

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. 1. No. 11.]

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, 28th FEBRUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE YOUNG AID-DE-CAMP.

"Oh, Edward," mourned Julia Harcourt to her brother, as she laid her head upon his shoulder, believing herself unmoved, "where will you be at this hour to-morrow evening?"

He answered only by an affectionate pressure of the hand which he held in his; the tears started in his eyes, but anxious to conceal his emotions, he turned to his father, and was about to address him.

"My children," said the General tenderly, "there is no need of concealment of feelings, which honor rather than disgrace our nature. You, Edward, will not make a worse soldier because your sister's tears have brought a corresponding sympathy to your eyes; nor will you, Julia, enjoy less the future honor of your brother, because you now weep that he must leave you. And think not," added he, in a voice which gradually lost its firmness as he continued to speak, "think not that the moment when a son is about to quit his parental roof, and engage in the busy scenes of life, is a painless one to a father. In him, to natural regret is joined a knowledge of the shoals and quicksands that lie in his path, and remembrance of these gives to the anxiety of maturity the acuteness of sorrow that properly belongs to youth." He paused, and then with greater steadiness continued—"The path before you, however, is an honorable and an open one. Acquit yourself in it, therefore, as becomes a man and a Christian. But I will not now repeat the advice I have so earnestly given you, and the more so as I am not aware that I have omitted any material point of conduct. On one subject alone I have been less diffuse than you might probably have expected me to be, but this arose solely from its being too painful a one to dwell openly upon."

He passed his hand over his brow, but could not conceal the agitation of his features:—"Here is a packet, however," added he, "which will supply the omission: read the narrative it contains attentively, and oh! may you escape the anguish that its writer has been so long doomed to feel!"

Edward received the paper with reverence, and the General now rising, fervently blessed both his children, and retired to rest.

This was the last evening that Edward Harcourt was to spend in his father's house previous to his joining his regiment, which was under sailing orders for Spain. He was a high-spirited amiable youth, the secret pride of his father, and the avowed delight of his sister. He had scarcely passed his seventeenth year; but in talents, manner and appearance, he was many years older. The next day saw him far on his journey towards the metropolis, where, having remained only sufficient time to equip himself, he proceeded to Plymouth, and was soon afterwards launched on the bosom of the ocean, under a favourable wind, and with companions whose spirits were almost as buoyant as his own.

He had hitherto been too much engaged to open the packet which the General had given him, or indeed scarcely to give it a thought; but he had now abundance of leisure for the purpose, and withdrawing himself from observation, he with no slight degree of interest, but unmingled with curiosity, broke the seal. The latter feeling had probably not obtained itself, but for the idea that it contained an exhibition of an occasional melancholy, which both he and his sister had observed in their father, and which had excited alike their surprise and commiseration. Loved and respected by them in the highest degree, they had carefully abstained from appearing to notice it, and had sought only by every delicate and tender attention, to win him from his abstraction, and to soothe him to composure and cheerfulness. Frequently, even in moments of paternal tenderness and delight, when his breast appeared to overflow with the purest felicity, a look of indescribable agony would ensue, and tears, which he endeavoured in vain to conceal, would start from his eyes.

A natural feeling of respect and delicacy made him pause before he could examine the paper which he held in his hand. This he

found to be a long letter from the General, who, after enforcing many excellent rules for his future conduct, thus proceeded:—

"And now, Edward, let me address you on a subject to which I attach the deepest importance. I mean that of settling. By every consideration, moral and divine—by every tie of affection to me, of allegiance to your king, and of duty to your God,—I charge you never to be either a principal or an accessory, in a crime which reason and religion alike condemn as utterly indefensible, although false honor and heatless sophistry have endeavoured to establish its propriety and necessity. Continue to preserve that control over your passions which has hitherto distinguished you; give no offence, and be not ready to receive one; enter into no dispute, and whilst with a manly firmness you obtain your own independence of thought and action, avoid all interference with that of others, never forgetting that when you become a soldier, you ceased not to be a Christian; but increase, rather than diminish, your obligations, by having dedicated that life to your king, which you received from your God, for the proper disposal of which you are now accountable to both."

"But if argument fail, let the recital I allude to make, effectually deter you from the commission of so heinous an offence. Yes, I will raise the veil that has long covered the anguish of my heart, although I am well aware that the effort will be most distressing to me, and that the exposure of past errors to a son's eyes must prove a bitter task to a father."

