise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided, that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove less injurious; and eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor wretched's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —th Regiment of Light Dragoons."

"At least you had no cause to regret your change of profession?" said I, with a sailor's prejudice against parsonic cloth.

"I did regret it. A family-living was waiting for me; and I had accustomed myself to the thoughts of early independence and a settled home. Inquire of my friend Richard, on your return to England, and he will tell you that there could not be a calmer, graver, more studious, more sober fellow than myself. The nature of my misdemeanour, meanwhile, was not such as to alienate from me the regard of my young companions; and I will answer for it, that on entering the army, no fellow could boast a more extensive circle of friends. At Westminster, they used to call me 'Wargrave the peace-maker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the —th, I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

It is said that the Bank of British North America has determined on establishing a branch at Kingston, Upper Canada.

LATE LONDON PUBLICATIONS ON THE CANADIAN... Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of Canada. By Sir George Head...

The Canadian Controversy, its Origin, Nature and Merits... from the able pen of T. Frederick Elliot, Esquire, Secretary to the late Royal Commission.

The Canadian Portfolio. By J. A. Robbins and other Friends of Canada. This publication contains an Exposition of the Causes that have produced Civil War in Canada...

The late London Monthly Periodicals have more or less interesting articles on the Cause, among which we notice the following:

The Radical Party, and "Canada," Quarterly Review, Cap. X., "Canada," United Service Journal, for Feb., "Plover" and "Plover's Letters from New-Braswick," and "Instruction in Canada."

Metropolitan, for ditto, Art. L., "The Present State of Canada, by an English Barrister," and "Scenes in America, by Miss Matineau."

PROPOSED DINNER TO SIR FRANCIS HEAD. A Meeting composed of a large number of the most wealthy and influential men of Quebec took place yesterday at the Quebec Exchange...

John Jones, J. K. Kelly, came forward and read the following resolution, which had been placed in his hands:

That from the esteem and respect felt for the character and service of Sir Francis Bond Head by the loyal citizens of Quebec, it is proper to invite His Excellency to a public dinner, should he visit this city, prior to his return to England.

Wm. Patton, Esq., seconded the motion, which was carried by acclamation. On motion of John Bonner, Esq., seconded J. L. Olayert, Esq., it was then resolved...

The following are the names of the gentlemen appointed to form the Committee:

Mr. A. Patterson, T. A. Stuyver, William Wilton, William Mackenzie, Charles F. Wynne, David Hume, William Price, Henry Leitch, Henry J. M. Fraser, J. B. Forsyth, John Jones, J. K. Kelly, J. R. Leitch, A. H. Young, J. C. Fraser, James Burns, James Gifford, Robert Syme, James Hastings Kerr, William Stevenson, James Doan, W. B. Meyer, Henry Sharples, G. H. Parks, John Fraser, and William Patton.

CRIMINAL COURT, QUEBEC. The Criminal Term opened on Tuesday last, with the usual formalities. The Judges on the Bench were the Hon. the Chief Justice of the Province, and the Hon. Justice Bowen.

The following names of persons summoned to attend as Grand Jurors was called over: those marked with an asterisk (*) neglected to attend to the summons, the remainder were sworn in.

- H. P. D. Leterriere, Peter Sheppard, Jas. Dean, (Foreman), Jos. Roy, Henry Atkinson, Ebenezer Baird, Michel Bone, Frs. Langlois, Pierre Doucet, James Gibb, Joan Rancey, J. C. Letourneau, Michel Savagneau, L. T. MacPherson, John Bonner, L. G. Berthelot, Frs. Defois, Jas. McKenzie, Frs. Cleburne, A. C. Eschevriere, William H. Lemoine, Thomas Simard, Chs. E. Casgrain, Charles Trudel, Duncan McCallum, Frs. Lyzotte, Frs. Buteau, J. S. Campbell, Frs. Frechette, Senr. Alexis Godbout.

The Honorable the Chief Justice, after the Grand Jury had been impanelled, delivered a luminous charge. Having detailed the duties devolving on Grand Jurors, the Chief Justice commented on the late wicked and unprincipled rebellion...

