

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. I. No. 6.]

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 30th JANUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

SIR,—The following was written by my late lamented friend, in Hyde Park, London, in the year 1828. It has never appeared in print, as I have the only copy. If you think it worth inserting in the Transcript, your doing so will oblige
Yours, &c.
B. & C. School, }
25th January, 1838. } R. C. GEGGIE.

THE SPANISH REFUGEE.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, AUTHOR OF "THE TALE OF THE BORDERERS."

Ere now I've marked thee exiled one—
A friendless wanderer, and alone
With sad and thoughtful eye,
And in that loneliness thou'gt
There was an agony that sought
Peace in the stealthy sigh.
There is no tear upon thy cheek,
But if its sunken form could speak
Who would not weep to hear?
Thine was a hasty parting, and may be
Those that thy heart most loved heard but from thee
Wild accents imprecations and despair—
While the last kiss
Of parting torture end of whirlwind bliss,
Was snatched in hurried madness
From her lips whose bosom gave
Life to existence; and to have
A knowledge of her truth,—her woe,—
Her sadness,—
Feel the convulsions of a separation
From her, from kindred, home; and from the nation
Of thy nativity and love, to be
An outcast and a wanderer, dreath thee
To muse in solitary desolation
Upon the past and future, while alone
Oblivion is thy prayer, wronged, injured one.
Oh, Heavens! 'tis terrible to part,
With a wild brain and burning heart,
To kiss the cheek, the lip, the hand,
Within a moment, and to stand
And feel the blood burn and the heart-strings quiver,
To have a thousand things to say,
Then sudden, frozoned burst away,
Aud cry, "Farewell, for ever!"
And such I wren
"Thy lot has been,
Proud one. Now on the earth there is dejection,
Want in thy vials, tortures in thy breast,
Which revel in the harrowing reflection
That the pure blood your fathers gave
Shall rot within an evil's grave
Ere ye through tyrants' rants have past,
And with the crimson'd sword in hand,
Have shed it for your race's wrong
So thou appearest, swined one.
But fear not thou, 'tis not for ever:
A spirit now hath walked abroad,—
A ray from heaven,—the voice of God!
'Tis power, light, freedom, and 'twice sever
The tyrant's chains, and temple on
The bigot's creed;
And ye, the best and the bravest men
Of sunny lands, where the trees drop wine
Empurpled and red down the mountain glen
And stain the deep ravine,
Again that land shall tread.

THE TWO KATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BUCHANEER," &c.

"I cannot help observing, Mr. Seymour, that I think it exceedingly strange in you to interfere with the marriage of my daughter. Marry your sons, sir, as you please; but my daughter! that is quite another."

And Mrs. Seymour, a stately sedate matron of the high-heeled and hoops school, drew herself up to her full height, which (without the heels) was five feet seven; and fanning herself with a huge green fan more rapidly than she had done for many months, looked askance upon her husband, a pale delicate man, who seemed in the last stage of consumption.

"A little time, Mary?" (good luck! could such a person as Mrs. Seymour bear so sweet a name?) "a little time, Mary, and our sons may marry as they list for me; but I have yet to learn why you should have more control over our Kate than I. Before I quit this painful world, I should like the sweet child to be placed under a suitable protector."

"You may well call her child, indeed;

little more than sixteen. Forcing the troubles of the world upon her, so young. I have had my share of them, heaven knows, although I had nearly arrived at an age of discretion before I united my destiny to yours."

"So you had, my dear you were, I think, close upon forty!"

"Think, Mr. Seymour, if you had married a gad-about, who would have watched over my children? (she never by any chance said our children.) "I have never been outside the doors (except to church) these four years! If you had married a tervant, how she would have flown at and abused all your little—did I say little? I might with truth say your great peculiarities. I never interfere, never; I only notice—for your own good—that habit, for instance, of always giving Kate sugar with her strawberries, and placing the tongs on the left instead of the right of the poker—it is very sad!" "My dear," Mr. Seymour would interrupt, "what does it signify whether the tongs be to the right or left?"

