

vented, were mentioned with horror. The uniform coat and waistcoat were both single-breasted; thus, there was no buttoning up to the chin, and covering a deficiency with a military air, and there was also a pocket at that time in the waist, not to have a collar to one's shirt, was tantamount to being a scoundrel." There was no room for disguise, or rather too much room to practice; it successfully, excepting by the deeply initiated.

On the previous Sunday, much amusement had been afforded to the captain and the ward-room officers, by the many subterfuges that had been resorted to, to make the necessary appearance at divisions; and one refer had actually been discovered ensconcing himself in all the shady places that he could find on the main-deck, who had made to himself a clean corner of writing paper.

The ship had already been at sea fourteen weeks, during which time the English fleet, under fighting old Sir Edward Pellew, had been using every stratagem to draw the enemy out. We certainly put forth our most winning ways, looking at times so innocent and sheepish, that they might have tempted any body but a Frenchman to have come out and played with us. Twice we did get them far enough from the shore to enable us to exchange courtesies, but they quickly underdrew their bow before we had time to give them one-fiftieth part of the welcome we had intended.

It is in Pelham, or Vivian Grey, or in some other very, very fashionable novel, or in all of them, that the male toilet of the hero is described—the various brushes, the multiplied and the ingeniously contrived instruments, the vessels of cut glass, and of silver and gold, the fragrant oils, and the volatilized essences of the exquisite on shore, have been described with minuteness, and read with avidity. Shall, then, the sea-going midshipman have no record of his labours at personal embellishment—the midshipman, of whom it may be truly said, when in full bloom, that "they tell not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not like one of them." We will answer for it he was not.

With more perplexity of thought than ever afflicted mathematician over an insoluble problem, after much unwillingness to quit his hammock, Horace Elmford joined his assembled messmates in the midshipmen's berth, and hid the sorrows of his countenance in the steams of his hot hogger. Coming from a brig, he was of little estimation with his fellows; they insulted him up to that point that did not quite provoke him to knock them down; and that morning, the question of "How are you off for soap?" came with fearful intensity upon his auricular organ. However, something must be done, and the business of Admiralty was at length commenced; yet few dared to hope for any thing like success in that operation so pleasurable to the young, so anxious to persons of a certain standing, and so very distressing to those who have fallen into the "scar and yellow leaf" of ugliness and age.

Shortly, the larboard and starboard berths were deserted, and the cockpit filled. While you walk in, gentlemen?—you cannot, at first, very well distinguish objects, on account of the misty and yellow light; but you will soon get accustomed to it, and to the close and cloudy atmosphere, relieved by whiffs from the bilge water up the pump-well, and the smotherly odour of mud and tar from the cable trays. All this may strike at first, but it is nothing, absolutely nothing, when you are used to it. However, till our situation becomes a little more clear, let us listen to the signals: there is noise enough, and a movement prevails, but it is rather too boisterous and boisterous to be quite real, though it is an excellent counterfeit trial. There is a sort of auction going on, not very unlike that which takes place on an evening round the newspaper offices, when the little dirty blackguards invade the foot-path, and annoy the eyes of the passengers with cries like these—"Two Gloves for a Standard!"—"A Times and a half-penny for a Sun!"—"A Morning Chronicle for five-pence—fartin' it!"

But our contributions must be given with offer. "Two dimes exceeds for a clean one,"—no takers; clean linen bolts that morning at a remarkably high premium. At length, the offer of a piece of three was offered—only accepted by all eyes; we had any of the old man in hand. When this was settled as far as the linen bolts could go, and the market being not drained of its supply, the remainder were forced to inspect the first page of the chapter of expedients. The previously

worn shirts were examined most scrupulously, and those that appeared to have been the least soiled, laid aside for a second investigation; and at length, with many appeals for advice around, the difficult selection is made, and then commences the art of cooing, to rally some strength into the disposing collar, and to give some appearance of firmness to the discoloured shirt. Whilst at least one-half of them are thus occupied, let us turn our attention to the remainder.

I will draw the curtain and place the picture before you: to the extreme left, in sociability of cases, two middies are seated on one chest—one of them is cleaning his teeth, and getting his mouth filled with bristles for his pains, he is not in the best of humours, for he is not pleasant either to masticate or to swallow, and very difficult to dislodge, and his annoyance is rather increased by being preached at by his brother referer, who is boasting of his newly discovered faculty of spitting blacking, he expectorates and rubs, and descants and is really as happy as a ***** at being able to discharge so much polishing dirt from his mouth. The standing order being, that no lights shall be used in the cockpit without they be screened in lanterns; the consequence is, that the more battered and broken the lantern, the better, as there is less here to intercept the soft rays of the purser's dip, which dip is seldom put inside, but generally stuck on the rim of its enjoined preserver. Let us move forward a little, and we shall see another young gentleman performing his ablutions; author of Pelham! canst thou guess how? Thou canst not—and yet I must relate it—as Baroloph remarks, a worn out serving-man will make a fresh tapster, so our young friend has proved that a used shirt will make an efficient towel, and we are sure that Nelson, and those heroes of our bright naval days, have well experienced the fact.