The charge was read, in French, by Mr. Justice Bowen. The following is the Calendar of untried prisoners at present in the Gaol:

- Charles Charlot, Highway Robbery. Charles Gaudreault, Assault, &c. Mary Keough, Do. Henry Murphy, Bigamy. J. A. Gorman, Forgery. Henri Francois, Stealing timber. William Mackintosh, Larceny. Jos. Langlois, Bernard O'Hara, James Ryan, and Charles Reame, Highway Robbery. Alexis Godbout, Horse stealing. Edmond Dumas, John Keefe, Jean Valiers, and John Brown, Burglary. Patrick Carey, Larceny. Theo. Pichay, Wm. McKenough, Murder. Thos. Blair, Larceny. Zach. Courhard, Ed. Collins, Charles Simard, Felony. Jos. Jomard, Jos. Lapointe, Sealing fences. Louis Langlois, Arise Langlois, Pierre Langlois, and Pierre Fauriol, Burglary. Isaac Pichay, Isaac Fortin, Marie, Lando, Vedette, Suspicion of Arson & Felony. Julia Carhart, Larceny. August Labanue, Nalali Daigle, Rose Marotte, and Louise St. Michel, Disorderly house. Sarah Pichay, Pierre Faron, Larceny. Jane Corliey, Do. Chas. Johnson, J. E. Thracia, Do. Pierre Corrie, Madhouse. James Hume, Larceny. Jean Gingras, Do. Louise Nicol, Larceny. Michel Berthelot, Horse stealing. Angel Barbette, Andre Lajeunesse, Do. Bee, and J. E. Lapointe, Do.

In addition to the above are the following cases, in which the parties accused have been admitted to bail:

- A. Ouellet, Perjury. Charles Hunter, Do. A. N. Moran, Sedition. Jas. Lagrette, Do. B. La Cour, Do. Pierre Chausser, Do. Eugene Truquent, Do. J. B. Ryan, Do.

In the case of the Queen, vs. Wm. Phillips, Mr. Henry Black moved for a rule to show cause on Monday why the judgment rendered last term should not be appealed to the Queen in Council. It will be remembered that Mr. Phillips was indicted for a nuisance in constructing a Wharf on a public thoroughfare at Pointe Levy; judgment was given last term ordering the removal of such wharf.

The case of the Queen vs. Patrick Kelly, for arson, was fixed for to-morrow. The Earl of Patrick Corr, also for arson, is fixed for Saturday.

The trial of Charles Hunter, for perjury, stands for Saturday; Mr. Duval stated that its coming on that day was doubtful, owing to a press of other business.

The Grand Jury brought in a true bill against Patk. Carey, for larceny. Some unimportant business was disposed of, and the Court adjourned.

FRIDAY, MARCH 23RD. The greater part of this day was spent, without any thing being done, in consequence of the non-attendance of prosecutors and witnesses. The Chief Justice, however, in the afternoon, intimated his determination, for the future, to fine those who were absent.

Andre Oulette was arraigned on a charge of perjury, in having made an affidavit before a magistrate assisting the Rev. Mr. Lacoeigne, the Cure of Baie St. Paul with an unnatural offence. The charge against Oulette was clearly made out, and the jury returned a verdict of Guilty.

William Mackintosh, indicted for stealing a quantity of silk, waistcoat patterns, &c. the property of Mr. Joseph Prior, pleaded Guilty to the charge.

Charles Gaudreault, charged with an assault upon a female, under aggravated circumstances, on being arraigned, withdrew his former plea of Not Guilty, and substituted that of Guilty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT. Sir, I was a little surprised to see in the Gazette of this evening, an advertisement purporting to be from the Committee appointed at a Public Meeting of the Citizens of Quebec, to make arrangements for a Public Dinner...

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 hour on the days above mentioned. Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

THE ARMY. (From the United Service Journal, Jan. 29.) 1st.—A draft, consisting of two officers and sixty men of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Regiment, embarked on board the City of Liverpool steamer, and sailed for Plymouth, to join the depot of the 2nd Battalion of the corps. The City of Liverpool arrived at Falmouth on Monday.

