

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ROSE LACY'S MARRIAGE.

BY DENIS D'ORNOUVE.

Well, Denis? our poor old grand-mother used to say to me, long ago—“Well, Denis, half the miseries in the world proceed from unhappy marriages.” Now it is our firm conviction that the good old woman was perfectly correct in her idea, and that ill-assorted marriages are productive of most of the evils which this wretched world is thronged: it is, indeed, to be deplored, that many females evince a decided partiality for what glitter and makes a dash. They prefer a red coat to a simple one—a showy exterior to an unassuming plainness! They are as the moth, that is attracted by the brightness of the flame, and will buzz delighted about it, even until its fiery wings are burned, and its heavenly dust is lost. Many things in this world that look bright, pretty, and gay, lead us to astray!

Young ladies, reflect on this; and we leave little doubt you will find it perfectly correct.—So much by way of preface—now for our story.

Rose Lacy was not beautiful; she could not boast of a delicate regularity of feature, and a dazzling fairness of complexion, but she had the merriest laughing eyes, the sweetest pointing lips, and the prettiest smile of any of the beauties in the little village of S—. Her hair did not cluster about her neck in wild negligence, as the hair of heroines generally does; but was neatly plaited, and combed smoothly over her forehead, which appeared doubly white from its raven contrast. Her figure was tiny, but she was round and plump as a partridge, and agile as a mountain goat; while a perpetual rose-like blush in her cheek made her be generally admired. She was of a peculiarly susceptible disposition—merit or joy passed through her veins with the rapidity of summer lightning, and lit up her eyes and face with beautiful and unalloyed gladness; while sorrow—the deep woe of others, for she had scarcely known grief herself, in a moment could draw the warm tear of sympathy from her pitying eyes, and the deep sigh of compassion from her benevolent heart.

Rose was the only daughter of Roger Lacy, a man of substance, and as steady a specimen of an Irish farmer as you'd see in a day's walk,—and that in the middle of summer, when they're long. Roger's dwelling presented as comfortable an appearance as his person, and 'a better kept' together or snugger bit of land nor his; you wouldn't see for many a mile. His son, for his family consisted of one son and one daughter, was an industrious, hard-working, attentive youth; and to see Roger in the evening, seated before his door, quietly smoking, and the red sun shining on his happy face—while his son and Rose were chatting together, as the former was setting some spring flowers in the little garden before the door, you could boast of having beheld as peaceful and delightful a picture of rural happiness as one will often witness in the course of a long life. Her brother was to Rose a being really to be loved, and her warm heart gratefully treasured up all his kindnesses; and his feelings for her were somewhat similar—he would chat to her, and laugh with her, and call her his “gentle Rose,” and his “pretty Rose,” and his “darlin' Rose”—would smooth down her hair, and kiss her cheek; and when she tript lightly from his side, his heart would breathe forth a blessing and a prayer that the future life of his “little sister” might always be as happy as the present.

Rose was exactly eighteen—that age when all impressions are so readily received—when a pattern was held at a certain holy well in the neighbourhood, famous for possessing a myriad of virtues. Her father and brother attended it, and Rose of course could not be left at home alone, and so she was also with them. After the ceremonies usual in such cases had been performed, of course the boys and girls got up a dance, and equally of course Tom Lacy and his sister joined the light-hearted group, while “old Roger” joined a couple of friends, who were quietly taking a

drop of the native together, undisturbed by the dancers, and so had sought a corner of the pale tent where the festivities were carried on. Rose was footing it away right merrily with a comely boy, who was not a little proud of his bright-eyed partner, particularly as he noticed the displeased pout that sat on many a sweet lip around, as its possessor felt that she was quite eclipsed by the “forward” thing which a thin but finely formed youth joined the group. The moment he appeared, all the frowns disappeared, as if by magic, and there was a general smile amongst the females, and a pleased whisper of—“sure enough here's Dick Brady, himself?” but he merely nodded to one or two acquaintances, amongst whom was Tom Lacy, and then stood silently looking on at the dance, his dark eyes following the quick and graceful motions of Rose, with much seeming pleasure. When she once or twice caught the full glance of that sparkling eye, her colour heightened—she knew not by what impulse, and she was it coquetry that guided her; but she grew more careful of her motions—threw back her head with a prouder gesture, and looked as she did so, more engaging than ever—nay, absolutely beautiful! Dick Brady was handsome—very handsome—had full black eyes, well curved lips, and curling chestnut hair—his figure was slight and more formed for agility than strength, but yet was finely built and symmetrical. His temper was lively and violent, and his character that of a libertine; but then, no one could be angry with Dick Brady, he was so handsome and so polite, and though a little wild to be sure, as reformers aise make the best husbands,” at least so said all the village maids.

When the dance had concluded, and Rose, flushed and panting, had taken her seat beside her brother, the stranger, on whom all eyes were fixed, drew near and began a conversation with him. His voice was soft and low, and his language better than that she had been accustomed to; and it was evident, that although it was her brother he addressed, it was her he was speaking to. Tom Lacy gave him but short and monosyllabic answers, and it was evident that he was not pleased with the advances; but Rose, when she saw the double envy she then created, urged by that vanity that is inherent in woman, (dadies, we beg your pardon I looked, and smiled encouragement. After a while she asked her to dance, and although her brother said so, she said yes, and her neck blushed as she said it. He danced well—in fact Dick Brady did every thing well; and then his hand pressed hers so softly and his eyes looked into hers so gently, and so full of admiration, while in his low sweet voice, he complimented her on her graceful motions, that she started once or twice, and her heart leaped against her bosom, as she found that she had for a moment totally forgotten her brother and his displeased look.

