

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. 1. No. 19.]

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 17TH MARCH, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NORA BOYLE.

There was snow enough to mottle the tempestuous darkness, but it melted into rain ere it had broken the black monotony of the ground. On all the dreary upland of Derrinahan Moor there was neither human habitation, house nor tree. One giant stone pillar, a solitary monument of unknown times, was all that rose upon the bare expanse to break the rush of the blast, and the sweeping current did surge against and pour over it like the waters of a headlong river. The only shelter obtainable within sight was that afforded by its base, and some seemingly belated traveller, or houseless outcast, had taken its protection; for there sat at its foot a figure wrapped and gathered up in the folds of a long mantle, but so motionless that, save for an occasional movement of the head to cast a glance past its shielding side into the stormy weather beyond, she,—for, alas! it was a female form,—might have been supposed either numbed into insensibility by the cold, or fast asleep. The storm continued; she kept her courtless position, her head sunk upon her bosom, and the dark mantle drawn so close around her, that her figure was scarcely distinguishable from the dark ground where she sat. A most forlorn half hour had passed, and no other human being had appeared upon the scene. The wretched had sunk her head lower and lower, and had drawn herself closer and closer to the rugged shelter, for the gale had now swelled into a storm, that raged over the bleak desert, till yellow tufts of the last year's grass, and bushy wisps of straw and heather, rolled before it in a whirling drift, that emulated the driving tumult of the sky. At length, upon the faintly marked pathway that crossed the moor within a stones throw of the pillar, there emerged from the darkness a single horseman—his cloak and the mane of the strong animal he rode, streaming straight out into the blast, and his back and shoulders crusted white with snow. He drew up from the gallop at which he had approached, and as he slowly rode past the spot described, cast round an anxious but disappointed glance, then turning from the horse track, directed his course over the open moor, and twice made the whole circuit of the pillar before he at last rode up to it and dismounted. It was only as he leaped to the ground that he at length perceived the presence of the other.

"Ha, my true girl!" he exclaimed in a voice of joyful surprise, as he cast his reins over the top of the grey stone. "I feared this wild weather had marred our meeting—it has been a cold trying-place for you, Nora, and I have kept you waiting, but I could not come sooner, and when I did come, I could not see you for this blinding snow.—Have you brought the child?" There was no answer; she stooped and drew the cloak from her face. "Ho, Nora, awaken! how can you sleep on such a night as this? 'Tis I, Nora—rouse yourself."

"Oh, Richard," replied a feeble voice, as the benumbed being awoke from her stupor—"oh Richard, are you come at last? I thought I was doomed to die at the foot of this cold stone, God and my own chilled heart only know what I have this night suffered for your sake."

Her words, half inarticulate from weakness were almost inaudible from the violence of the wind, but their faintness made her wretched plight sufficiently understood.

"Get up, Nora dear," said her companion bending over her, and extending his cloak between her and the blast, while he urged her to rise—"You will perish, Nora, if you sit longer here," he said. "I have a pillow for you behind my saddle; w. can be in Banagher before an hour."

"In Banagher?" she exclaimed; "and shall we not first go to Luisbeg chapel?"

"Yes, yes," he replied hastily; "certainly we shall—I had forgotten."

"Oh, Richard," she cried, taking his hand "you would not, you surely would not deceive me?"

"Do I live? do I breathe?" he exclaimed; but the tone of indignant affection in

which he spoke was too extravagant to be real:—"but Nora?" he added quickly in a low and eager whisper, "have you brought the child?"

"Alas! poor infant," she replied, "he is here in my arms. I would to God I were free of the sin of bringing him out this bitter night!—Baby, baby," she passionately addressed her covered and apparently sleeping burthen, "I have stolen you to-night from your lawful mother, but it was to gain a lawful father for my own. Oh, Richard, shall we not be kind to him when we are the happy couple that you promise this night's theft shall make us?"

"We will, we will, Nora; but waste no more time, rise and let us go." He aided her to rise slowly and painfully, and placing his arm round her waist, supported her, while she began to lap the infant closer in his mufflings. Suddenly she started, and drew in her breath with the quick sob of terrified alarm. "What is the matter?" cried her supporter.

"Oh, nothing—I hope, I trust in God, nothing," she replied, sighing convulsively, and trembling, as with shaking and hurried hand she undid the wrappings in which the infant lay; but when she had bared his neck, and once pressed her cheek to his face, and her hand to his little feet, she fell from his arms to the ground, with one long cry, and fainted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried the man, in a voice of rough impatience and vexation, as he stooped down and raised her on his knee. Her head sank back upon his arm, and the child rolled down her relaxed embrace. He grasped it roughly as it fell, bent down, and gazed upon its still features, laughed horribly.—"Alas! he muttered, "here is speedy consummation. No more need for plotting and planning now;—no more need for coaxing and quiting the scrupulous fool after this. Ha, ha, Sir Richard Morton, I wish you joy!"

But consciousness was now returning to the wretched girl; she heaved a deep sigh, and raised her hands to her forehead.—"Nurse bring me the baby—oh! gracious God, what is this!—Richard, Richard, where am I?—is this the Brecon's pillar?—and the infant—is his—oh! I see he is numbed?"