"I was early destined like yourself to the army, and entered upon life with prospects as fair as your own. My connexions were powerful, my fortune was good, and my friends consequently were numerous. Nature had done much for me, adventurous circumstances were few. My society was every where sought. I was a general favourite, and though reason pointed out the necessity of the attention I received, self-love and vanity resulted in the unmerited homage into a debt due my peculiar merit. I became addicted to pleasure, grew haughty and impatient of control, and while I pursued gratifications which my better principles condemned, I allowed neither the inward monitor of my own breast, nor the remonstrances of my real friends, to have any influence over my actions. Real friends, perhaps, I had few; but I possessed one,—alas! how my heart throbs at the recollection! whose worth alone was sufficient to outweigh the loss of hundreds. Melville was my cousin by my mother's side—he, too, was an only son; but as his parents were by no means in affluent circumstances, he became at the death of his father entirely dependent upon mine. We had been brought up together, and he had hitherto shared in all the advantages which had been so liberally bestowed upon me. I fear he was much more attached to my person than I was alive to his merits. We were indeed very dissimilar. He was gentle, patient, endowed with extraordinary powers of self-control, moderate in all his desires, just, honourable, generous and brave; while equally correct in practice as in principle, his rectitude amidst all temptation remained unshaken. My tears fall fast at this noble testimony to his worth; alas! that the loss of blessings should best teach us their value."

"Melville had frequently, in forcible but gentle terms, remonstrated with me on my conduct. I at first listened to him without displeasure, and even with secret admiration of the manner he adopted towards me, but in proportion as my behaviour grew irregular, and the upbraidings of my conscience more severe, his admonitions became less endurable. The sneers, also, of my profligate associates at his influence provoked me, and I gradually absented myself from his society, till at length I totally withdrew myself from him. Melville was much hurt by this procedure, and for a time endeavoured by every means to win back with confidence, but finding that he rather defeated than promoted his views by seeking me, he forbade to intrude. Often did my heart reproach me for the unmanliness and ingratitude of my conduct, and as often did I long for a renewal of that cordiality

which was once my happiness; and had always been my safety; but pride and the ridicule of my companions withheld me from making any advance towards a better understanding, and in the end I scarcely even deigned to speak to him."

"Among other evil propensities, I had contracted a love of gaming, to supply which even the liberal allowance of my father was inadequate. I became involved in debt, and was guilty of many petty acts of meanness, which at a former period of my life I should have abhorred. Alas! little did I think at the time that it was Melville, the honourable self-denying Melville, who out of the savings of his own comparatively scanty purse, preserved me frequently from exposure from my trading-people. I thought neither of him nor of them; I was selfish, wilfully heedless and extravagant, merely because I would not allow myself to reflect."

"One evening I had played to a considerable amount, and had been particularly unfortunate. In my agitation, I drank largely, and thus the irritation of intoxication was added to the irritation of excited feeling. We were seated in our tent, for it was summer.—Melville passed us on his way to the guard-room. He cast, or I fancied that he cast, a look of peculiar meaning towards me. I was provoked at having been seen at all by him, and I turned myself from him with as little apparent intention as possible. He, however, turned back, and doing so approached the tent more nearly. This I thought was done for the express purpose of observation, and I felt exceedingly vexed, though I forbore to say a word. "What is the curious look looking at?" exclaimed one of my companions, "does he think that he is to mount guard here?" "No, no," replied another, "he is already on the watch." Harcourt, this will be a pretty tale to repeat to your father." I was almost mad at the suggestion, when unfortunately for both, he again passed, though yet apparently in haste. I sprang out, and in a voice of rage accused him of the meanness of watching me. He bore my abuse with calmness and in silence, my even an expression of pity was visible on his features, but this only inflamed me still more. I taxed him with an intention of betraying me to my father. Then, and then only, his eyes flashed with indignation. "It is false," said he warmly; "abominably false." He spoke only with the emphasis of outraged and insulted feeling, but my companions construed his words into that which was not to be endured by a gentleman, and insisted that an apology was due my injured honour. "I can make no apology," exclaimed Melville, "when I have committed no offence. My cousin must do as he pleases—he knows his own injustice too well to persist in it." Alas! I did not know it but I was too much disordered, too much goaded on by others to own it and—But I must hasten to the dreadful catastrophe. My companions insisted on a meeting, and that immediately; it took place—I had the first fire—it was fatal—Melville fell!"

"The mists of passion and intoxication faded at once from my eyes. I ran to him and raised him in my arms. The cold dew of death was already gathering on his brow, but he was sensible to my affection and despair. "I have been greatly to blame," he uttered with great difficulty; "bear witness that I acquit him entirely of any evil intent towards me. Dear Harcourt, he more faintly murmured, "compose yourself, I entirely forgive you—he is kind to my poor mother." He feebly threw his arm around my neck, I bent to receive his last kiss, and sunk fainting to the ground."

