

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. 1. No. 43]

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, 31ST MAY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY IN INDIA.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

From Britain's green and flowery vale
To India's bright and burning soil,
Gently transplanted, bathed in dew,
A lily of the valley grew;

The sun beheld it in the shade,
Vexing its pure and lowly head,
From glare of day retiring soon,
Within its leaves a shelter seek;

The cup of white, the leaf of green,
In spite of effort, would be seen;
And after all seclusion did,
Fragrance and grace could not be hid.

Death wafted on the eastern blast—
Pass'd by—and kiss'd it as he pass'd;
It humbly bow'd its drooping head,
And faded on its foreign bed.

But though to every passer by
It withered seemed, it could not die;
A few days gone, and those who sought
The blighted flower found it not.

For there came one who lov'd the dew,
And took it home, to deck his bow,
Bore it away beyond the skies,
To blossom in his paradise.

ELLEN.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

A very small gift may sometimes cause great pleasure. I have just received a present which has delighted me more than any thing ever bestowed on me by friends or fortune. It is—but my readers shall guess what it is, and, that they may be enabled to do so, I must tell them a story.

Charlotte and Ellen Page were the twin daughters of the rector of N., a small town in Dorsetshire. They were his only children, having lost their mother shortly after their birth; and as their father was highly accomplished, and possessed a good church preferment, with a considerable private fortune, they were reared and educated in the most liberal and expensive style. Whilst mere infants they had been uncommonly beautiful, and as remarkably like as occasionally happens with twin sisters, distinguished only by some ornament of dress. Their very nurse, as she used to boast, could hardly tell her pretty "couplets" apart, so exactly alike were the soft blue eyes, the rosy cheeks, the cherry lips, and the curly light hair. Change the turquoise necklace, for the coral, and nurse herself would not know Charlotte from Ellen. This pretty puzzle, this inconvenience, of which manna and aunts, and grandmothers love to complain, did not last long. Lither from a concealed fall, or from original delicacy of habit, the little Ellen faded and drooped almost into deformity. There was no visible defect in her shape, except a slight and almost imperceptible lameness when in quick motion; but there was the marked and peculiar look in the features, the languor and debility, and above all, the distressing consciousness attendant upon imperfect formation; and, at the age of twenty years, the contrast between the sisters was even more striking than the likeness had been at two.

Charlotte was a fine, blooming, noble-looking girl, rather above the middle height; her eyes and complexion sparkled and glowed with life and health; her rosy lips seemed made for smiles, and her glossy brown hair played in natural ringlets round her diamonded face. Her manner was a happy mixture of the playful and the gentle; frank, innocent, and fearless, she relied with a sweet confidence on every body's kindness, was ready to be pleased, and secure of pleasing. Her artlessness and naivete had great success in society, especially as they were united with the most perfect good breeding, and considerable quickness and talent. Her musical powers were of the most delightful kind; she sang exquisitely, joining to great taste and science, a life, and buoyancy, quite unusual in that artificial personage, a young lady. Her clear and ringing notes had the effect of the milkmaid's song, as if a mere ebullition of animal

spirits; there was no resisting the contagion of Charlotte's glee. She was a general favorite at home—the apple of her father's eye, the pride and ornament of his house, and the delight and comfort of his life. The two children had been so much alike, and born so nearly together, that the precedence in age had never been definitely settled; but that point seemed very early to decide itself. Unintentionally as it were, Charlotte took the lead, gave invitations, received visitors, sat at the head of the table, became, in fact, and in name, Miss Page, while her sister continued Miss Ellen.

Poor Ellen! she was short, and thin, and sickly, and pale, with no personal charm but the tender expression of her blue eyes, and the timid sweetness of her countenance. The resemblance to her sister had vanished altogether, except when very rarely some strong emotion of pleasure, a word of praise, or a look of kindness from her father, would bring a smile and a blush at once into her face, and lighten it up like a sunbeam. Then for a moment, she was like Charlotte, and even prettier—there was so much of mind, of soul, in the transitory beauty. In manner she was unchangeably gentle, and distressingly shy—shy even to awkwardness. Shame and fear clung to her like her shadow. In company she could neither sing, or play, nor speak, without trembling, especially when her father was present. Her awe of him was inexorable. Mr Page was a man of considerable talent and acquirement, of polished and elegant manners, and great conversational power—quick, ready, and sarcastic. He never condescended to scold; but there was something very formidable in the keen glance, and cutting jest, to which poor Ellen's want of presence of mind frequently exposed her—something from which she shrank into the very earth. He was a good man and a kind father—at least he meant to be so—attentive to health and comfort, strictly impartial in favors and presents, in pocket money and amusements, making no difference between the twins, except that which he could not help, the difference in his love. But to an apprehensive temper and an affectionate heart, that was every thing; and while Charlotte flourished and blossomed like a rose in the sunshine, Ellen sickened and withered like the same plant in the shade.

