

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 23rd JANUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE GUERRILLA,

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES,
Author of "The Hunchback," &c.

On came the crowd, shouting, "The Guerrilla! The Guerrilla!" fencible exultation in the sound of their voices and in their looks. On they came right to the place of execution, gathering new accessions at every yard. Arrived at the fatal spot, they stopped; and, drawing back on every side, formed a little ring, densely bunched; in the centre of which stood a Guerrilla, with a boy about fifteen or sixteen years old, apparently his son; and along with them a Spaniard of superior rank, one or two public functionaries of a subordinate class, and the executioner.

Several murders had been recently committed in the mountains; among the rest, one upon the son of a Spaniard who was extremely popular in Burgos; and against the Guerrilla the retaliation of summary justice was proclaimed by the chief of the people; of which act of popular despotism the man and the boy, who had been taken at a few leagues' distance from the city, were now about to become the victims.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the two. The man, of swarthy complexion and stalwart form, with lank black hair, and just sufficient of intelligence in his countenance to give direction to a bold and reckless nature; defiance, not depreciation, in his eye—the boy, with a skin of bright and transparent olive; a frame, slender, though not spare; dark—jet dark hair hanging almost to the waist in clusters of curls; and a countenance shining with sensibility and intellect; his eye, with an expression of intense horror, cast here and there upon the crowd; with one hand clasped in that of his robust companion, and with the other grasping his arm, to which he shrinkingly clung.—There was something so irresistibly subduing in the group—now that their tormentors had halted, and had time to look on—that clamour subsided into perfect silence, which lasted for several minutes. At length the Guerrilla, with a smile, stretched forth his hand—

"Fellow-Christians!" he exclaimed—but his voice was instantly drowned with cries of execration.

"Pinion him! Strangle him!" was vociferated from a thousand mouths.

Finding it impossible to obtain a hearing, he now had recourse to gesture, and his extended hands were gradually lowered in the direction of the boy; then moving his eyes from right to left, backwards and forwards, as far as he could turn his head—occasionally glancing at the boy—while the smile never once quitted his face, he plainly told what he would say. The promiscuous mass was touched again, and clamour once more was superseded by silence.

"Pinion me!" exclaimed the Guerrilla, and execute me if you please. I am a fair object for your vengeance, and you shall see that I will prove myself worthy of it; but why wreak it upon a child?—a boy who has done nothing to you? He is not a Guerrilla, nor the son of a Guerrilla. He is one of yourselves. Burgos was the place of his birth."

Hesitation, doubt, pity, dissatisfaction, revenge, were variously pointed in the faces of the crowd. At length one—who seemed to be a sort of leader—by a single word recalled the passion which had originally predominated. "Antonio!" was all he said, but in a voice in which there was doom, without rufeness or mitigation. He was echoed by a thousand throats. The air resounded with "Antonio."—It was the name of the Senor's son,—the young man that had been murdered. Cries of "Pinion them!" "Strangle them!" succeeded. The executioner looked towards the Senor. The Senor nodded; and the former instantly proceeded to pinion the boy. The boy, submitting without a struggle, looked up in the Guerrilla's face. The Guerrilla looked down at the boy—and still with a smile!

The process was nearly completed, when the Guerrilla, in a voice of thunder and command, cried, "Stop!" The executioner mechanically desisting, gaped at the Guerrilla, as did also the Senor and the crowd—all seemed electrified by the tone in which the Guerrilla uttered that single word.

"Is there a man in Burgos?" in the same tone proceeded the Guerrilla. "Is there a man Burgos who lost, about sixteen years ago, a daughter two years old?"

The Senor started, and now bent upon the Guerrilla a look of the most intense interest and eager enquiry.

"What mean you?" said the Senor.

"What I say!" replied the Guerrilla, and repeated the question.

"Yes, I am that man!" said the Senor; "I lost a daughter sixteen years ago at the age of two old! Knowest thou aught of that girl?"

"You see I do!"

"And what?"

"Unbind the boy!" said the Guerrilla, calmly folding his arms.

"Does she live?" impetuously inquired the Senor.

"Unbind the boy!"

"Wretch!" furiously vociferated the Senor, "you shall be put to the torture!"

A loud hoarse laugh was the reply of the Guerrilla, and "Unbind the boy!" was again calmly repeated. The indignation—the impotence of the Senor all at once subsided.—The expression of his eye changed to something like respect and deference as he kept it still fixed upon the Guerrilla, upon whom the crowd now gazed with a feeling rather of admiration than hostility. The boy moved his eyes from his companion, whose smile seemed as permanent as the hue of his cheek while he stood like a figure hewn out of rock. There was a dead silence of several minutes.

"Unbind the boy!" at length said the Senor. He was obeyed. "Now!" said he, addressed the Guerrilla.

"Remove us hence!" calmly rejoined the latter.

"Do you sport with me?" with renewed impatience, inquired the Senor.

"No!"—coolly replied the Guerrilla. "You know I do not. You know that a child—a girl of two years old—was stolen from Burgos sixteen years ago, and that you are the father of that girl. Now may well believe, Senor, that what I know a part of, and so well, I can reveal wholly—thoroughly! I will do so; but not here. Take me to your own house. There, but there alone, will I disclose to you what it will be a happiness to you to know, and a satisfaction also to my friends the good people of Burgos, by whom I perceive you are held in no small estimation.

The Senor cast around him an inquiring look as if to learn the pleasure of the crowd—they understood him.

"Give him his life. Take him away!" was vociferated on all sides.

The Senor, accompanied by the Guerrilla and the boy, and followed by a portion of the populace, walked hurriedly home. The three were presently seated in the library of the Senor.

"Now?" said the Senor.

"Not yet!" was the Guerrilla's reply.

"Do you mean to deceive me?" sternly demanded the Senor.

"No!" said the Guerrilla; "that I must think—I must reflect—and that takes time.—I must stipulate too; and that requires deliberation—caution. Thus far, however, thus shall be informed. Thy daughter lives. The place of her residence is known to me. She is in safety there. I can restore her to you, and I will! but you must abide my pleasure as to the when and the where—with this assurance, I shall disclose all in the course of the next seven days. But mark you, Senor, and pay due heed to what I say. The girl is a hostage for my life and that of the boy; so look carefully to our safety. And give us handsome entertainment too. Lodge us as your guests, and board us as such. You must not turn us over to your household. We will not at all table, but that whereat you preside.