"Bless me, dear sir, you need not fly out so; I was only saying that there are some women in the world who would make that a bone of contention. I never do, much as it annoys me—much as it leads the servants into careless habits—much as it and other things grieve and worry my health and spirits—I never complain! never. Some men are strangely insensible to their domestic blessings, and do not know how to value earth's greatest treasure—a good wife! But I am dumb; I am content to suffer, to melt away in tears—it is no matter." Then, after a pause to re-erect her breath and complainings, she would rush upon another grievance with the abominable whine of an aggrieved and much injured person—a sort of mental and monotonous wailing, which, though no body minded, annoyed every body within her sphere. Her husband was fast sinking into his grave; and when they were at home, took good care to be continually out of earshot of their mother's lamentations—the servants changed places so continually that the door was never twice opened by the same footman—and the only fixture at Seymour Hall, where servants and centurions, at one time, might be almost termed synonymous, was the old deaf house-keeper, who, luckily for herself, could not hear her mistress's voice. To whom, then, had Mrs. Seymour to look forward, as the future source of her comforts?—i. e. of her tormenting; even her daughter Kate—the bonny Kate—the merry Kate—the thing of smiles and tears—who danced under the shadow of the old trees—who sang with the birds—who leaned industry from the bees, and cheerfulness from the grasshopper—whose voice told in its rich full melody of young joy and his laughing train—whose step was as light on the turf as the dew or the sunbeam—whose shadow was blessed as it passed the window of the poor and lowly cottage, heralding the coming of her who comforted her own soul by comforting her fellow-creatures.

Kate's father well knew that his days were numbered; and he looked forward with no very pleasurable feeling to his daughter's health and happiness being sacrificed at the shrine whereon he had offered up his own. Kate, it is true, as yet had nothing suffered; she managed to hear and laugh at her mother's repinings, without being rendered gloomy thereby, or giving offence to her morrowful and discontented parent. She would, in her own natural and unobstructed manner, lead her forth into the sunshine, sing her the gayest songs, read to her the most cheerful books, and gather for her the freshest flowers; and sometimes even Mrs. Seymour would smile, and be amused, though her heart quickly returned to its bitterness, and her soul to its discontent. But Mr. Seymour knew that this buoyant spirit could not endure for ever, and he sought to save the rose of his existence from the canker that had destroyed him. She was earnestly beloved by a brave and intelligent officer, who had already distinguished himself, and who hoped to win fresh laurels whenever his country needed his exertions.

It would be difficult to define the sort of feeling with which Kate received his attentions. Like all young, very young girls, she thought that affection ought to be kept secret from the world, and that it was a very shocking thing to fall in love; she consequently vowed and declared to every body, "that she had no idea of thinking of Major Cavendish—that she was too young, much too young, to marry—that her mamma said so."

I must observe, that Kate's extreme want of resemblance to either her mournful mother or her pale and gentle father, was not more extraordinary than that Major Cavendish, as we have said—the calm and dignified Major Cavendish at six-and-twenty—should evince so great an affection for the animated and girlish creature, whom, four years before his "declaration," he had lectured to, and romped with—but no, not romped—Major Cavendish was too dignified to romp, or to flirt either—what shall I call it then?—laughed?—yes, he certainly did laugh, generally after the most approved English fashion—his lips separated with a manifest desire to unite again as soon as possible, and his teeth, white and even, appeared to great advantage during the exertion. Nobody thought, that, though young and handsome, he would think of marriage, "as he was so grave?" but on the same principle, I suppose, that the harsh and terrible thunder is the companion of the gay and brilliant lightning, majestic and sober husbands often most desire to have gay and laughing wives. Now, for the episode, Mrs. Seymour had fettered herself to sleep, Mr. Seymour had sunk into his afternoon nap, and Kate stole into her own particular room to coax something like melody out of a Spanish guitar, the last gift of Major Cavendish.