Mr Page lost much enjoyment by this unfortunate partiality; for he had taste enough to have particularly valued the high endowments which formed the delight of the few friends to whom his daughter was intimately known. To them not only her varied and accurate acquirements, but her singular richness of mind, her grace and propriety of expression, and fertility of idea, joined to the most perfect ignorance of her own superiority, endered her an object of as much admiration as interest. In poetry, especially, her justness of taste and quickness of feeling were almost unrivalled. She was no poet herself, never, I believe, even ventured to compose a sonnet; and her enjoyment of high literature was certainly the keener for that wise abstinence from a vain competition. Her admiration was really worth having. The tears would come into her eyes, the book would fall from her hand, and she would sit lost in ecstasy over some noble passage, until praise, worthy of the theme, would burst in unconscious eloquence from her lips.

But the real charm of Ellen Page lay in the softness of her heart and the generosity of her character; no man being was ever so free from selfishness, in all its various and clinging forms. She literally forgot herself in her pure and ardent sympathy with all whom she loved, or all to whom she could be useful.—There were no limits to her indulgence, no bounds to her candour. Shy and timid as she was, she forgot her fears to plead for the innocent, or the penitent, or even the guilty.—She was the excuser-general of the neighborhood, turned every speech and action the sunny side without, and often in her good-natured sweetness hit upon the real principle of action, when the cunning and the worldly-wise, and

the cynical, and such as only look for bad motives, had failed. She had, too, that rare quality, a genuine sympathy; not only with the sorrowful—there is a pride in that feeling, a superiority; we have all a plenty of that—but with the happy. She could smile with those who smiled, as well as weep with those who wept, and rejoice in a success to which she had not contributed, protected from every touch of envy, no less by her noble spirit than by her pure humility; she never thought of herself.

So constituted, it may be imagined that she was, to all who really knew her, an object of intense admiration and love. Servants, children, poor people, all adored Miss Ellen. She had other friends in her own rank of life, who had found her out—many; but her chief friend, her principal admirer, she who loved her with the most entire affection, and looked up to her with the most devoted respect, was her sister. Never was the strong and lively tie of twin-sisterhood more closely knit than in these two charming young women. Ellen looked in her favored sister with a pure and unjealous delight, that made its own happiness, a spirit of candor and of justice that never permitted her to cast a shade of blame on the sweet object of her father's partiality; she never indeed, blamed him; it seemed to her so natural that every one should prefer her sister, Charlotte, on the other hand, used all her inheritance for Ellen, protected and defended her, and was half tempted to murmur at an affection which she would have valued more if shared equally with that dear friend. Thus they lived in peace and harmony; Charlotte's bold temper and higher spirits leading and guiding in all common points, whilst on the more important she yielded implicitly to Ellen's judgment. But when they had reached their twenty-first year, a great evil threatened one of the sisters, arising—strange to say—from the other's happiness. Charlotte, the reigning belle of an extensive and affluent neighborhood, had had almost as many suitors as Penelope; but light-hearted, happy at home, busy and gay, she had taken no thought of love, and she always struck me as a very likely subject for an old maid; yet her time came at last. A young man, the very reverse of herself, pale, thoughtful, gentleman like, and melancholy, wooed and won our fair Euphrosyne. He was the second son of a noble house, and bred to the church; and it was agreed between them the fathers, that as soon as he should be ordained—for he still wanted some months of the necessary age—and settled in a family living held for him by a friend, the young couple should be married.

In the mean while Mr. Page, who had recently succeeded to some property in Ireland, found it necessary to go thither for a short time; and unwilling to take his daughters with him, as his estate lay in the disturbed districts, he indulged us with their company, during his absence. They came to us in the bustling spring-time, on the very same day with the nightingale; the country was new to them, and they were delighted with the scenery and with our cottage life. We, on our part, were enchanted with our young guests. Charlotte was certainly the most amiable of enamoured dancels, for love with her was but a more sparkling and smiling form of happiness; all that there was of care and fear in this attachment fell to Ellen's lot; but even she, though sighing at the thought of parting, could not be very miserable whilst her sister was so happy.

A few days after their arrival, we happened to dine with our accomplished neighbours, Colonel Falkner and his sister. Our young friends, of course, accompanied us; and a similarity of age, of liveliness, and of musical talent, speedily recommended Charlotte and Miss Falkner to each other. They became immediately intimate, and were soon almost inseparable. Ellen at first hung back.

"The house was too gay, too full of shifting company, of titles, and of strange faces. Miss Falkner was very kind; but she took too much notice of her, introduced her to lords and ladies, talked of her drawings, and

pressed her to joining; she would rather, if I pleased, stay with me, and walk in the copse, or sit in the arbour, and one might read Spenser while the other worked—that would be best of all.—Might she stay?"

"Oh, surely! but Colonel Falkner's Ellen, I thought you would have liked him?"

"Yes?"

"That yes sounds exceedingly like no,"

"Why, is he not almost too clever, too elegant, too grand a man! Too mannered, as it were? Too much like what one fancies of a prince—too high and too condescending?"