"Is the least courtesy you can show towards those who have ventured their lives in coming

to Burgos, to restore to you your only living child?"

The Senor sat silent with astonishment.—He eyed the Guerrilla and the boy alternately from head to foot. The Guerrilla, following his eyes, said nothing for a time; but at length bursting into a hearty laugh:

"Your guests, I perceive," he exclaimed, "have their habits to thank for the questionable welcome you gave them. 'Tis all very right. 'Tis the way of the world, and 'tis natural to go with the times! Men's nature's ought to lie in the streets that cover their bodies, and not in their bodies themselves; though I have seen many a velvet arm make sorry work with a rapier opposed to one wielded by an arm in buff! No matter! heed not on habits, Senor! The Guerrilla and the boy will be fit for your table to-morrow. To-day they are content to dine alone. Give orders, however, that they be treated as becomes your guests. They bring good news to Burgos, and at the risk of their necks."

The Senor neither spoke nor moved; but sat staring at the Guerrilla, whose peculiar smile kept its place upon his cheek. The latter suddenly started up. The Senor did the same—as if instinctively.

"Senor!" ejaculated the Guerrilla, firmly, and with an air of command that indicated the most thorough confidence in himself; Senor, are you, or are you not, the father of the girl that was stolen from Burgos sixteen years ago? If you are, and if you wish the child to be restored to you, I have told you the way. Take it or not, as it pleases you. Give me the time I demand, and the treatment I look for during that time; if not—forth to the place of execution!—but remember, your daughter's life depends upon the safety of mine and of that boy's."

"One question!" interposed the Senor.

"I will answer none till my time?"

"Only this—has the girl any mark upon her person?"

The Guerrilla whispered the Senor.

The Senor threw himself into his chair and leaned back for a time, pressing both his hands upon his forehead. The Guerrilla remained standing—his eyes scrutinizingly fixed upon him as if he would penetrate the determination that was forming.

"Alphonso!" exclaimed the Guerrilla. The boy started up.

"Every thing shall be as you require!" hastily exclaimed the Senor. "Your name?"

"Nunez?"

"And the boy's?"

"You heard it just now—Alphonso?"

"Tis well! You shall be looked to in all that you desire!"

The Guerrilla and the boy were treated in every respect like the choice friends of the Senor. The day following, their mountain dresses were exchanged for that of the Spanish gentleman, and the youth of gentle blood.

Their couches were the best under the Senor's roof; they dined at the same board, and had all the honour paid to them which the Senor himself was accustomed to receive.

"Senor," said the Guerrilla, the second day, as they sat at table after the domestics had retired—"Senor, I have told you but half the errand that brought me to Burgos. What I have farther to inform you of refers to a subject of pain, not pleasure. Will you hear it?"

The Senor bowed. The Guerrilla went on—

"I had always set my face against acts of ferocity; I have repeatedly punished those who have committed them. I was in sight when your son was attacked; I called to the ruffians to desist—I flew with all the speed I could in hopes to rescue him; but I arrived too late. He was mortally wounded. His own reckless courage accelerated his fate. I had recklessly conveyed, still alive, to my own habitation, where he survived six hours; a portion of which time he occupied in penning, with great difficulty, the contents of this paper."

The Guerrilla here drew a small packet from his breast and handed it to the Senor, who, glancing at the superscription, hurriedly

quitted the room. He returned in about a quarter of an hour, went directly up to the Guerrilla, and, without trusting himself to speak, wrung him warmly by the hand.

"A youth—a son of mine," said the Guerrilla—

"You have another son?" interrupted the Senor.

The Guerrilla went on without noticing the question.

"A youth, a son of mine, was wounded in endeavouring to save the young cavalier. He momentarily expects my summons to repair to Burgos; will you ensure him security of life and person if he comes?"

"Certainly!" said the Senor.

"I shall send for him at once!" said the Guerrilla.

"Do so; and tell him to come hither. This is his home."

The Guerrilla and the boy were now indeed the friends of the Senor. It seemed as if he could never make enough of them. On the fourth day of their sojourn at his house he made a feast for them, to which he invited the most esteemed and worthy among his relations and friends.

Besides the Guerrilla and the boy, there was but one stranger present—a young Italian about five and twenty, who was on a visit with one of the guests. He was a youth whose general appearance was rather prepossessing, with the exception of his eye, which was peculiarly dark, small and sparkling. During dinner he sat directly opposite to the boy, whose countenance, remarkable for nothing but its sweetness and blandness, he kept constantly scrutinizing, to the no small annoyance of the other, who attempted to repel the freedom by glances of coldness, and, occasionally, even of displeasure—in such a manner, however, as to avoid remark on the part of the rest of the company.

After dinner the guests amused themselves as their several tastes directed. Some repaired to the billiard-room; some played at cards. Music was the recreation of others, and, among the rest, of the boy and the young Italian, who with persevering obtuseness had followed him to a window where he was standing, and contrived to keep him in discourse in spite of half-replies and pointed inattention. The Guerrilla and the Senor were deeply engaged in conversation in a corner of the room.

A charming passage of Mozart's was executed by a finger of truth and soul. All were enchanted. Even the young Italian discontinued his persecution of the boy, when the latter, uttering a shriek, suddenly darted out of the room. Every one ran to the windows to see what had excited such emotion. Some town officers were conducting a Guerrilla youth towards the house, which fronted the street up which they were coming. Before they came half a dozen steps nearer, the Guerrilla youth was in the arms of the boy.

"The poor brothers!" exclaimed the Senor, the tears starting into his eyes. Every one ran down into the hall. There they were met by the youth and the boy, still clinging to each other—the latter, overpowered by his feelings, almost carried by the former! Both looking into one another's eyes, straining, as if their souls were issuing from them, and blending, like their bodies, in embraces. Never was happiness at reunion more touchingly depicted; especially upon the part of the younger, who kissed alternately the forehead, the eyes, the cheeks, the neck, the hair of the young Guerrilla; and wept and laughed, and murmured unintelligible words of welcome—and at last was with difficulty taken by gentle force away.