"The affair was represented in a manner that exonerated me from punishment, and it was soon forgotten among my companions. I became, however, an altered man; and so far poor Melville had not died in vain. I rose rapidly in my profession; the most brilliant success attended me throughout my military career; rank, honour, and reputation, were liberally bestowed on me; nor was I less fortunate in private and domestic life. Happy in my friends, my wife, and my children; easy in my circumstances, and esteemed by society

in general, my lot has been blessed beyond that of others; but my facility has never been without severe alloy. The image of my bleeding and dying friend has pursued me every where, and mingled a drop of exquisite bitterness in my cup. Amidst the applause of assembled multitudes, or the congratulations of friends; in the endearments of conjugal love, or the fond delights of a parent, the remembrance of Melville has constantly risen to my imagination, and wrung my heart with agony. So might he have been honoured; so brightly might he have been his career; so tenderly might he have been loved by an amiable wife; and children, dutiful and affectionate as mine, might have clasped his knees and called him father—but for me. The still small voice of conscience has unremittingly denounced me to myself as a murderer, and all the tears of penitence that I have shed, are still inadequate to wash away the remembrance of my crime. Even the satisfaction and comfort which I have derived from the same sad source, for better knowledge of myself has taught me to regret the more severely the advantages of which I had deprived him. In the midst of youth, and as he would have owned, unprepared to meet his God, my hand shut the gates of repentance upon him, and sent him with all his frailties on his head, to that dread tribunal, from which there is neither appeal nor escape."

"But I will not press the melancholy subject further. I am sick at heart, and can only say, go, my beloved boy, avoid your father's example and be happy."

Edward read with deep attention and considerable emotion, his father's narrative:—"You shall be obeyed, dearest and best of parents," said he, as he carefully returned it to a place of safety. "Let it cost me what it may, I will never, never incur such a load of misery on my future years as you have described."

He landed safely at Lisbon, and proceeded with all speed to join the division to which his regiment was attached. Active operations had not yet commenced, though vigorous preparations were making for the ensuing campaign. The natural ardour of his disposition made him regret a delay, which deprived him of the opportunity that he so much desired of signaling himself. Time, however, was not suffered to hang heavily on his hands; the duties of his profession, and gaieties which his brother officers promoted among themselves, fully occupied every moment.

He was delighted with all he met with, and if a thought of home saddened him, it was only for an instant, and brighter hopes of proving himself more worthy of the affection of his beloved relatives, dissipated every other feeling. His good humour, high spirit, and honourable bearing, produced a general prepossession in his favour, and he found his society universally sought. The regiment was quartered in a town large indeed in size, but thinly inhabited. Returning one evening to his lodgings, in company with a young man of his own rank and age, who with himself had been dining with their commanding officer, he was suddenly startled by the loud shriek of a female. He paused a moment uncertain from whence it proceeded; but upon its being repeated, he immediately directed his steps to the spot, and beheld, by the bright beams of the moon, a female struggling to free herself from the mole embraces of a man whose dress proclaimed him a British officer. Edward advanced without hesitation, and in a firm voice desired him to desist. He was answered, however, only by a command to cease from interference; a command which was at once disobeyed, upon his assistance being implored by the female, whom he now discovered to be a Spaniard. He forcibly separated her from her persecutor, who exasperated more probably by the intrusion of a stranger than by any other consideration, furiously drew his sword, and bade him stand at his guard. The party to which he belonged had by this time joined them. Edward put back the weapon which was held against him, and telling him to reserve its use for a more proper occasion, walked on. His antagonist, however, followed,

DEPARTURE OF LORD GOSFORD.

Yesterday morning, at ten o'clock, His Excellency the Earl of Gosford left the Castle of St. Lewis on his way to England via the United States. The 33rd Regiment, with their colours and band, were stationed opposite the Citadel, as a guard of honour; and the different Volunteer Corps lined the streets to the Lower Town landing-place, and presented arms to His Lordship on passing. On His Excellency leaving the Castle, a salute was fired from the Citadel, which was repeated on His Lordship putting on board the vessel. The 60th Regiment, with their colours and band, were stationed there, and the band struck up "Rule Britannia," on His Lordship's arrival. He was accompanied to the wharf by the heads of the different civil and military departments, and a large concourse of citizens, principally Canadians. There was an attempt made by a few individuals to get up a cheer, on the coming putting off, but it proved a failure. His Lordship remained at Pointe-Levy until the afternoon, when he was joined by the remainder of his suite, and proceeded to La Beauce, and spent the night at the residence of N. Duchesnay, Esq.