"Numbed!" repeated Morton, in a voice of ill subdued triumph, "he is numbed to death, I think."

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, frantically tearing away the kerchief from her bosom, and snatching the motionless body from the ground, where it had fallen like a clod out of the hands of the exulting villain, to press it ineffectually against her chilled and terrified breast. "Oh no, no, no, he is not dead—he is not dead!"—she cried, "or I am the most accursed of women;" and starting to her feet she rushed wildly into the storm. The storm caught her like a withered leaf in autumn, and upon the wings of the wind, and in the frenzy of despair, she flitted before her astonished pursuer, for Morton had followed on the instant; yet although he ran swiftly, impelled by anger and apprehension, he had left both horse and pillar far out of sight, before he overtook, and at length arrested her.

"Touch me not, Richard!" she exclaimed, "touch me not, for I am a wretch that would pollute the hangman. Oh, God! send the storm to sweep me to the river, or the snow to bury me where I stand, for I have taken the life of that innocent babe, and am not fit to live!"

Amid her passionate lamentations, the voice of Morton was hardly heard; but when her tears and sobs at length choked her utterance, he said to her, as she sank exhausted in his arms, "Cease your useless complaints and hear me. What is done cannot be undone; but listen to me, and, even as it is, I will shew you how to make it better for us both.—Do you hear what I say to you, Nora Boyle?"

"Richard, Richard, do you know what I have done?" she sobbed in reply.

"I'll tell you what," cried he sternly, "you have done me better service than you

ever did before—you have done the very thing I wanted."

"My brain is bewildered and burning," she said, "and I hardly comprehend what you would tell me. Service, did you say? Alas! I can do you no service, Richard. I would to God I were dead!"

"I did not ask you to do more service," cried he,—"I told you, you had done enough already. The stealing of their heir, I tell you, was of no use without this; and this would have been done sooner or later. Why, what a simpleton you were, to think that I would succeed to these estates, till a jury had been shown that the next heir was dead? I was jesting with you when I said that I would rear him in France."

Consciousness of something dreadfully sinful in her companion seemed to have been gradually forcing itself upon the reluctant mind of the miserable girl; she had shrunk partially from his embrace at the first faint suspicion, but now she sprung from his side with the energy of entire horror.

"Jesting! jesting!" she exclaimed; "and your promise that you would marry me—oh! I blessed Virgin! was that jesting also?"

"Perverse and provoking fool!" he cried furiously, and grasped her by the arm, "dare you reproach me with a falsehood when the guilt of murder is on your own soul? What would you do? Would you rush into Lady Morton's chamber with her dead child in your arms, and tell her that you come to be hanged? Would you go mad, and rave to the peasant here, till you sink upon the common, and become like what you cry? "Oh! that I were—oh! would you God! I were!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of passionate weeping.

"Well, well," said he, "be calm; be calm, I entreat you now, and listen to me."

He set his back doggedly against the blast, and again drew her to his side, where, under the shelter of his cloak, he said, in a strong whisper—

"You can save us both if you will, Nora. Go down to Mount Morton; I will see you safe to the door. Steal in as you came out.

Dry the wet from the child's hair, and the marks of the soil from his night-dress, and lay him as you found him, in his cradle. The draught you gave the nurse scents you soon intervention. Then go to your own bed; but you must hang your wet clothes to dry, and throw your shoes into the river out of your window. They will all say in the morning that the child died a natural death over night. Come,—for all at once, as he was speaking, she had clasped her hands closer over her breast, where the infant still lay, and with a deep and fluttering inspiration had made a motion of assent, in the direction of the house—"Come, there is a good girl. Did I not say well, Nora? Why you are a woman of spirit after all. I was wrong to quarrel with you. This was no fault of yours. You could not tell how cold it would be; never blame yourself then. By my honour I will marry you yet, if you only do this thing well—but why do you not speak, Nora?"

"Make haste, make haste," in a voice of forced and tremulous calmness, was all the reply she made.

"Yes, let us hurry on," he answered; "the sooner it is done the better. But I cannot take you with me to-night, Nora; you are aware of that. You must stay to avoid suspicion. And mark me, be not too eager in the morning to take the alarm; and when you have to look at it along with the rest!"

But let us not pollute our pages with the minutiae of deliberate villainy which, in the pauses of the wind, he ceased not to pour into the ears of Nora Boyle, till they had passed the farthest skirts of the declining moon, and were arrived beneath an arch of tossing and leafless branches. Through this the blast shrieked so loud and shrilly, that neither heard the other till they stood before an antique and extensive building at its further end.

"Now, Nora," whispered Morton, as they advanced to a low door in the thickly ivied wall, "remember what I have told you; I

will see you to-morrow: till then, give me a kiss!"

But she had hurried in through the unfastened postern, and he heard the bolts shoot and the chains fall on the inside ere the unhallooed words had passed his lips.

"She cannot mean to play me false," he muttered; "she cannot do but as I have desired. She has no choice. Yet I will not trust her. I will round to her window, and see to it myself."

So saying, he turned from the door, and dived into the thick shrubbery that skirted the court-yard in front.

