

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. I. No. 20.]

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 20TH MARCH, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]

SOMETHING ROMANTIC.

She leant within his circling arms,
And hooded into his face;
He stooped to kiss her genic brow,
And gave a last embrace.

To him the morrow's sun would bring
A long and sad farewell;
To her, the mute unspoken grief
The eye alone can tell.

She leant within his circling arms,
Close folded to his breast;
But for the time of parting near,
She had been fully blest.

And yet perchance the very thought
That they so soon must part,
Fanned floods of deeper tenderness
Around that trailing hair.

Agile he kissed a last adieu,—
She rose—and both were gone;
The roof and eadent cottage door
The moon was smiling on.

The sun that rose the morrow morn
Behold him far away,
And ere a little moon was gone,
He sailed where all was gay.

But of his wandering thought would steal
From joy's and passion's whirl,
To dream of pure and happy hours
With that young cottage girl.

A. G. L.

SUSAN'S DOWRY.

At one end of the cluster of cottages, and cottage-like houses, which formed the little street of Hilton Cross, was a pretty but secluded village, in the north of Hampshire,—stood the shop of Judith Kent, widow, "henceforth" as the legend imported, "to vend tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff." Tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff, formed, however, but a small part of the multitudinous merchandise of Mrs. Kent, whose shop, the only repository of the hamlet, might have seemed an epitome of the wants and luxuries of humble life. In her window,—candies, bacon, sugar, mustard, and soap, flourished amidst calicoes, oranges, dolls, ribbons, and gin-sneakers. Crochery-ware was piled on one side of her door-way; Dutch cheese and Irish butter encumbered the other; brooms and brushes rested against the wall; and ropes of onions and bunches of red herrings hung from the ceiling. She sold bread, butcher's meat, and garden-stuff, on commission; and engraves, at a word, the whole trade of Hilton Cross.

Notwithstanding this multiplicity, the world went ill with poor Judith. She was a mild, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with a heart too soft for her calling. She could not say "No" to the poor creatures who came to her on a Saturday night, to seek bread for their children, however deep they might already be in her debt, or however certain it was that their husbands were, at that moment sending at the Chequers, of the Four Horse Shoes, the money that should have supported their wives and families; for, in this village, as in others, there were two flourishing ale-houses, although but one ill-accommodated shop,—but one halpenny ay-worth of bread in this intolerable deal of sick! She could not say "No," as a prudent woman might have said; and, accordingly, half the poor people in the parish might be found on her books, whilst she herself was gradually getting in arrears with her baker, her grocer, and her landlord.

Her family consisted of two children,—Mary, a pretty, fair-tressed, smiling lass, of twelve or thirteen, and Robert, a fine youth, nearly ten years older, who worked in the gardens of a neighbouring gentleman. Robert, conscious that his mother's was no gainful trade, often pressed her to give up business, sell off her stock, relinquish her house, and depend on his labour for her support; but of this she would not hear. Many motives mingled in her determination: a generous reluctance to burden her dutiful son with her maintenance,—a natural fear of losing caste

among her neighbours,—a strong love of the house which, for five and twenty years, had been her home,—a vague hope that times would mend, and all come right again (wiser persons than Mrs. Kent have lured reason to sleep with such an opiate!)—and, above all, a want of courage to look her difficulties fairly in the face. Besides, she liked her occupation,—its petty consequence, its bustle, and its gossip; and she had a sense of gain in the small peddling bargains,—the penny-worths of needles, and balls of cotton, and rows of pins, and yards of tape, which she was accustomed to vend for ready money,—that overbalanced, for the moment, her losses and her debts; so that, in spite of her son's presages and warnings, the shop continued in full activity.

In addition to his forebodings respecting his mother, Robert had another misfortune;—the poor youth was in love. About a quarter of a mile down the shady lane, which ran by one side of Mrs. Kent's dwelling, was the pretty farm-house, orchard, and homestead of Farmer Bell, whose eldest daughter Susan, the beauty of the parish,—was the object of a passion, almost amounting to idolatry. And in good sooth, Susan Bell was well fitted to inspire such a passion. Besides a light graceful figure, moulded with the exactest symmetry, she had a smiling, innocent countenance, a complexion coloured like the brilliant blossoms of the balsam, and hair of a shining, golden brown, like the fruit of the horse-chestnut. Her speech was at once modest and playful, her temper sweet, and her heart tender. She loved Robert dearly, although he often gave her cause to wish that she loved him not; for Robert was subject to the intermitting fit of jealous jealousy,—causlessly,—as he himself would declare, when a remission of the disease gave room for his natural sense to act,—causlessly and penitently, but still pertinaciously jealous. I have said that he was a fine young man, tall, dark and slender; I would add, that he was a good son, a kind brother, a patron of sobriety and industry, and possessed of talents and acquirements far beyond his station. But there was about him an ardour, a vigour, a fiery restlessness, commonly held proper to the natives of the south of Europe, but which may, sometimes, be found amidst our own population. All his pursuits, whether of sport or labour, took the form of passion. At ten years old, he had gone far beyond all his fellow pupils at the Foundation School, to which through the kindness of the "square of the Parish," his mother had been enabled to send him; and had even passed the master himself; at eighteen, he was the best cricketer, the best flute player, the best bell-ringer, and the best gardener in the country;—and some odd volumes of Shakespeare having come into his possession, there was some danger, at twenty, of his turning out a dramatic poet, had not the kind discouragement of his master, to whom some of his early scenes were shown by his patron and admirer, the head gardener, acted as a salutary check. Indeed, so strong, at such a time, was the poetical fever, that one catastrophe, as an entire play might, probably, have ensued, notwithstanding Mr. Lescomb's judicious warnings, had not love, the master passion, fallen, at that time in poor Robert's way, and engrossed all the ardour of his ardent temperament.