Being the divided enemy to the doctrine of expediency, let us hurry on to the next group, and we shall find it consist of the midshipmen's servant, and one of his master's, who endeavour between them to ally to this place on the most best uniform coat of the latter, a renegade bottom. The boy is throwing but a miserable light on the subject, and the referer is pricking his fingers quite as often as he pierces the unwilling cloth. But we have no room to detail minutely every group of this and attiring thirty; let it suffice to say, that they might be seen in every stage, from all but nudity, to the full tugged midshipman with gold bound sky-paper clapped on his head punctate with stars.

(To be concluded in our next.)

UPPER CANADA.

NAVY ISLAND AS IT IS NOW.

Dear Sir,—As I cannot return so soon as I intended, it may be as well that I forward you some intimation of what I have seen and heard since I left Niagara.

In the first place, I met at Queenston the prisoner Hays, late of the 10th Regiment, who is now out of a party of one or two soldiers. He struck me as being a fair looking man, with a countenance bearing a considerable resemblance to himself. He came over to this place some days ago, representing himself as a deserter from Van Rensselaer's army, in which he was capt. in and put out. He stated that he had left the Island in disgust; but the general impression he gives seems to be that he was a spy, and that his desertion had some effect in accelerating the departure of the patriots. It is not necessary, however, to assume the latter; for given but to appear news on the Island, they could not possibly have remained much longer; but of this more anon. I also met Leont on his way to Toronto. He is miserably emaciated; and I could scarcely help half forgetting his guilt when I beheld the poor old man pined, and on his way to captivity for life, or an ignominious death on the gibbet.

I spent the whole of yesterday on Navy Island, not indeed for choice, but from necessity, as, in consequence of the high wind, I could not find a boat to carry me back till towards evening. Sir Francis Head visited the island during the afternoon, but I did not see him there. I am told he caused the only dead body which is yet found exhumed, in order to ascertain if it could be recognised. No body knows who the deceased is, but it is supposed he is from Leont, and that he had been shot by the Islanders themselves. His arms were pined, and he had been killed by a rifle ball.

I went all round the Island and crossed it

at two or three different places. It is impossible to convey even the faintest idea of the disgusting scene which this wretched place exhibits. After passing the party of soldiers who are quartered there, I was alone for three or four hours, the boat which I took me across having gone to Chippewa. The solitude and the associations awakened by the recent history of this forest wilderness were absolutely apprehensive—a feeling of utter desolation came over my soul, and I felt regretted the intense enthusiasm which induced me to go into this untroubled, and untried circumstances which left me no opportunity of returning except what the chapter of accidents might afford. This mighty strong hold of "patriotism," which the American papers have described as being impregnable, and which has created so much commotion along the Canadian frontier, it is now evident, never was anything but a mere bubble. The place is entirely defenceless. It is true a good deal of industry has been employed in cutting down the brushwood all round the island, and throwing it into the edge of the river, for the purpose of obstructing the landing of boats; but at the expense of wet feet, one might get ashore in several places. The place could have been taken without difficulty; but as its occupants were in desperate circumstances it is possible that its seizure would have cost a few valuable lives, and, therefore, it is perhaps better that they were allowed to depart of their own accord. The life of one loyal British subject is worth more than the whole army of patriots, Navy Island, and the sympathizing citizens of Buffalo to the bargain.—Such a spectacle of "looped and windowed" wretchedness and unutterable filth surely never was exhibited on the face of the earth before, as that which must have existed on Navy Island. The scene is absolutely sickening. The shanties in which the poor wretches had bivouacked are beyond comparison the most miserable that ever afforded the mockery of a shelter to the most abandoned and degraded of human beings. Some of the hovels in which they herded together are such as no person possessed of common humanity would stoop to step upon; and then, the abominable and unmitigated baseness which prevails in every one of them is far more indicative of the evils of these disgusting animals than of the abode of intellectual beings. Mrs. Mackenzie's bed room is a recess in a wretched log-house at the upper end of the island. On a shelf in this recess the unhappy woman is said to have nestled her misery among filthy straw. Exposed to the pelting of the "pitiless storm," and without a partition between her and the brutal ruffians among whom her evil destiny had cast her lot, she must have bitterly rued the hour that linked her fate with the degraded villain whose path is so bitter and lined with the inextinguishable curses of an insulted and indignant people. The number of old boots and shoes, and dilapidated trousers scattered up and down the Island, shows the state of the patriots, which the patriots or others had been reduced till the scraps of the only few good "come to their relief, and the ragged shirts, even yet intact with vermin, which they have left behind them, indicate the condition of the "suffering patriots" previously to their abandonment of this their "fortern hope." In one of their shanties the only bed on which they had to lie is composed of pine branches, and the walls are of the same same materials. Beans and peas seem to have been the staple of their food, as they are scattered every where over the Island.—It is evident, their friends have not allowed them to be starved out for want of provisions. Pieces of bread and meat are to be found here and there among the straw, and in one shanty there is a number of large slices of loaf and a huge pile of unpecked bones, which emits a sickening odour, on a rough board used by them as a table. No indication of the terrific means of attack and defence with which their official papers in Buffalo and Lewiston by their crowding, induced people to believe they were provided, is to be seen in the interior of the Island. A few breast works along the shore seem to be all they ever had between them and irreticiable and unavenged destruction in the event of landing the troops from this side.