His Lordship was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Walcott, Mr. Vivian, A.D.C. and Mr. Engleback. Messrs. Vanison, Caron, and H. not followed in a canoe to Pointe-Levy immediately after His Lordship.

On Lord Gosford's arrival at Boston, should there be no vessel of war there, he will proceed on to New-York, and thence await the arrival of one to convey him to England.

It is understood that Sir John Colborne would be sworn in Administrator of the Government, at Montreal, at twelve o'clock yesterday, and it is expected that the city would be illuminated in the evening, in honor of Sir John.

The Halifax mail, will, after Monday next, proceed from and arrive at Quebec twice a week, instead of once as formerly. The days of its arrival in Quebec will be Mondays and Thursdays, and it will leave for Halifax on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Mr. Montzambert, Assistant Civil Secretary, left town this morning for Montreal.

A General Order has been issued from the Deputy Adjutant General's Office, dated Head-Quarters, Montreal, 23d February 1838, directing that the Habitants of the Counties of Laprairie, Chambly, and L'Acadie be disarmed. It enjoins all persons residing in those counties, within one month from the date of the Order, to carry and deliver all arms in their possession to the nearest Justice of the Peace, or Officer of Militia, who will be held responsible that they are conveyed and surrendered to the Officer commanding at either of the following posts, viz.—St. Johns, Chambly, L'Acadie, Nepieriville, St. Philippe, La Tortue, and Isle aux Noix. At the expiration of a month a rigorous search will be instituted. Claims for exemption from this order are to be addressed to the Provincial Military Secretary at Montreal for the decision of His Excellency the Lieutenant-General.—Mercury.

LADY HEAD INSULTED AT ROCHESTER.

We make the following extracts from the New York papers which have just reached us by this day's mail with respect to the disgraceful treatment experienced by Lady Head & her Ladyship's family on their way from Toronto to New York, for England. It is truly revolting to our feelings to peruse those extracts; and we do not believe that there is any other country in the universe so thoroughly destitute of courtesy, as to treat unprotected females in the way that American citizens are here said to have done. But it is evident that the gallantry of the heroes of Rochester is like their neutrality. Assuredly there is nothing in the United States for British subjects to envy.

Lady Head and daughter, and Mrs. General Dalrymple, the sister of Sir Francis Head, who had been a few days past in the city, embarked this morning in the packet for London. We are ashamed to add that these ladies were grossly insulted on their journey from Upper Canada by some villains at Rochester. We would hope they were not American citizens who were guilty of this heastly outrage.—New York Courier.

The Lady of Sir Francis Head and daughter, Mrs. General Dalrymple, sister of Sir Francis, and servants go out tomorrow in the ship Wellington, for London. We regret very much to learn, that Lady Head was treated

with great rudeness at Rochester, on her way to Albany, and that the incivility to which she was exposed, was carried to such a length, as to cause serious alarm to herself and family.—Commercial Advertiser.

Sir Francis Head, whose purpose it was to come to New York from Canada, via Lexington has been advised that arrangements have been made on that frontier to annoy him by arrest, on an indictment. The Baronet will of course, save those cautious people an opportunity of any such public examination of their loyalty.—Id.

They did not think it necessary to be accompanied by any gentleman—as they thought that unprotected females would not be soport every where in the gaiety and noise of honour of the other sex, however their feelings might be excited by passing events. No one thought the patriots of Rochester. A bystander informs us, that Lady Head and her female companions had taken an extra paid way to Longue to this city, and that the way had in their possession. At the Eagle Tavern, Rochester, where they stopped for an hour or two, a crowd collected, and were very anxious to know whether Sir Francis was present, and insisted upon knowing the act. In consequence several ladies came into the room, and the clerk of the coach office made a demand for the way out from Lady Head, and would not be satisfied until she delivered it up. The language of the crowd is a very gross and low opinion of the manners and customs of the people around the house in reference to Sir Francis.

Connected with this subject, we have ascertained that, in expectation of the Lieutenant Governor passing that way, a gang had posted itself at Lewistown with a view of taking possession of his person, and carrying him to Lockport, where the Grand jury had found a true bill against him, and others as accessories in the Schoeller's business. Fortunately for the honour and tranquillity of these States, Sir Francis did not leave his Government to escort his family, being fully confident that females would be treated with respect every where. Had he passed through the consequence must have been painful; he would have resisted any indignity, and the evil passions which urged the instigator of such a plan, would have hurried them into further violence, and Lyness' law would have been the result.—New York Herald.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF US?