Mount Morton House was built on the precipitous brink of a torrent that poured the collected waters of its course into the Shannon, sometimes in a tiny cascade that was hardly visible, tickling down the face of its steep channel, and sometimes, as on this occasion in a thundering water-fall that shook the trees upon its sides, and drove the water flood in a tumultuous rush for ever its level banks, be on. The rear walls of the building rose almost from the verge of the rock; and any ledge that their regular foundation had left, was accessible except from below.

Morton descended the steep and wooden bank till he arrived at the water's edge, which was now risen so high, that in some places there was barely feeling between it and the overhanging precipice. The jagged and crumpled masses of rock that usually obstructed the course of the howling brook were now covered by a deep river that poured its silent weight of waters from bank to bank, uninterrupted, save here and there where a sudden gurgled that some overhanging branch or twisted root was struggling ineffectually with its swift oppressor. Every stack and stone, from the spot where he stood to the window of Nora Boyle, was known—alas! too well known to Richard Morton; yet he paused and stammered when he looked at the bright tempest and black precipice above him; and at the swelling inundation at his feet. Bound upon whatever strand of sin he might have clambered up the rugged pathway before, yet his hand had never trembled as it grasped branch or twind, and his knee had never been firm above the narrowest footing; but whether it was the increased danger of a ascent on such a night, or the tremendous consciousness of what that peerless ascent was undertaken for, that now unaccounted him, he stood in nerveless trepidation, his hand laid upon the first hold he had to take, and his feet placed in its first step up the sheer face of the crag, motionless, till suddenly a strong light flashed successively from the three loop-holes of the hall, and after disappearing for a moment, streamed again with a strong and steady lustre from the well known window of his paragon. He started from his trance, and flung himself to the next ledge at a bound; thence toiling upward, now swinging from branch to branch, now clambering from crag to crag, sometimes hanging from the one hand, sometimes from the other, pausing and exhausted he at length gained the projection beneath Nora's window. He caught the sill, and raising himself slowly, looked into the apartment. A light burned on the high mantle-piece, and a low fire was gathering into flame below. On the floor knelt Nora Boyle, and before her, wrapp'd in blankets, lay the discoloured body of the frozen child.

"Nora," cried Morton in a strong whisper, "what are you doing? You will smother! Put him in his cradle, and get to bed."

She raised her head with a strong shudder.

"Villain, I defy you!" she cried, and bent down again—it was to chafe the little limbs with both hands.

"Villain! villain!" repeated Morton—"are you mad? do you know what you say? open the window, and I will shew you what to do myself."

Her long hair, glistening with rain, had fallen down dishevelled over her hands; she threw back her head to part it on her brow, and bind up the wet locks behind; and, as with unconscious violence, she drew the dark glossy bands till the water streamed from their



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venient with all affairs transacted there, know perfectly well and could properly state, the remedies which in their opinion would produce that which Her Majesty declared to be her object, lasting peace and concord in these Provinces. He now begged leave to bring in a bill to make temporary provision for the Government of Lower Canada.

**MONDAY, JAN. 29.**—Lord John Russell moved the third reading of the Lower Canada bill, upon which, however, the house divided. The number were—ayes, 110; noes, 8—majority, 102.

The bill, after the proposal of a rider by Sir G. Gray, as to its duration, giving power to repeal in this session, was then passed, and ordered to the Lords.

**ROYAL MESSAGE.**—Lord J. Russell, upon being called on by the Speaker, stated that Her Majesty had been waited upon by such members of that House as were Privy Counsellors, with the address, to which she has been pleased to return the following most gracious answer:—

"I thank you for the assurance of my faithful Commons to support my efforts for the restoration of tranquility in Lower Canada. The unfortunate events that have taken place in that Province give me the deepest concern; but I look forward with anxiety to the period when the re-estabishment of order will enable me to lay the foundation of lasting peace in the colonies.

"The spirit manifested by the loyal inhabitants of the Provinces of North America, and the exertions they have made in support of my authority, demand my warmest acknowledgements."—(Cheers.)

## LOWER CANADA.

**Montreal, 12th March.**—On Saturday the printer of a French journal which has been published for a few weeks past in this city, called the *Courier Franco-Canadien*, was arrested and committed to prison, and the material of his office seized by the authorities. The journal was an insignificant little affair, filled generally with *outrés*, of all descriptions that were untrue and mischievous.

M. Charlebois, whose arrest we noticed the other day, has been set at liberty.

The Grand Jury have ignored the bill against Mal. St. Jacques, of St. Denis, going out of the emporium affair, in October last.

**AMPUTATIONS.**—We regret to state that Corporal Miller of the 32d R. Regiment, engaged in the action of the 21st instant, has since died of his wounds. Several of the wounded men have been required to undergo amputation. It is well that we retain Pele Island; but we have paid a price for it considering it was ours by previous right, that calls about for retribution.—*M. Transcript.*

## THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 17th MARCH, 1838.

### LATEST DATES.

London, . . . Feb. 2.	New-York, . . Mar. 9.
Liverpool, . . Feb. 3.	Halifax, . . Mar. 7.
Paris, . . . Jan. 17.	Toronto, . . Mar. 8.