The beauty and playfulness of his mistress, whilst they enchanted his fancy, kept the jealous irritability of his nature in perpetual alarm. He suspected a lover in every man who approached her; and the firm refusal of her father to sanction their union, till her impatient wooer were a little more forward in the world, completed his disgust.

Affairs were in this posture, when a new personage arrived at Hilton Cross.

In addition to her other ways and means, Mrs. Kent tried to lessen her rent, by letting lodgings; and the neat, quiet, elderly gentleman, the widow of a long deceased rector, who had occupied her rooms ever since Robert was born, being at last gathered to her fathers, an advertisement of "pleasant apartments to let, in the airy village of Hilton

Cross," appeared in the county paper. This announcement was as true as if it had not formed an advertisement in a county paper. Very airy was the pretty village of Hilton Cross,—with its breezy uplands, and its open common, dotted, as it were, with cottages and clumps of trees; and very pleasant were Mrs. Kent's apartments, for those who had sufficient taste to appreciate their rustic simplicity, and sufficient humility to overlook their smallness. The little chamber, glittering with whiteness; its snowy dimity bed, and "fresh sheets smelling of lavender;" the sitting room, a thought larger, carpeted with India matting; its shining cane chairs and bright casement, wreathed on the one side by a luxuriant jessamine, on the other by the tall cluster musk-rose (that rose of which Titania talks), sending its bunches of odorous blossoms into the very window; the little flower-court underneath, full of hollyhogs, cloves, and dabbias; and the large sloping meadows beyond, leading up to Farmer Bell's tall, irregular house, half covered with a flourishing vine; its barns, and ricks, and orchard;—all this formed an apartment too tempting to remain long untenanted, in the bright month of August. Accordingly, it was almost immediately engaged, by a gentleman in black, who walked over one fair morning, paid ten pounds as a deposit, sent for his trunk from the next town, and took possession on the instant.

Her new inmate, who, without positively declining to give his name, had yet contrived to evade all the questions which Mr. Kent's "simple cunning" could devise, proved a perpetual source of astonishment, both to herself and her neighbours. He was a well-made little man, near upon forty; with considerable tenderness of feature; a forehead of great power, whose effect was increased by a slight baldness on the top of the head, and an eye like a falcon. Such an eye! It seemed to go through you,—to strike all that it looked upon, like a *coup-de-sabre*. Luckily, the stranger was so merciful as, generally, to wear spectacles; under cover of which, those terrible eyes might see, and be seen, without danger. His habits were as peculiar as his fanciful, in his diet; drank nothing but water, or strong coffee; made, as Mrs. Kent observed, very wastefully; and had, as she also remarked, a great number of heathenish-looking books scattered about his apartment; Lord Bernal's Proseist, for instance—Sir Thomas Brown's *Vin Privat*—Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*—the *Baskerville Aristote*—Gottschalk's *Faust*—a Spanish *Don Quixote*—and an interleaved Philologist, full of outline drawings. The greater part of his time was spent out of doors. He would even ramble away for three or four days together, with no other companion than a fcy, hired in the village, to carry what Mrs. Kent denominated his odds and ends; which odds and ends consisted, for the most part, of an angling rod, and a sketching apparatus,—our incognito being, as my readers have, by this time, probably discovered, no other than an artist, on his summer progress.

Robert speedily understood the stranger, and was delighted with the opportunity of approaching so gifted a person; although he contemplated, with a degree of generous envy, which a king's realm would have failed to excite in his bosom, those *chef-d'œuvres* of all nations, which were to him as "sealed books" and the pencils, whose power appeared no thing less than creative. He redoubled his industry in the garden, that he might, conscientiously, devote hours, and half hours, to pointing out the deep pools and shallow eddies of their romantic stream, where he knew from experience (for Robert amongst his other accomplishments, was no mean "brother of the angle") that fish were likely to be found; and better still, he loved to lead to the haunts of his childhood, the wild bushy dell, and the sunny ends of lanes, where a sudden turn in the track, an overhanging tree, an old gate, a cottage chimney, and a group of cattle or children, had sometimes formed a picture, on which his fancy had fed for hours. It was

Robert's chief pleasure to entice his lodger to scenes such as these, and to see his own visions growing into reality, under the glowing pencil of the artist; and he, in his turn, would admire and marvel at, the natural feeling of the beautiful, which could lead an unindustrious country youth, instinctively, to the very elements of the picturesque. A general agreement of taste had brought about a degree of association, unusual between persons so different in rank;—a particular instance of this accordance, dissolved the intimacy.

Robert had been, for above a fortnight, more than commonly busy in Mr. Lescomb's garden and hothouses,—so long, on the other hand, had been, during the same period, shut up, painting, in the little parlour. At last they met; and the artist invited his young friend to look at the picture which had engaged him during his absence. On walking into the room, he saw, on the easel, a picture in oils, almost finished. The style was of that delightful kind which combines figure with landscape; the subject was Hay-carrying; and the scene, that very sloping meadow—crowned by Farmer Bell's tall, angular, house, its vine-wreathed porch and chimneys, the great walnut-tree before the door, the orchard, and the homestead,—which formed the actual prospect from the windows before them.

In the fore-ground was a wagon, piled with hay, surrounded by the farmer and his fine family—some pitching, some loading, some raking after—all intent on their pleasant business. The only disengaged persons in the field were young Mary Kent and Harry Bell, an orphan of four years old, who rode on her knee on the top of the wagon, crowned and wreathed with garlands of vine-leaves and bind-weed and poppies and corn flowers. In the front, looking up at Mary Kent and her little brother, and playfully teasing to them the look of hay which she had gathered on her rake, stood Susan Bell—her head thrown back, her bonnet half off, her light and lively figure shown, in all its grace, by the pretty attitude and the short cool dress; while her sweet face, glowing with youth and beauty, had a smile playing over it like a sunbeam. The boy was nodding and laughing to her, and seemed longing—as well he might—to escape from his flowery bondage, and jump into her arms. Now, had poor Frank a fainter image of rural beauty! Never had painter more felicitously realized his conception!

