

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

## AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. I. No. 39.]

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 21<sup>ST</sup> APRIL, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

### POETRY.

[From the *Monroed Herald*.]

ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE COLOURS TO THE MEN'S LIGHT DRAGOONS.

BY W. F. HAWLEY.

Take ye the Banner of the brave,  
The Red Cross of your sire—  
The Flag that sweeps the ocean wave—  
That guards your household fire—  
There vain to bid ye guard it well,  
To triumph or the grave,  
For ye were nurtured by the fire—  
"The free are ever brave!"  
"Saint George and England" was the cry  
At blood-stain'd Azmound,  
And, should that glorious battle show  
Rug through the land once more,  
Guard well the Banner—will ye see  
The gleaming Red Cross fall?  
No, sooner shall that Banner be  
Your funeral and loved one's pall!  
To vain to bid ye guard it well;  
Your hearts are true and true  
As were your gallant sires of yore,  
And truly as their sires of yore,  
Where ye not tread with many a left  
And a waking eye?  
Your hearts are true and true  
The Flag that sweeps the sea!

### THE SMUGGLER.

Generally speaking, there is something peculiarly interesting in the character of seafaring men, even of those whose voyages have extended little beyond their own shores. The fisherman's life indeed may be grounded out of the most constant peril. For daily bread, he must hunt for it in the sea. In that ocean when the billows of the storm rest from their labours—when the storm and melancholy are sheltered within the dwellings—when the domestic and the social life in their woolly nests, and the little birds find shelter in hollow banks and trees; or sweep to milder regions the poor fisherman must encounter all the fury of the combined elements—for his children's bread is scattered on the waters.

It is this perpetually enforced intercourse with danger that interests our feelings so powerfully in their behalf, together with its concomitant effects on their character—undaunted hardihood—unshakable perseverance—almost heroic daring; and generally speaking a simplicity of heart, and a tenderness of disposition towards the female and little ones of their families, finely contrasting their rugged exterior. But, unfortunately, it is not only in their ostensible calling of fisherman, that these men are forward in effrontery. The temptation of contraband trade too often allures them from their honest and peaceable avocations, to brave the laws of their country, and encounter the most fearful risks in pursuit of precarious, though sometimes considerable gains. Of late, this desperate trade has extended almost to an organized system; and in spite of all the preventive measures adopted by government, it is too obvious that the numbers of these "free traders" are yearly increasing, and that their hazardous commerce is more daringly, and vigorously carried on. Along the Hampshire coast, and more particularly in the Isle of White, almost every seafaring man is engaged in it, to a less or greater extent. For the most part they are concealed in secret associations, both for co-operation and defence; and there is a sort of free masonry among them, the signs and tokens of which are soon apparent to an attentive observer. "The custom-house sharks," as they term them, are not their most formidable foes; for they wage a more desperate warfare with that part of our naval force employed by government on the preventive service. Some of the vessels on the station are perpetually hovering along the coast; but in spite of their utmost vigilance, immense quantities of contraband goods are almost nightly landed, and nowhere with more daring frequency than in the Isle of White.

In my rambles along its shores, the inhabitants of almost every cottage and fisherman's cabin, for many miles round, became known

to me. I have always a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these people, in listening with familiar interest to the details of their feelings and opinions, and to their family concerns. With some of my new acquaintances I had ventured to expostulate on the iniquitous, as well as hazardous nature of their trade; and many wives and mothers sanctioned with approving looks and half constrained expressions, my remonstrances to their sons and husbands. These heard for the most part in stilted down-looking silence (not however expressive of ill-will towards me), or sometimes answered my arguments with the remark that "poor folks must live;" that during the war they had earned an honest livelihood in other ways; but now they were turned adrift and must do something to get bread for their little ones; and, after all, while the rich and great folks were pleased to encourage their trade, it was plain they could not think much harm of those who carried it on." This last was a striking observation, one of those with which babes and sucklings so often confound the sophistry of worldly wisdom.

Amongst these humble families there was one of whose cabin I stopped oftenest, and the poorest looking, in my evening rambles. The little dwelling was wedged in a manner into a cleft of the grey rock, up which, on every slanting ledge, the hand of industry had accumulated garden mould, and fostered a beautiful vegetation; and immediately before it a patch of the lowliest greenward sloped down to the edge of the sea sand, unconnected with aromatic wild thyme and dotted with tall of thistle, cresswort, and cinquefoil. The peculiar neatness of the little cabin had early attracted my attention, which was further increased by the singular appearance of its owner. He was a large tall man of about sixty, distinguished in his person by an air of uncommon dignity, and by a dress, the peculiarity of which, together with his commanding carriage, and countenance of bold daring, always suggested the buccannery of romantic legends to my fancy. He wore large loose trousers of shaggy dark blue cloth, a sort of woollen vest, broadly striped with grey, for the most part open at the throat and bosom, and buckled in at the waist with a broad leathern belt, in which two pistols were commonly stuck, and not unduly so, in an old cutlass; and over his shoulder was slung a sword hilt of broad white knittin, to which a pocket flask, a leather pouch, and often a thick short duck-gun, were suspended. A dark fur cap was the usual covering of his head, and his thick black hair was not so much intermingled with grey, as streaked with locks of perfect whiteness. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the harmless avocation of a fisherman was his ostensible employment. At almost all hours of the night, a light was seen burning at the cottage window, and the master of the family, with his son, was invariably absent, if it was sometimes my custom, I looked in on them after dark, on my return from some distant spot towards my own habitation.