From the appearance of the trees around some of their hovels, it is plain that the shots from our side were in general well directed, and though only one dead body has been found, there can be no possible question that many more have been killed. Shells have exploded and left fearful marks of their destructive power in places where men in consi-

derable numbers must have been congregated. Indeed the circumstance of some of the Buffalo papers admitting, as I am told they do, that eight have fallen, is of itself sufficient proof that that number may with all safety be multiplied by ten. There were two women found on the Island who state that the hospital was kept on Grand Island, and if so, it is altogether likely that their burying ground was there also. This ought to be inquired into for other reasons than mere curiosity.—The fact, if established, will afford another proof of American "neutrality."

The circumstances, also, of several pairs of tolerable shoes, and some good ones, such at least as people in poor circumstances are not apt to throw away, being left at almost every shanty, would seem to imply that their owners were minus in some way or other. Besides, there are otherwise good boots here and there with the laces cut open, apparently for the purpose of getting them taken off wounded limbs. On one I saw stains of blood very plainly. It is not for the purpose of triumphing over the destruction of fellow creatures, however worthless, that I endeavour to establish the probability of heavy loss having been sustained by the Islanders; but I feel abundantly satisfied that their evacuation of the place is far more attributable to the effects of our artillery than to the authority of General Scott, however sincerely desirous he may have been to accomplish the ostensible object of his mission to the frontier. There is a prisoner here, the man who was left behind, who says he knows that from 100 to 120 were killed.

In wandering over this Juan Fernandez yesterday, I found in every place entitled to the slightest consideration as a shelter, a number of fragments of newspapers. Temperance papers seem to have preponderated amongst them, but from the peculiarity of their situation it is probable that the promulgation of the sentiments contained in these publications was as much a matter of expediency as of choice. At all events such clothes as have been left on the island, and which undoubtedly were brought there in the person of the "patriots," are not usually worn by those to whom "temperance" is a familiar habit.

I must conclude this letter, however, as the person who is to take it to Niagara for me is waiting.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
GEORGE MENZIES, Editor.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 17th FEBRUARY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.
London, --- Jan. 4. | New-York, -- Feb. 9.
Liverpool, -- Jan. 1. | Halifax, --- Jan. 31.
Havre, --- Dec. 31. | Toronto, --- Feb. 9.

The New York, Upper Canada, and Montreal papers, received this morning, contain the following interest.

By the arrival of New-York of the Havre packet, *Sable de Grace*, advices from London to the 31st January have been received. The *Sable de Grace* sailed from Havre on the 2nd, and put into Toulay on the 5th, where she obtained one or two London papers of the above date. We give below a summary of the news:—

Sir G. Arthur, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, had an interview with Lord Glenelg, yesterday, at the Colonial office, to take leave. Sir George, it is expected, will leave town this day for his government.

That part of the President's message relating to the North Eastern boundary, is much commented on by the London papers. It is said to have caused a slight depression in the funds. The message generally was not much liked in the commercial and financial circles.

GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.—There was a great fire in London on the 28th of December, on Davis Quay, opposite the Tower. The warehouses on this quay contained three thousand barrels of turpentine, with great quantities of oil and other inflammable materials, and three bins lying alongside were also loaded with similar articles. All were destroyed. The fire raged from half past six in the morning until one, p.m. 5000 barrels of turpentine and 800 tons of oil were consumed, besides three bins and a warehouse full of grain. The oil alone was worth \$200,000. The whole loss was estimated at £1,200,000.

The London "True Sun" has ceased to appear.

According to the latest return of the Bank of England, its stock of million now amounts to £8,172,000, and its circulation to only £17,898,000; the former being increased £740,000, and the latter decreased £348,000, within the last month.

From the Cape of Good Hope we have advices to the 1st November, being long days later than before. The wheat crops were said to be in a most abundant state. The New Bank has received its notes, cheques, &c. from England; the deposits and paid up capital, already amounted to about £100,000 sterling.