The following day her brother spoke to her and warned her again to Brady, and told her he was a dissipated and a bad dispositioned man, and said that he wished her not to cultivate his acquaintance. What struggle in her bosom was it that caused her to hesitate?—why did she not at once promise what he desired, as she would of old?—we know not—we are but a simple narrator of facts, and suffice it to say, that she did hesitate for a moment, while her eyes assiduously avoided meeting his, and then all at once filled up, and she burst into tears, and hid her face in his bosom, and confessed, as she then thought, that it was but vanity urged her to mind him, and nothing else—adding a promise, that she would not act contrary to her beloved brother's wishes; and all was well for a fortnight—and then—Rose Lacy broke her promise. Whenever she went out alone, she was certain to meet Dick Brady, and he would salute her so respectfully, and hope she was well in so genteel a voice, that she began to deem her brother's prejudices ill-founded. Once or twice, too, as he asked permission to walk beside her for a little, his soft melancholy eyes looked much intently, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse him; and then dissimulation first entered into her mind, for she foolishly thought, that if she never mentioned

it, it would make no matter, as how could her brother be uneasy about what he knew nothing of. This species of intercourse continued some time, and she awoke not from her dream, till she found that her affections were firmly fixed upon the very man of whom her brother had warned her. He had told her that he loved her—he had asked her to promise to be his—his melting tones he confessed his follies, adding, that she might, if she willed it, be the means of estranging him from them for ever; and the next morning, when her brother wished her good day, her heart did not expand to him as usual, for that heart had been glighted to another.

Dick Brady, wild and inconstant as he was, really felt for Rose a sincere and unfeigned affection, and one unalloyed with any thought of shadowy impunity. She was so gentle and confiding, that he could not but respect and love her. He thought that he could live with her and with her alone, and be happy; and so he could, were his temper less violent, and less sensitive to sudden impressions, and were he not so easily led by any thing that promised pleasure. But the deep poison of dissipation, when once it has entered the heart, cannot be easily eradicated—in fact it is almost immovable.—Well wate that her father and brother would never agree to their union, he tried to persuade her to a private marriage, and succeeded. This step once taken, he gradually led on from one thing to another, was changed in every respect, and moved about the house, no longer in light and life, but silent and sad, and guilty looking—wishing to confess her union, and yet fearing how it might be received. When it could be no longer concealed, the rage of her father, and the misery of her brother at being deceived in “Rose” were the first circumstances that made her regret her imprudent conduct; and when the former, flaming with passion, exclaimed—

“This, Miss Rose, since you've chosen for yourself without consulting your father or your mother, you may go off to your husband and never dare again, while you've life, to cross a fibre of mine.”

She fell at his feet, clasped his knees, and looked imploringly into his face—

“Oh, father!—dear father!—don't say that—don't turn me from you with anger—my father!—I was wrong—I was mad—I—I—Father! won't you forgive me?—only look kindly at me, as you used—pardon me—Father, jewel, don't break my heart by refusing!”

The old man was somewhat moved with those imploring accents, but answered not; and then she turned to her brother, who stood full of sorrow at a little distance, and continued—

“Oh, Tom! won't you intercede for your sister; won't you speak a kind word for her own poor Rose? didn't you often tell me you loved me dearly—now, will you turn from me, too?—Oh, Tom, remember, say— but say that you're not angry with me, my father'll forgive me this—won't you answer me?—Tom—are you silent, too?”

A tear stood in her brother's eye, at this appeal, and he advanced and raised her up, and tenderly pressing his lip to her cheek, answered—

“Yes, Rose!—I did, and I do love you dearer than a sister, and though you have deserved it, and never wronged it was my fault to warn you, but I couldn't rule your conduct—so Rose, I freely, and from my soul forgive you; and may God grant that you may never have cause to weep for your sudden choice.”

“Amen!” fervently and loudly responded his father, and it seemed as if there was something prophetic in his fears; and then seeing that his son had acted wisely, and forgiven her, the good old man's short-lived anger was dissipated, he drew her to his bosom, and putting her cheek with a fond embrace, assured her of his complete forgiveness.

For some time after this, Rose was as happy almost as she could wish, for her husband paid her every attention, and gave up entirely all his former wild courses. He had a

boat costing a few miles from her father's house; and it was thither, after the first week they both retired. This land was productive, but had been neglected for some time previous to his union with her; but now he worked daily for its improvement, and appeared so industrious, and so fond a husband, that Tom Lacy frequently came to see him, and almost had forgotten all his former prejudices. However this was of short duration—for his sickle mind, as soon as the novelty wore off, began to grow tired of such regular improvement, and the land gradually again began to wear the appearance of neglect. His brother-in-law remonstrated with him, but in vain; and his wife—his faithful and pretty Rose, who had sacrificed so much for him, beheld him daily becoming more and more cold to her, with a breaking, though unperceptible, and appeared so acquainted with a set of idle, half-raided farmers and labourers, who spent whatever money they could earn, in the ale-house, and soon for their society, almost entirely gave up that of his wife. She had often wept on his return from these midnight orgies, and prayed him to think of what the end of such courses might be; but the burst of fierce passion and fury with which such remonstrances were received, frightened her from renewing them; in fact, till she saw it, she could never believe that one, who always was before so gentle, could have shown a violent and unaccountable temper. Her father and brother saw that all was not right, but did not know the extent of Brady's ill conduct—for though the concealment of it was to burst Rose's heart, she would not let it be known, and smiled and tried to be cheerful whenever they came; but the genuine joy was dead within her, and the affection pointed her as if her soul was seared.