"Well, Robert!" exclaimed our artist, a little impatient of the confined silence, and missing the expected praise—"Well?" But still Robert spoke not. "Don't you think it a good subject?" continued the man of the easel. "I was sitting at the window, reading Froissart, whilst they were carrying the after-crop, and by good luck, happened to look up, just as they had arranged themselves into this very group, and as the evening sun came shooting, exactly as it does now, across the meadow; so I dashed in the sketch instantly, got Mary to sit to me—and a very pretty nymph-like figure she makes—dressed for the hay harvest, just as she was decked out for the harvest-home,—the scene is really, a fit model for a Capital; they are a glorious family;—and you had better know—" at that name, Robert, unable to control himself longer, rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished painter in the full belief that his senses had forsaken him.

The unhappy lover, grieved by jealousy, pursued his way to the Farm. He had hitherto, contented, although without confining his motive, even to himself, to keep his friend and his mistress asunder. He had no fears of her virtue or of his honour; but to Robert's romantic simplicity, it seemed that no one could gaze on Susan without feeling ardent love, and that such a man as the artist could never love in vain. Besides, in the conversations which they had held together, he had dwelt on beauty and simplicity, as the most attractive points of the female character;—Robert had felt, as he spoke, that Susan was the very being whom he described, and he had

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congratulated himself that they were still unacquainted. But now they had met; he had seen, he had studied, had transferred to canvass that matchless beauty; had conquered the timidity which, in Robert, had always seemed unconquerable; that won her to admit his gaze; had turned at his sweet, earnest dove; had become familiar with that sweetest face, and that dearest frame?—Oh! the very thought was agony!

In this mood, he arrived at the Farm; and there, working at her needle, under the vine-wreathed porch, with the evening sun shining full upon her, and her little two her playing at her feet, sat his own Susan. She heard his rapid step, and advanced to meet him, with a smile and blush of delight—just the smile and blush of the picture. At such a moment, they increased his misery; he refused all her offered hand, and poured forth a torrent of questions on the subject which possessed his mind. If it innocent answers were full to his frenzy?—The picture! had he seen the picture? and was it not pretty? enough to pretty, she thought, but every body called it like! and Mary and Harry were not so pleased with it?—What a wonderful thing it was, to have a bit of canvass so like living creatures! and what a wonderful man the strange gentleman was! She had been afraid of him, at first—sadly afraid of those two bright eyes—and had said Harry;—poor Harry had cried! but he was so sorry and so kind that neither of them minded sitting to him, now! And she was so glad that Robert had seen the picture! she had so wanted him to see it; it was so pretty, to be sure—But then, Robert, would not mind that. She had told the gentleman—of this to the gentleman, now?—introduced Robert, and told him that I reintroduce you. It will be welcome news! Go to him, Susan! your heart is with him. Go to him I say!—and throwing from him, with a bitter latch, the frightened and weeping girl, who had laid her trembling hand on his arm, to detain him, he darted from the door, and returned to his old quarters at the Hall.

Another fortnight passed, and Robert still kept aloof from his family and his home. His mother and sister, indeed, occasionally saw him; and sad accounts had poured into Mary to give to her friend, Susan, of Robert's ill looks and worse spirits. And Susan listened, and said she did not care; and burst into a passion of tears, and said she was very happy; and vowed never to speak to him again, and desired Mary never to mention her to him, or him to her; and then asked her a hundred questions respecting his looks, and his words, and his illness; and charged her with a thousand tender messages, which, in the fit breath, she withdrew. And Mary, too young to understand the inconsistency of love, pitied and comforted, and thought it "passing strange."

In the mean time, misfortunes, of a different nature, were gathering round Mrs. Kent. The mealman and baker, whose bread she vend—her kindest friend and largest creditor—died, leaving his affairs in the hands of an attorney of the next town—the pest and terror of the neighbourhood; and, on the same day she received two letters from this formidable lawyer—one on account of his dead client, the baker, the other in behalf of his living client, the grocer—who ranked next amongst her creditors—both threatening that, if their respective claims were not liquidated on or before a certain day, proceedings would be commenced against her forthwith.

It is in such a situation that woman most feels her helplessness—especially that forlorn creature whom the common people, adopting the pathetic language of scripture, designate by the expressive phrase, "a lone woman!" Poor Judith sat down to cry, in powerless sorrow and vain self pity. She opened, indeed, her hopeless day-book—but she knew too well that her debtors could not pay. She had no one to consult—for her lodger, in whose general cleverness she had great confidence, had been absent, on one of his excursions, almost as long as her son—and time passed upon her—for the letters sent with the usual indelicacy of country conveyance, originally given to the carrier, confided by the carrier to the butlerman, carried on by the butlerman to the next village, left for three days at a public-house, and finally delivered at Hilton Cross by a return post-boy—had been nearly a week on the road. Saturday was the day fixed for payment, and this was Friday night! and Michaelmas and rent-day were approaching! and unable even to look at this accumulation of misery, poor Ju-

dit had her head on her fruitless account-book, and sobbed aloud!