"These are strange faults," continued she, laughing—"and it is a curious injustice that I should dislike a man merely because he is so graceful, that he makes me feel doubly awkward so tall, that I am in his presence a conscious dwarf—so alive and eloquent his conversation, that I feel more than ever puzzled and unready. But so it is. To say the truth, I am more afraid of him than of any human being in the world, except one. I may stay with you—may I not; and read of 'The art of Brionmark—that prettiest scene where her old nurse soothes her to sleep? I may stay.'"

And for two or three mornings she did stay with me; but Charlotte's influence and Miss Falkner's kindness speedily drew her to Holygrove, at first shyly and reluctantly, yet soon with an evident though quiet enjoyment; and we were that our young visitors could gain nothing but good in such society, were pleased that they should so vary the humble home-scene.

Colonel Falkner was a man in the very prime of life, of that happy age which unites the vigor and spirit of youth with the firmness and grace of man-hood. The heir of a large fortune, he had served in the peninsular war, fought in Spain and France, and, quitting the army at the peace, had loitered about Germany, and Italy, and Greece, and only returned on the death of his father, two or three years back, to reside on the family estate, where he had won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." He was, as Ellen truly described him, tall and graceful, and, well-bred rather too much in the mere forms of politeness, in cloakings and bowings, and landings down a stairs; but then he was thoroughly imbued with its finer essence—considerate, attentive, kind in the most comprehensive sense of that comprehensive word. I have certainly known men of deeper learning and more original genius, but never any one whose powers were better adapted to conversation, who could blend more happily the most varied and extensive knowledge with most playful wit and the most interesting and amiable character. Fascinating was the word that seemed to me for him. His conversation was entirely free from trickery and display—the charm was—or seemed to be—perfectly natural: he was an excellent listener; and when he was speaking to any eminent persons—statesmen, artists, or poets, I have sometimes seen a slight hesitation at momentary diffidence. It was, as attractive as it was unexpected. It was this astonishing evidence of fellow-feelings joined to the gentleness of his tone, the sweetness of his smile, and his studious avoidance of all particular notice or attention, that first reconciled Ellen to Colonel Falkner. His sister, too, a charming young woman, as like him as Venus to Sebastian, began to understand the sensitive properties of this shrinking and delicate flower, which, left to itself, repaid their kind neglect by unfolding in a manner that surprised us all. Before the spring had glided into summer Ellen was as much at home at Holygrove as with us; talked and laughed, and played, and sang, as freely as Charlotte. She would, indeed, break off, if visibly listened to either when speaking or singing; but still the ice was broken; that rich, low, melodious voice, untroubled in pathos and sweetness, might be heard every evening, even by the colonel, little more present, not to disturb her by praise or notice, than would be used with her fellow-warbler the nightingale.

[To be concluded in our next.]

TO ADVERTISERS.

The weekly circulation of the Transcript, at present amounts to upwards of THREE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED copies, and it consequently offers the most desirable advantages to persons desirous of giving publicity to their advertisements.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, 31st MAY, 1838.

LIST DATES.

London, - - - April 24. - - - New-York, - - - May 21.
Liverpool, - - - April 25. - - - Halifax, - - - May 30.
Paris, - - - April 22. - - - London, - - - May 17.

By yesterday's mail we received New York papers containing a list of news, taken from English papers of the 24th ult. brought by the ship *Orford*, from Liverpool.

Parliament re-assembled on the 29th April, after the recess. The proceedings were of no general interest.

In the House of Commons, the Bill for the extension of copyright was brought out, on a second reading, the division being 34 to 29.

Mr. Haughey gave notice that, on the Chancellor of the Exchequer moving the re-appointment of the Committee of Joint-stock Banks, he should propose, as an amendment, that the Committee be instructed to institute inquiries respecting banking generally, more particularly with the view of investigating the conduct of the Bank of England as regards the currency, &c.

The exportation of 29th coin from the port of London to New York, in the week ending 26th April, was 67,300 ounces.

There has been a great anti-slavery meeting in Bath. Mr. Easton made a very warm speech.

The King's Dock at Liverpool was to be opened for the reception of shipping on the 1st of May.

The advices from Spain are highly favorable to the cause of the Queen.

As was announced in our paper of Tuesday last, His Excellency the Earl of Durham disembarked from on board the *Hastings*, about one o'clock on that day. We have availed ourselves of the account of the interesting scene on this occasion, as given in the *Mercury* of Thursday evening.

From the Mercury on Tuesday.

His Excellency having determined on disembarking this day, the military preparations were made, and a little after one o'clock, the two battalions of Guards posted a Captain's Guard of Honour at the Wharf and a second at the Castle of St. Lewis, the streets being lined by the remainder of the Battalions from the landing place to the Castle. Shortly before two o'clock His Lordship left the *Hastings*, which was dressed in her colours, and fired a salute as the *Barge* pulled from the ship. The yards of the *Malabar*, *Inconstant*, *Pique* and *Rochester*, and of the Surveying Schooner *Gulbair*, were manned, in compliment to the Governor General, who was received on the Queen's Wharf by His Excellency Sir John Colborne, Commander of the Forces, Sir Jas. McDonald, Commander of the Garrison, and the whole of the Military Staff and Heads of Departments.—The Guard of Honour saluted as soon as the Governor General set foot on shore, and a salute of 19 guns was fired from the Citadel.