Affairs went on in this way for about a year, and towards its close, Rose, though in the situation of a young and inexperienced mother, was left almost alone for whole days and nights; and when her husband was present, he was gloomy and morose. His furniture had been sold piece by piece, to defray some debts which he had contracted; and his land was lying waste for want of a little care and personal attention. Rose observed, too, that lately he did not appear in want of money, and a horrid idea flitted over her brain, but was instantly banished. Her father, in consequence of their being at some distance from each other, could not see all the decay in their circumstances, but whenever he did perceive it, he attributed it to the badness of the times, or some such thing, and came forward to help them, both with money and otherwise; and as Rose made no complaints of her husband's ill treatment, though the bloom had left her cheek, and the merry laugh had fled from her eye, he concluded that they lived as happily together as others; and forbore any questions. Not so her brother, he was too well accustomed to note each change in the check of his “pretty Rose,” not at once to perceive that all was not right, and so he watched her anxiously, and perceived her altered mien, with a sad thoughtfulness. He came to her and spoke to her, and asked her if there was any difference between her and her husband, and she answered him with evasion, as she deemed to confide the secret of her unhappiness, even to her once best beloved brother. Such were the first fruits of her ill-considered marriage.

There were numerous other organized gangs of robbers existing in the neighbourhood of the village of S—, and they formed the general conversation, about three years from the marriage of Rose Lacy. Report said that they all were under the conduct of one leader who was called the “handsome captain” as a few terror-stricken maids had fancied they met him at various times prowling about the high roads, and had given exaggerated accounts of his personal perfections. One thing was certain, namely, that the houses of several of the gentlemen who had seats in that part of the country, were broken into and robbed, despite of the watchmen and exertions of the owners, and all else to discover any retreat for the marauders, was hidden in complete obscurity. In fact, to such a head had this system proceeded, that the magistrates offered a large re-

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ward for the detection of any of the gain, and sent spies out in all directions, besides doubling the number of police and military stationed in the neighbourhood, but all as yet to no purpose.

It was a dark and dreary December evening—the snow lay deep upon the ground, and a hard frost was rapidly concealing its minutest particles together. The sky was cloudless and uncommonly bright, while thousands of silver stars lit up its broad, blue, dome, and a fresh, cold breeze sighed mournfully through the leafless branches. The interior of Brody's cabin was only lighted by a decaying peat fire, which dimly showed the confused and disarranged appearance of every thing within. Beside that fire a female form, holding a child to her bosom, was sitting, or rather crouching down, while with one hand she feebly poked the turf ashes together, to try and gain even a little warmth. She was lean to emaciation, and there was no ruddy glow of health on her cheek, and her outstretched arm was faded. The child at her breast began to cry, and she tried to soothe it, while the faltering, indistinct tones of her voice came hollow, and with a great seeming effort, from her chest. That degraded looking, stooping figure, so mean and so dejected, was Rose—the once bright and beautiful Rose—the pride of her father, and the joy of her brother's heart. For months, her husband's affairs had been growing worse and worse; and as rumour said that he was connected with the midnight band to which we have alluded, both her father and brother, from whom could not now be disguised the secret of her ill treatment, wanted to withdraw her entirely under their own protection. But she would not leave her husband, as, let him act however he pleased, her love was still unchanged, and as fervent as ever; and from this out, she was in a manner left alone, as her father ceased his importunities and his visits, and her brother, having got married, was so engrossed with his new cares, as to be for some time forgetful of his once dearly loved sister.

A tear had fallen on her infant's face, (it was her last baby, and the only survivor of three), and she brushed it hastily away, though another and another followed it in quick succession, when on a sudden the door of rapid and hurried footsteps was heard outside, and the crazy door of the cabin was burst in with a rude shock, and a single figure, hastily entering, closed it as quickly as possible. He bore a dark lantern in his hand, which he set down on the table, and then proceeded to divest himself of his muffer and hat, retaining still his tightly belted, though loosely made coat. It was Dick Brady himself—but, oh! how changed from the first time we have described him to the reader. His face was still strikingly handsome, and his eyes as black and brilliant as ever; but there was a devil in their glance, and an evil soul beamed forth in every change of feature. His gestures were bold and sudden. His whole outward man bore the appearance of the ill-disposed midnight raker, and perhaps plunderer.

"Well, Richard, is it you at last?" weakly asked his wife, without rising up from her crouching position.

"Yes, don't you see it is, without any questions?" he sharply replied. "But come stir yourself, an' get me somethin' to ate, for phoo! I'm famished; and he began to bow the tops of his fingers to create heat.

"You know, Richard," she meekly and uncomplainingly answered, "I've got nothin' to get you, unless two or three potatoes, which I'll hate for you to wish. It's sad change from the comfort I once knew!"

"Am I to be always annoyed with this complainin' an' whinin'?" he fiercely exclaimed. "Nothin' but growl, growl, from mornin' till night. I'm sure, I wish you'd never left yer comfort, as you call it!"