New-York papers of the 9th instant were received yesterday morning. The Liverpool packets of the 24th January and 1st February were announced as being below New-York.

Lieut. Ingham, of the 15th Regt., arrived from Halifax on Tuesday last, having performed the journey in six days. He brought with him papers from that place to the 7th inst. containing advices from England to the 3rd February.

From these we learn the important, though not unexpected, intelligence that an enactment had been introduced by Ministers into the House of Commons, having for its object the suspension of the authority of the Legislature in this Province, and confiding the administration of affairs to a Governor and Council. A development of the course intended to be pursued was made by Lord John Russell, in the Commons, on the 17th instant, and will be found in another column.

The appointment of the Earl of Durham to be Governor-General, Vice-Admiral, and Captain General of all Her Majesty's Provinces within and adjacent to the Continent of North America, is announced in the London Gazette. We have inserted His Lordship's declaration of the line of conduct which it is his intention to pursue in the government of this Colony.

H. M. ship *Pique* arrived at Halifax on the 5th March from Cork with the right wing of the 93rd Regt., and H. M. ships *Heracles* and *Vesuvius* were daily expected to arrive from the same port. The number of troops at present under orders for Canada is said to be 2000.

The latest English papers received are nearly filled with particulars of the rebellion in Canada.

Among the publications recently issued from the London press, we observe the following:—

"Observations on the Disturbance in Canada; by Montagu Gore."

"Hints on the Case of Canada, for the consideration of the Members of both Houses of Parliament."

"A Few More Words upon Canada; by Charles Clark, Esquire, author of 'A Few Words upon Canada.'"

"The Canadas as they now are; by a late Resident."

"Notes of a Journey through Canada, the United States, and the West Indies; by James Legard, Advocate."

"The Back-Woods of Canada, being Letters from the Wit an Emigrant Officer;" (forming part of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge.")

Sir George Arthur, the new Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, arrived at New-York on the 8th inst. It is expected that he will assume the Government immediately on his arrival at Toronto, when Sir Francis Head will take his departure.

By a notice in the Official Gazette, persons desirous of applying for indemnification for losses they may have sustained during the revolt in the District of Montreal, are required to furnish detailed statements of the property lost or destroyed, in order to their claims being taken into consideration by the Executive.

Lieut.-Col. R. C. A. Guay has been appointed to inspect the Militia of the Counties of Richelieu, St. Hyacinthe, Rouville, Vercheres, Chambly, L'Acadie, Laprairie, Valcartier, and Two Mountains, for the purpose of making a special report for the information of His Excellency the Administrator of the Government.

### SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

The following will be the order of Procession of the different National Societies in Quebec, this morning, in honour of the Patron Saint of Ireland:—

### SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Two Marshals with white wands. Band.

THE UNION JACK, (supported on each side.) Six of Committee, & Two abreast.

Six Members.

FIRST BANNER, (supported on each side.) Six of Committee, & Two abreast.

Six Members.

SECOND BANNER, (supported on each side.) Six of Committee, & Two abreast.

Six Members.

IRISH FLAG, (supported on each side.) Two Marshals with wands.

Members of Society, two abreast.

Remainder of Committee of Management. Two Physicians.

Treasurer.

Two Secretaries.

Two Vice-Presidents.

President.

### SAINT GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

(According to their arrangements.)

### SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

(According to their arrangements.)

### CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.

(According to their arrangements.)

A FIRE broke out yesterday about one o'clock, p.m., in a house situate in Palace Street, known as the Mansion House, and lately occupied by Mr. Brown as an hotel. The building burned with amazing rapidity, and the flames communicated to the adjoining building, and the most serious apprehensions were entertained that St. Patrick's Church would be destroyed. This, however, was averted by the most strenuous exertions on the part of those who manned the engines; and the fire was confined to three houses. These were owned by Mr. Henry Atkins, Mr. McLeod, and the rebel Chasseur. The house in which the fire originated was not tenanted, but several persons were in the upper stories at the time of its breaking out, who saved themselves by descending by a ladder outside. The other houses were occupied by several families, who saved nearly the whole of their

furture; and we believe that the houses destroyed were all insured. We have not heard how the fire originated, but it is supposed to be attributable to the carelessness of some of the workmen who were engaged in making repairs in the Mansion House.

## THE ARMY.

**London, Jan. 21.**—Less than 20,000 men add £2 to the present strength of the Army, and will continue to render it effective. What with 20,000 men for Canada, an extra number for the Cape, another for Gibraltar, two for the Mediterranean, and a few to relieve troops in India, it would be quite impossible to go on as we ought, without the augmentation of it, by keeping the unoccupied parts of the country and Canada in our recollection.

Colonel Sir George Vespaite goes out in command of the three squadrons of the King's Dragoon Guard in Canada.

Major Hall, one of the Staff Corps, appointed to a particular service in the Canadas has sailed for that Colony.

Major W. P. Williams, who has taken discipline to Canada, and was received for a particular service there, was for many years in the 8th regiment, and was very dangerously wounded at Bladenborough.

The report of the 4th regt., as Carleton, marched on Friday, for Fermanagh, preparatory to embarkation for Canada.