There she sat on a low ottoman, her profile thrown into full relief by the background, being a curtain of heavy crimson velvet that fell in well-defined folds from a golden arrow in the centre of the architrave, while summer drapery of white muslin shaded the other side—her features hardly defaced, yet exhibiting the tracery of beauty—her lips richly and separated, as ever and anon they gave forth a low and melodious accompaniment to her thrilling cois. There she sat, practising like a very good girl, perfectly unconscious that Major Cavendish was standing outside the window listening to his favourite airs played over and over again; and he would have listened much longer, but suddenly she paused, and looking carefully round, drew from her bosom a small case, containing a little group of flowers painted on ivory, which he had given her, and which, poor fellow, he imagined she cared not for, because, I suppose, she did not exhibit it in public! How little does mighty and magnificent man know of the workings of a young girl's heart! Well, she looked at the flowers, and a smile, bright and beautiful, spread over her face, and a blush rose to her cheek, and suffused her brow—and then it paled away, and her eyes filled with tears. What were her heart's imaginings, Cavendish could not say; but they had called forth a blush—a smile—a tear—love's sweetest tokens; and forgetting his concealment, he was seated by her side, just as she thrust the little case under the cushion of her ottoman! How prettily that blush returned when Cavendish asked her to sing one of his favourite ballads! the modest, half coquettish, half natural air, with which she said, "I cannot sing, I am so very hoarse."

"Indeed, Kate! you were not hoarse just now."

"How do you know?"

"I have been outside the window for more than half an hour."

The blush deepened into crimson—bright glowing crimson—and her eye unconsciously rested on the spot where her treasure was concealed; and after more, far more than the usual repetition of sighs, and smiles, and prosay, or perhaps (for there is ever great uncertainty in these matters,) Cavendish said, "that if papa or mamma had no objection—"

she believed—she thought—she even hoped;" and so the matter terminated. And that very evening she sang to her lover his favourite songs; and her father that night blessed her with so deep, so heartfelt, so favourable a blessing, that little Kate Seymour saw the moon to bed before her eyes were dry.

How heavily upon some do the shadows of life rest! Those who are born and sheltered on the sunny side of the wall know nothing of them. They live on sunshine—they wake in the sunshine—may, they even sleep in sunshine.

Poor Mr. Seymour, having gained his great object, married, in open defiance of his wife's judgment, his pretty Kate to her devoted Cavendish, laid his head upon his pillow one night about a month after, with the sound of his lady's complaining voice ringing in his changes from bad to worse in his aching ears—and awoke, before that night was past, in another world. Mrs. Seymour had never professed the least possible degree of affection for her husband—she had never seemed to do so—never affected it until then. But the truth was, she had started a fresh subject; her husband's loss—her husband's virtues—may, her husband's faults—were all new themes; and she was positively charmed in her own way at having a fresh cargo of misfortunes freighted for her own especial use. She became animated and eloquent under her troubles; and mingled with her regrets for her "poor dear departed," were innumerable wallings for her daughter's absence.

Kate Cavendish had accompanied her husband, during the short deceitful peace of Amiens, to Paris; and there the beautiful Mrs. Cavendish was distinguished as a vander "si aimable"—"si gentille"—"si naive"—"si mignonne." The most accomplished of the French court could not be like her, for they had forgotten to be natural; and the novelty and diffidence of the beautiful Englishwoman rendered her an object of universal interest. Petted and feted she certainly was, but not spoiled. She was not insensible to admiration, and yet it was evident to all that she preferred the affectionate attention of her husband to the homage of the whole world; nor was she ever happy but by his side. Suddenly the loud warwhoop echoed throughout Europe. Major Cavendish had only time to convey his beloved wife to her native country, when he was called upon to join his regiment. Kate Cavendish was no heroine. She loved her husband with so entire an affection—a love of so yielding, so relying a kind—she leaned her life, her hopes, her very soul, upon him, with so perfect a confidence, that to part from him was almost a moral death.