At such an hour I was wip to find the female inmates the wife and widowed daughter of the man I have been describing, in a state of visible perturbation, for which it was easy to assign a cause; but I had somewhat of a vain with the infatuated husband, and it was still more fruitless to argue with the helpless women. Richard Campbell was not a native of the Isle of White, nor one trained from his youth up to "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy his business in great waters." For many generations, his family had owned and cultivated a small farm in the north of England; himself had been bred up a tiller of the ground, contrary to his own wishes, for they had pointed from his very cradle to a seafaring life. Just as he had attained his twentieth year, his father died, leaving him (an only child) the inheritor of all his little property, and at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclination. The temptation was strong—tumultuous wishes, and powerful yearnings, were busy in his heart; but he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He staid to comfort her old

age, and to cultivate his little inheritance, partly influenced perhaps, in his decision, by his attachment to a pretty blue-eyed girl, whose sweeter smiles rewarded his filial piety, and whose hand was very shortly after its richer recompense.

Many children were born to the young couple. As likely boys and girls as ever the sun shone upon," said the wife of Campbell, from whom, at different times, I gleaned the simple annals I am relating. "But God was very good to them. He increased their store with the increasing family, and provided bread for the little mouths that were sent to claim it.

She never grudged her labour, and a better nor kinder husband than she was blessed with never won her heart. To be sure, he had his faults and particular ways, and when he could steal a holiday, all his delight was to spend it on the bay that was near their farm (the worse luck) for many an anxious hour had she known even then, when he was out in his little boat shooting wild-fowl in the dark winter nights. But no harm ever came to him, only their eldest boy, their dear Maurice," (the mother never named him without a glancing eye) "took after his father's fancy for the sea, and set his heart on being a sailor." And the father cried to mind his own youthful longings, and would not control those of his child, especially as he had another son, a fine promising lad, who took willingly to the farm. The mother grieved sore at the parting of her first-born, (what feelings are those of a mother towards her first-born?) and the young Maurice was her most loving and faithful child, and she had reared him with such anxious tenderness, only methods free, though the perilous years of a sailor's life; but the father jested with her fears, and entered with the ardour of a loyal heart into his sons enterprising hopes; and at last the youth won from her an unwilling consent. And when she shook her head mournfully to his promises of bringing rare and beautiful things from foreign parts, for her and his little sister, coaxed a half smile into her fearful looks by concluding with—"and then I will stay quiet with you and father, and never want to leave you again."—"My Maurice left us," said the mother, "and from that time everything went wrong. Before he had been gone a month, we buried my husband's mother; but God called her away in a good old age, so we had no right to take on heavily at her loss, though we felt it sorely."

In addition to his own land, Campbell rented some acres of a neighbouring gentleman; disputes arose between them, and proceeded to such lengths, that both parties referred their differences to local arbitrament. After many tedious and apparently frivolous delays, particularly irritating to Campbell's impatient spirit, the cause was given in favour of his opponent; and from that hour he adopted the firm persuasion that impartial justice was banished from the land of his fathers. This fatal prejudice turned all his thoughts to bitterness, banished him like a phantom in his fields, by the cheerful heart, in his once peaceful life, in the very embrace of his children.

In this state of mind in an evil hour Campbell was persuaded to embark his fortunes with those of some self-exultant emigrant, who were on the point of quitting their native country, to seek wealth, liberty, and independence in the back settlements of the United States. The tears and entreaties of his wife and children were unavailing to deter him from his rash purpose; and the unhappy mother was torn from the beloved home, where her heart lingered, most tenaciously in the persuasion that if her lost child was ever restored to his native country, to the once happy abode of his parents his first steps would be directed.

The ship in which the Campbells were embarked, with their five remaining children, and all their worldly possessions, performed two thirds of her voyage with celerity; but as she approached her destined haven, the wind, became contrary, and she lost sea-way for many days. At last a storm, which had been gathering with awfully gradual preparation, burst over her with tremendous fury.