Various were the spectators affected by this interview. The Senor wept like a child. The young Italian looked, as if he had never been acquainted with a tear. His countenance lowered with that cloud which throws the deepest shade; and which gathers in the mind. The tenderness which the boy displayed seemed to act upon him with the effect of an object of some natural, strong and uncon-

troubling antipathy. His eyes flashed lightning, and, with clenched hands, he pressed his folded arms convulsively upon his breast. The rest of the company sympathized with the youth and the boy; while the Guerrilla, his figure drawn up to the full extent of his stature, gravely, and musically, looked on!

The youth held forth a paper. The Guerrilla took it, and, withdrawing to a corner of the saloon, with the company had now returned, passed it with deep attention. The youth and the boy sat together, hand in hand. Of absorbing interest was the subject of their discourse. Their breaths mingled as they spoke. Their faces were never for a moment turned away; until roused by a sigh, deep drawn, and almost amounting to a groan, the elder started up, and confronted the Italian, who was standing close opposite to him, evidently trying to catch the purport of their conversation. The flash of the youth's full manly eye, on the wife's indignation, was too much for the Italian. With assumed carelessness, he turned his head, and presently slunk out of the apartment.

"Carlos," exclaimed the Guerrilla. The youth stood beside him in a moment. They whispered for a time. The Guerrilla then approached the Senator.

"I shall be absent ten days—thus, double the time for which I stipulated; but, I leave the young people as my hostages. For your daughter's sake, you will look to their civility, and in no wise engender out. At the expiration of ten days she shall be restored to you. Do not expectate! Necessity is a peremptory master, whose exactions we feel best, when we make up our minds to comply with them. I request the youth may occupy my room; the next to that in which your hospitality has lodged the boy."

The Senator gazed vacantly upon the Guerrilla. For a minute or two he was silent with disappointment and perplexity.

"It shall be as you desire," at length said he. "When do you depart?"

"This moment."

"May I ask whether?"

"To Madrid."

"Madrid!" echoed the Senator with surprise.

"Madrid?" calmly rejoined the Guerrilla.

"May I ask?" continued the Senator.

"Senator," interrupted the Guerrilla; "I depart the moment a conveyance is ready. My journey is a long one; and the time I have to take it in is short."

"You shall be conveyed the first two stages by my own horses and people," said the Senator, and left the room. The Guerrilla, exchanging a few words with the youth and the boy, presently followed him.

"I should like to adopt one of those boys," said the Senator, as he sat by himself, musing, after his visitors had retired, and his young guests had withdrawn to their respective apartments. "There is about them a freshness of nature, which acts upon my feelings in a manner in which they were never felt before; and, there is a vacuum in my heart— but that, to be sure, the recovery of my long lost daughter will supply—yet not wholly. I gloried in the manhood of my Antonio; I still yet feel the want of my son? I would the elder boy were not the son of a Guerrilla! Yet, is he a Guerrilla? The boys are brothers; and, he said the younger was not a Guerrilla's son, but was born in Burgos. And he is evidently the father of both, for they are brothers."

"Death is an instructor," continued the Senator, "When I looked on my poor Antonio, my vain heart swelled with the pride of blood, I gloried in the ancestry which he could trace. Now I perceive another, a new, and, I suspect, a higher source of exultation—the endowments, with which nature enriches. That young Italian is of noble birth; yet, how he covered before the rebuking eye of the youth. He could not bear its gaze. He withdrew from the apartment; nor ventured to enter it again. I marked it with astonishment. How the boy looks up to the youth! How he hangs upon him!—seems to exist in him! Children have penetration. He must have a nature of high excellence to command such love and such dependence. He is the making of a cavalier! I should like to adopt him—but, the brand of the Guerrilla is upon him; it matters not whether by nature or by chance."

Here the Senator was alarmed by a shriek. He started, and listened. It was repeated, and instantly followed by a scuffle in the chamber overhead. It was that in which the boy slept. The Senator snatched a candle, and rushed up stairs. The door of the chamber was open. He entered. The Italian lay

stretched upon the floor, and the youth, with one foot upon his breast, was standing over him.

"The matter?" impatiently inquired the Senator.

"The youth made no reply; but convulsively clasped his hands."

"The matter?" repeated the Senator, with increased eagerness.

"No breath—no sound—uttered the youth in reply; not stood with his hands still clasped."

"The matter, young man?" a third time authoritatively demanded the Senator—advancing close up to the youth—but with no better success.

The faculty of speech seemed to have suddenly and utterly vanished, as well as that of motion. One feeling alone had taken entire possession of him, that of intense wonder. That he had been recently agitated by emotions of a harsher kind, was certain from the attitude in which he stood, and from the prostrate figure beneath him; but not a trace of those emotions now remained. His soul and frame had evidently risen and set for only the one feeling; and that feeling spoke out of his eyes, the direction of which the Senator following, saw stood beside the image of wonder to be, for the side of the bed lay its occupant in a swoon; the night-dress half torn from the shoulders, as by violence; but instead of the neck of a boy, presenting the rich bosom of a ripe and lovely girl.

The Senator was the first that recovered his self-possession. He turned to the youth, and endeavored by shaking him to recall him to himself, but in vain. At this moment some of the attendants, who had retired to rest, but like their master, had been alarmed, presented themselves at the door of the apartment. The Senator, previously drawing the curtains of the bed, to conceal the unconscious form that reclined upon it, ordered them to enter and remove the Italian; who seemed to be stunned by the fall which he had doubtless received from the youth. He was obeyed. He now turned again to the youth. An entire change seemed to have taken place in him. The passion which had possessed him a moment before—which had stained his every faculty to the utmost capability of tension—was gone; and another, and a no less powerful one, appeared to have arisen in its place. The very spirit of tenderness shone meltingly in his eyes, which looked as if every moment they would gush; languid and deep was his respiration; and a universal tremour was perceptible to the Senator, when he took him by the hand, and led him, unresisting, from the apartment.

"Attend to the young person in that room," said the Senator to a female domestic who was passing. Then calling to the attendants below—those who had removed the young Italian—he inquired if the latter had recovered and been answered in the affirmative, gave orders for his immediate dismissal from the house.

The Senator and the youth were now in the apartment of the latter; they sat opposite to each other—the Senator meditating, his companion abstracted.

"You have made a discovery, I think," said the Senator. "I perceive your astonishment is as great as mine. Tell tonight you were unacquainted with the sex of your young friend."