Youth little knows what hearts can endure; they little think what they must of necessity go through in this work-a-day world; they are ill prepared for the trials and turmoils that await the golden as well as the humbler pageant of existence. Kate Cavendish returned to her mother's house; her very thoughts seemed steeped in sorrow; and it was happy for her that a new excitement to exertion occurred, when about five months after her husband's departure, she became a mother. Despite Mrs. Seymour's prognostications, the baby lived and prospered; and by its papa's express command was called Kate.

How full of the true and beautiful manifestations of maternal affection were the letters of Mrs. Cavendish to her husband! "Little Kate was so very like him—her lip, her eye, her smile;" and then, as years passed on, and Major Cavendish had gained a regiment by his bravery, the young mother chieftained her child's wisdom, her wit, her voice—the very tone of her voice was so like her father's—her early love of study; and during the night watches, in the interval of his long and harassing marches, and his still more desperate engagements, Colonel Cavendish found happiness and consolation in the perusal of the outpourings of his own Kate's heart and soul. In due time, his second Kate could and did write those misshapen characters of affection, pot-hooks and hangers, wherein parents,

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

but only parents, see the promise of perfection. Then came the fair round hand, so "an bon point," with its hair and broad strokes; then an epistle in French; and at last a letter in very neat text, bearing the stamp of authenticity in its diction, and realising the hopes so raised by his wife's declarations, that "their Kate was all her heart could desire, as like him in all things." The life of Col. Cavendish continued for some years at full gallop; days and hours are composed of the same number of seconds, whether passed in the solitude of a cottage or the excitement of a camp; yet how differently are they numbered! how very, very different is the retrospect!

Had Colonel Cavendish seen his wife, still in her early beauty, with their daughter half sitting half kneeling by her side, the one looking younger, the other older than each really was, he would not have believed it possible that the lovely and intelligent girl could be indeed his child, the child of his young Kate. A series of most provoking, most distressing occurrences, had prevented his returning, even on leave, to England; he had been ordered, during a long and painful war, from place to place, and from country to country, until at last he almost began to despair of ever seeing home again.

At last, one of the devastating battles that filled England with widows, and caused multitudes of orphans to weep in our highways, sent agony to the heart of the patient and enduring Kate; the fatal return at the head of the column, "Colonel Cavendish missing," was enough; he had escaped so many perils, not merely victorious, but unhurt, that she had in her fondness believed he bore a charmed life; and were her patience, her watchings, her hopes, to be so rewarded? was her child fatherless? and was her heart desolate? Violent was indeed her grief, and fearful her distraction; but it had, like all violent emotion, its reaction; she hoped on, in the very teeth of her despair; she was sure he was not dead—how could he be dead? he that had so often escaped—could it be possible, that at the last he had fallen? Providence, she persisted, was too merciful to permit such a sorrow to rest upon her and her innocent child; and she resolutely resolved not to put on mourning, or display any of the usual tokens of affection, although every one else believed him dead. One of the sergeants of his own regiment had seen him struck to the earth by a French sabre, and immediately after a troop of cavalry rode over the ground, thus leaving no hopes of his escape; the field of battle in that spot presented the next day a most lamentable spectacle; crushed were those so lately full of life, its hopes and expectations; they had saturated the field with their life's blood; the tom standard of England mingled its colours with the standard of France; no trace of the body of Colonel Cavendish was found but his sword, his rifle-purse, and portions of his dress were picked up by a young officer, Sir Edmund Russell, who had ever evinced towards him the greatest affection and friendship. Russell wrote every particular to Mrs. Cavendish, and said, that as he was about to return to England in a few weeks, having obtained sick leave, he would bring the purse and sword of his departed friend with him.