2d.—Captains Barnham's and Mowsey's companies, with Ensign Roe, from Newcastle, marched into Limerick garrison on Friday, and left next morning for Ballyvaughan, where they arrived on Tuesday. The second division, under Major Drougill, arrived at Limerick on Saturday, from Nenagh, and left on Monday for Ballyvaughan. The officers accompanying this party are, Lieut. Norton, G. G. (Paymaster), Parker, and Wingfield; Ensign Assell; Assistant Surgeon Bain; five non-commissioned officers and 120 rank and file. The 12th furnish 140 rank and file to join the service companies in Quebec.

3d.—Thirteen Volunteers left the New Barracks, to join the draft of the 5th depot for North America.

4th.—Captain Falconer has made an offer of his services to the Queen.

5th.—The depot is to be relieved in Cashel by two companies of the 49th, from Templemore. The depot is to be removed to Cork, instead of Drogheda.

6th.—It is supposed, that the service companies in the West Indies will embark in ships of war for Canada, and that all officers on leave of absence from their companies, will be ordered to join forthwith. The depot at Plymouth is at present commanded by Captain De Lacey.

7th.—Captains Neville and Croly have made offers of their services for the war in Canada. 8th.—The depot from Templemore arrived at Fermoy on Tuesday.

9th.—A draft of one captain, one lieutenant, two sergeants, and 108 rank and file, have departed at Cork. The volunteers for the 11th and 12th are at Spike Island.

10th.—Major Palmer, whose death we previously announced, fell at Cork, was buried with military honours, at St. John's Barracks. It is said that the Regiment is to receive volunteers (50 between the 28th and 31st) to complete the effective strength. The depot is composed of the following officers:—Major Spink, Captains Burch, Gray, Dalrymple, and Ashley; Lieutenants Russell, Trevelyan, and Kettle; Ensigns Crawford, McPherson, Selton, and Blair, and Doctor Crawford.

MARRIED. On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Crebbs, Mr. John Campbell, to Miss Sarah Borkard, both of this city.

At Hamilton, on the 18th March, by the Rev. E. E. Wells, of this place, Mr. Joseph Laird, to Miss Margaret, only daughter of Mr. William Child, both of Godmanchester.

At Montreal, on the 10th instant, Mr. Thomas Bishop, of Current St. Mary, Miss Ellen Owen, of this city.

At the Government House, Toronto, by the Honorable and Venerable the Archbishop of York, Captain Frederick Hallatt, of the Coldstream Guards, Aide-de-Camp to Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart., to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Colonel Moodie, of Richmond Hill, Young-street, Upper Canada.

DIED. On Wednesday last, the 21st instant, after a short and severe illness, Mrs. Mary Sutherland, wife of Mr. Donald Sutherland, Cashier-keeper at the Citadel Barracks, died at her residence.

At Montreal, on Saturday last, Mrs. Margaret Maender, widow of the late William Holmes, M. D. of Quebec, aged 78.

At Park near Stirling, on the 22nd ultimo, Mrs. Baird, in her 89th year. This venerable lady was the mother of Lieutenant-Colonel James Baird, 66th Regiment, now in this Garrison.

At Montreal, on the 19th instant, Mr. Ellis Roland, aged 63 years.



NOTICE. THE officers of the document for the recruitment of an Upper VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS, and all other young men desirous of joining the same, are requested to meet in the Wardrobe of the House of Assembly on TUESDAY afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Quebec, 21st March, 1838.

VOLUNTEERS ATTENTION!!! CAPTAIN 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 Wardrobe of the House of Assembly.

COACH FACTORY. THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully beg leave to inform the gentry and citizens of Quebec, that they have leased the large and extensive premises in Anne Street, opposite the English Cathedral, where they intend to carry on their business on an extensive scale, and hope to give general satisfaction.

C & J SAURIN. Quebec, 11th March, 1838.

FOR SALE. At the Office of The Quebec Gazette, From 1s. 3d.

THE SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE, by Antonio GAZZERA.—Introduction, Introductory Letters, Introduction to Society, at home and from home, Visiting, Calling, and Gossiping, Table, Peculiar Habits, Salutations and Ceremonies, Dress, Dancing, Presents, Letters, and Appointments, Travelling, Servants, Fashion.