It was with a strangely-mingled feeling of comfort in such a son, and sorrow to so grieve him, that she heard Robert's voice at her side, asking, what ailed her? She put the letter in his hands; and he, long prepared for the blow, scathed and cheered her. "All must be given up," he said; "and he would go with her, the next day, to make over to her whole property. Let us pay, as far as our means go, mother," pursued he, "and do not fear to discharge our debts. God will speed an honest purpose. In the meantime, Mr. Lescombe will give us a cottage—I know he will,—and I shall work for you and Mary. It will be something to live for—something worth living for. Be comforted, dear mother! He stooped, as he said this, and kissed her; and, when he arose, he saw Susan standing opposite to him, and, behind her, the stranger. They had entered separately, during the conversation between the mother and the son, and Susan was still unconscious of the stranger's presence. She stood, in great agitation, pressing Mary's hand, (from whom she had heard the story) and, immediately, began questioning Mrs. Kent, as to the extent of the calamity. "She had twenty pounds of her own, that her grandmother had left her;—but a hundred?—Did they want a whole hundred?—Lord would they send Mrs. Kent to prison? I must sell her goods!—I must Mary out of doors?—and Robert?—Oh, poor little Robert!—It would kill Robert! Oh," continued Susan, wringing her hands, "I would sell myself for a bondswoman,—I would be like a negro-slave, for one hundred pounds!" "Would you?" said the stranger, advancing suddenly from the door, and producing two bank-bills; "would you? well! we will strike a bargain. I will give you two hundred pounds, for this little hand,—only this little hand!" "What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, "what can you mean?" "Nothing; but what is fair and honorable," returned her lodger; "let Susan promise to meet me at church, to-morrow, and here are two hundred pounds to dispose of, at her pleasure, to-night." "Susan, my dear Susan!" "Let her alone, mother!" interrupted Robert; "she must choose for herself!"—and, for a few moments, there was a dead silence.

Robert stood, leaning against the wall, pale as marble,—his eyes cast down, and his lips compressed, in a state of forced composure.—Mrs. Kent,—her head turning, now towards the bank-notes, and now towards her son,—was in a state of restless and uncontrollable instability; Mary clung, crying, about her mother; and Susan,—her colour varying, and her lips quivering,—sate, unconsciously twisting and untwisting the bank-notes in her hand.

"Well, Susan!" said the artist,—who had remained in tranquil expectation, surveying the goap with his falcon eye?—"Well, Susan! have you determined?"—"The colour rose to her temples, and she answered, firmly, "Yes, sir!"—he pleased to take back the notes. I have nobody, but Robert, and Robert loves me dearly, dearly!—I know he does!—Oh, Mrs. Kent! you would not have me vex Robert, your own dear son,—and he so ill,—would you? Let them take these things. They never can be so cruel as to put you in prison—you, who were always so kind! and he will work for you! Never mind being poor; better any thing than be false-hearted to my Robert!"—"God for ever bless you, my Susan!"—"God bless you, my dear child!"—burst, at once, from Robert and his mother, as they, alternately, folded her in their arms.

"Pray, take the notes, sir!" repeated Susan, after a short interval. "No! that I will not do," replied the stranger, smiling. "The notes shall be yours,—are yours,—and what is more, on my own conditions! Meet me at Church, to-morrow morning, and I shall have the pleasure of bestowing this pretty hand, as I always intended, on my good friend, Robert here. I have a wife of my own at home, my dear! whom I would not exchange, even for you; and I am quite rich enough to afford myself the luxury of making you happy. Besides, you have a claim to the money. These very bank-notes were gained by that sweet face! Your friend, Mr. Lescombe, Robert, has purchased the hay-carrying. We have had a good deal of talk about you; and I am quite certain that he will provide for you all. No," continued he, interrupting something that Robert was going to say,—"No thanks, no apologies, I won't hear a word. Meet me at Church, to-morrow! But, remember,

young man! no more jealousy!"—and, followed by a glance from Susan, of which Robert might have been jealous, the artist left the shop.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE CANADAS.

House of Lords, Jan. 22.—Lord Ellenborough moved for certain accounts respecting the North American provinces in reference to the value of their exports and imports. Also with reference to the appropriation of funds by the House of Assembly. It was his object to obtain as much statistical information as possible respecting the North American provinces, particularly in regard to Lower Canada.

Lord Glenelg said he should look at the list of papers, and would give the noble Lord an answer as soon as possible.

House of Commons, Jan. 22.—Sir Saml. Waddy presented a petition from the inhabitants of the parish of St. Pancras, praying the House immediately to accede to the demands of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada.

Mr. Leader—petitions from Westminster, Bath, Chichester, and other places, praying the House not to adopt the conciliatory course towards Canada proposed by Her Majesty's Ministers.

Mr. Harvey—two similar petitions from the borough of Southwark.

Mr. Hume—a petition agreed at a public meeting at Edinburgh, praying for the adoption of such constitutional measures towards Canada as would prevent civil war.

Mr. Roebuck's petition, presented on Wednesday evening last, having been read by the Clerk at the table:—

Mr. Grote rose to move, pursuant to notice, that John Arthur Roebuck, Esquire, agent for the House of Assembly in Lower Canada, be heard at the bar of the House against the bill for making temporary provisions for the government of that province, on the second reading of the said bill.

A few observations from Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Stanley and Sir George Grey having been made, as to the propriety of hearing that gentleman, the question was then put, and having been carried, the second reading of the bill was moved by Lord John Russell, and having been agreed to.

The Speaker ordered Mr. Roebuck to be called in.

Mr. Hume then moved that the bar be advanced into the centre of the House.

An hon. member opposed the motion, but it was acceded to.

Mr. Roebuck, after a speech of considerable length, then withdrew.

After a further debate, as to the adoption of the bill, in which Mr. Hume, Sir George Grey, Mr. Egerton and Mr. Leader took a conspicuous part, the House adjourned.

House of Commons, Jan. 26.—Lord John Russell having moved the order of the day for the House to go into committee on the Canada bill, the Noble Lord extended widely into observations respecting the nature and course to be pursued by this bill.

Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Elice, Mr. Harvey and Viscount Howick having stated their views of the question—

Mr. Hume wanted to know of the Noble Lord (John Russell) whether the power to suspend the Constitution was to be exercised by Lord Durham when he arrived in Canada, or by Sir John Colborne, as soon as the Act passed?