Poor Mrs. Cavendish mourned over the word "departed;" paled, shook her head, and then looked up into the face of her own Kate, with a smile beaming with hope, which certainly her daughter did not feel. "He is not dead," she repeated; and in the watches of the night, when in her slumbers she had stepped her pillow with tears, she would start, repeat "he is not dead," then sleep again. There was something beautiful and affecting in the warm and earnest love, the perfect friendship existing between this youthful mother and her daughter; it was so unlike the usual tie between parent and child; and yet it was so well computed, so devoted, so respectful; the second Kate, at fifteen, was more womanly, more resolute, more calm, more capable of thought, than her mother had been at seven-and-twenty; and it was curious to those who note closely the shades of human character, to observe how, at two-and-thirty, Mrs. Cavendish turned for advice and consolation to her high-minded daughter, and leaned upon her for support. The beauty of Miss Cavendish was like her mind, of a lofty bearing—lofty, not proud. She looked and moved like a young queen; she was a noble girl; and when Sir Edmund Russell saw her first, he thought—"alas! I cannot tell all he thought—but he certainly so felt," as it is termed "in love," and nearly forgot the wounds inflicted in the battle-field, when he acknowledged to

himself the deep and ever-living passion he felt for the daughter of his dearest friend.

"It is indeed most happy for your mother," he said to her some days after his arrival at Sydney Hall, "it is indeed most happy for your mother that she does not believe what I know to be so true; I think, if she were convinced of your father's death, she would sink into despair."

"Falseness or false impressions," replied Kate, "somer or later produce a sort of moral fever, which leaves the patient weakened in body and in mind; I would rather she knew the worst at once; despair by its own violence works its own cure."

"Were it you, Miss Cavendish, I should not fear the consequences; but your mother is so soft and gentle in her nature."

"Sir Edmund, she knew my father—lived with him—worshipped him; the knowledge of his existence was the staff of her life; he was the soul of her fair frame. Behold her now—how beautiful she looks—those sunbeams resting on her head, and her chiselled features pointing towards heaven, tracing my father's portrait in those flowery clouds, or amid yonder trees—do you mark the hectic on her cheek?—could she believe it, I know she would be better; there's not a stroke upon the wall, there's not an echo of a footfall in the great avenue, but she thinks his his; at night she starts, it but a mouse do creep along the wainscot, or a soft breeze disturb the blossoms of the woodbine that press against our window; and then exclaims, 'I thought it was your father!'"

With such converse, and amid the rich and various beauties of a picturesque, rambling old country house, with its attendant green meadows, pure trout stream, and sylvan groves—sometimes with Mrs. Cavendish, sometimes without her, did Kate and Sir Edmund wander, and philosophise, and fall in love.

One autumn evening, Mrs. Seymour, fixing her eyes upon the old-stitch screen, said to her daughter, who as usual had been thinking of her husband, "Has it ever occurred to you, my dear Kate, that there is likely to be another fool in the family? I say nothing; thanks to your father's will, I have had this old rambling place left upon my hands for my life, which was a sad drawback; better he had left it to your brother."

"You might have given it up to Alfred, if you had chosen, long ago," said Mrs. Cavendish, who knew well that despite of her grumbling, her mother loved Sydney Hall as the apple of her eye. "What, and give the whole cause to say that I doubted my husband's judgment! No, no; I am content to suffer in silence; but do you not perceive that your Kate is making a fool of herself, just as you did, my dear—falling in love with a soldier, marrying misery, and working disappointment?" More, a great deal more, did the old lady say; but fortunately nobody heard her, for when her daughter perceived that her eyes were softly fixed on the tent-stitch screen, she made her escape, and, as fate would have it, encountered Sir Edmund at the door. In a few minutes he had told her of his love for her beloved Kate; but though Mrs. Cavendish had freely given her own hand to a soldier, the remembrance of what she had suffered—of her widowed years, the uncertainty of her present state, anxiety for her child's happiness, a desire, a fear of her future well-being—all rushed upon her with such confusion, that she became too agitated to reply to his entreaties; and he rushed from the chamber, to give her time to compose herself, and to bring another whose entreaties would be added to his own—he returned with Kate, pale, but almost dignified as ever. Mrs. Cavendish clasped her to her bosom.