PAPER FOR SALE. THE Subscribers, Paper Manufacturers, Jacques Cartier Paper Mills, offer for sale at their Store, No. 21, St. Peter Street,

2000 reams of wrapping paper, from 10 a 14 lb. 200 do of legal town paper, for 14 lb. sugar. 200 do of imperial brandy, do. 25 lbs. do. 600 do of printing duty. 300 do of double crown. 100 do of foolscap.

50 reams of wrapping paper for newspaper covers, &c. 10 reams of printing paper. 3 tons of shallop paper.

The whole of the above being manufactured by subscribers, we are enabled to sell at the lowest prices for Cash or approved credit.

Mr. R. H. BRESSELL is appointed our Agent from this date to transact our business in Quebec. Those who are indebted to the firm are requested to pay to him the amount of their accounts, and those who may have accounts against us will present the same to him for payment.

MILLER, McDONALD & ROGANS. Quebec, 10th March, 1838.

AUCTIONS. BY B. COLE. On MONDAY, the 9th April, and following days, at the residence of Mrs. Hoops, St. Anne Street, near the Gate:

THE WHOLE OF HER HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of—Mahogany Dining, Card, and other Tables, Sideboard, Sofa, Chest of Drawers, Bedstead, Bed and Bedding, Carpet, Pier and other Looking-Glasses, double and single Stoves, China, Glass and Earthenware, Kitchen Utensils, with a variety of other articles.

2d Conditions—CASH, on delivery. Quebec, 12th March, 1838.

EXTENSIVE FURNITURE SALE. BY B. COLE. On MONDAY, the 16th day of April, and following days, at the residence of St. Lewis, the property of LOUIS GOSWOP:

THE WHOLE OF HER FURNITURE, Plate, Wines, Carriages, &c. &c. of that large establishment.—Particulars and order of the sale will be given in Catalogues, 10 days previous to the day of Sale.

2d Conditions—CASH, on delivery. N. B.—The whole of the property will be sold on THURSDAY, the 19th, until day of Sale. Quebec, 13th March, 1838.

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POETRY.

PARTING.

THE BISHOP BEVERIDGE DONALD HENRI, Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

When eyes are beaming What no tongue can tell, And tears are streaming From their crystal cell. When hands are lock'd that dread to part, And heart is met by beating heart, Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart Of those that say—'Farewell!'

When hope is children That fain of bliss would tell And Love forlorn In the breast to dwell— When parted by a violence chain, We turn and gaze, and turn again— Oh! death were mercy to the pain, Of those that bid—'Farewell!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

INTOLERANCE.

[From Dr. Bowring's "Minor Morals."]

"There was a very dull dispute at school to-day, papa!" said George: "one boy insisted that a Latin verse was written one way in the original, another declared it was written another way: the quarrel became so hot that we expected it would have ended in blows; when one of the bigger boys recommended that each should bring his book; and it was found that each had quoted the passage correctly from his own copy, but they had different editions, and the text was different."

"It was," said Mr. Howard, "only a small display of that intolerance of which there are too many great exhibitions in the world. Each boy thought himself right, and had good reason for thinking so; but there was not the same reason for thinking the other wrong. He had seen his own book with his own eyes, and had, therefore, very sufficient evidence for himself; but he could not know what evidence the other had. Hence the folly of expecting every body to think as we think. They will think as we think, if the same reasons are given to them, and if those reasons influence them as they influence us. If they have other reasons unknown to us, or if our reasons appear to them not to warrant our opinions, they cannot think as we think; it is impossible, and there is no help for it."

"But what ought to be helped, and ought to be avoided, is our attempting to punish others because they do not see as we see, or think as we think. This is persecution."

"When I was in Lisbon, I was accompanied by a Monk to the Church of St. Anthony. You have heard, perhaps, that the arduous bearings of that beautifully-situated city, are a vessel dismasted, but guided thro' the waters by two crows, one seated on the stern of the ship. The device is in honour of a miracle said to have been wrought in favour of St. Anthony, the patron saint of the Tagus, who, when at sea, sailing on a mission to the heathens, fancied himself lost: for all the crew of the vessel in which he had sailed had perished of plague, and he was left, wholly ignorant of navigation, to the mercy of the waves. In his despair, he knelt down to pray, when he saw two black pinioned birds descend from heaven, one of which seized the rudder, and the other perched on the bow of the ship: by these he was safely conducted to Portugal. And among the majority of the Portuguese there is no more doubt of the miracle than of the ordinary events which they have been witnesses of themselves."