It was reported that various changes were about to take place amongst the governors, judges and great men in the colony. LONDON MONEY MARKET. Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, 2 o'clock.—There is little to notice in the Consul market this morning. The price for the account is \$2 1-2. In the foreign market, Brazilian Bonds have fallen to 72 1-2-73, but in the other securities little is doing. Spanish stock inclines upward, the price being 19 3-4-40.

The French Chambers have organized and M. Dupin has been again elected President of the Chamber of Deputies.—On the coast of Africa and at Constantine, affairs remain in statu quo. The Journal des Debats of Dec. 31 contained a paragraph, of which the following is a translation:—

“A courier arrived from Berlin has brought an autograph letter from the King of Prussia to His Majesty Louis Philippe, in which his Prussian majesty says that he agrees perfectly with the King of France relative to the affairs of Belgium, and that he relies upon the wisdom of King Louis Philippe to arrange the difference that exists between Belgium and Holland. The minister of war was immediately summoned to his Majesty, and after a brief conference, couriers were despatched with counter orders to those issued in the morning.”

The Times says that an army of observation 30,000 strong, is to be posted on the Northern and Eastern frontier of France. The head quarters to be established at Metz. The army was to be provided with 100 pieces of cannon. It was rumored that the Duke of Orleans would have the command.

The price of bread in Paris on the 1st of January, was 13 sous the loaf of 4 pounds.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—The attention of commercial men is beginning to be sensibly attracted to the proceedings of the French Government relative to their claim upon St. Domingo. A squadron of twelve ships of war, it will be recollected, sailed from Brest on the 29th inst., bound to the West Indies, and it is well understood by the mercantile world that the destination is Hayti.

SIXTY—The Gazette de France (Paris) has a long article, not exactly in favour of the insurgent Canadians, but in favour of a direct intervention by France in their aid, as an excellent line of policy to injure and humiliate England!—The Gazette says that such would be the course of a Henry IV., a Louis XIV., a Louis XVI. or a—; meaning by this blank a Henry V. SULLIVAN.—Paris, Dec. 26.—The Bon Sens contains the following paragraph:—“A number of French volunteers propose forming themselves into an auxiliary legion to go to British America and assist the Canadian patriots in their resistance to the domination of England.”

ANOTHER BOUNDARY QUESTION TO SETTLE.—The “ring and interprising” Americans, it appears, have discovered a new boundary question to settle, which is pronounced to be “vastly more important to the United States than that of the Maine Boundary.” The “disputed” country, it is said, lies west of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, extending from the northern line of Mexico to 49 deg. lat. The following pointed remarks on the subject are from the Toronto Patriot:—“It will be seen that we have another boundary to settle, a North-West as well as a North-East. Well, this is the time to settle all. We want a new boundary, and must have it. Now God keep from Her Majesty's Councils all sordid money lovers, all penny fathers, all hypocritical economists, sharp lookers after the spigot and neglecters of the bushhole. As the London Morning Chronicle has wisely said, ‘In favour of the war will be but a matter of course,’ and that no great matter either. We can speedily organize in Upper Canada a noble army of robust and obedient men,—just the very men for settling boundaries. We have but one cry, ‘More powder and more shot to the Canadian Volunteers!’ With the Nova-Scotians and New-Brunswickers on the East, Canada in

the rear, 30,000 of the line and 30,000 troops in front, Mexico and the Indians in the west, and the Blacks in the south, we must indeed be poor creatures if we cannot settle boundaries.”

The London True Sun, a paper under the back and control of Roeluck, Leides, and the like, and the only one which advocated the cause of the Lower Canada “patriots” with any degree of zeal or ability, has “ceased to exist.”

AMERICAN GALANTRY.—A pretty fair sample of the chivalrous gallantry of American “patriots” is afforded by the following resolution, passed at a meeting of “sound democrats” held at Brownsville, in the State of New-York, to sympathize with their discomfited fellow creatures in Lower Canada. It truly merits the distinction of a “whole hog” resolution:—

“RESOLVE.—That no true patriot, without compromising his claim to the name of man, will submit to that most tyrannical of all governments—PETITOGAT government.”

Last night, the Fourth Company of Rifles, (under the command of Captain Gillespie,) partook of a supper at Mr. Lafontaine's, City Hotel, on which occasion the non-commissioned officers and privates of that corps presented their Drill-Sergeant with a splendid purse containing ten sovereigns. The following address, prefatory to the presentation of the purse, was delivered by Sergeant Chisholm:—

SERGENT ACRES.—SIR, I am directed in the name of the non-commissioned officers and privates of Capt. Gillespie's Company of Rifles, to present to you this purse, containing ten Sovereigns, as a small recompense for the zeal and assiduity which you have invariably evinced in behalf of their corps. They desire at the same time to express their regret that what they now present to you is not more adequate to the important services which you have rendered them. I have also to assure you, in the name of the Company, of their most sincere wishes for your future happiness and prosperity; and if ever circumstances should render it necessary for this corps to confront the enemies of our Queen, you, Sir, may have the proud satisfaction of knowing that your exertions in its behalf, have not been in vain.