The meek, broken-hearted Rose did not answer this unfeeling rebuke, but raised her eyes timidly to his face with one reproachful look, and then, seeing nought there but cruelty and harshness, she sobbed convulsively, and burst into a fit of tears. This somewhat moved him, and he advanced, and taking her hand, raised her up, saying, in a gentler tone of voice, though one far, far removed from his former bland and sweet intonations—

which seemed full of gold, and continued— "Look there, Rose; we'll not want money for some time now, any how, and no thanks to any one for it," and he spilled out a quantity of guineas on the rude table.

Her breath, as she gazed, was gaspingly drawn in—her hand shook like an autumn leaf—her voice was husky in her throat as she tried to speak, and her eyes stared wildly at him, as she at length forced out—

"Where—where did this come from, Richard? Don't deavne a new. I've dhraded it all this long time. Oh, gracious Heaven! you won't answer I'm—miserable—miserable!—Richard!—husband!—man!—will you tell me—where did you get so much gold?"

"Pooh! pooh! child," he sneered in a sarcastic tone, "I don't care for yer suspicions. What matter where I got it?—I'll say, if you like I found it—will that satisfy you?"

While speaking, he had carelessly been tossing it about with his fingers, which, by the mere contact, immediately flung into the single gleam of light emitted by the lantern, and upon which her eyes immediately became riveted, while the blood coagulated about her heart, and horror sat in the glare of her dull (rightened eyes).

"Man!" she shrieked "there is blood upon you hand!"

A tiger bounding from his lair on some helpless prey, was not more furious than he at this expression. He hastily chuckled it from the light, and seizing both of hers, drew her face close to his, which for the first time was turned away in aversion, and hissed in her ear—

"There is blood upon it—but what then? would you betray me? Rose Lacy, would you dare betray me?"

"Betray you!" she feebly almost inarticulately, repeated, her heart recoiling with horror at the thought. "He that sees our hearts, an' is watchin' us this minute, knows I could not!"

He was about to reply; but the noise as if of a number of men advancing to the front door was heard outside, and he hastily extinguished the lantern, swept the gold into the purse, and muttered—

"Rose, I must away!—don't say I was here?"

Then he strained her to his bosom with fervour, and imprinting one long and burning kiss on her cold, cold lips, rushed to an inner room, where a window overlooked a thick shrubbery; and in another moment her ear, which listened with painful acuteness, heard his fall outside. It seemed as if, at that moment of guilt and detection, all acuteness, all his former love returned; at least, so thought his poor and wretched wife, whose heart rose from its depth of misery, to welcome with joy—pure, unspokeable joy—the wild, visionary delusion!

He had scarcely disappeared, till the door was driven in, and a party consisting of eight or nine armed police, entered the cabin, and without preface seized poor Rose, and bound her, while one or two passed into the inner apartment to look for her husband. Nothing could equal their disappointment on finding that he had escaped; and they cursed with fury as they roughly interrogated her. She would not utter a word in answer, so fearful was she of saying ought that could implicate him; and so perceiving that present examination was useless, they departed, bearing her with them, and allowing her, as an especial favour, to retain her child. From their conversation, she could gather that her husband was none other than the leader of the gang which had so long infested that neighbourhood, and he had at last been informed on by a treacherous comrade, who could not resist the offer of the reward; but it was not till the following morning at the police station; that—the measure of her woes was full," for she heard them speak of a man who was found murdered on the night previous, and who was known to have a large sum of money in gold about him. The gold her husband had shown her—the blood on his hand—his rage at her noticing it—all rushed in one tumult to her mind, and thrilled the very marrow of her bones, as she thought that he!—her choice!—her lover!—her husband!—was a brutal and blood-stained murderer! Oh! such agonies as those rend the very deepest places of the soul, and scar it as with a hot iron—making the blood boil, and maddening the brain, as if it heated in a furnace!

Weeks and months rolled by, and still there was no tidings of "the handsome captain;" and the redoubled reward that was then offered for his apprehension, seemed likely to be of no service in his arrest. Rose, whose constitution was almost broken with constant suffering, had taken a severe fever on her removal to her brother's house, and raved with frightful paroxysms of madness. Then she grew calmer and conscious, and spoke quietly to those around her—but it was the calm which precedes death. Her whole wish, expressed alike in her ravings and in her collected moments, was, that some tidings would arrive to convince her that her Richard was not a murderer—that the last charge against him was false; and she did not care if the whole world believed it, so she knew it to be without foundation. The last evening that she lived, the news arrived that he had been pursued to where he had taken shipping, and was made prisoner, and had in a fit of despair confessed himself the murderer of the man whose body was found. This was thoughtlessly uttered by some one in her hearing, and scarcely were they aware of their indiscretion, when a bubbling cry of "Lord, pardon him," was heard issuing from her lips—then a low fearful groan, and her sufferings were over.

This is a simple, unvarnished, not exaggerated tale, unfortunately, too true. The moral needs not to be pointed out.

One week from the burial of Rose Lacy, Brady underwent the last sentence of the law, and died despairing of the past, and deading the future.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Ministers, it is said, destine Mr. Spring Rice for the Speaker's Chair, in the event of Mr. Abercromby's resignation; but whether with the view of availing themselves of his talents in one capacity, or getting rid of them in another, is not stated.—Cumberland Packet.

William Laidlaw, Esq., the confidential friend of the late Sir Walter Scott, has lately been appointed factor to Sir Charles Ross of Balmagowan, and is now residing at Balmagowan Castle, the magnificent and beautiful seat in Ross-shire.

REPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—We believe that the quickest reporting ever known was Mr. Shiel's speech at Penenden-heath which appeared in print in London, about three hours after it was spoken. Our readers will admit that the following instance of despatch throes the above into total insignificance.—Sir William Molesworth's speech on the Canada question was actually received in Cornwall in a printed form, with all the anticipated "hear, hear," and "great laughter," "cheers" and other parliamentary expressions, more than three hours before it was spoken in the House of Commons!—Cornwall Royal Gazette.

The loss of property in British shipping wrecked or founded at sea is estimated at three million sterling per annum and the loss of life from the same cause is not less than 1000 a year.

32,045 persons emigrated from Liverpool last year, being 806 less than the year previous.

There are 25,000 members of the temperance society in Liverpool.

39,000,000 of letters, and 30,000,000 of papers pass through all the post offices of Great Britain in a year.

The average value of the total amount of grain raised in Great Britain and Ireland is £30,000,000, barley £10,000,000, and oats £6,000,000.

The value of potatoes is stated to be upwards of £29,000,000, or about £80,000,000.

Diary of the Times and Court of George the IV. continues to have an immense sale, and is attributed (spite of a feeble denial in the John Bull) to Lady Charlotte Bury, who as Lady C. Campbell, was attached as a lady in waiting to Queen Caroline, while Princess of Wales. Lady Charlotte has been rather gay, and wound up by marrying a young clergyman, her son's tutor.

"The Weather Almanack," by P. Murphy, published by W. G. and J. R. Murray, 10, Pall Mall East, is a simple almanack, which foretells through the whole year what the weather of each day shall be. So many of his predictions have come true that it is clear he has data to work on. The new papers now regularly publish the predictions. This sale of 200,000 copies gives a profit of £5000 already! And the book will sell all through the year.

5,400 invitations were given at the royal ball at the Tuilleries, Paris, on the 10th of Jan. Large numbers of the clergy attended.

UNITED STATES.

New York, March 24.—The London packets did not sail yesterday on account of head winds and thick weather.

The London packets lately arrived here brought out the following amounts of gold, in sovereigns:

Ship Toronto - - - - - \$96,000

Ship Ontario - - - - - 96,000

Ship Westminster - - - - - 146,000

Total amount - - - - - \$338,000

The Senate of Michigan have, by a unanimous resolution voted their thanks to Gen. Scott for his prompt and energetic conduct in preserving peace on the frontier, and sustaining the neutrality of the United States during the late Canadian troubles.—N. E. Evening Star.

At the close of the last year there were 602 convicts in the Ohio penitentiary.

A Theatre for blacks is about being opened in New Orleans.

The New York Post Office now receives the small notes of the city banks.

A centre table is exhibiting in New York, in which are several millions of pieces of marble.

"Three Degrees of Banking," is the name of a new play recently brought out in Boston.

We have recently read some horrid accounts of the ravages of the small pox among the Western tribes of Indians. It is estimated that not less than fifty thousand have become a prey to the disease, which is still raging.

The whole number of banks in the United States is 794. Capital stock paid in, \$300,299,185. Circulation exclusive of bills held by the banks, 499,561,584. Specie, \$30,627,604.

The number of packages of silk exported from Havre to New York in November, 1839, was 2,827; last November the number was only 219. Our ladies must put up with hom-spun in these times.

There are 8,000 paupers in New York.

The profits of the Ohio Penitentiary the last year amounted to \$8,152.

Cooke, who was recently burnt out at Baltimore, has started a new circus in Philadelphia.

The Right Rev. Wm. Murray Stone, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Maryland, died on the 25th ult.

The project of a ship canal around the Falls of Niagara begins to attract the attention of the Western merchants.

The big Pontine, from Sinal, arrived at New York, reports that on the 23rd February, at noon, in lat. 28 25, long. 79 30, passed five dead bodies afloat; one woman and child near to each other, and three men about half a mile apart.

A petition has been presented to the Pennsylvania Senate, one hundred & fifty feet in length and signed by nearly five thousand ladies of the city of Philadelphia, praying legislative interference to prevent the increase of taverns and grog shops in that city.

A child in Baltimore, aged five years, seeing its father drink some whiskey in the course of the evening, and observing where the bottle was placed, rose from his bed, and drank so much that it expired before morning.

A house was recently destroyed by fire in Michigan, together with five children, the father barely escaping. The mother was absent.

Parker & Co.'s extensive paper manufactory at Sudbury, Mass. with a large quantity of stock, has been totally destroyed by fire.

UPPER CANADA.

Toronto, 2nd March.—Last week, two soldiers of the City Guards were accidentally shot when on drill, one through the arm, and the other through the leg. The latter died in consequence on the following day. This distressing accident arose from the circumstance

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of some of the men having gone cowardly to drill with loaded muskets, and it is hoped that hereafter the officers of Volunteer corps will guard against such carelessness on the part of their men.

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, (Saturday,) 31st March.
The following are the names of the soldiers belonging to the 32d Regiment killed and wounded at Pele Island. Does not their blood call for vengeance?

Sergeant Sheffield—shot through the arm, broken; is not expected to live.
Sergeant Wood—died through in the thigh.
Corporal Miller—both legs broken by a ball; died since; left a widow and child in Montreal.
Drummer McCartan—killed; he volunteered to form one of the party.

Private Holmes—killed.
Private Symons—shot through the breast; died since.
Private Beacher—wounded severely.

Private Ogden, do, do.
Private Davis, do, very severely.
Private Austy, do, severely.
Private Pearson—slain broken.
Private Sheppard—nose shot off.
Private Alcock—thigh bone broken; is not expected to live.