His Lordship now mounted his horse, and attended by the Lieutenant General, the Major General, and the numerous military cortege proceeded to the Castle, the ladies following in an open carriage.

The Executive Council and the Officers of the Civil Government were in attendance at the Castle, and His Lordship on alighting immediately proceeded to the Council Chamber and took the Oaths of Office; the termination of this ceremony was announced by a second salute of 19 guns from the saluting battery on the Cape.

His Excellency was dressed in military uniform with silver embroidery and wore the collar of the Bath. He appeared in good health; he was loudly cheered on dismounting and upon leaving the Castle.

The streets were thronged with spectators as were the wharves of the Lower Town, and the Place d'Armes, and the promenade between the Government Garden.

Immediately on having taken the Oaths of Office His Excellency issued a Proclamation, announcing that he had assumed the Government of the North American Provinces. This document will be found below.

From the Official Gazette.—Extra.

PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency the Right Honorable JOHN GOSWOLD, EARL OF DURHAM, Viscount Lambton, &c. &c. Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, one of Her Majesty's Honorable Privy Council, and Governor General, Vice Admiral and Captain General of all Her Majesty's Provinces, within and adjacent to the Continent of North America, &c. &c. &c.

The Queen having been graciously pleased to entrust to me the Government of British North America, I have this day assumed the Administration of Affairs.

In the execution of this important duty, I rely with confidence on the cordial support of all Her Majesty's subjects as the best means of enabling me to bring every question affecting their welfare to a successful issue, especially such as may come under my cognizance as Her Majesty's High Commissioner.

The honest and conscientious advocate of Reform and of the amelioration of defective Institutions will receive from me, without distinction of Party, Race, or Politics, that assistance and encouragement which their patriotism has a right to command, from all who desire to strengthen and consolidate the connection between the Parent State and these important Colonies; but the disturbers of the Law, the enemies of the Crown and of the British Empire will find me an uncompromising opponent, determined to put in force against them all the powers, civil and military with which I have been invested.

In one Province the most deplorable events have rendered the suspension of its representative constitution, unduly, a matter of necessity—and the supreme power has devolved on me.

The great responsibility which is thereby imposed on me and the arduous nature of the functions which I have to discharge, will naturally make me most anxious to hasten the arrival of that period when the Executive Power shall again be surrounded by all constitutional checks of free, liberal and British institutions.

On you—the people of British America—on your conduct and on the extent of your co-operation with me, will mainly depend whether that event shall be delayed or immediate. I therefore invite from you the most free, unreserved and communications. I beg you to consider me as a friend and arbitrator—ready at all times to listen to your wishes, complaints, and grievances, and fully determined to act with the strictest impartiality.

If you, on your side, will abjure all party, and sectarian animosities, and unite with me in the blessed work of peace and harmony, I feel assured that I can lay the foundations of such a system of Government, as will protect the rights and establish under Divine Providence, that Wealth, Greatness and Prosperity, of which such inexhaustible elements are to be found in these fertile countries.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms at the Castle St. Lewis, in the city of Quebec, in the said Province of Lower Canada, the twenty ninth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty eight, and in the first year of Her Majesty's Reign.

(By Command.)
CHARLES BELLER,
Chief Secretary.

From the Quebec Gazette of yesterday.

One of the first acts of His Excellency after having taken the oaths of office, was to enquire for the Attorney General. That functionary was unavoidably absent from the Council Chamber by reason of indisposition, and the noble Earl, before proceeding to other business, desired, that a return of the number and names of persons at present under confinement in the jails should be laid before him without delay, together with the depositions upon which they had been committed, and a statement of the length of time they had been incarcerated. His Lordship also directed that returns should be forth with made out for his information by the acting magistrates throughout the Province, of the number of warrants remaining in force, but unexecuted against persons who had fled from justice, with a succinct detail of the circumstances or grounds of suspicion, or accusation upon which they had been issued. In calling for this information, his Lordship has, no doubt, satisfied one of the primary executive duties of his high office, and one of the most imperative injunctions of the British laws, viz: the duty of

watching with jealousy over the personal liberty of the subject. This is a duty which cannot with propriety be delegated to other hands, and the EARL OF DURHAM has, with peculiar grace, made the very first act of his rule, one which ought to inspire all with increased confidence in the administration of the laws.

The Prince de Joinville, son of the King of the French, has arrived in the United States from Havana.—The *Norfolk Herald* states, that, on the 21 instant, the Prince succeeded, by the Portsmouth and Roanoke railroad, on his northern tour.