There has been a most tremendous meeting at Lockport, at which the "radical citizens" passed the following preamble and resolution; and more than that, as if to show that compassion had quitted human hearts, and fled to brute beasts; they have actually written to the President, Senate and Representatives to take it in hand to annihilate us. What will become of us!!!!

Whereas our immediate neighborhood has been invaded by armed bandits from Canada, and unprovokedly destroyed, and our citizens inhumanly and barbarously butchered by a foreign foe and whereas the act has been justified and sanctioned by the government of the province of Upper Canada, and the perpetrators applauded; and whereas there are citizens of the United States who have publicly declared the deed to be a gallant affair, and morally justifiable—as citizens of the United States residing upon the frontier, and exposed to the brutal and cowardly attacks of Canadian midnight assassins—we deem it a duty prompted both by national pride and self-preservation, to give publicity to our views in relation to the late invasion of our country. (Toronto Patriot.)

The Bowrey theatre, New York, was destroyed by fire on Sunday last, with all its contents. It was supposed to be the work of an incendiary. After the fire was extinguished the corpse of a black man named Thomas Francis, who is supposed to have crept in there for shelter, was found among the ruins burned to a crisp.

BIRTH.

On Sunday last, Mrs. Z. Poland of a daughter.

MARRIED.

On Monday last, by the Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. John U. Penney, boat-builder, to Miss Jane Eleanor Gains, both of this city.

DIED.

On Saturday evening, of croup, Julia Rebecca, infant daughter of Frederick Andrews, Esq. At Montreal, on the 26th inst., Lawrence Castle, Esq. formerly Paymaster of the De Meuron Regiment, and for many years past chief Accountant of the Montreal Bank, aged 61 years.

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 has 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.

The circulation of THE TRANSCRIPT, which is daily increasing, already amounts to ONE THOUSAND OF EACH PUBLICATION; and it consequently offers decided advantages to persons desirous of giving publicity to their advertisements.



ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

THE GENERAL QUARTERLY MEETING preparatory to the anniversary, will take place at the ALBION HOTEL, on FRIDAY the 2nd day of March next, at SEVEN O'CLOCK, P.M. A full attendance is particularly requested.

The Committee of Management will meet on hour previous.

J. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Quebec, 27th Feb., 1838.

VOLUNTEERS—ATTENTION!!!



CAPTAIN GILLESPIE'S COMPANY, No. IV. Quebec Light Infantry, will for the future meet every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Evening, at Half-past Six o'clock, in the Wardrobe of the House of Assembly.

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.

VENISON.

SAMUEL TOZILL, Butcher, Upper Town Market, begs leave to inform his customers, that he has received a small quantity of very fine VENISON. This being the first that has arrived this season, would recommend gentlemen to call as soon as possible.

His show of MUTTON, (weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds per quarter,) is superior to anything of the kind that has been offered for sale this winter. Quebec, 28th Feb., 1838.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

OPEN EVERY DAY from TEN A.M. till TEN P.M. (Sundays excepted) No. 5, John-Street, opposite to Mr. HALL, Grocer. Subscription for one month, - - - 1 6 Do. for single vol., - - - 0 2 Quebec, 28th February, 1838.

QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838.

THE QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838, will be published on Wednesday next. Besides the usual matter, it will contain a list of all the Officers of the different Volunteer Corps serving in the Province. Gazette Office, 23d February 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.

TAVERN LICENCES.

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE PEACE

QUEBEC, 5TH FEBRUARY, 1838. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that on the 1st day of MARCH next, at the hour of 10, A.M., at the Court House, in this City, a General Special Session of the Peace will be held for the purpose of taking into consideration Applications and Petitions for Tavern Licences and Renewals of Tavern Licences for the present year. That in no case will any application for a Renewal of License be entertained, unless the License for the preceding year be produced and filed. All Applications and Petitions for such Licences, and Renewals thereof, to be in the meantime made and filed in this Office. (By order.)

FERRAULT & SCOTT, Clerk of the Peace.

The insertion weekly in all the Newspapers published in this City, in their respective languages, until the 1st of March next.

T. BROOK BANK, HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, GLAZIER, &c. No. 4 Arsenal Street, opposite the Ordnance Store.