To this address, Sergeant Acres made the following reply:—

Gentlemen,—I receive with pride and gratitude this token of your approbation. Since the formation of the Company it has been my constant endeavour, as well as my most anxious solicitude, to render you as proficient in military discipline as my humble abilities would permit; and it affords me peculiar satisfaction to know that my exertions to attain this point have been crowned with signal success.

I have had the honor of wearing this badge during the last fourteen years, and can candidly and without exaggeration state, that in no part of the line, where drill is compulsory, I have never observed among any body of recruits as forward a state of discipline as in so short a period. I am confident that should the exigencies of the service ever require the Volunteers of this garrison to take the field, No. 4 will be among the foremost in meeting and defeating any enemy who may dare oppose their Sovereign and their country's rights.

Gentlemen—I thank you for this mark of your respect. It shall be preserved by me and in my family with pride, and when separated from you, through the routine of service, will afford me a pleasing memento of your kindness. In conclusion, you will pardon me if I observe, that however much I may like the sovereigns contained in this purse, there is a brighter one, on which I and you too, place a higher value.—I mean our Sovereign Queen Victoria, to whom allow me to propose three hearty cheers.

The room in which the Company assembled was tastefully decorated; and the supper, which was both sumptuous and substantial, was served up in a style calculated to support the reputation of Mr. Lafontaine's establishment. The Officers of the Company and adjacent Wylie were present as guests; and the most delightful hilarity and good feeling prevailed during the whole evening. The following are the toasts which were proposed for on the chair:—

1.—The Queen.—God bless her!—(Three times over, and one cheer more.)
Song.—“God save the Queen.”

2.—The British Flag.—May it ever remind us of the heroic virtues of our forefathers, and bid us to each other in the hour of need.—(Three times three.)

Song.—“Hail to the Flag.”

3.—Sir John Colborne, and the British Army in Canada.—(Three times three.)

Song.—“The British Grenadiers.”

4.—Sir Francis Ford of Head, and the Militia of Upper Canada. To their enemies may they ever be—“Let them come if they dare.”—(Three times three.)

Song.—“March to the Battle Field.”

5.—Our brother Volunteers, who are united with us in the sacred cause of the preservation of national liberty, and the maintenance of British supremacy.—(Three times three.)

Song.—“Come all together.”

6.—Our Guests.—(Three times three.)

Captain Gillespie, on behalf of the guests, returned thanks for the honor done them in drinking their healths and inviting them to meet the Company on an occasion like the present. He could assure them that he felt the honor much more when he considered that it was conferred by his own company; and he had only to add, that so long as the members of No. 4 Company of Quebec Light Infantry were willing to serve as Volunteers, so long would he feel proud in commanding them.

Song.—“Add Lang Sine.”

7.—Colonel Wetherall and the gallant men who conquered at St. Charles.—(Three times three.)

Song.—“Hearts of Oak.”

8.—Colonel Wright and the Garrison of Quebec.—(Three times three.)

Duet.—“All's well.”

9.—Major Powell and the Quebec Light Infantry.—(Three times three.)

10.—The memory of Lieutenant Weir.—(In silence.)

Song.—“He will never march again.”

11.—The Fair Sex.—(Three times three.)

Song.—“All good Lasses.”

In the course of the evening, numerous volunteer toasts were proposed; and the healths of Captain Gillespie, Lieutenant Baird, and Adjutant Wylie were drunk with the most enthusiastic cheering.

The purse presented to Sergeant Acres, which was of white satin, with a massive silver clasp.—Lore the following inscription:—

To WILLIAM ACRES, Sergeant in Her Majesty's 60th Regiment, this Purse, with its contents, is presented as a small reward for services rendered, and as a mark of the high opinion entertained of him as a British Soldier.

We ought not to omit to mention, that this Company on a former occasion presented Sergeant Acres with a handsome silver snuff-box.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec has appointed the 26th inst. to be observed as a day of solemn thanksgiving throughout his Diocese, for the restoration of public tranquillity.

The new novel under the title of “The Elevation” may be expected to appear in a few days. Its subject embraces the career of a young couple, who had in early life made a runaway match—the husband being a Cambridge student, and the wife a young lady scarcely out of her sixteenth year. The title of the story is in the reign of George the Second, and the adventures of the principal characters in London and in Paris to which latter place they had flown for safety, from the machinations of their rival's (the) are beyond everything striking and romantic. The profane monarch, Louis XV., is brought on the scene with singular effect, and the incidents are of the most curious and unprecedented character.