Lord John said that they considered it for the peace of the Province, that it should be expedient Sir John Colborne should exercise the functions bestowed by the bill until the arrival of the Earl of Durham.

Mr. Warburton also wished to know, whether Sir John Colborne, in the interval of Lord Durham's arrival in Canada, would have the power of calling together the Council, and acting under the provision of the Act?

The Noble Lord said that it was not intended that the instructions addressed to Lord Durham from the Colonial Office should be addressed to Sir John Colborne.

The report was then ordered to be brought up to-morrow; and the House adjourned at a quarter past twelve this day.

The Canada Bill passed the House of Commons on the 29th January, after several successive night's debates, in the course of which Alderman Thompson threw out an suggestion that Ministers ought to be impeached and inquiry made of their conduct at the bar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

London, Feb. 1.—In the Peers, on Thursday, Lord Brougham made a shining speech on the Canadian policy of the Whigs. In vigour, eloquence, and the most withering sarcasm, this is the grandest effort which Lord Brougham has given expression to for several years.

The London Times of the 30th January, in speaking of the position in which Ministers are placed by the disturbances in Canada, says:—"From the state of public opinion produced by the course of Her Majesty's Ministers, we are pretty sure that they can have but a single wish with regard to Canada—namely, that from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Niagara it were submerged some 40 or 50 fathoms deep by one broad wave of the Atlantic."

Lord Durham has, for several succeeding days, transacted business at the Colonial Department.

The gallant Colonel Maitland, who commanded the detachment sent against the village of St. Schomberg, is the second son of the venerable Lord Lascelles, and has commanded the 32d Foot for the long period of 20 years.—(Courier.)

Lord Dalhousie is in a bad and declining state of health.

The Duchess of Kent's annuity bill has passed both Houses and received the royal sanction. It fixes the annuity at £30,000.

Liverpool, Jan. 24.—The present is the most important season that has been known for years.

The steamer Killarney has been wrecked near the Cape of Cook, and 29 of the passengers and crew perished.

Thirteen individuals lost their lives in the fire of the imperial palace at St. Petersburg. The precious collection of Vandike's pictures was consumed.

Don Carlos has received a subsidy of twelve millions of francs from the Southern Courts of Europe—Russia and Austria.

A Carist expedition arrived on the 5th January within 50 leagues of Madrid.

The financial difficulties of Portugal are in an almost entirely hopeless position; the people in a state of the greatest destitution; the army unpaid, and to avoid absolute starvation, the soldiers are described as plundering the provinces at discretion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE AMERICAN PAPERS.

Lord Gosford passed through town on Sunday. It took two stages to carry him. Miss Victoria should forbid her subjects violating the Sabbath. For the infraction of the few who were not so fortunate as to get a sight of a Lord, we would state, that he has two legs—two arms—two eyes—two ears, a nose and a mouth, and is a very likely-looking animal take him altogether.—(Portland Transcript.)

Mathias, the Prophet, in the assumed character of a Jewish Priest, is travelling in Illinois. He is inquiring for, and gathering up the dispersed people, and appoints 1851 as their year of restoration.

Good times at the West—for lawyers. Fifty-seven sheriff sales are advertised in one Ohio paper.

A western paper states that the Tea plant has been found to succeed well in the vicinity of Marietta, in Ohio.

A plan is under consideration to erect in the city of Washington a large building for the purpose of receiving the various kinds of plants, seeds, &c., collected by the officers of the Navy in foreign countries. About a year ago, an order was issued to that effect.

The American Quarterly and the New York Review have entered into the bonds of matrimony.

The Cincinnati News says that every third man you meet in that city is a hog.

Upwards of three thousand women and children are reported by the Committee of the 16th Ward of New York to be almost destitute of food fuel and clothing.

Four new daily papers are about being started in New York.

The six Companies that left the Boston common at the last Brigade muster have been disbanded. The Montgomery guards Boston have also been disbanded by the Governor and Council; but the company refuse to give up their charter.

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A lady by the name of Bills in New Jersey, recently presented her husband with three "little responsibilities." We thought there was a law against issuing small bills in that State.

The Northern Courier says—a bill is before the Maryland Legislature, making it a penal offence to climb and cut fruit trees.—Does not this come within the statute against high trees-on?

EXTENSIVE FRAUD.—The last Providence Centinel cautions the public against a contemplated fraud in the shape of a new emission of worthless paper money, on the "Lower Canada Bank."

The Bills purport to be engraved by Rawdon Wright and Hatch, N. Y. and have a very pretty appearance.

The amount of paper intended to be issued by the concern is said to be one million of dollars, the whole of which, if carried into effect, will most likely prove a dead slave to the public.

The public will be on their guard against this "better currency."

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QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 26th MARCH, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, - - Feb. 21. New-York, - - Mar. 10.
Liverpool, - Feb. 21. Halifax, - - Mar. 8.
Havre, - - - Jan. 17. Toronto, - - Mar. 9.

No American or Montreal papers were received by mail this morning.

The packet-ship *Independence*, 31st January from London, and the *Oxford*, 1st February from Liverpool, arrived at New-York on the 10th inst. The papers and letters have been received here. The intelligence is not so late as that already received via Halifax.

The Earl of Durham's departure for Canada is fixed at the earliest period which will enable him to enter the St. Lawrence. The Guards are to take the same route, and will leave in company with the Governor-in-Chief, who will embark by a man-of-war at Portsmouth.

Lord Durham, it is said, refused the appointment when offered to him by Ministers, and only finally accepted it by Her Majesty's command. He has stated it his intention not to accept of any salary either for himself or his private Secretary.