IN testifying his thanks to those who have hitherto patronised him, while in connection with Mr. LIZARD, respectfully announces to them, and the citizens generally, that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS on his OWN ACCOUNT, and trusts that he may be favored with a continuance of that support, when it shall be his study to merit. February 21, 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 Johnsson, Frodham, 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 CONFECTIONARY and CAKES, of the best quality. SCOTT & M'CONKEY, No. 59, St. John Street. Quebec, 27th January, 1838.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE, No. 14, Mountain Street SCOTT'S NOVELS, 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 Smollett's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols. Astoria, by Washington Irving. The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz." Malshipp's Expeditors, by the author of "Battin the Reeler." Quebec, 13th January, 1838

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 M'KENZIE returns cordial thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, and informs them that he has now entered into Partnership with THOMAS BOWLES, an experienced Musical Instrument and Cabinet Maker, from New-York. M'KENZIE & BOWLES beg to express their hope, that from the excellence of their materials and their skill as workmen, and the very general nature of their establishment, they will be able promptly to execute all orders 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

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

POETRY.

A REAL OCCURRENCE IN A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

When is the happiest death to die?
 "Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,
 Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
 And as my spirit rose to fly,
 With bright celestial views.
 None were a lingering death, without pain,
 A death which all might love to see,
 And mark how bright and sweet should be
 The victory I should gain.
 "Fain would I catch a hymn of love
 From the angel-choirs when ring above:
 And sing it, as my parting breath
 Quivered and expired in death—
 So that those on earth might hear
 The harmonies of another sphere,
 And track, when nature flames and dies,
 What sprang from heavenly life above,
 And grieve from the death they view,
 A ray of hope to light them through,
 When they should be departing too.
 "No," said another, "so not I:
 Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
 I would suddenly pay my snivels by,
 Nor bear a single pang at parting,
 Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
 Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
 Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
 Nor the frames, with mortal terror shoking,
 Nor the tears, where love's soft bands are break-
 ing.
 So would I die!
 "All times, without a pang to cloud it!
 All joy, without a pain to shroud it!
 No stain, but caught up as I were,
 To meet my Saviour in the air!
 So would I die!
 Oh! how bright
 Were the beams of light
 Breaking at once upon his sight.
 Even so
 I long to go,
 These parting hours, how sad and slow!
 His voice grows faint, and fain'd was his eye,
 As if gazing in rapturous ecstasy:
 The face of his cheek and lips decayed,
 Around his mouth a rictus smile played—
 They look'd—he was dead!
 His spirit had fled:
 Paleless and cold as his own dovre,
 The soul and soul,
 From her mortal veils,
 Had stepped to her car of heavenly fire:
 And proved how bright
 Were the beams of light
 Bursting at once upon his sight!

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

SMALL TALK.

It is no easy matter to talk well. A man may read many books, and have a tenacious memory, and a sound judgement, and no small portion of critical acumen. He may express his thoughts in elegant language; he may reason his discourse with wit, and be a living lexicon, and a walking encyclopaedia; and yet, after all, he will not read books, and will not do read do not care about them; but every body loves to talk. There is something very pleasant in hearing the sound of one's own voice; and when we are wearied with talk, or tired with thought, we love to chat, to set the tongue in motion, to relieve the sense of weariness.
 There seems to be a great deal of wisdom in speaking contemptuously of common-place talk; but it is all seeming. Real wisdom makes a man a most agreeable companion; but mock wisdom, the affectation of profundity, the pretence of learning, makes him quite the reverse. If a man of great learning be an agreeable man, it is not his learning that makes him so, but his dexterity in managing it. If he be above small talk, he may, for nine-tenths of the world, keep his learning to himself. It is an admirable counsel for profound critics in the ancient languages of Greece and Rome to spend years upon settling the reading of an old song, and write volumes upon a cadence, and bury themselves in dust till their souls are as dry as a stuffed alligator, and then give themselves airs upon the insignificance and nothingness of small talk.
 The mistake is common, though not for that reason less a mistake, to imagine that it is the easiest matter in the world to talk about nothing, or every-day occurrences. It requires an active mind, an observant mind, and no small share of that invaluable quality of good humour and almost unobtainable quality of good nature to say something on every thing to any body. It has been sometimes noticed, as a remarkable and amiable trait in the characters of some men, of very superior minds, that they have been able and willing to make themselves

agreeable to children, and not unfrequently it has been observed of great monarchs, that had something to say to every body.

If a man must never open his lips, but for the enunciation of an aphorism, or never say any thing which has not been, or may not be in print; if he must be everlastingly talking volumes, or discussing knotty points of casuistry, politics or metaphysics, he will find a death of speech rather burdensome, and but few of his audience willing to hear him out.