Three days and nights she drove before it, but on the fourth her masts and rigging went overboard, and before the wreck could be cut away, a plank in the ship's side was stove in by the floating timbers. In the confusion, the leak was not discovered till the water in the hold had gained to a depth of many feet; and though for a time the pump was kept going by the almost superhuman exertions of crew and passengers, all was unavailing; and to betake themselves to the boats was the last hurried and desperate resource. Campbell had succeeded in lowering his three youngest children into one of them, already crowded with their fellows in calamity, and was preparing to send down his eldest son and daughter, when a woman, pressing before him with desperate haste, leaped down into the crowded boat, which upset in an instant, and the perishing cry of twenty drowning creatures, mingled with the agonizing shriek of parents, husbands, and children, from the deck of the sinking ship. The other boat was yet afloat, and Campbell was at length sent ashore by his two surviving children, and their unmerciful mother, who had sunk into a state of hopeless insensibility when the drowning pressure of her lost little ones, rung in her ears. Five-and-twenty persons were wedged in this frail bark, with a cask of water, and a small bag of biscuit. Their compass had been lost in the large boat, and faint ideas were their hopes of ever reaching land, from whence they had no means of computing their distance. For the unsleeping eye of Providence watched over them, and on the fourth day of their melancholy progress, a sail making towards them, was descried on the verge of the horizon. It was seen to be the ship proved to be a long-ward bound West India trader, into which the perishing adventurers were received with prompt humanity; and on reaching her appointed haven Campbell, and the remnant of his once flourishing family, once more set foot on British earth. Once in his younger days, he had visited the Isle of White, and the remembrance of his stone cottages and beautiful boys was as fresh in his mind. He crossed over with his family, and a few weeks put him in possession of a neat cabin and small fishing boat; and for a time the little family subsisted in fragrant comfort by the united industry of the father and son. Soon after their settlement in the island, their daughter married a respectable and enterprising young man the owner of a pilot vessel. In the course of three years she brought her husband as man of children, and during that time all went well with them; but her William's occupation, a lucrative one in time of war, expired him to frequent and fearful dangers, and one tempestuous winter's night, having ventured out to the assistance of a fishing vessel foundered in the attempt, and the remaining life floated her husband's corpse to the feet of his distracted wife, as she stood on the sea-beach watching every white sail that became visible through the haze of the gray clouded dawn.

The forlorn widow and her orphan babes found a refuge in the humble cabin of her father, and he and his son redoubled their exertions for their support. But these were heavy claims, and the little family was just entering on their hardy conquest with the consent necessary. When temptation assailed the poor man, by holding out to his eyes, the means of becoming the barshiop and privy of those dear to him as his eyes soul, it is to be wondered at that he so often fails, when others, without the same excuses to plead, set him the example of yielding? Campbell (having first been seduced into casual and inconsiderable ventures) was at last enrolled in the gang of smugglers who carried on their perilous trade along the coast; and from that time, though comparatively plenty resisted his cottage, the careless smug of innocent security no longer beamed on the features of its inmates. Margaret struggled long, with well principled firmness, against the infatigations of her husband and son; but flushed with success, and emboldened by association with numbers, they resisted her anxious remonstrances; and at last, heart sick of fruitless opposition, and shrinking from the angry frown



# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

## THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 21st APRIL, 1838.

### LATEST NEWS.

London, --- Mar. 21. News-War, --- April 13.  
Liverpool, --- Mar. 21. Halifax, --- April 3.  
Havre, --- Mar. 21. Toronto, --- April 13.

By the arrival at New York of the London packet ship *Montreal*, on the 13th inst., we have London dates to the 9th, and Liverpool, to the 5th, of March, both inclusive.

Sir W. Molesworth's promised motion on the Colonial policy of Government, had ended in a more important result than was expected, when the hon. member's notice of motion was first made. The opposition under Sir R. Peel, rallied upon a party amendment, to censure the Cabinet in general, and were defeated in a full house by a majority of 24. Considering that the ill temper of the Radicals on the Colonial question had led them to become the first movers in this case against the government, this majority must be considered large. It is longer than the estimated Government majority on unfavourable test questions, as originally calculated at the close of the elections.

The liberal papers are full of rejoicing at the ministerial victory on the motion of Sir William Molesworth. These radical members, Sir Wm. Molesworth and Messrs. Grote and Leader, did not vote.

The latest advices from the Canada frontier received in London were of the movements under Sutherland and M'Lind, in the neighbourhood of Detroit, and the arrival of Col. Worth at that city, on board the *Robert Fulton*. The paper is not so remarkable on the subject, evidently considering the troubles at an end.

News of the arrival of Lewis Reed in New York, the death of Beaulieu, and the loss of Mr. Cook's gas-tight establishment at Baltimore, had also been received.

There was something of a fire on the morning of March 6th, in the Town. A great many layers were burnt out, among which were the attorney general and M. Mealy, the Queen's counsel.

Lord Brougham has been elected Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen. His competitor was Lord Lyndisadam, who had succeeded Lord Brougham.

It is stated that the King had conferred on Col. De Grey Evans was given at the court in presence of the Queen Regent of Spain.

The papers announce the death of Dr. J. Gale Jones, heretofore of considerable note as a politician, and a prominent advocate for reform in Parliament.

The French consuls in London, Andrew Martin, Esq., committed suicide on the 5th, by blowing his brains out with a fowling piece. At 11 o'clock on the 21 of March three children and their mother, almost dead from starvation and cold, were found lying in a gutter, without food or coverings. They had been taken out of the parish work-house.

The *Montreal Gazette* of Tuesday evening published a list of the members of the Special Council, constituted under the Imperial Act 1 Vic. cap. 97.