"Till to-night!" was the brief but emphatic reply of the youth.

"You took her for a brother?"

"No, Senator, for a cousin."

"Have you been much together?"

"Constantly; particularly in our studies."

"Your studies?" repeated the Senator with surprise.

"Yes, Senator; my father had received a liberal education in his youth; he studied at Salamanca. My mother had been bred in a convent—they jointly instruct us."

"And you never suspected the sex of your companion?"

"Never."

"What language do you know besides your own?"

"Latin and French."

"What do you know of the use of arms?"

"My father says I am a tolerable master of the rapier."

"Was your companion taught it?"

"No, Senator! I was always instructed to believe that he was of a constitution too delicate to encounter robust exercises. In our walks and pastimes, I was obliged to lead him into any thing which might require great exertion. Hence I never suffered him to leap a brook; but waded it, carrying him in my arms."

"What do you know of the life of a Guerrilla?"

"Little, Senator. My father lives in their mountains, he adopts their domestic habits, partakes in their sports, and has a sort of command amongst them; but in their lawless proceedings he has never taken part."

"Then he is not a Guerrilla?"

"No further than I have told you, Senator."

"One question more," said the Senator, thoughtfully. "Your companion has always been very fond of you; did your parents encourage his affection?"

"No, Senator, they rather checked it; not harshly though. It was sometimes painful to me; but as I saw that repelling it gave greater pain, I suffered it; though I have often said it would be us to look more like girls than boys."

"Would you repulse it now?" asked the Senator, bending an earnest glance upon the youth. The youth sighed, and his head dropped upon his breast; the Senator rose and quitted the apartment. He met the female domestic coming out of the adjoining one. She told him that its occupant had come to herself, and treated her to leave her. The Senator dismissed her for the night. For a considerable time he remained standing at the door, which at length he softly opened, and, assured by the breathing of his inmate that she had fallen into a sleep, entered on tiptoe, approached the bed, and gently drew the curtains. One arm was bent under the head of the sleeper, the other, of exquisite mould, lay exposed upon the rich satin quilt. The Senator stooped down to examine it. There was a small scar a little above the wrist. The Senator sank upon his knees, his eyes raised to Heaven; he wept, but the tears fell from eyes that were bright with thanksgiving and joy.

[To be concluded in our next.]

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the London packet ship *Willington*, dates from Portsmouth, to the 11th Decr. and from London to the 10th, had been received.

The Earl of Gosford is coming home from Canada. We believe that His Lordship's successor is not yet appointed, but most probably he will be a military man.—*Courier*, Dec. 7.

Sir Francis Head also comes home.—*Id.*

London, Dec. 8.—Despatches for the Earl of Gosford, Governor of the Canadas, were sent off yesterday from the Colonial Office.

On the 4th ult. Despatches were received from Lord Gosford and Sir Francis Bond Head. Messrs. Hart Logan and Gillespie had an interview with Lord Glenelg at the Colonial Office on the 5th.

Major General James Ramsay, brother to the Earl of Dalhousie, and Lord Plannure, died early in December. He was Governor of Carlsruhe.

Her Majesty will leave Buckingham Palace for Windsor on the 23rd Decr.

Major General Napier has been appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

Mr. G. F. Young presented a petition in the House of Commons on the 5th Decr. from Mr. Montagu Martin, author of a work on the Colonies, for an improvement in the management of the affairs in the Colonies, by appointing a board to act with the Colonial Minister, to consist of twelve, one-half to be during good behavior, and to be composed of retired Governors, Judges, &c. possessed of local knowledge.—Ordered to be laid on the table.

Montreal dates of the 12th, had been received in London on the 7th,—the papers of the 6th, contain the account of the riot at Montreal on the 6th Nov. taken from the papers of both parties.

It was given as a report that Parliament would adjourn over the holidays till the 1st February.

The venerable Earl of Eldon has arrived in Hamilton-place for the winter. His Lordship continues to enjoy pretty good health considering his advanced life, having entered his eighty-seventh year.

A report having been laid before the Queen of the sad extent of suffering occasioned by the late calamitous fire at Southampton, in which, besides the loss of life to 222 persons and the injuries received by 24 others, the dependent wives, widows, and children, make up a total of about 90 persons, her Majesty desired her private Secretary to forward £100 to be added to the subscription in aid of the sufferers.

The Duke of Sussex and Cambridge, the nearest of kin to the King of Hanover, have

protested against the abrogation of the Constitution of 1833 by King Ernest.

In the House of Commons, on the 8th Decr. the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Spring Rice) moved for a Select Committee to consider how far the existing pensions on the Civil List should be continued, consistently with economy, justice, and the national faith. Sir R. Peel, in opposition to the motion, moved a series of resolutions, to the effect that pensions once granted, should be considered to be perpetual during the lives of the beneficiaries. After a long and animated debate, a division took place, when the votes were announced as, for the Ministerial Committee, 292; for Sir R. Peel's Resolutions, 233; giving ministers a majority of 64.

The payment of all pensions is suspended until the report of the Committee.

The Liverpool Times states that new earnings are about to be prepared for the conveyance of the mail along the Grand Junction Railway, so contrived that a Post-office clerk sent with the bags will be able to sort the letters on the journey.

The House of Commons, after it adjourns for the Christmas holidays, will not re-assemble till the 1st February.

The *Mail of Bute* steamer was completely destroyed by fire, while lying at the quay of Rothsay.

Among the recent deaths, mentioned in the London papers, we notice those of the Marquis of Queensbury, and of Capt. Maitland, eldest son and military secretary to Sir Peregrine Maitland—the latter at Madrid. The Marquis of Queensbury was one of the 16 Scotch Peers, elected to the House of Lords.

London was visited by one of its peculiar fogs on the 2nd December, which continued from 7 a. m. to 1 p. m. The street lamps were lighted, notwithstanding which the obscurity was so great, that vehicles ran against each other, and pedestrians were sorely puzzled to grope their way. Among other accidents, a stage coach went bang into the shop window of Mr. Hooby, the famous bootmaker, demolishing forty squares of glass. The coaches leaving town were compelled to have persons at the horses' heads leading them. The omnibuses were forced to stop running. Seven accidents of a serious nature occurred. One man was killed by a platoon running against him, the horse having been frightened. The thieves and pickpockets took large advantage of the fog.