Private Winters, do, do.
Private Leader, do, do.
Private Davy, do, do.
Private Warren—shot through the shoulder.
Private Roland, do, do.

Privates Knight, Rogan, North, Jeroed, Smith, Ridge, Harding, Stevens, Holland, Hubbs, Jordan, Johnston—all slightly wounded. The whole amounting to thirty men.

While noticing the sufferings of our gallant soldiers and the services they have rendered their country by preserving it from the disastrous effects of foreign invasion, we take the opportunity of informing our fellow citizens, that the wives and families of the men belonging to the 32d and 21st regiments, at present residing in Rasseo's old Hotel, St. Paul Street, are in destitute circumstances, and merit the sympathy of a generous public. The New Brunswick Legislature, voted a considerable sum of money for the support of the wives and children of the soldiers who were called upon suddenly to march for Canada, but we have no Legislature here, and the only way of raising a fund is by voluntary contribution.—Surely the ladies ever foremost in acts of kindness will not neglect the deserving poor of their own sex. Five of the wounded men have wives and children, and the total number of these responsibilities belonging to the 32d Regiment is eighty three women and one hundred and thirty children, and of the 21st forty-eight women and ninety six children.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 3d APRIL, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, - - Feb. 23. New-York, - - Mar. 26.
Liverpool, - - Feb. 21. Halifax, - - Mar. 22.
Harris, - - - Feb. 21. Toronto, - - Mar. 26.

No Montreal or New York papers were received this morning. Those received yesterday contain no late advices from Europe, nor do they furnish any other news possessing the slightest interest.

The letters and papers by the English February mail were received yesterday, together with Halifax papers to the 22nd March.

The Court Martial at Toronto is still sitting, and the Grand Jury have not as yet ignored a single Bill. "General" Sutherland has been allowed a few days to prepare his defence.

There is every probability of an early navigation on Lake Ontario. Already the *Transit* is plying between Niagara and Toronto, and the Lake and River Niagara being as open, from the 17th, as in summer, and has likewise made a trip, for Sir Francis Head's accommodation, from Toronto to the gap near Amherst Island. This obstruction, the first gale will probably cause to disappear. The *William H.* it was understood, would leave Prescott, on her first trip upward, about the 2d April, and all other boats are preparing for spring operations.—*Montreal Gazette.*

John Boston and Henry Driscoll, Esquires, of the Montreal bar, have been raised to the dignity of Queen's Counsel.

[From the Montreal Herald of Saturday.]

His Excellency Sir George Arthur and suite arrived at Toronto on the 23d instant, in time to breakfast with Sir Francis Head, who left the seat of his short but eventful and brilliant government in the steamer *Transit* on the same evening. Every man in the city and neighbourhood assembled on the wharf to bid farewell to the ex-pilot who weathered the storm. As the vessel took her departure, Sir Francis, the "observed of all observers," was greeted with prolonged cheers from the thousands of armed citizens, to which he responded, not in the usual way by bowing, but in one peculiar to himself and peculiarly spirit stirring, by uncovering his head, and pointing with outstretched arm to the red cross banner of Britain streaming at the mast-head, as much as to say, "let that ever be your beacon."

At the 4th ice prevented the further progress of the steamer, and His Excellency landed on Amherst Islet, crossed the bay to Bathurst, and proceeded to Kingston by land, where he arrived on Saturday night last. It was at that time his intention to come down to Montreal, to learn the views of the Constitutionists here, and to judge for himself, from observation, regarding the propriety of a Union of the Provinces, but on ascertaining that the late news from England contained intelligence that his conduct was severely censured in the Imperial Parliament, he judged it prudent to be in London as soon as possible, to rebut any charges which may be brought against him, and to expose to a British public the hollowness of American friendship and neutrality, and the demoralising effects of democracy. No man is more able to do the subject justice, for none has had more ample means of judging, and few are more able to express themselves so forcibly as he does. Early on Sunday morning His Excellency crossed over to Cape Vincent, and intended to proceed by Watertown and Utica to Albany and New York. As soon as the intentions of Sir Francis were known, the volunteers made arrangements that no individuals should cross the river to give intimation to the Americans, as it was feared that he might be exposed to indignity, or that his valuable life might be endangered if it was known by the enemy that he was in their territory. He was warned of the danger which might await him, but he said that was a matter of little consequence compared to his desire to lose no time in proceeding to England. Our readers may remember that Watertown is one of the places where an arsenal was robbed for the supply of the Navy Island pirates. Had a single hair of Sir Francis, been touched at Watertown, the Kingston volunteers would have razed it to the ground. Sincerely do we wish him a speedy passage across the Atlantic and a safe arrival in England. Those glorious institutions he has nobly maintained in one of the fairest of her numerous colonies. His Excellency Sir George Arthur took the oath as Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada on the 23d inst. at three o'clock, P. M.

CRIMINAL COURT, QUEBEC.

Saturday, March 31.

The following persons, accused of Sedition, renewed their bail, to appear on the first day of next term, as follows:—
A. N. Morin, self, £500; Edouard Dougal, Michel Gagnier, £250 each.
Pierre Chasseau, self, £500; Dr. Jean Blanchet, Narcisse Belleau, £250 each.
Eugene Trudeau, self, £500; Augt. Voelle, C. Deguise, £250 each.
Barth. LaChapelle, self, £500; G. D. Balzarotti, Jacques Voyer, £250 each.
Jos. Legare, self, £500; Jos. Legare, Senior, Michel Pesier, £250 each.
Jeremy Benham Ryan, self, £100; L. T. Bessiere, Michael White, £50 each.