### DISTRICT OF QUEBEC.

- The Hon. C. C. De La Roche, of Quebec.
  - James Smith, do.
  - John Nelson, Esquire, do.
  - William Walker, do.
  - Amable Dumais, do. St. Lawrence.
  - Charles Casgrain, do. Riviere Du Loup.
  - The Hon. M. P. De Sales Laframboise, Esquire, do.
- ### DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.
- The Hon. T. Poirer, of Montreal.
  - Joseph P. Poirer, do.
  - Samuel Girard, Esquire, do.
  - Jos. Guindon, do. do.
  - Wm. Christie, do. do.
  - Farlon Penn, do. do.
  - John Moss, do. do.

The Hon. J. Caldwell, of Montreal.  
Joseph P. Poirer, of St. Lawrence.  
Joseph P. Poirer, Esquire, of L'Assomption.  
Paul H. Knowlton, Esquire, of Beauport.  
Edouard Smith, Esquire, of St. Jean.  
DISTRICT OF THREE-RIVERS.  
Joseph Dumais, Esquire, of St. Pierre les Beaudes.  
Eugene Maynard, of Riviere du Loup.  
The foregoing list comprises, in all, the names of twenty-two gentlemen, of whom eleven are of French origin, and eleven of English, Irish and Scotch origin.  
The Special Council met at the Government House on Wednesday, and were sworn in by the Commissioners, Messrs. Monro and Delisle.

The papers from Upper Canada contain a declaration by Sir George Arthur, in answer to an address from certain inhabitants of West Flamborough, praying for a merciful consideration of the cases of offenders convicted of high treason,—most unequivocally expressive of his opinion of the enormity of the offence committed by the leaders in the late rebellion, and his determination not to interfere with the course of Justice.

The *Montreal Courier* states that Lount and Matthews were executed at Toronto on the 12th inst.

The result of the trial of Sutherland is still unpronounced.

On the 10th instant, sentence of death was pronounced upon John Montgomery, John Anderson, Gilbert Fells, Monton, and Edward Alexander Theller, to be carried into execution on the 24th inst.

Further, we commanded the pitiful schoolmaster, addressed the Court at great length in arrest of judgment, on the ground that he was an alien and not a British subject, and consequently not amenable to the jurisdiction of the Court before which he had been tried.

The Court of Appeals opened yesterday. The only members present were the Hon. the Chief Justice, Hon. Mr. Stewart, and Hon. George Fetherston; the Court was consequently adjourned for want of a quorum, which it is not probable will be obtained this term, most of the members being at present at Montreal. The Hon. Chief Justice Reid has not arrived in town, nor is he, we believe, expected.

The Court of Quarter Sessions opens today.

Three companies of the paid corps of Volunteers, commanded by Captains O'Meara, McKillop and Reynolds, yesterday returned their arms and accoutrements into the Ordnance Stores, and received their discharges, with payment up to the 1st May. The companies commanded by Captains Campbell and Down will be discharged today, and the remainder companies will follow in succession.

The officers of the Royal Quebec Volunteer Artillery, on Tuesday last, presented to their Sergeant Major, Bastow, as a mark of the best opinion they entertain of his soldierlike conduct, and of the assiduous service he has rendered them, an elegant gold watch, chain, and key.

On the evening of the same day, these officers entertained Lieut. Col. Kibby, R.A., and the officers of the Royal Artillery and Engineers with a dinner at the Albion Hotel.

The weather for several days past, has been most unfavorable to the long-expected opening of the navigation, which it is probable, from the reported state of the Lake ice, will yet be delayed for several days. The greater part of the ice in the River St. Charles melted off yesterday.

We are glad to learn that His Excellency the Administrator of the Government has assigned his ready assistance in a request of the Committee of Management of the Quebec Mechanics' Institute that he would become Patron of that Institution.

An affair of honor took place in the vicinity of this city, on Thursday last, between Capt. W. K. McCool of the Royal Volunteer Artillery, and Ensign McDonald, of the 34th Regiment. Shots were twice exchanged, without effect, when the difficulties were adjusted, and the parties left the ground. The differences between these gentlemen, it is said, arose in consequence of the gun of Ensign McDonald, under the command of Ensign McDonald, not turning out at the time when Capt. McCool was passing with his company of Volunteer Artillery.

### COMMERCIAL.

We have Liverpool dates by way of New York to the 5th, and 10th of March from London.—The mercantile intelligence is of little importance here. In Liverpool there was little doing in Ashes; Montreal Feb. 29; and Peoria 33.—Nothing new in the Corn Market.

In London money was quite plentiful, and discount upon the best bills ranged from 2½ to 3 per cent.

The London packet ship *Montreal*, brought out specie, assigned to houses in New York,—the amount, roughly stated from \$50,000 to \$50,000,000.

Montreal, 19th April.—The Banks in town refused yesterday to receive the notes of the Bank of Upper Canada, unless at a discount of 5 per cent.—The same notes were also generally refused to be taken unless at the same discount.



The papers by mail were delivered this morning at ten o'clock. They furnish few particulars of European news beyond what we have given in another column.

### EXECUTION OF LOUNT AND MATTHEWS.

We have been put in possession of the *Toronto British Colonial* of the 12th inst., which informs us in a postscript that the traitors Lount and Matthews were executed that morning at eight o'clock, in the square in rear of the goal. They walked up to a firm step to the scaffold, attended by the Rev. Mr. Richardson, who prayed for them fervently and impressively. There was an immense concourse of spectators, and the volunteer corps of Militia at present stationed in Toronto, surrounded the square.