But I am not wishing to vindicate nonsense, or extol trifling. I am only putting in a claim for due honours of that species of talk, which must, more or less, be at times the occupation of us all. We have heard of *conversations* where common place is studiously avoided, where politics and weather are never discussed, but where criticisms on metaphysics, or antiquities, and matters of taste, form the sole subjects of discourse. This sounds mightily edifying; but the most egregious common-place is not unfrequently heard in these parties. Let but the topics of the day be known, the last novel, or picture, or public singer, and all the conversation may be anticipated. In order to shine, the mind puts itself into the most strained and unnatural attitudes, and displays its possessions instead of exerting its powers; and many a poor soul dares hardly open its lips for want of having read certain books, or seen certain pictures or statues, or opera dancers.

Small talk obviates these evils; the mind is at ease; there is no intention of saying any thing profound; there is no fear of disappointing expectation; and in this delightful recreation we often

"Stretch a grace beyond the reach of art.

It is very pleasant to pass time agreeably, to keep the mind active without wearying it, to have all our hours engaged in some form or other; we cannot do this without some share of small talk.

Perhaps, if this art were a little more studied, we might find our account in it. The French are said to shine in this particular; they can thus make themselves agreeable at very little expense of time or thought; and if our own countrymen, without sacrificing their solidity of character and compromising their sincerity, could take a lesson from their continental neighbours, they would render English society, in grace as well as substance, the best society in the world.

THE FRENZY OF GENTILITY.—Moralists, whose efforts are directed to the elucidation of the causes of those vices and disorders which affect society, and whose main object is the improvement of our social condition, seem, in a great measure, blind to what should justly be considered the basis of a vast deal of the mischief which they deplore, and hope to amend, namely, the *frenzy of gentility*—of aspiring not only to live in a style decidedly beyond the means for its support, but of affecting to despise every thing in nature or art which it is not fashionable to admire; thus often sacrificing health and mental quietude during a whole lifetime in the vain pursuit of an imaginary good. Thirty years ago this species of fanaticism was adverted to in the following terms by that philanthropic authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton:—"An epidemic frenzy has spread through the country—the desire of shining in a sphere above our own. People who labour under this disease mistake show for splendour, and splendour for happiness; and while their pulses throbb with the fever of vanity, think no sacrifice too great, for procuring gratification to its insatiable thirst. From the palace to the cottage, the fever rages with equal force, sweeping before it every worthy feeling, and every solid virtue. Could we but look into the interior of all the families in the kingdom what scenes of domestic misery would present themselves to our view, all originating in this senseless passion for gentility, or the silly ambition of figuring in a higher station, which destroys all notions of right and wrong, rendering vice and folly, if guided by fashion, the objects of preference, nay, of high and first regard!"

In these words, however, only one department of the frenzy is touched upon. Less mischief is, perhaps done by extravagant living and spending, than by the practice of contenting all things whatever which are not deemed within the pale of fashion. Physiologists tell people that they should walk in the open air for the sake of their health, going out for so many hours daily, for that purpose, to fields and gardens; but, if they are not able to find a promenade which is not exclu-

sively used by their own class or caste, they will by many degrees rather incur the danger arising from the neglect of natural laws, than expose themselves to the risk of coming in contact with a person of inferior grade. Physicians further tell people, that if they wish to enjoy health and long life, they should abstain from lunches, and never defer dinner beyond one or two o'clock in the afternoon; but as genteel society has got into a habit of calling that part of the day the morning, and employing it in making calls, it might be just as rational to expect a revival of miracles, as to hope that any individual would adopt such a maxim, even if assured, that, by following his present course, his life will be shortened ten years. It is the same in a thousand other particulars. The dread of doing that which is not strictly fashionable or genteel, is a disease of universal influence. And divines and moralists may preach till they are hoarse before they will be able to amend the evils they lament, unless this prevailing mania be in the first place cured. Let us hope that the means now almost every where in progress for furthering rational education—for calling things by their right names—will in time assist in modifying so contemptible a foolery.

TEARS.—It is sad to see a child weep, thus proving that it has already begun its mortal race, that the curse of sin is upon it, sorrow and trouble, weariness and woe. But then those sobs are quickly hushed, and the bright eyes look through their long lashes, and the pouting lips uncurl with a brilliant smile; the whole face is lighted up again into beauty, the beauty of an April day when the sun shines forth from behind a cloud, and we love it more from its transient shadowing, and think it never shone so radiantly before. The child forgets its grief, laughs childhood's own light, winking laugh, as though it had never known sorrow and goes on its course, happy in its blindness to the future. We cannot deeply mourn, for what we see is so soon forgotten; we look on a child's tears with real transient sadness. It is more sad to look on the tears of the young and gentle girl, just bursting into womanhood. The spell of youthful hope is no longer perfect, experience bounds its power. She has scarcely crossed the threshold of life, and yet we feel that reality has come upon her in its bitterness. She struggles with her destiny, and we know too well that it is what her life must hereafter be, a struggle and a warfare; but her young heart sinks from the truth, and she still clings to hopes that woo her to fresh sorrow.