The fog has been heavily overspread at intervals during those days, over, it is ascertained, an extent of country radiated from London, of from 100 to 150 miles.

At Bedford the horses of a post-chaise went over a bridge, and one horse was killed on the spot, the other greatly injured; the postboy and passengers escaped all injury beyond fright and an unpleasant detention. The same night the Holyhead mail was overturned 2 miles on the London side of Coventry; an outside passenger named Jones is seriously injured, as likewise the guard. On Sunday night a serious collision took place on the Birmingham rail way between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and distant about a mile from latter town. The train from Birmingham not arriving till long after the expected time, an extra engine was sent from Wolverhampton to ascertain the cause of delay. Both going on the same line, and not perceiving their mutual approach, owing to the intense fog, a dreadful crash took place. About 10 persons together were injured, and 6 of them so severely that they were obliged to be conveyed into Wolverhampton for surgical assistance.

UNITED STATES.

The *Albany Daily Advertiser*, of Tuesday, has the following:—

FROM THE WEST.—The only news by yesterday's mail is the announcement of the arrival at Buffalo of Governor Marcy, General Scott, Adjutant General McDonald, and Attorney General Bardsley, at 12 o'clock on Thursday night.

The Grand Jury of Niagara County have indicted M'Nab and six others, who were concerned in the murder of Durfee and other persons on board the steamboat *Caroline* at Schlosser.

OCCUPATION OF FORT NIAGARA.—Captain G. Wright, of the U. S. ARMY, commanding the recruiting station in this city, has received orders from Washington, to occupy Fort Niagara with all his disposable force from here, and an additional number from Rochester to make up 50 men.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 23rd JANUARY, 1838.

The packet ship United States, arrived at New-York on the 12th inst., brought London papers to the 7th December, and by her arrival in Quebec on Saturday last; and by post yesterday's mail, we were put in possession of London dates to the 14th. In regard to New-York by the packet ship Wellington, which sailed from Fort-montreal on the 11th.

The news received is not important. Such items as appear to possess any interest here, we have inserted in another column.

There appears to be no longer any doubt that Lord Gosford has been recalled. The following is an extract from the London correspondence of the Quebec Gazette, dated 6th December—

“Lord Gosford, you will probably know ere this, is recalled, and Sir J. Colborne is to act as Governor, post-tertia, till the spring, when a new official will be appointed. It is highly satisfactory to know that the Ministry, with the full sanction of our outland Queen, are resolved to carry matters with a high hand as respects the Papuan faction.”

“We have just heard of advices to the 12th from Montreal, stating that the “rebels” had mustered near that place, but were compelled to disperse by the military.”

On the 14th instant, Sir Francis Head informed the Assembly of Upper Canada, by message, of his having resigned his station, and of the appointment of Sir George Arthur, who is expected to arrive at Toronto in a few days.

An excellent communication, on the subject of the interference of the people of the United States in the present contest in Canada, is published in a Burlington paper of the 12th instant. It is written by one of the signers of the “condemned memorial” to the Governor of Vermont, on which was issued the proclamation enjoining neutrality. The following is an extract—

“The resistance in Canada is too feeble to merit the designation of a rebellion; it is a painful rebellion. At the firing of the first gun, the leaders abandoned their arms, and seeking safety in a desperate flight, have come among us to give examples of patriot daring under the protection of our laws. Deigns in his master's services. The continuance of this contest rests with us. If we persevere the leading it may acquire a momentum which will be crushed in the end. And why take such a step? It is madness in the thought, it cannot benefit Canada—the injury to ourselves is sure. We pollute the name of liberty by its meretricious appearance, and bring disgrace upon the American character which ages cannot wash out.”

“IMPORTANT—IS TRUE.”—The London correspondent of the Quebec Gazette says, “You may rely upon it that further conciliation is not to be the policy of our Government; and of the necessity of prompt and energetic measures being adopted, Government has been convinced.”

[From the Quebec Gazette of yesterday.]

The Albany papers of the 16th, state that the proceeds of the Theatre there that evening were devoted to the relief of the “Canadian Patriots driven into exile without the means of support,” and that “Mr. Rodier, a patriot member of the Lower Canada Parliament, would be at the Theatre.” They further state, “50 French Canadians, armed and equipped,” passed through Rochester, on the 11th January, for Navy Island, and 500 were following, close on their heels.”

The joint Committee of the New York Legislature have reported on the Governor's Message on the Caroline steamer affair. They state that from further communications with His Excellency “no matters on the frontier had assumed so favorable and peaceable a character that no immediate action was necessary.”

FRID.—The house of Dr. Nault, occupied by Mr. Musson, situated on the St. Foy road, took fire this morning from the stove-pipe passing through the floor of the second flat. The greater part of the furniture was saved by the last detachment of the 85th Regiment, who left town this morning for Sorel, and who were passing at the time. The dwelling-house was entirely consumed, but the out-buildings were saved. Dr. Nault had an insurance of £250 on the house, at the Quebec Insurance, and Mr. Musson £235 on furniture, at the same office.

OFFICIAL—Extract from a Dispatch dated, TORONTO, Jan. 15, 1838.

To Capt. GOLDIE, A. D. C.

Since I last had the honor to address you it is confidently stated that the Rebels are beginning to move from their strong hold on Navy Island, but the difficulty is in what direction to go. They are afraid to attempt a landing on our main shore, I apprehend, and the Americans will not permit them to land on Grand Island, as was proved by the circumstances of Governor Marcy, of the State of New York, with Gen. Scott, and about 1800 men and 8 pieces of artillery, having moved from Buffalo to Tonawanda Creek, at two o'clock, on the morning of the 11th, in consequence of information received at Buffalo, that the Rebels had intended to attempt a landing with their guns on our shores; it being the intention of the American force to intercept them should they land, in the first instance, on the American side. This force returned to Buffalo at daylight. The previous night or two, the batteries under Captain Glasgow opened on Navy Island with 385 rounds of various kinds, being returned by 20 rounds only from the rebels. On the night of the 13th, 139 rounds were fired by our batteries, but none returned. The occupation of Bois Blanc Island, in the river St. Clair, by a body of rebels, has induced me to send one company of the 24th and two of the 32d, under Col. Townshend, to Amherstburgh, with two six pounders, and 3 companies of the 32d, and one nine pounder, under Col. Reid, to the London District, which is threatened with a descent, either from Detroit or Navy Island.