"You would not leave me, child—would not thrust your mother from your heart, and place a stranger there?" "No, no," she replied; "Kate's heart is large enough for both."

"And do you love him?" The maiden hid her face upon her mother's bosom; yet though she blushed, she did not equivocate; but replied in a low firm voice, "mother I do."

"Sir Edmund," said the mother, still holding her child to her heart, "I have suffered too much—to much, to give her to a soldier."

"Mother," whispered Catharine, "yet for all that you have suffered, for all that you may yet endure, you would not have aught but that soldier husband, were you to wed again?"

No other word passed the lips of the young widow; again, again, and again, did she press her child to her bosom; then placing her fair hand within Sir Edmund's palm, rushed in an agony of tears to the solitude of her own chamber. * * * * *

"Hark! how the bells are ringing," said Anne Leamy to Jenny Fleming, as they were placing white roses in their stomachs, and smoothing their hair with fair satin ribbons. "And saw you ever a brighter morning?" Kate Cavendish will have a blithesome bridal, though I hear that Madame Seymour is very angry, and says no luck will attend this no more than the last wedding!" The words had hardly passed the joy maiden's lips when a bronzed countenance pressed itself amid the roses of the little summer-house in which they sat arranging their little finery, and a rough and travel-soiled man enquired, "Of whom speak ye?"

"Save us!" exclaimed Jenny Fleming, who was at the parlour. "Save us master! why of the wedding at the Hall to be sure—Kate Cavendish's wedding, to be sure; she was promised long enough, for certain, and now is going to marry a brave gentleman, Sir Edmund Russell!" The stranger turned from the village girls, who, fearful of being late at the Church, set away across the garden of the little inn, leaving the wayfarer in quiet possession, but with none in the dwelling to attend the guests, except a deaf waiter, who could not hear "the strange gentleman's" questions. * * *

The youthful bride and the young bridegroom stood together at the altar, and a beautiful sight it was to see them on the threshold of a new existence. Mrs. Cavendish might be pardoned for that she wept abundantly—partly tears of memory, partly of hope; and the ceremony proceeded to the words, "if either of you know any impediment," when there was a rush, a whirl, a commotion outside the porch, and the stranger of the inn rushed forward, exclaiming, "I know an impediment—she is mine!"

A blessing upon hoping, trusting, enduring woman! A thousand blessings upon those who draw consolation from the depths of despair! The wife was right—her husband was not dead; and as Colonel Cavendish seized upon her face, he said, "I am bewildered! they told me false—they said Kate Cavendish was to be married!—and—"

"And so she is," interrupted Sir Edmund Russell; but from your hand only will I receive her; are there not two Kates's my old friend?"

What the noble soldier's feelings were, heaven knows—no human voice could express them—no pen write them; they burst from, and yet were treasured in his heart.

"My child!—that my daughter! two Kates'—wife and child!" he murmured. Time had galloped with him, and it was long ere he believed that his daughter could be old enough to marry. The villagers from without crowded into the sweet village Church; and moved by the noise, Mrs. Seymour put on her green spectacles, and stepped forward to where Colonel Cavendish stood, trembling between his wife and child; then looking him earnestly in the face, she said, "After all, it is really you! Bless me, how ill you look! I never could bear to make people uncomfortable; but if you do not take good care, you will not live a month!"

"I said he was not dead," repeated his gentle wife; "and I said—"; but what does it matter what was said?—Kate the second was married; and that evening, after Colonel Cavendish had related his hair-breadth escapes, and a sad story of imprisonment, again did his wife repeat, "I SAID HE WAS NOT DEAD!"

UNITED STATES.

From the Plattsburg correspondent of the Albany Argus of 17th January.

Armed men are repeatedly in the habit of coming across the line at night, for the apparent object of kidnaping our citizens. Affidavits are to be laid before the Governor of this State, with a request that he make a demand upon the Governor of the Canada to deliver up the persons thus unlawfully seized.