The Regiment is to embark 500 men of the detachment, in order to go to Canada.

The following officers are under orders to embark, with the drafts of their corps, for North America. Major-General, Captain Campbell and Lieutenant-General; Col. Lieutenant Bullock and Major-General Elliott to the Captains Gordon and Nesbitt. The drafts of the 10th, 34th, 60th and 93rd regiments are to embark at Cork, in consequence of the Herules, of 73 guns, for service in North America. Lord Arthur Innes, M. P. for Aberdeer, will accompany his regiment, the 7th, to Canada.

Captain Stephen Conroy, A. D. C. to the Lord Lieutenant, has given up his situation, as he has been ordered to go on with Lord Durham to Canada. Major Bingley, of the 10th regt., has been ordered to proceed to New-York, in consequence of the private going out in spring to Quebec. Lieut. Humphreys and a party of the King's Dragoon Guards from Dunblair, embark in a few days at Liverpool, for the same destination, and on the same service. The 19th regiment, for embarkation to Canada, has arrived at Cork from Templemore. Arrangements are now being made to ship, in 20 boats, arrived at Dublin, and departed from the 5th depot, on Saturday, and to depart from the 7th on Friday.

The Hon. Edward Bouverie, is to accompany the Earl of Durham to Canada. Captain the Honble. Harcourt, of the 93d regt., son of Earl Grey; Lieutenant the Hon. Frederick Villiers, Colonel-General, and Captain Conroy, are spoken of as having been appointed *Aides-de-Camp* to the Earl of Durham.

Sir Andrew Leith Hay, succeeds Major-General Sir R. Chaperon as Governor (civil) of Bermuda.

The men ordered to embark for Halifax as reinforcements to the regiments in the Canadas, are described as one of the finest body of men that ever sailed from the British shores.

The 93d regiment, just arrived at Halifax, are 600 strong, and very effective in officers. The men of the 60th regiment, at Fredericton, are a fine body of men, and fast recovering from the ill effects of the West India climate to which they had long been exposed.

The Spanish Dollar passes for ten shillings and three pence all over the Province of Nova Scotia.

Major-General Clitherow arrived in Montreal on Saturday last, and has been directed by General Order to assume the command of the troops serving in that District. Captain Clitherow of the Coldstream Guards is appointed his *Aide-de-Camp*. Major G. D. Hall, born half-pay Royal Staff Corps, who arrived at the same time, is appointed *Asst. Qr-M*. General to the troops serving in Canada.

Lieut.-Colonel Wetherall remains in command of the Garrison of Montreal, under General Clitherow. The arrival of Lieut.-Col. Chas. Cyril Taylor, appointed for a particular service in the Canadas, has been notified in a General Order.

## MARRIED.

On Wednesday last by the Rev. Mr. Cook, John Morris, Esq., of St. Theresa, to Jane Henry, widow of Thomas Burnett, Surgeon, late of Fortanna, County Galway, Ireland.

## DIED.

In London, on the 27th December, the Hon. John Forsyth, Member of the Legislative Council of the Province, aged 77.

At Amherstburgh, after a short and painful illness of nine days, Arabella Gillingham Innes, consort of the Honourable James Gordon, Member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. This lady, in the absence of Mr. Gordon, who was attending to his Parliamentary duties at Toronto, made her residence the receptacle of the Militiamen and Officers then stationed at Amherstburgh, (awaiting an attack from a band of rebels on the opposite shore,) and during her exertions to see them comfortably situated, she contracted a severe cold, which obliged her to keep her bed from the 8th to the 17th ultimo, when she expired.

**COACH FACTORY.**  
THE SUBSCRIBERS request you to inform the proprietors and cartmen of Quebec, that they have built the large and extensive premises Anne Street, opposite the English Cathedral, which they intend to carry on their business on an extended scale, and hope to give general satisfaction.  
All persons to whom they are indebted are requested to send in their accounts.  
C. & J. SAUBIN.  
Quebec, 14th March, 1838.

**SUPERIOR LONDON HATS.**  
THE Subscriber has for Sale a Choice Assortment of the newest style Gentlemen's Blue Beaver Hats, imported late last Autumn.  
HORATIO CARWELL,  
12th March, 1838. Fashion Street

**TO THE LADIES.**  
C. T. BROWN, from London, London, Tuncany and Street Hat Maker and Chemist, begs to inform that all Hats repaired by them, are finished in a beautiful and durable colour, without brimstone (gold or shoddy) and that pressed with London-made machinery by an experienced workman.  
N. B. St. John Street, directly next door to their Clothing Store.  
Quebec, 12th March, 1838.