On the return of the Judges into Court, the Grand Jury brought in an ignored bill against James Matthews and Timothy Henry, for larceny. The Grand Jury made no presentment.

SENTENCES:

Charles Gaudreau—Assault with intent to murder—2 years imprisonment.
James Humphreys—Petty Larceny, 3 months imprisonment.
Charles Jalbert (on two convictions) Larceny, 3 months imprisonment.
J. B. Therien, Larceny, 3 months imprisonment.
Louise Nicol—Grand Larceny—on two convictions—2 months imprisonment on each.
Alexis Guibault—Stealing a mare—Sentence of death recorded.
(Petty Larceny, 3 mos. imprisonment
Zac Guichard } Grand do do do.
{ Do do do do do.
Eloi Collin, on same convictions, same sentences.

Jos. Langlois, } Highway robbery—sentence of
Jos. Lynn, & } death recorded.
Roger O'Neil }
Thomas Blair, Grand Larceny, 12 months imprisonment.
William Miller, Petty Larceny, 3 months imprisonment.

Henry Hall, Petty Larceny, 3 months imprisonment.
Michel Lebrun dit Carrier, and Pierre Lebrun dit Carrier, Horse stealing, sentence of death recorded.

Henry Francoeur, Grand Larceny, 12 months imprisonment.
Ignace Giroux, Grand Larceny, 12 months imprisonment.

Pierre Fortier, Assault and Battery, 3 months imprisonment.
Patrick Carey, Grand Larceny, sentence suspended.

Jean Gingras, Grand Larceny, sentence suspended.
Olivier Ouellet—Petjury, sentence deferred until last day of next term.

William Macintosh—Grand Larceny, 6 months imprisonment.

We understand that a letter was received, by the last mail, from a gentleman of the first commercial respectability in London, to his partners in this Province, in which he mentions that the Right Honorable Edward Ellice lately entertained the Earl of Durham at dinner and invited a number of gentlemen connected with the trade of Canada to meet him. The Earl was very frank and discoursed freely upon the affairs of the Province, and the policy he intends to pursue in the administration of Government and for the adjustment of our differences. The views entertained by the Noble Lord are said to have been very satisfactory to all present and to afford a pleasing anticipation of what will be the conduct of His Excellency in the arduous mission he has undertaken.—(*Mercury.*)

THE ARMY.

Montreal, March 31, 1838.

Major Briggs and Mr. Johnston, 7th Hussars, and Mr. Hammersly, 1st Dragoon Guards, have arrived in town. They are accompanied, we are informed, by a sergeant and four troopers, who will take charge of the horses purchased for the corps, till their comrades arrive.
Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson, and Major Richardson, and lady, have arrived in the *Gulania*, at New York, from London.

Office of Ordnance, Feb. 19.

Corps of Royal Engineers—Second Captain A' Walpole, to be Captain, vice Young, deceased; 1st Lieutenant Henry Tucker, to be Second Captain, vice Walpole; Second Lieutenant W. H. Roberts, to be First Lieutenant, vice Tucker.
Royal Regiment of Artillery—Second Captain J. M. Savage to be Adjutant, vice Schack, promoted.
(From the United Service Gazette of Feb. 3.)

24th.—The repeated remonstrances on the subject of Captain Williams's long absence from his regimental duty, as Aide-de-Camp to Lord Mulgrave, has at length produced some effect. He has received orders to join forthwith.

32d.—The volunteers for this Regiment are ready to proceed to join the depot at Plymouth when ordered. The unfortunate Lieut. Weir, who was barbarously put to death by the Canadian rebels, was a native of Mel Lothian, in Scotland, and possessor of the estate of Kames, in Berwickshire, once the property of the celebrated Scotch Judge. He was on the point of retiring from the service.

34th.—The volunteer companies marched from Fermoyn on Thursday evening, to embark for Canada.

35th.—Major Eatock has arrived at Cork, to be in readiness to take the command of the whole of the drafts, about 900 rank and file, for Canada, on the expected arrival of the *Hercules*, 74, from England. The volunteers for this Regiment are already ready to join the depot at Plymouth as soon as the order arrives.

36th.—A draft of this Regiment have arrived at Cork, last week from Trafalgar, where the depot is at present stationed, to await the arrival of a troop-ship, to convey them to the service companies in Canada.

MARRIED.

On Friday last, by the Rev. W. Crocombe, Mr. William Chipchase, to Miss Isabella Ford, both of this city.

TO LET,

AN EXCELLENT OFFICE, AND FIRE-PROOF VAULTS, most advantageously situated nearly opposite to the Quebec Bank, St. Peter Street. The above offices are admirably adapted for the storage of Mediterranean and West Indian produce.
Apply to
JAMES S. MILLER,
Hunt's Wharf.

Quebec, 31st March, 1838.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE
QUEBEC PRICES CURRENT,

To be published weekly during the Summer, commencing on the 5th May.

BESIDES a complete and carefully corrected Prices Current of Imports and Exports, with the Imperial and Provincial duties, it will contain a faithful report of Auction Sales for each week; the arrivals and clearances of vessels; ships entered outwards, with their tonnage, ports of destination, and shippers' names; a comparative statement of arrivals; rate of freights to the principal ports, and some other useful information connected with the trade of the country.

THE QUEBEC PRICES CURRENT will be neatly printed on a large sheet of good folio-paper, with a blank page for remarks.