Papers from every quarter of the United States speak of the cheering prospect of an abundant fall harvest of every kind of grain. The crops of wheat particularly are said to be more promising at this season, than for many years past—and nothing seems to be wanting but an ordinary season to ensure an extraordinary harvest.

An extensive conflagration occurred at Albany on Thursday last, by which the extensive coach factory of Messrs. Gould & Co., and fourteen other adjacent buildings were destroyed. The loss sustained by Messrs. Gould & Co. is estimated at 45,000 dollars.

The appointment of Civil and Military Secretaries, Attaches to the High Commission, and Ambassadors, by His Excellency the Earl of Durham, is announced in the Official Gazette Extra of Thursday.

The *Toronto Guardian* states that Reynolds of Belleville, who absconded some time ago, to the United States, has returned to Kingston, and given himself up to the Sheriff. A true bill has been found against him by the Grand Jury for high treason.

The first number of "Evan's Agricultural Magazine" has made its appearance at Montreal. We have not yet seen it, but the Montreal papers concur in speaking very highly of it.

The *Hastings* left Portsmouth on the 24th ultimo, in company with H. M. steamship *Dee*, a guns, Commander, Joseph Shearer, K. H. and H. M. schooner *Charybdis*, Lieut. Commander, the Hon. Robert Gore, for Quebec.

The two last vessels were last sight of shortly after sailing, by the *Hastings*, and have not been seen by her.

The passage across the Atlantic was almost delightful one, and Lord Durham and family were in excellent health and spirits during the whole of its continuance. The total number of his Lordship's family, suite, and servants on board the *Hastings* is sixty one.

Mercury.

COUNTERFEIT SOVEREIGNS.—We understand that several attempts have been made, during the last few days at passing counterfeit sovereigns, principally upon the small shop-keepers and tavern-keepers in the Upper Town. We were yesterday shown one of these pieces; it is coarsely executed, but was taken in the evening and without sufficient examination, though the full value of a lawful sovereign was given in exchange for this piece of base metal. Persons in business would do well to examine sovereigns offered to them very minutely, especially when they are tendered in the dusk or after candles are lighted, as that is the time these passers of counterfeit coin generally carry on their operations.—*Mercury*.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

ARRIVED,
May 29th. (None.)

Bark Jean Baptiste, Maxwell, 25 April, Grenada, Leaycraft & co, rum,
Brig Eleanor, Simpson, 20th April, Dublin, W Price & co, ballast,
Brig Voyageur, Whelden, 24th April, London, W Price & co, ballast,
Brig Rowley, Pollock, 26th April, Greenock, Montreal, general cargo,
Brig Credo, Humphrey, 26th April, Dublin, Symes & Ross, ballast,—69 passengers,
Schr. Factor, Price, 10 days from Mille Vaches, Symes & Ross, ballast,
Brig Queen, Bourne, 20th April, Hartlepool, W Chapman & co, coals,

31st. (this morning.)

Bark Hope, Smalley, 21st April, Ipswich, Penbertons, ballast,
Brig Penelope, Huntrods, 24th April, Liverpool, Penbertons, ballast,
Brig William the 1th, Hastings, 29th April, Frazer, W Price, ballast,

CLEARED.

May 29th.

Bark Ipswich, Lakeman, Padstow, LeMesurier,
Brig Eleanor, Potzer, Dublin, LeMesurier,
Bark Reeper, Rowe, Poole, Penbertons,
Ship John Bell, Black, New Ross, Penbertons,
Ship John Francis, Bunynman, Cork, Price & co,
Ship Bourne, Gorman, Limerick, Price & co,
Bark Beaufort, Brown, London, Price & co,
Brig Athelbert, Moore, Bristol, Gilmour & co, 30th,
Bark Marnion, Harrison, London, Chapman & co,
Bark Dominica, Bowman, Cork, Chapman Schr. Judge Thompson, Ponter, St. John's N. B., J. W. Leaycraft & co,
Bark Cantonian, Heppenstall, London, Atkinson,
Ship Amador, Baird, Belfast, D. Burnet,
Bark Utania, Clarke, Cork, Penbertons,
Brig Marys, Newblan, Newry, Penbertons,
Bark Robert Quayle, Corner, Newport, Penbertons

The *de Clock*.—Wind light at N.E. The telegraph announces six square rigged.

H. M. S. *Edinburgh*, which sailed several days ago, returned to port this morning. We have not yet learned the cause of her unexpected re-appearance.

Capt. Genialdy, of the *Rebecca*, wrecked on Mille-Vaches, returned this morning, having saved as much of the cargo, rigging, &c. as he could.

Schr. *Factor*, which had been stranded last November, near Sault-au-Saumon, is coming to Quebec from Wales, in ballast, and consigned to Messrs. Symes & Ross, arrived in port yesterday from Mille-Vaches, having been got off.

We understand that the *Pique's* order for sailing has been countermanded. On Tuesday last she again moored, unbet her studding sail gear and discharged her pilot for a fortnight.