This day at four o'clock His Excellency came down to the House, and gave the Royal Sanction to the Bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Bill for trying Foreigners taken in Arms by Court Martial.—Toronto Patriot, Jan. 12.

The Hon. Mr. Justice McLean returned to Toronto, on the 14th inst., from Washington.

Extract from Governor Head's Message to the Assembly of Upper Canada, relating to his resignation.

“The Lieut. Governor takes this opportunity to communicate to the House of Assembly, that having had the misfortune to differ from Her Majesty's Government on one or two points of Colonial Policy, he felt it his duty on the 10th of September last, respectfully to tender to Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies the resignation of the important station which for a short time he has had the honor to hold in this Province.

“His resignation having been graciously accepted, the Lieut. Governor has to inform the House of Assembly that he yesterday received official information that Her Majesty had been pleased to appoint Colonel Sir George Arthur to be Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, and that his Excellency may be expected in a few days.

“Under the peculiar circumstances in which the Province is at present placed, the Lieut. Governor feels confident that the House of Assembly will rejoice with him at the approaching arrival of an officer of high character and considerable experience, whose rank in the army will enable him to combine the military command with the civil government of this Province.”

Government House, } 15th Jan. 1838. }

NAVY ISLAND.—The Buffalo Journal of the 10th contains some affidavits, got up to discredit the Upper Canada version of the Caroline affair.—No regular attack had been made upon Navy Island, though some cannonading had taken place with little reported effect.—Another steambot is said to have been procured to take the place of the Caroline. A late Albany paper states that a British subject had been arrested on the American side of the Niagara, on charge of murder committed in the affair of the Caroline, and that his identity being sworn to, he was lodged in goal to take his trial.—These two facts, should they prove to be facts, may yet lead to the most serious results.

The Traveller came down from Toronto on Saturday morning, and returned in the evening with five companies of the troops.

The steambot St. George has been fitted out, and started yesterday with a company of the 32d Regt. and a full load of heavy ordnance and ordnance stores. The whole of the 24th and 32d Regiments, except the light company of the latter are now in the Niagara frontier, and another Regiment is expected here this week.—Kingston Herald, Jan. 16.

Captain W., with his command, left the city this morning in the rail-road cars.

Colonel Cutler, of the U. S. Army, we learn, has received orders to repair to this frontier.—Buffalo Daily Journal.

HOBBO'S TRANSACTION.—We published some time since an account of a tragedy enacted in the house of representatives of Arkansas. The following more detailed particulars of the transaction, copied from the Rochester Democrat, are, painfully interesting.

On the 14th December, a bill authorizing the payment of a bounty on wolves, was under discussion. Upon its third reading, an amendment was proposed by Major Anthony, that the bill of the Real Estate Bank, located in Little Rock, should not be effected in payment of the bounties, until the name of the President and also a magistrate, should be affixed as security for their ultimate redemption. It appears that the President of this bank (Col. Wilson), is speaker of the House, and looked upon this amendment as a personal insult; he accordingly deliberately rose from his seat—drew his bowie knife, and walked directly toward Anthony. The members made way for him, says our correspondent, “and A. retreated a few paces for the purpose of drawing his bowie knife, (the blade of which was nine inches longer than Wilson's), and as W. came, struck at him with his knife, W. threw up his arm, upon which he received a blow which nearly severed it, at the wrist. A struck W. another blow, which he received on his right arm. Col. W. then threw down the chair which A. had placed between them, and thrust over the chair at Anthony.

His knife struck A. as near the middle of the body as you could lay your finger. The knife split the breast bone, and passed directly through the heart of Anthony. He threw the chair at Wilson, fell back and expired. I was up at the State House a short time after, and saw A. lying on the table—a doctor was examining him. I never before saw such a sight, and never wish to again. The shirt and clothes were clothed with blood; the table where he had been laid had a small puddle of blood upon it, and on the floor there had been dirt strewn that soaked up the blood. A was a large powerful man. So was W. The gash was about twenty inches wide. The knife W. struck with was nine inches—A's knife blade about eighteen in length. They all carry knives here, or pistols. There are several kinds of knives in use. A narrow blade, and about twelve inches long, is an Arkansas toothpick.”

The Judges decided that it was a indictable offence, and the amount of bail required was 10,000 dollars.

DISASTROUS NEWS FROM FLORIDA.—The apprehensions which we expressed, a few days ago, as to the probable character of the next news we should receive from the seat of war in Florida, are already unhappily too far realized. An action has been fought between a detachment of the regulars and the Missouri volunteers, under the command of Colonel Taylor, and the Indians, said to have been commanded by Sam Jones, which appears to have resulted most disastrously to our troops, twenty eight (including valuable officers) having been killed, and one hundred and eleven wounded.—Washington National Intelligencer, Jan. 11.

FROM MEXICO.—Extract of a letter dated City of Mexico, Nov. 8, 1837—“We are on the eve of a Revolution, the object of which will be to do away with the present objectionable Constitution, and re-establish the old one of 1824. There will be no blood shed in the matter; it will be effected by those in power, by which they will be kept in. This is the way we manage in this country.—Ib.

UPPER CANADA.

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM AMHERSTBURGH.

From the Kingston Chronicle Extra. The Rebels defeated at Amherstburgh—one Schooner, 3 pieces of Cannon, 400 Stand of Arms, and abundance of Ammunition taken, 1 killed, 8 wounded and 12 prisoners, amongst them notorious characters from this and Detroit.

(Signed) J. B. ASKIN.

London, Jan. 13, 1838.
David Anderson, killed.
Dr. Keller, taken.
Robert Davis, do.
Walter Chase, do.
Wm. Dodge, do.
Haiton, January 14.

ROBBERIES.—On Thursday evening last, the store of Mr. Loaferty, St. Roch's, was broken open, and four draft of wet codfish, a barrel of herrings, and three and a half quintals of dry fish carried away. On the same evening the shop of Mr. Allard, biscuit-baker, was entered, and biscuits, &c. to the value of £2 taken. Mr. Parker's store was also entered that night, two quarters of beef, and 60 lbs. of ditto, cut up into small pieces for sale, together with 20 lbs. of pork stolen. On search being made the next day, F. X. Julien, constable, found the fish in the house of Pierre Landols, who said that they had been brought there by his sons.