FIRE.—On Saturday morning last, between the hours of 12 and 2, a fire broke out from the Carding Mill at Point Levy, belonging to Mr. John Belcher, and before the alarm was given the whole of the building was in flames. It is supposed that the fire originated by the working of the machinery.—Mr. Belcher's loss is estimated at £750, there being but £250 on the property destroyed, insured at the London Phoenix Assurance Company's Office.—Quebec Gazette.

DIED.—On Thursday evening, after a short illness, Mr. William Hammond, Shoemaker, a native of Westford, Ireland, aged 46 years.

VOLUNTEERS—ATTENTION!!!



CAPTAIN GILLESPIE'S COMPANY, No. IV. Quebec Light Infantry, will for the future meet every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Evenings, at Half-past six o'clock, in the Riding House, near the Chateau.

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

M. V. G. THE COMMITTEE will meet on MONDAY EVENING, at SEVEN o'clock. 17th Feb. 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.

NEW PARTNERSHIP. FIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,

Caring, Turning, Designing, Model Making, &c. No. 27, SAINT JOHN STREET. The premises formerly occupied by J. & J. Thornton 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 favored in the above mentioned, and in the FANCY line, in such a manner as to meet the unqualified approbation and increasing preference and patronage of their employers. Piano Fortes and other Instruments carefully repaired. Quebec, 29th January, 1838.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business, most respectfully intimates that he has constantly on hand a Choice Assortment of Wines, Spirituous Liquors, Groceries, &c., all of the best quality. JOHN JOHNSTON, Corner of the Upper-Town Market Place, Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits' Barrack.

FOR SALE. AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK by Parkinson & Frodsham, London; a Two-DAY CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPLISOMETER, at

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

NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE.

THE Subscribers in returning thanks to their friends and the public at large, for the liberal support they have received since they commenced business, most respectfully intimate that they have a large assortment of CONFECTIONERY and CAKES, of the best quality. SCOTT & M'CONKEY, No. 59, St. John Street. Quebec, 27th January, 1838.

BOOKS FOR SALE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE, No. 14, Montreuil 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, Henry's Miscellaneous Works, Dwight's Theology, Home and Small's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols. Astoria, by Washington Irving, The Pickwick Papers, by “Boz,” Midshipman's Experiences, by the author of “Rat-to-the-Roost.” Quebec, 13th January, 1838

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

PARISIAN TOMB-STONE WAREHOUSE.

Le Sieur M. N. is the owner of a most magnificent establishment in this way: taste, order, and smiling politeness, there reign; and, walking along the first gallery into which I entered, surrounded by angels and geni, and lamps shining in the purest alabaster, conducted by a loving employee, I thought to myself, "This is indeed something the passage to the tomb." The delicacy of the tenderest nerves would not be startled here by the monuments of death.

I found it would be necessary to write a little before I could explain the purpose of my visit, for the master had customers with him. His talents were well known, and no gentleman in Paris likely to want a monument, would think for a moment of being furnished by any other than M. N. His improvements in his art had been recorded in the Magazine of Inventions, and some of his finest articles were exhibited at the Expositions of French Industry, as a proof of the increased consumption of the nation. As I advanced towards the great man, I found him too much occupied with a couple of gentlemen, dressed in deep mourning, to observe my approach; and I was, I must confess, struck by the simple dignity with which he conducted business. In the Almanac des Gourmands, it is said of Beauvilliers, one of the master-spirits of French cookery, who did things in his art which the world will not willingly let die, that, with one of his sauces, a man with a good appetite might eat his own father. It would be doing great injustice to Le Sieur M. N. to limit his panegyric to saying of his monuments, that a man might desire one for his own father—this would be affirming but little; but if I may speak from my own feelings, I would say that no one who enters this warehouse can quit it without being seduced into desiring a monument for himself, and sent home without delay.

When I came up to the party, I found the customers had but just commenced their bargain:—

"I want a tombstone," said the elder of the two.

"For man or woman, sir?" asked the master, with Lacedaemonian brevity, and Parisian quickness.

"For a worthy gentleman, who was rather advanced in life before he left it."

"Have the goodness to step this way then; the men above forty are to the right. Bachelor or husband, sir?"

"Our late friend was a married man."

"Vastly well; John, be ready to show the articles for the married men above forty."

"We wish a stone that shall express the virtue of the deceased; his children greatly regret his loss."

"Ah! that's quite another thing; you ought to have mentioned at first that he was the father of a family; John, the gentlemen wish to see the fathers of families above forty—they're on the other side, you know, close to the friends in need."

The mourners proceeded with the attendants towards another wing of the extensive building, when I took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded me, by addressing the master. First, I complimented him on his powers of classification, which I considered as unsurpassed by those of Linnaeus himself.

"Sir, I find this arrangement convenient," was the modest reply of the hero of stone.