The first number will be printed on Saturday morning, the 5th May, at eleven o'clock, and continued every succeeding Saturday at the same hour. To be had at the different Book Stores.

Price—Twelve shillings per quire. The series (which will comprise about twenty-six numbers) will be delivered for 12s. 6d. each set.
Quebec, April, 1838.

SERVANTS WANTED,

By the 1st of May—

A FIRST-RATE COOK,
A YOUNG MAN, AS WAITER,
AN OUT-DOOR MAID,
A CHAMBER MAID,
A HOUSE MAID, and
A KITCHEN MAID.

Liberal Wages will be given. None need apply without satisfactory references from their last places.

Apply at HENDRY'S HOTEL,
St. Peter Street.

WANTED.

A GARDENER.—Apply at the Office of this Paper.
Quebec, 31st March, 1838.

ROYAL VICTORIA BONNET.

MRS. BROWN, Straw and Tuscany Bonnet Maker, No. 9, St. John's Street, Suburbs, next door to the Clothing Establishment—respectfully intimates the arrival of the new shape, by stage this morning, as also a quantity of *Flair* suitable for making up and altering Bonnets.

In order to prevent disappointment, Ladies are requested to send their work early.
Quebec, 21st March, 1838.

SUPERIOR LONDON HATS.

THE Subscriber has for Sale a Choice Assortment of the newest shape Gentlemen's Black Beaver Hats, imported last Autumn.

HORATIO CARWELL,
12th March 1838. Palace Street.

AUCTIONS.

BY B. COLE,

Will be sold on FRIDAY next, the 6th of April, at the Stores, St. John Street, publicly without reserve,
THE WHOLE of HIS STOCK of GROCERIES and LIQUORS, &c. &c. forming a very general assortment.

—ALSO—
Stock Cans, Show Glasses, &c. &c. &c.
Conditions—under £25 Cash, above that sum 30 days credit on furnishing approved notes.
Sale at ONE o'clock.
Quebec, 31st March, 1838.

BY B. COLE.

On MONDAY, the 9th April, and following days, at the residence of Mrs. Hoogs, St. Anne Street, near the Gads,

THE WHOLE of HER HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of—Mahogany Dining, Card, Loo, and other Tables, Sideboard, Sofa, Chests of Drawers, Bedsteads, Beds and Bedding, Carpets, Pier and other Looking-Glasses, double and single Stoves, China, Glass and Earicware, Kitchen Utensils, with a variety of other articles.
—E^t Conditions—CASH, on delivery.
Quebec, 12th March, 1838.

EXTENSIVE FURNITURE SALE.

BY B. COLE.

On MONDAY, the 16th day of April, and following days, at the Castle of St. Lewis, the property of LORD GEORGE.

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

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

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT

POETRY.

THE MAID OF KILARNEY.

BY L. E. L.

The romantic story of Kate Kearney, who dwelt by the shores of Kilarney, is too well known to need repetition.

Why doth the maiden turn away From voice so sweet, and words so dear?

The maiden seeks her lonely tower, Although her father's guests are met;

The glittering shapes melt into night; Another look, her chief is gone.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

Love.—Love is a new intelligence entered into the being; it is the softest, but the most subtle light; in all experience it deceives itself.

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should be not only happier, but better, if we attended more to its dictates. Half the misery in the world arises from want of sympathy.

ANNALS.—These books and designs all bear the same character, and are exactly like the "books of beauty," "flowers of loveliness," and so on, which appeared last year.

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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 Warehouse of the House of Assembly.

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

Mr. T. Brookbank, of the above establishment, is now in possession of a large quantity of the most beautiful and durable paper, suitable for all purposes.

JOSHUA HOEBROUGH, TAILOR, No. 3, HOPE STREET, NEAR TO MR. J. J. SIMS.

Mr. J. Hoebrough, of the above establishment, is now in possession of a large quantity of the most beautiful and durable paper, suitable for all purposes.

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

Mr. J. Hoebrough, of the above establishment, is now in possession of a large quantity of the most beautiful and durable paper, suitable for all purposes.

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PAPER FOR SALE.

The subscribers, Paper Manufacturers, Jacques Carlier, Paper Mills, offer for sale at their Store, No. 24, St. Peter Street, 3000 reams of wrapping paper, from 10 to 14 lbs.

Mr. H. Russell, it is applied, our Agent from this date to transact our business in Quebec. Those who are indebted to the firm are requested to pay to him the amount of their accounts, and those who have no accounts against us will present the same to him for payment.

SAMUEL TOZER, BUTCHER, No. 1, Upper Town Market.

Mr. S. Tozer, of the above establishment, is now in possession of a large quantity of the most beautiful and durable paper, suitable for all purposes.

Mr. S. Tozer, of the above establishment, is now in possession of a large quantity of the most beautiful and durable paper, suitable for all purposes.

FOR SALE. At the Office of The Quebec Gazette, Price 1s. 3d.

THE SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE, by Astor. CONTENTS:—Introduction, Introductory Letters, Introduction to Society, at home and from home, Visiting, Tatling, and Gossiping, Table, Peculiar Habits, Salutations and Ceremonies, Dress, Dining, Presents, Letters, and Appointments, Travelling, Servants, Fashion.

BOOKS FOR SALE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE, No. 14, Mountain Street. SCOTT'S WORKS, in seven vols.

Mr. S. Tozer, of the above establishment, is now in possession of a large quantity of the most beautiful and durable paper, suitable for all purposes.

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