**VOLUNTEERS ATTENTION!!!**  
**CAPTAIN GILLESPIE'S COMPANY, NO. 13.**  
A Choice Light Infantry, will for the future meet every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evening at Halfpast Six o'clock, in the Warehouse of the House of Assembly.  
The attendance of the members for Drill being so small only three times a week, it is requested that all well appearing Militiamen at the appointed hour on the days of the drill.  
Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE.**  
THE Subscriber, in receiving thanks for his kind and the public, for the liberal support he has received since his commencement, most respectfully informs that he has consistently on hand a Choice Assortment of Wines, Spirits and Liquors, Groceries, &c., of the best quality.  
JOHN JOHNSON,  
Corner of the Upper Town Market Place, Opposite the Brass of the de la Force Barrack.  
Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

**GEORGE HANK, FURNISHER,**  
OF ST. JOSEPH STREET, QUÉBEC,  
DESIRS to inform his friends and the public, that he has intentions 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 the same for his payment.  
Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

**FOR SALE.**  
**AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK**  
by Parkinson & Frothingham, London, a Two-Day CHRONOMETER and a Superior GALLIENI-SUMMELER, at  
MONTANA,  
Corner of St. Mary, St. Peter Street, 20th Jan. 1838.

**SITUATION WANTED.**  
AS STENOGRAPHER OF OUT-DOOR CLERK, by a person who perfectly understands French and English, and is able to attend to the office of this paper.  
Quebec, 17th March, 1838.

**AUCTIONS.**

**BY B. COLE.**  
On MONDAY, the 20th April, and following days, at the residence of Miss Murray, 55 Ann Street, near the quay.

**THE WIFE OF HER HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE**, consisting of—Mahogany Dining Card, Sofa, and other Chairs, Sideboard, Sofa, Chairs of various Designs, Beds and bedding, Carpets, and other Furniture, in the most excellent and cheap manner.  
Killicoeddy, from a Gentleman of great estate.  
27<sup>th</sup> Conditions—As in our Catalogue.  
Quebec, 17th 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 MRS. GOSWOLD.  
**THE WIFE OF HER HOUSEHOLD THE FURNITURE**, Plate, China, Crockery, &c. &c. No. of that large establishment—Particulars and order of sale will be given in Catalogue, 10 days previous to the day of Sale.  
27<sup>th</sup> Conditions—CASH, on delivery.  
N. B.—The whole of the property will be on show from THURSDAY, the 12th, until day of Sale.  
Quebec, 12th March, 1838.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

POETRY.

(For the Literary Transcript.)  
FOR SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

By an Irish Student.  
Rejoice! rejoice! brave men, now rejoice,  
Of that land far famed beyond us;  
For the martial hours have come, my boys,  
Of our sires and their hearts that mind us.  
The shamrock green, and the channel bay,  
The news declare, 'tis Saint Patrick's Day!  
With hearts and hands united let us go,  
Whilst friendship's currents flow round us—  
Duck'd in the wreaths of a thousand smiles,  
And greet the sons of our parent Isles,  
In that best house of worship divine—  
The prototype of Saint Patrick's shrine!

Rejoice! rejoice! behold they rise—  
A home and an Erin before us;  
Encircled by friends we dearest prize,  
With the flags of Victoria there! —  
Cease, cease awhile from your careless fears  
And grief for your heroes and infant years:  
Let not hear be shed our heroes' no sign  
From an Irish heart or an Irish eye,  
Whilst our organs' wild majestic swells,  
And Pastor, whose zeal our hopes excels,  
Boothe every one that would forsake part  
A bitter pang to the feeling heart.

Rejoice! rejoice! at the hallowed sight,  
And friends so dear, that both find us;  
And Erin's green banners, waving bright,  
As a bond of union around us!  
And may these banners for ever be  
As a link to the true, to the brave and free—  
To each noble heart and generous hand,  
And fiery soul of that warrior band,  
Whose noblest deeds in life but claim  
The hero's name—'tis Patrick's name,  
And sinking in death his benignant smile  
Endeavour to reign their maternal Isle!

Rejoice! rejoice! at every side,  
And brave friends lead boldly, that greet us,  
With the lion flag, Old England's pride,  
And Scotia's fair banner, their best ostent  
What shall we do with the banner of our age?  
For our MONTAGUIE'S claims, or country's aid!  
Then three good cheer for the BAYON'S name  
And Scotia fair! for thy hand the same!  
But join, with a bumper, toast and smile,  
For each true son of the EXETER ISLE.  
Waste no more, to-day, is 'We are one,  
A smile for all, and a crown for me!

From the Toronto Patriot.  
LINES TO THE IRISH LOUCSTERS OF 1838.  
There was heard a cry through the downy clouds,  
It started the dignity of the soul—  
'Twas the first wild note of the gathering storm,  
And its echoes sweep on the winds along! —  
" Sons of the Britons, rise!  
' For your honor, your freedom's rights,  
' Cause! cause! wave on day of your count y  
fies,  
' Arise! arise! for the coming fight!"  
And scarce was the wild cry's music heard,  
Thus a thousand echoes rang up the world,  
Arm'd in arms—up the mountains they came,  
And her war cries through the dark woods rang,  
And waked each soul of her warrior band  
From his lonely hour through the forest land  
They came—they came—in their gallant might,  
The first at the battle cry:  
Their arms were girt for the coming fight,  
And each heart beat firm and high,  
They came—in the light of their old renown,  
The ready guards of their Island Crown;  
They came—in their strength well tried of yore,  
' Neath their girding standard, as many a score,  
When they fought and died on the Lullin plain,  
When their war shouts waked the blue hills of  
Spain,  
When the gallant bands of the island brave,  
With Nelson, swept o'er the conquered ware!