"Time and trouble are saved to all parties. People by this means are always prepared for death, as one may say, and I avoid getting into scrapes with the living. Formerly, sir, nothing could be more precarious or puzzling than the trade of a maker of monuments. It was as bad as portrait-painting; no satisfying the first demands of grief without exceeding the decisions of reflection. I have seen an epitaph in gold letters ordered with tears in the eyes; and when the bill has been presented, the inheriting sorrower has insisted that they were commanded in black, as most suitable for mourning. Inscriptions to the memory of faithful wives and affectionate husbands have been given to me, where epithets had vied with epithets, and exclamation with exclamation, to make a phrase of sorrow, and, sir, would you believe it, after the chisel had done its duty, I have had the charge disputed on the ground that the eulogium was extravagant and inapplicable!—Surely we could not have said so, I have been doomed to hear, when the instructions have been entered, right to a letter, in my warehouse book of inconsolables. In short,

sir, grief is prodigal; but reflection calculates. I thought it therefore best, as customers increased, and we had the prospect of an epidemic, to prepare a stock of ready-made articles at ready-money prices; so that a gentleman might, if he pleased, be waited upon with his monument some days before his death, or, at all events, his bills be fixed at once, and no opportunity be left for after-reflecting."

I could not help expressing my admiration of a plan founded on such an exquisite knowledge of human nature, and apparently executed with an ability and industry worthy of the excellence of the original idea. At the same time, I expressed some doubt whether the variety of the demand could be fully met by anticipation, and inquired whether they were not, after all, often obliged to make to order.

"Seldom, sir, seldom; not but that we are exposed to caprice and eccentricity sometimes. No great, however, is the extent and assortment of our stock, that one piece or other in it seldom fails to give satisfaction.—The only persons we may see, whom we have found at all troublesome, are the heirs of insolvents and fugitives. It is true, we have taken the precaution to engrave virtues suited to all the professions and classes of society; we have them too at all prices, and of every material, from marble to plaster. Good husbands may be had here from a widow upwards, and friends to the poor at a still lower rate. Faithful wives, being a large assortment, go with a very cheap apparatus, and are finely cut and are durable. Our prices, as pointed out by the line, but notes of advertisement are charged separately. If you will take the trouble to walk round with me, I shall like to show you our philanthropists in marble, and widows in freestone. We have also a handsome assortment of politicians in wood. Of philosophers, it must be confessed, we are at present rather out; for the lead has been applied last July for bullets; but you will see several physicians in the block, and a number of men of letters, complete except the heads."

"I readily availed myself of this invitation; and as we proceeded, my interesting conductor left me nothing to desire in the way of explanation, while I was lost in astonishment at the infinite sagacity which directed his great establishment."

"I observe," said I, "that all the tablets in this division are particularly precise, of moral qualities and religious professions.—They are designed for the clergy, I suppose."

"No, sir, for the actors and actresses; these are the only people we now have that set much store by a character for morality and religion. They demand, however, a great deal in this way, and we are almost obliged to be too full for a handsome distribution of the lines, in order to satisfy their ambition to be exemplary."

"I have lost," continued he, much good material and capital workmanship, by the political changes. Legions of honour are now a drug, and senators useless. Many a magnificent slab, connected with the imperial regime, I have been obliged to sell at the price of granite, for building the fountains; and the same police officer has commanded their preparation, has brought me the order for their destruction.—What vexes me most, however, is, that we are obliged to bear the damage when the selfishness of individuals speculates on gain.—How many family monuments, executed to order, have been left on our hands, because relations have suddenly found it inconvenient to claim the titles and achievements which they had given in with pride! How many alterations have we been obliged to make at our own expense, to save the article from being rejected altogether?"

Le Sieur M. N. was interrupted in his complaint by suddenly meeting with his two customers, who were in fact seeking him.—They had seen a monument of which they much approved; and the head of the establishment, when their choice was pointed out to him, complimented them very much on their good taste. They could not have selected any thing, he said, of a prettier melancholy, or of a purer marble. The price was only five hundred francs, and as there was at present no inscription on it, they might have any inscription they pleased engraved, for which, however affectionate, he would charge moderately by the letter. The gentlemen seemed startled by the price; they, however, proposed an inscription, and inquired how much the best of parents, the tenderest of husbands," would come to. M. N. made his calculation; on hearing its amount, they

seemed more appalled than before, and one of them instantly said, "Suppose, then, we were to leave the best of parents' out of our lamented friend's monument? It would come a cheaper than; and, in truth, perhaps the less we say of his conduct as a father, the better."

"I was just thinking," replied the other, "that propriety as well as economy seemed to require us to drop the allusion to his conjugal life; it was not in the domestic circle that our departed relative (and here the speaker's voice faltered) displayed most brilliantly the many virtues and amiable qualities by which his character was unquestionably adorned."