The *Montreal Herald* says—“We understand that the rebels now in goal in this city have received the intelligence of the execution of Lount and Matthews with considerable alarm, rightly judging that coming events cast their shadows before.”

The steamer *Varenes*, from Sorel, arrived at Montreal on Wednesday afternoon. This is the first vessel which has appeared at port this season.

### THE ARMY.

Letters received in town by the Halifax mail, state that the drafts of the Regiments serving in Canada, lately arrived there, would not leave for that port before the middle of May.

### PASSENGERS.

In the ship *Toronto*, called on the 16th inst from New York for London—Right Hon. Geo. Earl of Gosford, late Governor General of the Canada, and servants, Lieut. Vivian, Aide-de-Camp, Mr. Englebach, and S. Walcott, Private Secretary and lady; Alexander Grover, lady and daughter, of Baltimore; Mrs. Selby, of Quebec; Mrs. Force and daughter, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. F. Harrison, and Dr. Baker, of London; J. S. Manning, and Mr. Smith, of New York; Augustus Krause, bearer of despatches from the British Legation at Washington, and K. J. Mackintosh of London.

In the packet ship *Montreal*, from London at New York—Capt. Heathcote, 34th Regiment; Mr. Pouch, of Toronto; Mr. Strickland, Montreal.

In the packet ship *St. John*, from Liverpool—Mr. L. Windsor, of Quebec.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 30th instant, after a lingering illness borne with Christian resignation and fortitude, Elizabeth Pieter, wife of Mr. Henry Blomfield.

At his residence, Orchardy, West Oxford, A.C., on Saturday the 31st ultimo, Thomas George Armstrong, Esquire, Major in the 23rd Regiment of Oxford Militia, and late Captain in the 60th Regiment, aged 28.—The premature death of this excellent officer and highly respected and amiable gentleman took place from the effects of a bite received from a dog, and to which he paid no attention in the first instance. It will afford much consolation to his numerous friends to hear that his sufferings, although severe and protracted, were borne with manly fortitude and the most exemplary Christian resignation. His consciousness remained within a short time of his dissolution, and his last moments were tranquil and soothing by the presence of his afflicted wife and surrounding friends. His mortal remains were deposited in the church-yard of Woodstock, on Tuesday, the 3d inst., with military honours.

### FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

WHEREAS WILLIAM COVENS, of the City of Quebec, late first Teller of the branch of the Montreal Bank, established at Quebec, and afterwards charged with feloniously stealing in the month of February last, from the office of the said Bank at Quebec, a large quantity of Notes of the Montreal Bank, amounting in the whole to nearly Ten thousand French currency,—and whereas the said William Covens hath been committed to the Confinement of the District of Quebec, to take his trial for the said offence, and whereas the greater part of the said Notes so stolen, as aforesaid, has not been found or traced,—Notice is hereby given, that the above reward of

### ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

currency, will be paid to any person or persons who shall give information by which the whole of the said stolen property shall be recovered, and a proportionate part of the above reward according to the amount which may be so found and recovered upon application to the undersigned at the office of the said Bank, in St. Peter Street, in the City of Quebec.

A. SIMMONS, Cashier.  
N. B.—The Notes stolen are, principally Notes of 100 dollars, 50 dollars and 20 dollars each, of the Montreal Bank, payable at Quebec.

### SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the St. Patrick's Society will take place at the ALBION HOTEL, THIS AFTERNOON, at 4 O'CLOCK.  
J. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Quebec, 21st April, 1838.

### T. BUCKELL,

(Of the late Firm of HUNTS & BICKELL)

GROCER, &c.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has leased the premises for many years occupied by B. COLE, Grocer, Sec. St. John Street, where he will always have on hand a general assortment of Groceries, Wines, Spirits, and Liquors, of the best quality and finest flavor. T. B. hopes by a strict attention to business, and selling cheap, to merit a share of public patronage.

### ENGLISH MONEY

TAKEN FOR GOODS AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

The Half-Crown, . . . . .	3s. 6d.
Shilling, . . . . .	1s. 3d.
Sixpence, . . . . .	0s. 7½d.

T. B. has on hand a load of Virgin Honey, in jars of 12 lbs. each; London Porter, in bottles; Holland Gin, in cases; Pale Cognac Brandy, &c.  
Quebec, 21st April, 1838.

### THE SUBSCRIBERS TO MISS ASPINALL'S BALL.

which is to take place at the ALBION HOTEL, on THURSDAY, the 20th instant, are particularly requested to present their Cards at the door of the Ball-Room, as there will be no entrance without them.—The admissions are obtained for the Subscribers upon reference to MISS ASPINALL, St. Ample Street.  
Quebec, 21st April, 1838.

### SITUATION WANTED.

The advertiser, who possesses a knowledge of the French and English languages, and can produce testimonials of character, is desirous of obtaining a Situation as Warehouseman or Out-door Clerk.—Apply at the Office of this paper.  
Quebec, 21st April, 1838.