A London correspondent of the New-York Commercial Advertiser of the 10th writes as follows: "It is currently reported in the clubs, this evening, that the reason of the adjournment of the House of Commons to Friday, (Feb. 24,) is a split in the ministry; and that the Duke of Wellington has been applied to on the subject."

The same paper informs us that so intense is the anxiety caused by the affairs of Canada, that steam-boats are stationed off Holy Head to receive the letter bags from the packet ships. The London press have got their agents stationed at every port to receive and forward the latest accounts from North America. The London Times has sent out a special correspondent; this gentleman arrived in the *Oxford*.

Halifax papers of the 8th inst. were received yesterday. They contain nothing of interest. Considerable anxiety is felt in consequence of the non-arrival of the English January mail.

At the close of the late Session of the Legislature of Upper Canada, the Royal Assent was given to sixty-two Bills. Two Bills passed by the House of Assembly, and amended by the Council, were rejected by the Assembly in consequence of such amendments; and twenty-eight Bills passed by the Assembly, were rejected by the Council. Among the latter we exceedingly regret to find the Bill to appoint Commissioners to proceed to England, with respect to the public affairs of the Province.

Lord Gosford remained at Boston on the 12th inst., awaiting the arrival of a vessel to convey him to England.

The town of Kingston, Upper Canada, has been incorporated. The election of a Mayor and Common Council will take place on the 27th inst.

Her Majesty has been pleased to confer on His Excellency Sir John Colborne the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

We have the most lively satisfaction in announcing that the essential services rendered to the Government by A. Gage, Esq. M.P.P. have been recognized and recompensed by the new Administration. He has been appointed Lieutenant Colonel on full pay, and his commission is dated on the 25th November last, the day of the action at St. Charles. He is generally entrusted with the direction of the Militia in the Counties of Verdenois, St. Hyacinthe, Beauceville, Kamille, Papineau, Acadie, Two Mountains, and Gaspereau, and Canada.—Mr. Gage's known impartiality leads us to conceive the most sanguine hope of the success of his endeavours.—(FRONTIER.)

We too have heard with pleasure of the honors (we believe most worthy earned) which have fallen on our townsman, and agree with the *Populaire* in thinking that his activity, energy, and thorough knowledge of the country and people, fit him well for the mission entrusted to him, while the confidence shown by His Excellency in his impartiality and capacity, and the date of his commission, prove the Value attached to his services at Head Quarters.

The anniversary of the Tutlar Saint of Ireland was appropriately celebrated in this city on Saturday last.

In the morning, the St. Patrick's Society, accompanied by the St. George's, St. Andrew's, and the Caledonian Societies, with their splendid banners and the band of the 60th Regiment, went in procession from the Albion Hotel to St. Patrick's Church, where High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Sydney, and an eloquent discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. McMahon. After service, the procession moved in the same order through several streets, passing by the English and Scotch churches, and returned to the Albion Hotel, where they separated.

The whole scene was most imposing; and the day being uncommonly fine, an immense number of persons were attracted to witness it. The church was crowded to excess, and many were unable to obtain admission. The collection, we understand, amounted to upwards of £130.

In the evening, the St. Patrick's Society partook of an excellent dinner at the Albion Hotel, at which the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the sister Societies and several other gentlemen were present. G. H. Parke, Esq. presided; and the evening was most agreeably spent.

It affords us the highest gratification to learn that it is the intention of the citizens of Quebec to invite Sir Francis Head to a public dinner. A meeting will be held at the Exchange to-morrow, at one o'clock p.m. for the purpose of making the necessary preliminary arrangements.—A similar compliment is to be paid to Sir Francis by the citizens of Montreal.—These entertainments will doubtless be more numerous attended than any hitherto in Canada.

The Criminal Court will open in Quebec on Thursday next. It is expected, from the importance and novelty of several of the cases for trial, that this session will prove an unusually interesting one.

By proclamation of His Excellency Sir John Colborne, the Legislature of this Province is prorogued to the 19th April next.

Miss Rebecca Theresa Reed, who lately acquired some notoriety in the United States, by her pretended "Awful Disclosures" respecting the Charleston Nunery, died at Boston on the 7th inst. Her "awful" lies, we believe, were neither so popular nor profitable as those of her *amiable* prototype, Maria Monk, but were, on the whole, what our enterprising neighbours call "a good spec." Miss Reed was 28 years of age, and died of consumption.

AMERICAN "LIBERTY."

A striking instance of the spirit of ruffianism and murder inseparable from slave-holding is afforded by the following sentence uttered by Mr. Preston, a member of the United States Senate, on the floor of the House:—

"Let an Abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina—if we can catch him, we will try him; and notwithstanding all the interference of all the Governments of the earth,—including this Federal Government,—WE WILL HANG HIM!"

(From the Quebec Gazette of yesterday.)

We have seen a copy of the Canada Bill, and it passed the Commons on the 29th January and was sent to the Lords.

It suspends the Legislative power vested in the Council and Assembly of Lower Canada by the Act of 1791, till the 1st November, 1840 and vests it in a Governor and special Legislative Council, (not less than five) to be created by the Crown, by and with the advice of the Privy Council.

This new Legislative authority is restricted from laying any tax, rate, duty, or impost, not existing at the passing of the Act.

It cannot alter the Constitution of the Legislative Council or Assembly, or the qualification of voters, or the division of the Counties, or any Act of the Imperial Parliament, or any Colonial Act altering any Act of the Imperial Parliament.

It may appropriate the public moneys to an amount not exceeding in any one year the amount of the appropriations made by the Legislature in 1837.

None of its ordinances are to continue in force more than two years.

The new Law to be in force from the date of its proclamation in the Province. It may be altered during the present Session of Parliament.

This is the whole of the essential features of the Bill. Not a word is said of a Convention, or of Upper Canada.

COMMERCIAL.