There was heard no murmur of discord then,  
From the swelling ranks of these warlike men,  
They stood in arms for the land they trod,  
They bowed at the shrine of our living God,  
Who had led their steps with a father's hand,  
When they waded far from their own green land,  
And saved, unstained by the traitor's art,  
The freedom thoughts of each loyal heart,  
And still—oh still that aid be night,  
When Erin starts at the gathering cry,  
To hush the thoughts of each wayward breast,  
To hush each discord, each strife, to rest,  
And her sons to marshal in their proud array,  
As brothers—girt for the battle day—  
War word on our unstained flag be seen,  
Save " The land we love, and our virgin Queen!"  
J. H. H.

On receiving a benevolent donation in an hour of adversity, accompanied with a request that it might never be mentioned.  
Hail! charity, celestial maid, in purest silence dress,  
Thy soothing balm can heal a heart by poverty oppress;  
While gratitude forbid to make the generous cure appear,  
Strive to her close, bend her face, and drop a silent tear.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE BEST GOVERNMENT.

The world is always convulsed or running wild with some serious pursuit or frivolous fashion—sublime or ridiculous—and the fervor and passion are not greater in the one than in the other. Government now takes the lead in the nations as far as remodeling, and the prescriptions for the cure of the bad are as various as the colours of the camelion were pronounced to be by the judges, and as oscillately persisted in. Government, however is at the best a delicate matter. In England, it is a Cabinet work; and so it is in another sense, every where else, for it is not the best laws that are universally the best: but as an ancient observed, these are the best laws which are best suited to the people—their genius, manners, habits, and humours.—Those which would be excellent in one latitude would be utterly impracticable, therefore bad, in another. The delicate inlaying, dove-tailing, cutting and contriving of the cabinet-maker, are absolutely necessary to make the work perfect—a whole, both useful and ornamental. Still men abound who are ready to swear by their untried theories—their nostrums—their one bottle, like that of Doctor Long, good alike for all and every constitution. Nothing so delightful, nothing so delusive as theory—the human mind forsakes it with ease, and it is all *color de rose*; indeed it is as beautiful as the rose in full bloom; but the more theorist, lost in his happy visions, sees not the serpent sleeping in his Paradise. Evilless are the forms proposed even by practical men, but the main spring in this wonderful piece of machinery is too often neglected, and the consequences are fatal.—Our slaves run under the weight of codes, codes, and inquiries into government—the middle powers to the clouds, but the base is no seen.—Some super-structure may be magnificent, but it is on sand and not on a rock. That rock, without which no edifice in the whole circle of the social compact can be safe, is in so few compass, and may be gathered, just now with much edification, from what follows. With an apology for introducing that God-like, the seven Sages, or wise men of Greece, we shall proceed:  
The question was one day proposed at the Court of Proprietors of Corinth, "Which was the most excellent mode of government?"  
"That," said Solon, "where the laws have no authority."  
"That," said Ephialtes, "where the magistrates are neither too rich nor too poor."  
"That," said Anaxagoras, "where virtue is honored, and vice decried."  
"That," said Pittacus, "where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never upon the base."  
"That," said Cleobulus, "where the citizens bear blame more than punishment."  
"That," said Clinio, "where the laws are more regarded than the orators."  
But Solon's opinion and the greatest weight, who said, "Where an injury done to the nearest subject is an insult to the Constitution."

In these sentences, one and all, we have the safe foundation, the real heart and medulla of good government. Unless the spirit of these sayings, for they have all the same welcome tendency, run through the institutions of a country, the code is rotten, and unworthy of human beings, savage or civilized.  
LIBBON EST PODUS.  
Nec una pars, castitas, pietas, iustit,  
Insula regnum est.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.  
It has not been till lately that any of the travellers into Palestine have told what was meant by the locusts mentioned by St. Matthew as part of the food of John the Baptist. Dr. Clarke first related, that a tree grows in the Holy Land, which is called the locust tree, and produces an eatable fruit; but this fact was well known to many who had been in the Mediterranean. The tree grows in several of the countries which border that sea. It has been found in much greater abundance in some parts of the East Indies, whence it has now become an article of export. Many thousands of its pods are annually imported by the East India Company; and, either because the fruit is richer in more southern climates, or for some other reason, a great quantity of them are shipped for Venice and Trieste, where there is distilled from them a liquor, which is supposed to be an antidote to the plague, or at least useful in curing it. These pods are about twenty inches long, and from half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. We call them pods for want of a term which

would more accurately describe them; but they are not flat, neither have they that sort of hinge on one side, and slight fastening on the other, which plainly show the shells of peas and beans are to be opened. On the contrary, these are round; but there are the opposite lines along them, where the colour sown would induce any one to suppose the skin to be, as it is, thinner than elsewhere.—Having the fruit before us only in a dry state, we can describe it in no other; but at present a knife could scarcely be made to penetrate the thicker part, and does not very easily make its way into the thinner. The fruit, which lies in little cells within, is a pulp, or paste, somewhat like that of tamarinds, but smoother, and not so sweet. There are pipes in it nearly as hard, and about half as large, as those of a tamarind, containing a kernel in each. It should be added, that in the stems of this locust tree will be still deposit their honey.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE BOY.