H. M. Sloop of War *Charybdis*, Capt. Gore, arrived on Wednesday, in twenty six days from Portsmouth. The *Charybdis* was attached to Lord Durham's squadron and parted company in St. George's Channel, under orders, to cruise off Cape Breton, and wait the arrival of the *Hastings*. The ice from the Gulf forced her to depart from her orders, and to bear up for this port. The *Charybdis* spoke H. M. Steamer *Dee*, also of the Squadron, off Louisbourg, with only one days coal on board. She attempted to get into Sydney, but was prevented by the ice. She also, it is expected, will bear up for Halifax. Here we have no more appearance of ice than the Thames has at midsummer, and we had not as much during the winter, as would impede the navigation of a birch-bark canoe.—*Notation*.

Rutland.—Dunloe, April 18.—The bark *Tyton*, Keighly, of and from Hull for Quebec, put into Aris Roads by stress of weather and tremendous sea yesterday, and after being at anchor for about three hours broke her chain and got ashore, lost her rudder, and stern post split, and making a great deal of water, and will in every probability, become a total wreck. The gale continues; wind N.E.

Grimshy, April 20.—Came into the Harbour yesterday, the brig *Themis*, Pickering, from Newcastle, for Quebec; was struck by a sea at 2 P. M. on the 18th instant, at which time she bore up, then off Peterhead; was boarded by a boat's crew of seven men belonging to *Wick*, who were compelled through the violence of the gale to remain by the ship; towed the boat until she filled and broke away from the stern the sea slove the long boat, tore the rig bolts out of the deck, carried away three stanchions, bulwarks and rails in midship; makes no water.

Comparative Statement of arrivals, tonnage and settlers, at the Port of Quebec, to the 31st May, for the years 1837 and 1838:—

VESSELS.	TONNAGE.	SETTLERS.
1838.	349	118,745
1837.	196	67,761
More this year, 153	45,784	less 2326

CATHERINE McINNES,

OR THE WRONG LETTER BOX.

Amusing incidents often occur by persons mistaking the letter box of stores and offices in this vicinity, for that of the Post Office. We sometimes find three or four letters in our own letter box, intended for the mails. These we, of course, put on their way.

Standing once at our front window, we observed a young woman, whose face was not visible to us, drop a letter in our box, and on taking it out, we found that she had mistaken our establishment for that of the Post Office. It was directed to Thomas——, in Ireland, and the inland postage accompanied it. The letter we caused to be sent with some others to the Post Office, and gave the circumstance no farther thought.

Based a few months afterwards in examining the contents of our exchange papers, and finding such paragraphs as they suggested to us, we did not pay much attention to a gentle tap at the door of our private room, until it was repeated. We then, too anxious to conclude our labours to open to the applicant, 'tis in the one that knocked "come in," and continued our labours without lifting an eye to the door, which was opened quietly, and as quietly closed. We were startled at length with a sweetly modulated voice, inquiring "is there a letter here for me?"

We at once raised our eyes, and saw a female about eighteen years of age—or, as we have of late lost the art of judging closely in these matters, perhaps twenty. It did not make a dimple's difference to her face, and would not if five more years had been added to them. There was an oval face with narrow nose and high, and a slight projection of the mouth that told of Ireland, even without the softened modulation of voice that belongs to the women of that Island. Neatness was all that could be ascribed to her dress—it deserved that.

Letters are frequently asked for in a newspaper office, in reply to advertisements—so we had the young woman go to the front office and inquire of the clerks.

She had been there, and there was no one but a boy, who could not give the information.

So we inquired the name.

"Kitty McInnes; but perhaps it will be Catherine on the letter," said she, "as that is my name."

We looked on the letter rack in the front office, among the "A. B's," the "X. W's," the "P. Q's," &c. but saw none for Catherine.

Returning, we inquired to what advertisement the letter was to be an answer.

"Advertisement!—to no advertisement—it would be in answer to my letter."

"And from whom did you expect a letter?"

The young woman looked much confused—but apparently suppressing the question pertinent, said Thomas——.

We saw at once that she had, as hundreds before had done, mistaken our office for the Post Office, and the name given was that upon the letter which we had some months before sent from our letter box to that of the Post Office.

"He has not written, then," said Catherine, in a low voice, evidently not intended for our ear.

"But——he may have written."

"Then where's the letter?" said she, looking up.

"At the Post Office, perhaps."

And we took Catherine by the hand and led her to the door, and pointed out the way to the Post Office.

"You will ask at the window," said we; "but as the clerks are young men, you need not tell them from whom you expect the letter."

"Not for the world," said she, looking into our face with a glance that seemed to say there was no harm in telling us.

We must have used less than our usual provision in directing Catherine to the Post Office, as quite half an hour afterwards, when visiting the place, we saw her at the window, receiving the change, and a letter from one of the clerks, and the impatience, shall we say of woman or of love, induced Catherine to break the seal at the door. A glow of pleasure was on the cheek of the happy girl. We would not have given a penny to be informed that Thomas was well, and was coming in the next packet. We felt anxious to know whether Thomas would come, but the names of such persons rarely appear among the passengers of the Liverpool packet, being commonly included in that comprehensive line, "and two hundred in the steerage."