### WANTED.

A STEADY ACTIVE LAD, about 15 years of age, as Serrant and Errand Boy.—Apply at the Office of this Paper.  
Quebec, 21st April, 1838.

### BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.

MRS. MARTIN (formerly Leighton) respectfully acquaints the Public that she intends again opening a Boarding Establishment in the House formerly occupied by Sir John Caldwell, St. Peter Street, Lower Town, and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of Public favour.  
The Staffing attached to the above premises is to let.

### ICE!

ICE in large or small quantities may be had during the whole summer at the GELMAN HOTEL, Notre Dame Street.  
Quebec, 7th April, 1838.

### FOR SALE.

No. 11, Notre Dame Street.

THIRTY barrels sherry wine,

- 100 dozen floats,
- 6 casks black lead,
- 10 bags pigment,
- 4 hds. Indiarubber,
- 10 boxes hyson tea,
- 3 barrels mustard, (3½ jar-)
- 1 hds. basket salt,

—also—

Twankay, Bulca, Hyson Skin, &c., &c.  
Quebec, 9th April, 1838.

### BY B. COLE.

On WEDNESDAY, the 25th April, and following days, at the residence of Mrs. HOOVER, St. Anne Street, near the Goal:

THE WHOLE OF HER HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of—Mahogany Dining-Card, Loo, and other Tables, Sideboard, Sofas, Chests of Drawers, Bedsteads, Beds and Bedding, Carpets, Fire and other Looking-Glasses, 4 double and single Stoves, China, Glass and Earthenware, Kitchen Utensils, with a variety of other articles.  
Conditions—CASH, on delivery.  
2½ p. m. 12th March, 1838.

### BY B. COLE.

Will be sold, on FRIDAY the 27th inst. at the residence of Major BAYLIE, 66th Regt, Lewis Road, near Mr. Clapham's.  
THE whole of his Household Furniture, consisting of Mahogany Dining, Card, Loo and other Tables, Chairs, Chests of Drawers, Sideboard, Sofas, Carpets, Bedsteads, Beds and Bedding, Fire and other Looking Glasses, Stoves, Glass and Earthenware, with a variety of other articles.  
Sale at ONE O'CLOCK—Condition Cash.  
Quebec, 14th April, 1838.

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Literary Transcript.)  
TO DEATH.

Come, friend of the soulless, rescue of despair,  
Thou cure of earth's bitterest woes,  
In thy silent abode is oblivion, and there  
Alone can I hope to repose.

Al! welcome to be in the dark still that brings  
Forgiveness over the past;  
And welcome to the utter tomb of it bring;  
A sleep which for ever will last.

Do not say thy grasp, and the angels' ministrations,  
They'll strike not a shadow on  
Frown that wither any airy visions may here,  
When they look'd for an answering thrill.

Do not fatal thy stroke, lest a woman's life die,  
Thou the shade of mortality's world  
To end the stricken of tomb—the broken of heart—  
In cold cruel mockery of life.

Al! weary I am, and I long to depart  
To the refuge of bosom's approval,  
Where no dream of hope will again mock my heart,  
Disturbing the visions rest.

M. J. D.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

### LATE ENGLISH POETS.

Poetry, more than any other species of literature, has its crisis. From the day of Chaucer to those of Coleridge, it must be apparent to every student of our history, that there have been periods of unproductive darkness, as if genies were engaged with the same laws which regulate the material world, wherein a period is often followed by a season of starry light.

The last remarkable cycle in the poetical history of England may be said to have commenced with the first efforts of Lord Byron, and to still continue in the genius of Wordsworth, Southey, and of Moore. A more distinguished era has seldom adorned the history of letters. The combined genius of such spirits as Byron, Shelley, Scott, Coleridge, Moore, Lamb and Wordsworth, causing their united rays on a single scale, could not do otherwise than effect a revolution in the character of English poetry. And a revolution has been effected, when proceeding from the effects of their united genius, has produced far more beneficial results, than could have followed from any single genius, or any one of them, now ever excellent. Had Byron been the only distinguished poet of his age, his great influence exerted by his works on the literary world would have produced a host of imitators, and we should have no poetical effusions unmingled with coarseness, banality, and Don Juanism. Had Scott held unvaried sway, we should yet hear of knight and Border legends, and Highland tales; Shelley would have inundated the world with cold and polished measure; Moore, with the gorgeous display and enervating luxuries of the East; and Coleridge would have enthralled the reading public with German horrors, or wrapt it in the clouds of metaphysical speculation.

Thus the talents of all these excellent authors, countering the faults of each other, have, with their combined beauties, changed materially the great features of English poetry. They have introduced a greater freedom of expression, a purer strain of thought, and a smoother and more polished diction.