"Did you believe the story, papa?" enquired Edith.

"By no means; and, though I never said any thing which should show that I felt contempt for the credulity of the Portuguese, yet I have no doubt they considered me somewhat heretical."

"Come," said the monk, "with me to the Igreja de San Antonio, and I will give you such evidence as shall be irresistible." We walked together under the magnificent arches of the Church, between avenues of pillars, on many of which the miracles of the Saint were recorded, and we reached a narrow staircase at the foot of the tower. "Follow me," said the monk, "and fear not." I ascended after him the long, long winding stone

steps, the darkness of the way being only lighted by distant gleams which broke through the narrow interstices left in the thick walls, and on reaching the top, the monk pointed out a huge cage, in which was as large as an ordinary sized room, in which were two enormous black crows, gravely seated on a metal bar. "Look there, Scilicet," said the monk, and bowed his head reverently before the crows; "those are the identical birds which brought St. Anthony hither. And do you doubt the miracle now?"

"I doubted it, and did not doubt the less in consequence of what I saw. And why did I doubt, Edith?"

"I suppose papa, because you did not think they were the real crows that brought St. Anthony to Lisbon? Even so, my love; and I did not believe that St. Anthony had been brought to Lisbon by crows at all; and the attempt to convince me that the two crows were still living, and had lived for many hundred years, was one difficulty more to be believed, and not one difficulty less."

"The monk's reasoning was what to witnasses call 'begging the question.' He took for granted, the very thing to be proved, that St. Anthony had been escorted by the crows, and thus fancied that his telling me the crows I saw were the real crows, was to weigh down all my experience of the habits of the animal, all my knowledge of natural history, and the very natural reflection, that it was much more likely that there should be a succession of crows provided by the monk and his brethren, as the old ones died, than that a perpetual miracle should be wrought in order to prove the truth of a very improbable story. Besides, I saw that the crows were richly and regularly fed, and I might have asked him why if the crows were miraculously preserved, all the expenses of nourishing them were not saved?"

"And did you not tell him, papa, that you could look through the whole of the imposture?" said George. "Did you not tell him that he was a rascal, and that you were not to be duped by his rascality?"

"Silly, my impatient boy; that would neither have been prudent nor courteous; it would have done neither me, nor him, nor any body good. No good to me, for I should have been exposed to some danger; the monk would have looked upon me with hatred, because my expression of incredulity would have done him no good, for it was his interest to persist in the fraud, and as to the facts of the case, he knew more about them than I did; and no good to any body else, for no body else was present. But it may do good now to you and to others, for to others you may tell the story, as I may tell it to you."

"My purpose in telling the story was not to excite your scorn or dislike towards the Monk, who, though he could not believe, against the knowledge he had, that those identical crows really escorted St. Anthony up the Tagus, may have believed that St. Anthony was escorted by crows. I did not wish you to be angry with the monk, or the monk's tale, but I wish to ask you two questions. If I had really desired and tried to believe the story, could I have done so, in spite of myself?"

"No, indeed, papa, that would have been impossible," said the children at once.

"You would not have been so foolish."

"And if I could not have believed it, even though I wished to believe it, could I do so because the monk, or any other person, wished me to believe it?"

"Oh! no! no!" they all repeated again and again.

"Well then, my children, the lesson I wish to teach you is this:—Never be angry with any person, merely because his opinion is not your opinion; never be angry because you cannot persuade him to change his opinion; and above all, never do him any injury, or hesitate about doing him a good, because his opinion and yours are different.—Nobody can believe what he likes, however he may try to do so; at all events, if he hears all that is to be said on all sides of a question. Still less can any body believe according to the likings of others. Where you doubt, inquire. In your own opinion seek nothing but truth, because truth, after all, is the great thing. In your conduct to others, be guided by the rule that you should never cause uneasiness. In the minds of the best men there is always has been, and always, perhaps, will be, much difference of opinion as to what is true, but everybody knows and feels what is kind, and truth is most likely to be found when it is sought for by tolerance and benevolence."

PRICES OF MEAT, POULTRY, VEGETABLES, &c. IN THE QUEBEC MARKET.