So we gave up all hopes of knowing when Thomas would arrive, but concluded that we

would see the name with that of Catherine in the marriage list, to which we had determined to keep a steady look.

It was but a short time afterward that we did indeed see the name of Thomas in the papers.—He was one of the passengers in the ship cast away below New York, of whom nearly every soul perished, and Thomas among the rest.

We had never seen Thomas, but had somehow cherished such an interest in his fate, that we felt a severe shock at his annihilation.—and what must have been the feelings of Catherine, with her ardent, sanguine, light temperment? Loving deeply as she must have loved, and hoping ardently as she must have hoped, what must have been her feelings!

We passed a few weeks afterward to mark the young grass shooting, green and thick, in Ronaldson's grave yard, and to see the buds swelling on the branches of the trees that decorate that populous city of the dead, when a funeral, numerously attended, wound round the corner of the street, and passed into the enclosure. It was the funeral of an Irish person—we knew by the numbers that attended, and as the sexton lowered the coffin down into the narrow house, the place appointed for all the livings, we saw engraved upon a simple plate,

CATHERINE McINNES,

The story was told. The small sum of money which Catherine had deposited in the saving fund to give a little consequence to her marriage festival, had been withdrawn to give her a decent burial.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND A PRETTY GIRL.

The Man of Leisure called on Monday on Miss Emma Roberts, a pretty blooming girl of seventeen. Emma was clear-starching. Talk about the trials of men!—what have they to annoy them compared with the miseries of clear-starching? Alas! how seldom clear-starching was gone on in the full tide of success, indulging in the buoyant thoughts of her age; there was a soft light about her eye, as she drew out the edge of a helix, or chapped it with her small hands, and they felt the impulse of young hopes.

"I am sure Harry Bertram looked at his collar last Sunday; I wonder if he liked it?" thought she, and a gentle sigh rustled the folds of the morning robe on her bosom. Just then door bell sounded, and the Man of Leisure walked into the sitting room where Emma, with a nice establishment of smoothing irons, &c., had ensconced herself for the morning.

"You won't mind a friend's looking in upon you," said Mr. Inklin, with an at-home air.

Emma blushed, loosened the strings of her apron, gave a glance at her stretched fingers, and saying "take a seat, sir," suspended her work with the grace of natural politeness. In the meanwhile, the starch grew cold, and the ironed were oversteamed. Emma was not loquacious, and the dead pauses were neither few nor far between. Emma rendered desperate, renewed her operations, but with diminished ardor; her clapping was feeble as the applause of an unpopular orator; she burnt her fingers, her face became flushed, and, by the time the Man of Leisure had sat out his hour, a gray hue and an indelible smutch disfigured Henry Bertram's collar.

Mr. Inklin soon called again, and met Harry Bertram. It was not the influence of coquetry, but Emma rallied her powers, and talked more to Mr. Inklin than to Harry, a modest youth, thrown somewhat into the shade by the veteran visitor, who outstayed him. Harry, who was not a man of leisure, could not call for several days; when he did, Mr. Inklin had "dropped in" before him, and was twirling his watch key with his cold wandering eyes and the everlasting affirmatives. Emma sewed industriously, and her dark lashes concealed her eyes. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed, but for whom? Mr. Inklin toyed with her work box, without seeming to know that he was touching what Harry thought a shrine.

Harry looked a little fierce, and had good night abruptly. Emma raised her soft eyes with a look that ought to have detained a reasonable man; but he was prepossessed, and the kind glance was lost. Emma wished Mr. Inklin at the bottom of the sea, but there he sat, looking privileged, because he was a Man of Leisure.

The fastening of the windows reminded him that it was time to go, for he did not limit his evening calls to an hour. Emma went to her bed room. She was just ready to cry, but a glance at her mirror shewed such bright cheeks that it stopped her tears,

and she fell into a passion. She tied her night cap into a hard knot, and broke the string in a pet.

"Henry Bertram is a fool," said she "to let that stick of a man keep him from me; I wish I could change places with him, and sitting down on a low seat, she trotted her foot and heaved some deep sighs.

The Man of Leisure "jret called in" twice a week for three months. Report was busy; Harry's pride was roused. He offered himself to another pretty girl, and was accepted. Emma's bright cheek faded, and her step grew slow, and her voice was no longer to be heard in its gay carol from stair to stair. She was never talkative, but now she was sad. Dr. Inklin continued to "drop in," his heart was a little love touched, but then there was "time enough."—One evening he came with a look of news.

"I have brought you a bit of Harry Bertram's wedding cake," said he to Emma.

Emma turned pale, then red, and burst into tears. The Man of Leisure was concerned. Emma looked very prettily as she struggled with her feelings, while the tears dried away, and he offered her his heart and hand.