New-York, March 10th.—STOCK EXCHANGE.—SPECIE—1 to 2 per cent premium.—(Without sale.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several contributions are unavoidably deferred.

BIRTH.

On Thursday last, 15th inst., the lady of the Rev. F. J. Lundy, of a daughter.

On Thursday, the 15th inst. Mrs. Southrop, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Montreal, on the 3d Dec. last, Timothy Hunter, Esq. formerly of Leeds, England, to Miss Ann Hamilton, of Montreal.

At Compton, on the 26 ultimo, Mr. A. G. Woodward, merchant, of Sherbrooke, to Mary G. Looze, of the former place.

DIED.

At Ste. Made Nouvelle France, on the 18th inst. Edmund; second and last child of Eleazar Duchesnois, Esquire, aged 19 months.

At Montreal, on the 5th inst. the wife of Mr. Joseph Williams, aged 56.

At Beauharnois, on the 11th inst. Mr. Charles Wilkinson, late of Montreal, a native of Yorkshire, England, and grandson of the celebrated comedian, Tate Wilkinson, aged 32 years.

On the 21st January, at Maryborough, near Glamis, Major General Sir Anson Norcott, K. C. H.

THE circulation of THE TRANSCRIPT, which is daily increasing, already amounts to upwards of Eleven Hundred of each Publication! and consequently offers decided advantages to persons desirous of giving publicity to their advertisements.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, which is now published semi-weekly, will, on the opening of the navigation, appear three times a week, when, in addition to the usual literary and miscellaneous matter, and news of the day, it will contain the latest shipping intelligence, manifests of the cargoes of vessels as they arrive in port, carefully digested reviews of the markets, and a complete price current for Quebec,—forming at once a desirable acquisition to the merchant and trader, and an amusing and instructive journal to all.

The almost unparalleled success which this paper has met on the threshold of its career is strong presumptive proof that its general tone and bearing have given satisfaction; and its rapidly increasing circulation will give fresh energy to its proprietors to continue to glide down the pleasing stream of public estimation.

COACH FACTORY.

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

All persons to whom they are indebted are requested to send in their accounts.

C & J. SAURIN.
Quebec, 14th March, 1838.

100 do Printing done,
300 do do double crown,
100 do Footstep,
50 reams drab wrapping paper for newspaper covers, &c.
10 reams bleating paper,
3 tons of sheeting paper,
The whole of the above being manufactured by ourselves, we are enabled to sell at the lowest prices, for Cash or approved credit.

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

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

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE.

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

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

DOG FOUND.

FOUND.—A NEWFOUNDLAND PUPPY.—The owner may obtain it, by applying at the office of this paper, and paying the expenses incurred.
Quebec, 10th March, 1838.

FIRE-WOOD.

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

AUCTIONS.

BY B. COLE.

On MONDAY, the 9th April, and following days, at the residence of Mrs. HOOVER, St. Ann's Street, near the Gaol:

THE WHOLE OF HER HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of—Mahogany Dining, Card, and other Tables, Side-board, Sofa, Chest of Drawers, Bedsteads, Beds and Bedding, Carpets, Piar and other Looking-Glasses, double and single Stoves, China, Glass and Earthenware, Kitchin Utensils, with a variety of other articles.

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

EXTENSIVE FURNITURE SALE.

BY B. COLE.

On MONDAY, the 16th day of April, and following days, at the Castle of St. Lewis, the property of Lord Grosvenor:

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

Conditions—CASH, on delivery.
N. B.—The whole of the property will be on show from THURSDAY the 15th, until day of Sale.
Quebec, 12th March, 1838.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice, he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing, which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. ***," whose ghost has been so much talked of? "I was his nurse. On the night of his death, I left his room for something which I was in want of. I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient!*" He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed, and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting); but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall be contented."—*Lady's Magazine.*

HINTS TO SEGAR SMOKERS.—Being now dressed, in order to show off with propriety, you must have a segar. This is imperative; no gentleman can pretend to be a gentleman unless he smokes his cigar; and the sooner you master this accomplishment the better. We remember seeing a nice young gentleman ten years of age, smoke his cigar in a most manly and manly style, and afterwards go to a stall and buy a pair of apples, and a lollipop. We think little gentlemen would always look very interesting with a pipe in one hand and a lollipop in the other. To be sure, some and's and p's object to their little gentleman smoking; but every young gentleman of spirit, upon entering into fashionable life, must "cut" his parents as soon as possible, and avoid all their unamiable prejudices. Now, most people imagine that a segar is merely a segar, and that smoking a segar is merely smoking a segar; but we beg to inform those persons that there is as much difference in the manner of smoking segars as there is in cigars themselves. Let it suffice to describe three sorts of cigars, each of which will be found to partake of the character of the smoker.—For instance, there is the *Expusite* or real "Woodvive" Havana, mild in tone, aromatic in flavour, and smelling like a mango;—then the *Lavender* or quick-smoking "torenia" penny tube, pungent in taste, and diffusing a "villanous compound of vile smells";—then there is the "Blackguard" or half-and-half penny go-out-and-in burner; with a stave in it, giving out a scent that smells like anything out a nosegay. Now if you aspire to the *Expusite*, and smoke your Woodvive, you must proceed in the operation in the following delicate and scientific manner:—Take up your cigar with the forefinger and thumb, press it tenderly, very tenderly all around, moistening it with your lips, then place it between the fore and middle fingers, being careful to have protruded or lavender coloured kid gloves on. Then allow one end to come in contact with the flame of a wax candle, or some other delicate light, and draw it again rather actively, describing a segment of a circle, with the hand inward, terminating in a graceful flourish upwards—then elevate the arm in a right line with the shoulder, forming an acute angle with the fore arm towards the face, incline the head slightly forward, place one end of the cigar (not the ligatured one) between the lips and then gently inhale the fumes, evaporate it again in the most bland and gentle manner, withdrawing each time the cigar from the mouth, with careful ease and elegance of movement. If you choose the *Blackguard*, you have little more to do than to screw up your mouth on one side, stick the cigar in it, cock the lighted end up towards your eye and blow away as hard as you can. In this character you are expected to expectorate a good deal. If you are a lively smoker, you must smoke a little and grin a little, by turns. There is no definite time for smoking; it is best to begin in the morning, and if you should perchance, be one of the useful class as it is miscalled, by all means smoke your cigar as you go to "office," it has such a fresh air with it, and looks so unlike business and respectability, and all that sort of old fashioned nonsense. The best places for puffing cigars are certainly the public streets or on the outside of stage coaches,—it makes it so agreeable to the other passengers, particularly to the females.