Pierre Landols, his two sons, and Pierre Hamel, were brought to the police office, and committed for trial on Saturday morning.



IMPORTANT FROM UPPER CANADA.

This month's mail has brought slips from the Montreal papers conveying the important intelligence that Navy Island is in full possession of the British troops, two companies of the 24th Regiment being on it. M-Kenzie has escaped—Van Renssaller is reported to be among the list killed, along with about fifty of the rebels. About one hundred and fifty have been taken prisoners. The rebels were nearly starving when the island was taken, as only about two days provisions were found on it. The gallant bombardment on the 14th and 15th by Capt. Glasgow caused the greatest number of the rebels to evacuate the island.

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

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

Subscriptions, advertisements and communications are received at the Office, No. 21, St. Peter Street. Subscription lists are also kept at the Exchange Reading Room and at Mr. Neilson's Book-store.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT may be had of Mr. F. PALMER, Bookseller, opposite to Mr. A. Laurier's store, St. John Street, Upper Town.

DIED.

On Saturday night, in this city, suddenly, aged 68, Mr. Victor Hamel, Blacksmith, an old and worthy inhabitant of Quebec.

VOLUNTEERS.

THE MEMBERS OF CAPT. GILLESPIE'S COMPANY, No. 4, Quebec Light Infantry, are requested to be punctual in their attendance at drill every evening at Half-past Six o'clock, in the Riding House, near the Chateau 9th January, 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.

FOR SALE.

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE, No. 14, Mountain Street, SPLENDID PORTABLE BAROMETER, of the manufacture of Guay Lussac, Paris,—for Sale, Cheap for Cash.

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 his vicinage, 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 efforts on his part shall be wanted to insure a similar continuance of their benevolent 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—Bearskin Cloth (superior to any in town,) Pilot Cloths, Buckskins, Cassimers, &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.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FLOWERS IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

"I desire to look on these, the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether indeed such things I shall see no more—whether they have no likeness nor archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast; or whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."

Bear them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have summer cells,—
Not from where sweet summer sounds
Thrill the green wind to its bounds,—
Not to waste their second life
On the silent rooms of Death.

Kindled to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's general star,
And the bird whose song is free,
And the many-suspending tree,
Oh! too deep a love and vain
They would win to life again.

Send them not before the eyes,
Clushing fast on summer skies—
Who from the air sprang back
From its low and wondrous track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the coloured earth.

With the violet's beauty would rise
The blue you send for who dies?
From the life's perfume shed,
Dreams too sweet would haud her bed—
Dreams of youth, of spring-time eyes—
Music, beauty, all she leaves.

Hush! 'tis thus that dreaming art
Calms her grief for grief's part:
Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hark gush'd her love!
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these
In their fragile mould she sees—
Shadows of fairer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller beauty wrought,
Kindled to surpassing thought!

Therefore in the life's brief
She can read no word of grief?
O'er the woodland she can dwell,
Murmuring not—'Farewell! Farewell!
And her dim not speaking eye
Gazes the violet solace.

Therefore once and yet again
Strew them o'er her couch of pain:
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and dash of bloom,
So should one depart who goes
Where no bright can touch the rose.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

INSENSIBILITY OF ANIMALS TO PAIN.

It is a well known truth in natural history, that a vast number of insects are not only insensible to acute pain, but are capable of living and enjoying themselves after they have been mutilated, and even cut in pieces, if the head of a mammiferous quadruped, or of a bird, is cut off, the consequences are of course fatal; but the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Riboud struck different beetles through with pins, and cut and lacerated others in the severest manner, without greatly accelerating death. Leewenhock had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point, for microscopic investigation. Valient caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and struck a stout pin through the thorax, yet the feet were in full play after the lapse of five months.—Rodi opened the shell of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain. A fleshy instrument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived for six months. M. Vieux informs us, "We have seen a salamander live two months though deprived of its head by means of a ligature tied round the neck. Spallanzani cut the heart out of three newts, which immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. Rodi cut off the head of a tortoise which survived eighteen days. Colonel Pringle decapitated several dragon-flies, one of which afterwards lived for four months, and another for six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on, above a few days. I have seen the common cockchafer walk about with apparent indifference after some bird had nearly enticed its body of its viscera; and a humble bee will eat honey with

goodness though deprived of its abdomen. The head of a wasp will attempt to bite after it is separated from the rest of the body, and the abdomen, under similar circumstances, if the finger be moved to it, will attempt to sting.

Mr. Haworth, the well known English entomologist, confirmed the truth of the remarkable insensibility to pain manifested by insects, by narrating an additional circumstance. Being in a garden with a friend who firmly believed in the delicate susceptibility of these creatures, he struck down a large dragon-fly, and in so doing, unfortunately severed its long abdomen from the rest of the body. He caught a small fly which he presented to the mutilated insect, by which it was instantly seized and devoured; and a second was treated in the same manner. Mr. Haworth then contrived to form a false abdomen, by means of a slender portion of a geranium; and after this operation was performed, the dragon-fly devoured another small insect as greedily as before. When set at liberty, it flew away with as much apparent ease as if it had received no injury. It is a fact well known to practical entomologists, that large flies found sleeping during the day time, may be placed to the limbs of trees without their appearing to suffer such a degree of pain as even to awake them. It is only on the approach of the evening twilight that they seek to free themselves from what they must account to regard as an inconvenient situation.

AN IRISH DOG.

At an election for Queen's County, between General Walsh and Mr. Warburton, of Gortreech, about the year 1788, took place the most curious incident of any which has occurred within my recollection. A Mr. Frank Skelton, a hostler, picking up a young dog, whose name was prevailed on much against his grain, to challenge the excise man of the town, for tanning the butt-end of a horse whip down his throat the night before, whilst he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The excise man insisted that smiting at a dinner-table was personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology.

Frank, though he had been nearly choked, was very reluctant to fight; he said "he was sure if he did, as the excise man could snuff a candle with his pistol-ball; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him presently to give the excise man no time to take aim at him, by which means he might perhaps hit his adversary first, and thus surmount the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consented by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

Hundreds of the town's youths went to see the fight on the green of Mayborough. The ground was regularly measured, and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the excise man's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This sent him a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments: he changed colour, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their swords, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his own pistols, and half-bellowed to them, "Blaze away, boys!"