"I would sooner lie down in my grave than marry you," said the gentle Emma, in a voice so loud that Mr. Inklin was astonished. Poor Emma covered up her heart and smiled again, but she never married, nor ever destroyed a little flower that Harry Bertram gave her, when it was right for her to love and hoped. The Man of Leisure bore her refusal with philosophy, and continued to "drop in."

ANTHRAKES AND FEARS.

It is a difficult matter to account for the dislike that some persons have been known to entertain for those things which are pleasing to themselves, and generally admitted, yet many are the instances upon record of such unaccountable antipathies.—So deeply rooted are these antipathies, that no exertion of the mind is ever capable of eradicating them. Of this we have a striking instance in the brave Marquis de la Roche Jaquelein, who, though he stood undaunted in the field of slaughter, yet could never help trembling and turning pale, at the sight of the harmless squirrel. He was the first to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were never able to overcome this involuntary terror. Charming as the rose is to most people, yet, we are told of several persons, such as Cardinals Cordona and Cardafa, of a Venetian nobleman of the family of Barbaragi, and of lady Henage, one of the maids of honour to Queen Elizabeth, who shuddered at the mere sight of this beautiful flower. There was once a family in Aquitaine that entertained so great an aversion to apples, that the mere sight of one set their noses a bleeding. The very least of particles of olive oil introduced into any dish, and however well disguised, was so obnoxious to a Count of Darmstadt, that he was immediately seized with fainting fits. There are many animals, such as mice, rats, beetles, cats, &c., that have been objects of terror to many persons, but the dog is generally beloved as a faithful friend of man; yet, we are informed by Bartholus, that he knew a stout, hearty man, and one of a bold and courageous disposition, who could not see a dog, no matter how small, without immediately shaking with apprehension, and being seized with convulsive trembling in his left arm, and in his hand. In a physical point of view, aversion to individuals of our own species, is of rare occurrence; and, however some men may detest the moral character of their fellow man, they do not object to his external appearance. A curious instance of such an antipathy is, however, mentioned by Weinribius.—A There was a person of a noble family, who was not able to bear that an old woman should look upon him; and being once drawn out by force from his supper, to look upon one such, that which was only intended for merriment, as to him, ended in death, for he fell down and died on the spot." The terrors felt by some persons at the various phenomena of nature are less unaccountable. Thunder and lightning are often greatly dreaded. Augustus was so much alarmed at these meteors, that he carried about him the skin of a calf—then thought to be an excellent guard against lightning; and during a thunder-storm he sought refuge under ground, in vaults or cellars. According to Scutomus, Caligula, who laboured under similar fears, whenever it thundered, wrapped his head up in some covering—or, if he was in bed, leaped out of bed, and hid himself under it. A Bishop of Langras, Charles d'Escars, always fainted at the beginning of a lunar

eclipse, and remained insensible as long as it lasted. This weakness proved eventually fatal to him—for, when old and infirm, having fainted as usual, at the time of an eclipse, he was not able to recover, and expired.

PRaises.—Of all drams, the most noxious is praise. Be sparing of it, ye parents, as ye would be of the deadliest drug; withhold your children from it, as ye withhold them from the gates of sin. Whatever you enjoin, do it because it is right, enjoin it because it is the will of God; and always without reference of any sort to what men may say or think of it. Reference to the opinion of the world, and deference to the opinion of the world, and interference with it, and interference from it, and preference of it above all things, above every principle, and rule and law, human and divine; all this will come soon enough without your interference.—Catholic Telegraph.

COMPARISON OF SPEED.—A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate is per second:—Of a man walking, 4 feet. Of a good horse in harness, 12. Of a rein-deer in a sledge, on the ice, 26. Of an English race-horse, 43. Of a hare, 88. Of a good sailing-ship, 19. Of the wind, 82. Of sound, 1,038. Of a twenty-four pounder cannon-ball, 1,300. Of the air, which, so divided, returns into space, 1,300.

MEASURING OF DISTANCES IN HOLLAND.—In the villages of Holland among the peasants distance is computed by the smoking of their pipes; and they tell you that from village to village is about a pipe and a half, two pipes, half a pipe, &c.

The editor of the Baltimore Sun says he is determined to get married.—Ladies, beware!

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

WHEREAS WILLIAM COATES, of the City of Quebec, late First Teller, of the Branch of the Montreal Bank, established at Quebec, stands charged with feloniously stealing, in the month of February last, from the Office of the said Bank at Quebec, a large quantity of notes of the Montreal Bank, amounting in the whole to nearly Ten Thousand Pounds currency; and whereas the said William Coates hath been committed to the common jail of the District of Quebec, to take his trial for the said offence; and whereas the greater part of the said Notes so stolen, as aforesaid, has not been found or traced.—Notice is hereby given, that the above reward of

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

N B.—The Notes stolen are principally Notes of 100 dollars, 50 dollars and 25 dollars each, of the Montreal Bank, payable at Quebec.

MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE

NOTICE.

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

LEGGE & Co.

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

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

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