The result of the discussion I did not wait to hear. Finding that the dealer in monuments was likely to be occupied for some time with these sincere mourners, I made an appointment with him for another day; and when I saw him again, I learned, on inquiry, that the two gentlemen had gone away without ordering any monument at all.

REMARKS ON BEAUTY AND DRESS.—Beauty has been with very pleasing similitude called "a flower that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity;" but there is a kind of beauty which escapes the general mortality, and lives to old age, a beauty that is not in the features, but that shines through them. It is not merely comely or the object of mere sense, and is not easily discovered, except by persons of true taste and sentiment. There are strokes of sensibility and touches of delicacy, which, like the master-strokes in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes, that only are captivated with vivid colours and gross decorations.—There are emanations of the mind which, like the vital spark of celestial fire, animate the form of beauty with a living soul. Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth only reminds us of a "kneaded clay;" and with this, the features, that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, and a charm, which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

If dress, beauty is adorned, and a want of that attraction is rendered less unpleasing.—The rules of dress have been, not inaptly, compared to those of composition. It must be properly adapted to the person, as, in writing, the style must be suited to the subject.—A woman of quality should not appear in coarse, nor a farmer's wife in *herms*. The dress of a handsome female should be an *epitaph*, not a *monument*, and free from tinsel and all the luxuries of fancy. To the pretty woman greater licence may be allowed; she may dress up to the fignits and fancies of the season and the *modish*. One whose face is natural, and whose personal charms reach no higher than *gentle*, should be *epigrammatic* in her dress,—neat, clever, and unadorned; the whole merit and attraction lying in the sting. But the ugly woman should by all means restrict her dress to plain *humble prose*; any attempt beyond that is *mock heroic*, and can only excite ridicule.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—MRS. Countess of Orkney, was both deaf and dumb; she was married in the year 1753, by signs. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother seriously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The Countess having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, raised an immense stone which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse (who was an Irishwoman, and like all persons of the lower orders in her country, and indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies,") lifted it with an apparent intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone,—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

"This unpleasant to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him; and, if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

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

Saturday Morning, 17th February.	
	s. d.
Beef, per lb.	0 4 0 3
Mutton, per lb.	0 4 0 6
Do. per quarter	2 6 0 3 6
Veal, per lb.	0 6 4 7 1/2
Do. per quarter	3 6 5 0
Pork, per lb.	0 3 4 0 1 1/2
Bacon of Beef, cured, do.	0 5 0 0 0
Birds, do.	0 5 0 0 0
Tergu, each do.	2 0 2 6
Hams, per lb.	0 8 4 0 0
Bacon, per lb.	0 8 0 0 0
Pow, per couple	3 0 4 4 0
Ducks, per couple	4 6 5 0 0
Turkeys, per couple	10 0 0 0 0
Geese, per couple	6 0 7 6
Fish, Cod, fresh, per lb.	0 4 0 0 0
Butter, fish, per lb.	1 3 1 6
Do. salt, in tin, per lb.	0 9 0 10 0
Eggs, per dozen	1 3 0 0 0
Potatoes, per bushel	1 6 2 0 0
Turnips, per bushel	1 3 0 0 0
Apples, per bushel	2 0 3 0 0
Pears, per bushel	6 0 7 6
Onions, per bushel	1 8 2 0 0
Hay, per hundred bundles,	25 0 37 6
Straw, do.	12 6 15 6
Fire-wood, per cord,	10 0 12 0

DRESS, OR NIGHT CARES.—Rub with the hand two lbs. of butter into four lbs. of sifted flour, two lbs. of curstons, two lbs. of cast sugar, two lbs. eggs, mixed together with a pint of milk; roll it out thin, and cut it into round or square cakes with a cutter; lay them on a clean baking sheet, and bake them about five minutes in a shifting heated oven.

PUDDING THAT SHE QUICKLY MADE WITHOUT MUCH ENDEAVOUR.—Beat up four spoonful of flour with a pint of milk and four eggs to a good batter, mix eggs and sugar to your taste; butter tins, fill them three parts full, and send them to the oven. A quarter of an hour will bake them.

TO MAKE OYSTER CATSUP.—One hundred of large oysters, with all their liquor; one lb. of anchovies; three pints of white wine; one lb. of butter with half the peel; boil together for half an hour, then strain, and add cloves and mace, of each a quarter of an ounce, one nutmeg sliced, boil a quarter of an hour; then add two ounces of shalots. When cold, bottle it with the spice and shalots. If the oysters were large, they should be cut.

RECENT COLD.—A tea-spoonful of sal-volatile, taken in a small quantity of water or white wine when at bedtime, is a good remedy for a recent cold. Rubbing the nose in warm water is also a great relief.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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

Briefly then,—the design of this paper will be to yield instruction at 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 kind disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipations 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.

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