Saturday Morning, 23rd March.

Beef, per lb.	6	4	5	d.
Mutton, per lb.	6	4	5	d.
Veal, per quarter	2	6	0	7
Do. per quarter	2	6	0	7
Pork, per lb.	0	5	0	7
Do. per quarter	2	6	0	7
Chicken, per lb.	0	9	0	10
Roasts of Beef, corned, per lb.	0	9	0	10
Tomatoes, each do.	0	5	0	0
Hams, per lb.	0	8	0	0
Racon, per lb.	0	9	0	0
Butter, per cwt	3	0	0	0
Ducks, per couple	4	6	0	0
Turkeys, per couple	10	0	0	0
Geese, per couple	6	0	0	0
Rabbit, fresh, per lb.	0	4	0	0
Do. salt, in tinnet, per lb.	0	9	0	0
Eggs, per dozen	1	0	0	0
Potatoes, per bushel	1	6	0	0
Turnips, per bushel	1	0	0	0
Apples, per bushel	2	0	0	0
Ising, per do.	2	0	0	0
Hay, per hundred bundles	25	0	0	0
Straw, do.	12	0	0	0
Fire wood, per cord	10	0	0	0

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. Thomson JAMES MCKENZIE 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.

MCKENZIE & 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 favoured 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

JOSHUA HOBBOUGH, TAILOR, No. 3, HOPE STREET, NEAR TO MR. J. J. SIMS,

IMPRESSED with a due sense of gratitude for the favours conferred upon him by the gentlemen residing in Quebec, and its vicinity, and by the public in general, avails himself of the present moment, to return them his most heartfelt thanks; at the same time he assures them, that no effort 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—Beaverskin Cloth (superior to any in town), Pilot Cloths, 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

T. BROOKBANK, HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, GLAZIER, &c.

No. 4, Arsenal Street, opposite the Ordnance Store. [N] tendering his thanks to those who have hitherto patronised him, while in connection with Mr. BOOTH, respectfully announces to them, and the citizens generally, that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS on his OWN ACCOUNT, and trusts that he may be favoured with an acknowledgment of that support, which it shall be his study to merit.

February 24, 1838.

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 those to whom he is indebted are requested to present their accounts for payment.

Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

OPEN EVERY DAY FROM TEN A. M. till TEN P. M., (Sundays excepted) No. 5, John-Street, opposite to Mr. HALL, Grocer.

Subscription for one month, - - - 1 6
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Quebec, 30th February, 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. Marryat's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth. Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep. Heyer's Miscellaneous Works. Hume and Smollett's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols. The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz." Midshipman's Expeditions, by the author of Robinson the 13th.

Quebec, 13th January, 1838

QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838. THE QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838, is just published.—Besides the usual matter, it contains a list of all the Officers of the different Volunteer Corps serving in the Province. Gazette Office, 28th February 1838

SUPERIOR LONDON HATS. THE Subscriber has for Sale a Choice Assortment of the newest shape Gentlemen's Black Beaver Hats, imported late last Autumn. HORATIO CARWELL, 12th March, 1838. Palace Street.

TO THE LADIES. C. T. BROWN, from London, Lehigh, Tuscany C. and Straw Hat Maker and Cleaner, begs to intimate that all Bonnets repaired by them, are bleached a beautiful and durable color, without brimstone (and its smell) and hot pressed with London-made machinery by an experienced workman. No. 9, St. John Street, Suburb, next door to their Clothing Store. Quebec, 12th March, 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.

DOG FOUND. FOUND—A NEWFOUNDLAND PUPPY.—The owner may obtain it, by applying at the office of this paper, and paying the expenses incurred. Quebec, 19th March, 1838.

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

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

[N] 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 extracts from the latest European and American periodicals,—selections from new, popular and entertaining works 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 sufficiently comprehensive to convey a just and general knowledge of the principal political and miscellaneous events, will also be given.

Its 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 we 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 by many been long considered a desideratum; and the kindly disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipation that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement and success.

Quebec, 6th December, 1837.

AGENCY IN MONTREAL. Mr. J. WHITE, Hardware Merchant, St. Paul Street, (opposite to Basse's Hotel) is Agent for THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, and is authorized to receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c.

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