The tears of the matron are sadder still to look upon; for we feel that they flow from a deeper, sterner cause. She weeps no longer for a feeling or a thought; she has learned there is no luxury in grief, for she has felt its agony; she shrinks from sorrow, for she knows its reality. If her tears flow, it is because she cannot keep them back. Yet to women those tears are a relief; she feels them to be such, and those who see them feel them so too, and the sadness of their sympathy is lightened. But it is not so when we look on the tears which fall from man; not the tears of boyhood or of dotage, but those wrung from the heart of bold and hardy manhood; such as are wrung forth only by the very intensity of agony. It is against his habits and his pride, it is thought a shame to his manhood that tears should fall; and when they do fall their falling is not only a proof, but an aggravation of his suffering.—(Merchant's Daughter.)

MOURNING.—The colours of the dress of habit worn to signify grief are different in different countries. In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is black; in China, it is white, a colour that was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies; in Turkey, it is blue, or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown; and kings and cardinals mourn in purple. Every nation and country gave a reason for their wearing the particular colour of their mourning; black, which is the privation of light, is supposed to denote the privation of life; white is an emblem of purity; yellow is to represent, that death is the end of all human hopes, because this is the colour of leaves when they fall, and flowers when they fade; brown denotes the earth, to which the dead return; blue is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys; and purple, or violet, is supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope.

Britain is derived from Prydan, the name given to it by the Britons upwards of two thousand years ago, and which signifies "the fair or beautiful isle."

[From the New-York Gazette.]

TO ACTUAL SETTLERS.—A land office has been of late opened at Buffalo, for the purpose of apportioning the bounty lands to the "patriots," who have performed such unheard of feats of valour on Navy Island. We have not heard who is to be placed at the head of the bureau in this department of the Mackenzian Government, but it has been hinted that there is a prominent applicant in the lower part of Wall Street. This, however, we hope is premature, as such an appointment would be improper, since it is understood that this individual is entitled to some seven or eight of Mackenzie's patents, of three hundred and fifty acres each, and it would savour of injustice to allow the Commissioner of the Land Office to "locate" his own grants. It might at least breed jealousy among the patentees, and set patriotism by the ears.

We understand that it is the intention of the "Chairman pro. tem." of the kingdom of Upper Canada, to sit himself on these cases, as soon as he can get ground enough in his own dominions, to place his chair, and, as soon as he can borrow money enough at Buffalo, to pay the bounty for the body of Sir F. Bond Head—at present he is minus of money, either for that purpose, or for replacing the funds he took when he robbed the Canada mail. It is said, too, that he hasn't paid up for the stolen poultry with which he replenished the commissariat. The lands, however, with which he has determined to enrich his compatriots, is "just where it was," and is considered good security for any amount of patriotism that has been expended in this most praiseworthy campaign. The "land lies" precisely where it did—the muddy acres are in statu quo ante bellum, and the enemies of the pretence "Chairman" do say, likely still to remain there, upon the principle of the uti possidetis. This, however, is a slander, we take it, for it is quite impossible for Captain. Paresis not to capture his drum. The valiant General Van Rensselaer will, of course, overrun and conquer at least a farm a piece for his gallant followers, and a few hundred extra townships for his friends in this city—every one of whom spilt more ink than there has been patriot blood shed in the whole of his most sensible and excellent effort of "glorious liberty." The land is all of it of excellent quality, being, as the New England adjectives express it, suitably divided into arable, pasture, wood land and bog-meadows. The patriots themselves finding it inconvenient to settle in Lower Canada, have determined, we believe, to dispose of it upon the most eligible terms to "actual settlers"—giving undisputed titles, subject to no other incumbrance than the title deeds and possession of the actual owners—all which it is the intention of Mackenzie and his "Major General Commanding," to annul by proclamation, as soon as they can succeed in reaching New-York, where the royal printing office can strike off the document. It offers a fine opportunity to enterprising young men, with "growing families," to settle on these lands, and offer this early notice gratuitously for their benefit. For further particulars, enquire of either of Vice Presidents of the O'Callaghan meeting.

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