Coleridge.—Of all the poets we have enumerated, Samuel Taylor Coleridge seems to have possessed the most marked and peculiar genius; his attachment to the occult and the antique, acting on a mind of strong metaphysical tendency, joined to a pure delicate, and tender train of feeling, produced a character of rare endowments and singular construction. His poetry breathes in every line originality and touching pathos. Whether the reader listens to the gently flowing lines so sweetly descriptive of the lovely "Gonevieve," or traverses the wild waves and tracks the sun-warped deck with the "Ancient Mariner," or wanders through the tangled wood with "Christabel," he is assailed from the period of Coleridge's poetry with the conviction that he has read the work of no common author. In conversation Coleridge was unvaried, and his testimony is borne to the fascinating sentiments which spell-bound his delighted audience. His great, unacquaintable fault was indolence. He rarely had the perseverance to finish any of his works; and Christabel, left not half complete, gives an annoying proof of this want of energy.

Shelley.—Of Shelley many different opinions have been formed. Lamb did not like him; but Lamb's taste can hardly be considered

a fit criterion in all matters. Sergeant Talford has remarked, and we think with great justice, that Shelley only wanted age to mature his style, and experience to settle his character, to arrive at far greater poetical celebrity than his untimely fate permitted. Certain it is, that in point of rhythm, he is almost without an equal. Take for example his exquisite translation of Goethe's mysterious poem to "The Forest."

"The Sun makes music, as of old,  
Within the arch spaces of heaven  
On his prostrated circle cleft  
With thunder-spout—the eagle even  
Gain strength by gazing on that eye,  
Though none be meaning fathom may;  
The world's unsheltered countenance  
Is bright as on creation's day.

And softly, and soft, with rapid lightning  
The planeted earth spins silently,  
Alternately ethereal brightness  
With dark and dead-asid night." \* \* \*

Its length prevents us from quoting the whole of this beautiful translation, which is distinguished in melody, and the easy flow of harmonious diction. As a man, Shelley certainly labored under most singular errors, not the least of which was his disregard of public opinion. It is the part of wisdom not to differ from the rest of mankind in external observances of matters in themselves inconsequential. How much the more then is a man bound to regard them, when the experience of age has proved their utility, and necessity for the comfort and happiness of mankind.

Byron.—What shall we say of Byron, of whom so much has already been said? Byron, whom some of his readers elevate to the stars, while others have liberally prepared for him a work in the fiery pit of contempt. Lord Byron appears to us to have been a man of superior talents, of the highest order of genius, and of most acute and susceptible feelings; but all his more noble qualities were marred by an ill regulated mind. That total want of sympathy with the busy world—the rock of which genius has so often split—would in his mind be feeling of injury and persecution. His genius wore and fretted his physical system, and he became morbid, irritable, and sensitive. With all his affected carelessness of public opinion, and disregard of criticism he was sorely susceptible of slight or misrepresentation. Such feelings burst forth with unimpeded bitterness in his early "scolding satire" of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and in such somewhat temperate passages, we trace them in a hundred passages of that extraordinary and dangerous poem, surpassing in genius, care and polish, not subtle and pernicious in its tendency, Don Juan.

The poetry of Lord Byron abounds in jewels of rare price. In beauty of description, and the most graphic touches, almost every line of Child Harold might be quoted as unsurpassed. In the opening of the *Bride of Abydos* we find a gorgeousness of description and luxurious richness of verse, somewhat unlike his usual style, and bearing some analogy to the flowing metre of Anacreon Moore. In Don Juan, the description of Julia and of Haidée, the shipwreck, the beautiful verses of the "Isles of Greece," and the little romance of the "Black Friar," are gems so brilliant as to cause us still more to regret the laser metal in which the artist has chosen to set them. Manfred, Werner, the two Frezzari, and Marino Faliero, are fine dramatic pieces. *Mazepa* is a beautiful tale, told with great beauty and simplicity. Testimony has been borne to its excellence by the crowded and delighted audiences which have so often feasted their eyes and ears with the beauties of its dramatic representation; though for our own part we prefer the quiet rapture of the poem in our closet to the brilliant exhibition of the stage. The lesser poems of Lord Byron are beautiful in the extreme, and many of them "as familiar as household words" to every one at all conversant with polite literature.

Byron was not a man to bear with patience the taunts and calumnies of his cotemporary. With his fiery, his irritable temperament, and the keenness of his satire, kept him continually at swords' points; and the description of his namesake in "Love's Labour Lost," may, with some justice, be applied to his way of avenging himself on the public for private wrongs—

"Oh how I heard of you, my lord Byron,  
Beware I saw you; and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,  
Full of comparisons and wounding flourishes;  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That be within the mercy of your wit."

Scott.—The poetry of Sir Walter Scott is a remnant of the old English Metrical Romance;