CITY OF QUEBEC.

General Special Session of the Peace under the Road and Police Acts.

Monday, 5th March, 1838.

RESOLVED.—That as a duty which the Magistrates and Public of the City of Quebec owe to the memory of the late WILLIAM FINLAY, Esq. Merchant of this City, the landing place at the Lower Town Market, now known as "La Place," and which has been improved in its present state by his munificent legacy, hereafter known and called by the name of "FINLAY PLACE," (Place Finlay.)

By order,
FERRAULT & SCOTT,
Clerk of the Peace.

Two insertions in all the Newspapers of this City, in their respective languages.

NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,
Carving, 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 establishments, they will be able promptly to execute all orders with which they may be favoured in the above mentioned, and in the FANCY line, in such a manner as to meet the unqualified approbation and increasing preference and patronage of their employers.

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

JOSHUA HOBROUGH,

TAILOR,

No. 3, HOPE STREET, NEAR TO MR. J. J. SHER,

IMPRESSED with a due sense of gratitude for the favours conferred upon him by the gentlemen residing in Quebec, and Es environs, and by the public in general, avails himself of the present moment, to return them his most heartfelt thanks; at the same time he assures them, that no effort on his part shall be wanted to insure a similar continuance of their future patronage and support.

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

T. BROOKBANK,

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

No. 4, Arsenal Street, opposite the Ordnance Store. T. Brookbank, in tendering his thanks to those who have hitherto patronised him, while in connection with Mr. Booth, respectfully announces to them, and the citizens generally, that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT, and trusts that he may be favoured with continuance of the support, which it shall be his study to merit.
February 24, 1838.

BOOKS FOR SALE,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE,
No. 14, Mountain Street
SCOTT'S WORKS, in seven vols.
Bulwer's Novels, in 1 vol. cloth.
Murray's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth.
Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep.
Henry's Miscellaneous Works.
Hume and Smollett's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols.
The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz."
Middisham's Expeditious, by the author of *Rain in the Reef*.
Quebec, 13th January, 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.

Furnishing Books by mail at newspaper postage.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW SERIES OF THE LITERARY OMNIBUS.

WALDIE'S LITERARY OMNIBUS has now been in existence twelve months, and has enjoyed during that period a very extensive share of public favour. It has furnished for two dollars and a half, repairs of London books cost over fifty copies; in addition, to a large amount of literary matter, reviews of new books, tales and domestic and foreign news.

The original proprietor, intending to devote his time and attention to his other periodical works, has deposited his interest in the Omnibus to the present publisher, who will make no farther change in its general character than issuing it from another office, and changing its name from "Waldie's to Brown's."

BROWN'S LITERARY OMNIBUS will be issued every Friday morning, printed on excellent paper of large size. It will contain—

1. Books, the newest and best that can be procured, equal every week to a London Dialectic volume containing novels, travels, memoirs, &c., and only chargeable with newspaper postage.
2. Literary reviews, tales, sketches, notices of books, and information from the world of letters of every description.
3. The news of the week foreign and domestic.

The price will be two dollars per annum to clubs of five individuals, two dollars to two individuals, two dollars and a half for two dollars for the single mail subscribers, three dollars. Mail remittance to be paid.

As the arrangements are all completed, the proprietor asks from a generous public that consideration to which is due, a scheme of circulating knowledge and amusement is carried.

The first number of the New Series commenced on the 6th day of January 1838, from which period or from any future date, new subscribers may commence.

Postmasters and agents for periodicals through out the Union and Canada, are requested to act as agents for the Omnibus, and communicate with the proprietor.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

OPEN EVERY DAY from TEN A. M. UNTIL FIVE P. M. (Sundays excepted) No. 5, JOHN STREET, opposite Mr. HALL'S OFFICE.

Subscription for one month, - - - 1 6
Do. for single vol., - - - 0 2
Quebec, 28th February, 1838.

QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838.

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

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

In soliciting 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,—sections from new, popular and entertaining works of the most elevated authors, with other interesting literary and scientific publications.

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

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

The publication in this city of such a paper as the one now proposed has by many been long considered a desideratum; and the kindly disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipations that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement and success.

Quebec, 6th December, 1837.

AGENCY IN MONTREAL.

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

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING, BY

THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE,

At the Office, No. 24, St. Peter Street, (opposite to B. Thibault's Green.)

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE GHOST.

In all ages, persons of weak intellects have believed an apparition; yet we may candidly affirm, that stories of ghosts are mistakes, or imaginations, and that they may always be detected by a proper exercise of the mental faculty. In all relations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavour to make the events as supernatural, wonderful, and as weird as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount a story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the west of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like the academy of Sciences, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been late a day, he said to his chair waiter he was absent, remained vacant.

When the chair next on the usual night, inquired were naturally made after their associate. As he was in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying or the dead man, was led into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sad silent time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of his vision. At length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and shut the door after him. After a short pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but, now, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels; for in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assist the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature, was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *wifed*. Years rolled on and the story was almost forgotten.