From the *Pacific Review*.  
"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale, blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure, at his lodgings.  
"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin, "I shall be going that way in a day or two."  
"Did you ask for the place for me, yesterday?" said the pale boy, on the following day with a quivering lip as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer, "I was busy, but I will to-day."  
"God help my poor mother," murmured the boy, saying nothing to the coat Mr. Inklin laid on the ground.  
The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by mending the gent men's coats at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother laid out her emacia of bread for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.  
"Mother dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, three meals!—and it won't take three minutes to run home and shute it with you."  
The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness, as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place.  
"Not yet," said the man of leisure, "but there is time enough."  
The cent that morning was met with tears. Another morning arrived.  
"It is very unthoughtful in the boy to be so late," said Mr. Inklin. "Not a soul here to busyn my coat!"  
The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.  
"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr. C——'s store was taken up yesterday."  
The boy stopped bawling, and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing, "we may as well starve, mother is dead."  
The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar!

An interesting discovery of some valuable silver coins of the Roman Empire from Vespasian to Commodus, including Faustina, was lately made between Oran and Clemency, by some Arabs employed in clearing out a fountain. The coins were twenty in number, of silver, and has been carefully inserted in an ostrich egg, which afterwards had its orifice stopped with cotton; only one of Coceius Neva was wanting to make the series complete. M. Sol, civil intendant of Oran, fortunately heard of the discovery, and immediately purchased them. They have been forwarded to the museum at Algiers.

ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.—M. Dumas, the French chemist, has announced to the Academie des Sciences a vast scheme of scientific investigations which, after much consideration, has been projected by himself and M. Liebig, a young and distinguished German chemist. They intend to analyse all substances which have not yet been analysed, and to submit to rigid examination all analyses which have hitherto been made. Their chief object being accurately to characterise different bodies, they will especially apply themselves to the discovery of the reactions proper to each of them, to determine their atomic weights. These two sarras have, for some time, been preparing fellow-labourers full of zeal, by opening their laboratory to all young persons animated by a true love of science.—The British Scientific Association has shown

itself very favourable to this extensive and important undertaking.

OLD MAIDS.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—"I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. A woman remarkably neat in her person, 'tis well certainly die an old maid." "Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex," she has all the squeamishness of an old maid," "Is she frugal in her expences, and exact in her domestic concerns," she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature an 'old maid.'"

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.—At Epping, Worcestershire, lately died at an advanced age, Mrs. Mary Barnes, whose love of possessing wearing apparel was never equalled. Since her decease 542 gown pieces, upwards of 100 made gowns, and a large assortment of valuable shawls; one shawl was a red cashmere, and worth between £40 and £50. She usually had fourteen cats in her house, together with a great number of rabbits.

A GRAMMATICAL DISCOVERY.—In one of the principal schools in Edinburgh, a few weeks ago, as the master was examining his pupils on the plurals of nouns, after having asked dice, lectia, geese, and many others, he inquired one, whom he had not previously questioned—what was the plural of PENNY. The boy, with great coolness and apparent certainty of being correct, replied—TWOPENCE! The laughter that succeeded may well be imagined.

The number of languages and dialects now spoken is 3014. Of these 337 are European, 567 Asiatic, 226 African and 1264 American.  
It is calculated that during the first century after the birth of Christ, there were five hundred thousand Christians; during the tenth, fifty millions; and, that in the present century, there are two hundred and sixty millions.

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

Saturday Morning, 10th March.  
Beef, per lb. - - - 8 6 8 6  
Mutton, per lb. - - - 0 5 0 6  
Do. per quarter - - - 2 6 3 6  
Veal, per lb. - - - 0 3 0 7  
Do. per quarter, - - - 2 6 5 0  
Pork, per lb. - - - 0 5 0 7  
Veal, per lb. - - - 0 9 0 10  
Rounds of Beef, cured, - - - 0 5 0 0  
Bristle, do. - - - 0 0 0 0  
Tongues, each do. - - - 2 0 2 6  
Hams, per lb. - - - 0 8 0 0  
Bacon, per lb. - - - 0 8 0 0  
Fowls, per couple - - - 3 0 0 0  
Ducks, per couple - - - 4 6 4 0  
Turkeys, per couple - - - 10 0 13 0  
Geese, per couple - - - 8 0 0 0  
Fish, Cod, (fresh, per lb. - - - 0 4 0 4  
Butter, fresh, per lb. - - - 1 3 0 0  
Do. salt, in tubs, per lb. - - - 0 9 0 10  
Eggs, per dozen - - - 0 0 0 10  
Potatoes, per bushel - - - 1 6 2 0  
Turnips, per hbl. - - - 1 6 0 0  
Apples, per bushel - - - 2 0 3 0  
Peas, per do. - - - 8 0 7 6  
Oats per bushel, - - - 9 0 2 6  
Hay per hundred bundles, - - - 25 0 37 6  
Straw, do. - - - 12 6 15 6  
Fire wood, per cord, - - - 10 0 12 0

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