suffering only from the ancient black letter ballads of the olden time, in its greater length, superior polish, and modern phraseology. Strictly national in their character, and dwelling on times and scenes familiar to the feeling and endeared to the recollections of his countrymen, the Poetical Romances of Sir Walter produced a deep impression and soon attained to great popularity. But the success necessarily consequent on poetry of this kind, after a while tired on the public mind, and unless the genius of its author had taken another turn, and poured out its rich stores of antiquarian lore in his admirable novels, he would have achieved a comparatively small niche in the Temple of Fame. It is the author of *Waverley* that we recognize in Sir Walter Scott; far more than the head of *Rochester* or *Montiel* of *Borner Wars*. Sir Walter Scott was a great antiquarian, and he lived in imagination among men and matters whose career was obscured to the rest of mankind by the lapse of centuries. He would doubtless have figured among the *Bordeaux* Chiefs himself, had it been his luck to have entered the world some two hundred years before its actual novelty. His strong attachment to days of yore and customs long since gone by, was evinced, as all the world knows, by his fanciful decorations of *Abbotsford*. Possessed of a kind and gentle heart, and a most honorable and upright mind, his life was a pattern for the imitator not only of authors but of mankind. It ever a good man breathed, Sir Walter Scott was. Whether he is justly entitled to the appellation of poet, seems more doubtful; that he had a "snack at rhyme," and has written many pleasing animated Romances in verse, no one can deny. But it is not merely the jingling of rhyme or neatness of expression, that constitutes poetry. Lusty imaginations, a soaring spirit, remarkable and splendid attributes of the soul, are the necessary attributes of the poet. Whether Sir Walter Scott, with all his acuteness of character, and fine genius, possessed these qualifications is a question to be determined by the perusal of his Metrical Romances.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.—One day at the table of the late Dr. Pearce, (Dean of Ely) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent baristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose in his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace.—For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised." The effect was irresistible.

The *Salem Gazette* says, that "a notorious beer drinker is dying by inches." Not quite so fast as that, waggoner, he is only going out by exchange.

An exchange paper mentions the marriage of a Mr. John Sweet, to Miss Anne Sour, probably they mean to set up the lemonade business.

A Mr. George Wise having married a Miss Ann Foot, Bass said their children would be half Foot.

The young ladies of Kennelbeck eat Indian-pudding to make them dance light.

"Alack a day!" cried an old lawyer, upon hearing the loss of a sheep load of grinnings. "The three were dull before," but I suppose they will be duller than ever.

## SAMUEL TOZER,

BUTCHER,  
STALL No. 1, UPPER TOWN MARKET,  
Begs respectfully to return thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support he has heretofore received, and takes this opportunity of informing them that he has always on hand Corned Hams of Beef, Broiled, &c.; also, Mutton for Saddles and Hamlets, all of the very best quality  
Quebec, 13th January, 1838

## GEORGE HANN, FURRIER,

22, ROBERT STREET, QUEBEC TOWNS,  
Begs to inform his Friends and the public, that it is his intention shortly to leave Quebec for England, and he would thank those who are indebted to him to settle their accounts without delay; and those to whom he is indebted are requested to present their accounts for payment.  
Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

## CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

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

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### NOTICE.

THE subscribers of general Agents for Morrison's Pills, have appointed WILLIAM WATKINS, Sub-Agent for the Upper Town, No. 27, St. John Street.

### LEGGE & Co.

That the public may be able to form some idea of Morrison's Pills by their great consumption, the following calculation was made by Mr. WILSON, Clerk to the Stamp Office, Somerset House, in a period of six years, (part only of the time that Morrison's Pills have been before the public) the number of stamps delivered for that medicine amounted to three million, nine hundred, and one thousand.

The object in passing the foregoing before the public is to deduce therefrom the following powerful argument in favour of Mr. Morrison's system, and to which the public attention is directed, namely, that it was only by using an anti-acid purgative Hygeian system could possibly have been established. It is clear that all the medical men in England, or the world, put together, have not read a system of vegetable purgation to the extent and in manner prescribed by the Hygeians. How, therefore, can they (much less individually) know any thing about the extent of its progress?

## COACH FACTORY.



THE SUBSCRIBERS especially beg leave to inform the gentle and citizens of Quebec, that they have about the large and extensive premises in Anne Street, opposite the English Cathedral, where they attend to every article business on an extensive scale, and hope to give general satisfaction. Carriages painted in the best style, and with the purest materials.  
C. & J. SAURIN.  
Quebec, 11th March, 1838.

### FOR SALE.

AN EXCELLENT ANCHRONOMICAL CLOCK, by Johnson & Frothingham, London; a Two Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPLICISSIMA;  
MARTYNS,  
Clock-maker, Maker, &c. &c.  
St. Peter Street, John Jan. 1838.

## NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTÉ, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,  
Cavendish, Tuning, Binding, Metal Making, &c.,  
No. 27, SAINT JOHN STREET.

The premises formerly occupied by J. & J. Thornton JAMES MCKENZIE retains cordial thanks to his Friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, and informs them that he has now entered into Partnership with THOMAS BOWLES, an experienced Musical Instrument and Cabinet Maker, from New-York. MCKENZIE & BOWLES beg to express their hope, that from the excellence of their materials their skill as workmen, and the very general nature of their establishment, they will be able promptly to execute all orders with which they may be favoured in the above mentioned, and in the FANCY line, in such a manner as to meet the unequalled approbation and increasing preference and patronage of their employers.  
Piano Fortes and other Instruments carefully repaired.  
Quebec, 29th January, 1838.

## T. BROOKBANK,

HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, GLAZIER, &c.,  
No. 4, Arsenal Street, opposite the Ordnance Store. IN thanking his thanks to those who have hitherto patronized 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 favored with a continuance of that support, which he shall be his study to merit.  
February 24, 1838.

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