Skelton now recollects his in-strengths, and lost no time; he cocked both his pistols at once; and as the excise man was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," he called it, Skelton let fly, "Hollo!" said the excise man, dropping his level, "I'm battered, by Jans!" "The devil's cure to you!" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

One of the excise man's legs then gave way, and down he came, on his knee, exclaiming, "Hollo! hollo! you bloodthirsty villain! do you want to take my life?" "Why, to be sure I do!" said Skelton, "Ha! ha! have I stiffened you, my lad?" Wisely judging, however, that if the excise man recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd shouted; but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

Jenny Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked why he ran away from the excise man?

"Ough, thunner!" said Skelton, with his chestnut brogue, "how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcass? Would you have me stop to make a riddle of him, Jenny?"

The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field house. He resisted, affirming that he had done all that honor required. The second called him a coward.

"By my soul," returned he, "not a word of cowardly may be set you may call me a coward, if you please; but I did it all for the best."

"The best! you blackguard!"

"Yes," said Frank, "sure it's better to be a coward than a corpse; and I must have been either one or t'other of them."

However, he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again, if he had another pistol given him. But luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the excise man's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the excise man was carried home. His first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg; but neither proved at all dangerous.

The excise man, determined on halting Frank, as he called it, on his recovery, challenged Skelton in his turn. Skelton accepted the challenge, but said he was told he had a right to choose his own weapons. The excise man, knowing that such was the law, and that Skelton was a swordsman, and not anticipating any new invention, acquiesced. "Then," said Skelton, "for my weapons, I choose my fist; and by the powers, you gauger, I'll give you such a basting that your nearest relations shan't know you." Skelton insisted on his right, and the excise man not approving of this species of combat, got nothing by his challenge. The affair dropped, and Skelton triumphed.—(Barrington's Personal Sketches.)

DIANA VERNON.—Capt. Basil Hall, who spent the last year in Austria, at the castle of the Countess Pareastal, has published an account of his residence at that place, in which he states that he became acquainted with the origin of the bewitching character in Scott's Rob Roy, whose name heads this paragraph. It was his noble foster-mother. She was a native of Scotland, a member of the noble house of Cratstoun, and a sister of Professor Dugald Spurr. Forty years ago she married an Austrian nobleman, since which time she has resided in Austria. She was a lady of uncommon intellectual powers, and like her portrait in Rob Roy, a little tinged with eccentricity, which, however, but added to the charms of her society. She was intimate with Sir Walter Scott in her youth and corresponded with him.

CATHERINE PARR.—The tomb of the unfortunate Queen of Henry VIII, who bore this name, has lately been opened. The body and feet were found as perfect and beautiful as on the day she died. It appears that the lady has been embalmed and coated with wax.

A LADY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The late Duchess of Gordon had so ardent a desire to hear Mr. Pitt speak in the House, that she was induced to assist the expedition of entering the gallery habited as a man. The Duchess had not, unfortunately, made a secret of her design, and scarcely was she comfortably seated, in expectation of the Minister's speech, when the Sergeant-at-arms appeared, and very politely whispered to her Grace that her sex was discovered, and that there existed a standing order of the House, against the admission of ladies into the gallery. "Pray inform me this," inquired the Duchess, "whether there exists any standing order for turning a female out who has come in?"—a question that so effectually posed Mr. Coleman that he effected his retreat, leaving the adventurous lady in quiet enjoyment of her place.

MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING, were very differently from different persons, and in different places. I remember formerly having received an appointment to wait on a noble Lord the next morning; for want of a due consideration of his Lordship's rank and amusements, I went at ten o'clock; but after knocking half an hour, was convinced by a slipshod footman, that morning would not commence in that house until some hours after the sun had passed his meridian. On a similar appointment from a Welsh squire, I was at his door at eight, having been told he was an early man; but judge my surprise, when his servant informed me his master went out in the morn-

ing. On inquiry, I found morning in that house did not reach later than seven o'clock."

APPRENTICE BOYS.—Of all classes of people, these lads are least affected by the pressure of the times. Whatever happens, they get their meat and lodging; and if their masters have no work for them to do, they take it as kindly as if they had. Whichever way the world wags well with them. So sensible of their good fortune is one of them, that he has absolutely become preterit on the subject. A lad some fifteen years, clad in a short jacket, came into our office, and popping down a bit of paper folded letter wise, immediately disappeared. On opening it we discovered, under the head of "An Apprentice," and over the signature of "An Apprentice," a very considerable string of poetry, of which the following clever lines are a part. After holding forth on the troubles and vexations of the times—broken boards, chain plasters, ruined trade, puzzled politicians, and prevailing discontent, he thus triumphantly refers to his own and his fellow apprentices' happy condition:

"But look for blow-out hearts and red joys!
They're no where found but with apprentice boys,
No deaths can scare them, nor no pains fright!
No paper bands can quench their pure delight,
Gold's worth no more to them than paper money,
Their master clothes them, and the master boards,
And gives them work, whenever trade affords.
When times are hard and work can not be found,
And wither'd merchants start at every sound,
The happy apprentice rambles through the street—
For in the walks, and suns on all he meets!
Nor spite nor envy warms his heart amiss!
Then would not live the lives of 'prentice boys!"

Men merry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it, here such a woman in their friends' eyes will look at her head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man, that had any fancy at all. These I call "furniture wives;" as men buy "furniture pictures;" they desire that this or that niche in their dining parlors.

By a mistake the age of Miss STIRLING is printed upon the cards seventeen instead of eighteen, and we cannot omit on this subject a "jet d'esprit" of Mr. GRAY, the organ builder. When informed of this error—(Oh! it is of no consequence," said he, "sixty forty")

An honest dame in the town of—, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in "spurious tones," his untimely departure, observed, "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they were."

"Nimrod," bearing a celebrated Scotch preacher inveighing against riches, and the superior advantages of poverty, is said to have made a sporting offer, that if any man preferred poverty to riches, he, Nimrod, was ready for a swap.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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 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 he one now proposed, is 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.

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

Quebec, 6th December, 1837.

THOMAS J. DONOUGHE, PRINTER.