A report has this moment come to town, that three men (British subjects) were shot by the Royalist Guards in attempting to cross the lines at Odetown, this morning. It is probably true, as the Canadians are coming to the States in great numbers to avoid taking the oath of allegiance, which is being required of every inhabitant, and those who refuse are arrested.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of Jan. 19.

THE STATE CANNON.—The following statement was communicated to us this morning. Day before yesterday Colonel Ransom, commanding the militia at Tonawanda, received a letter through the Post office, purporting to

be written by Gen. Scott, ordering him to deliver to certain teamsters the cannon belonging to the state, which had been left in his custody. The cannon were accordingly given up. Where they are no one can tell, but every one can guess in whose possession they are.

It appeared upon investigation, that the order from Gen. S. was a forgery, and that some person or persons adopted this course, in order to recover these guns from the protection of the state, to which they had been surrendered only so long as suited their purposes.

UPPER CANADA.

[From the Toronto Patriot, of the 22d.]

Navy Island has been visited by several of our Officers, since its desertion by the Patriots. An Officer of the Artillery writing to a friend says:—"After a heavy firing on Thursday & Friday night, the Pirates thought it best to retire from the Island, which they did on Sunday night. Some say that they have removed to Grand Island, others, that they have pushed on to the West. The Island presents a very desolate appearance. It is strewed in many places by our shot and shells, numerous trees are cut down, and others lopped of their branches and tops. One solitary individual was on the Island, who, it appears, was an Officer in the Piratical gang, and says that he can show one pit alone, containing nearly 200 bodies of men slain in one night's bombardment.—This the pirate officer might have said by way of making himself agreeable. It is odd enough that nobody can inform us what is done with or what are left alive of these brigands, who, it is clear, were enough to carry off all their artillery, ammunition, and stores. Let those who think the matter ended, comfort themselves with the thought. We entertain no such notion."

General Lount was examined yesterday, before the Commissioners, and fully committed for trial. Among other things, the General stated, that the arch-traitor Rolph, when he carried out the flag of truce from His Excellency to Montgomery's, after having delivered his message, winked at him and Mackenzie to draw them aside, when he charged them to pay no attention to the flag of truce, but to proceed, and that he repeated the same on his second journey out with His Excellency's answer. On being asked what he considered Rolph to mean by telling them to "proceed," he replied, that he considered him to mean that they should prosecute their intentions of taking the City, and pay no regard to the flag of truce. He declared, that a fortnight before the rising, he knew nothing of the real intentions of the traitors, and had been impressed by Mackenzie with the belief that they had nothing to do but to march into the City, where they would find themselves welcomed by the inhabitants, and stated that he had saved the house of Mr. Sheriff Jarvis from the destruction to which it had been devoted by Mackenzie. He gave as his reason for this humane interference, that Mrs. Jarvis was reported to be in ill-health, and that the Sheriff had formerly rendered him personal favors. Captain Stewart, who was in company with the lamentable Colonel Moodie when he was murdered, and Archibald Macdonell, Esquire, who was made prisoner the night that John Powell, Esquire, caused the ruffian Anderson to fall from his horse and break his neck, both appeared before the Commissioners to testify to the humanity of the General, which, they emphatically said, they did with heartfelt pleasure, declaring that it was their full and entire conviction that, but for the determined opposition both of Lount and Gibson, the whole of the prisoners would have been "butchered in cold blood by Mackenzie."

LOWER CANADA.

From the Montreal Herald of Saturday.

The correspondence which we publish to-day between the British and American authorities is of a very important nature, Col. McNab, with true British feeling demands an explanation of American officers in uniform, superintending the firing from Grand Island on Her Majesty's vessels, and we hope that a sufficient apology will be insisted on. The Americans seem to suppose that they are at liberty to assist our enemies, and at the same time preserve neutrality, but England will not tamely submit to such Yankee jugglery being practised on her.

The rumors from the frontier are very contradictory. It has been very generally

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

reported that a large number of Canadians under Dr. Cole, and of Americans under O'Connell, were to make a descent on the 25th instant, but that it has been postponed till this day. An express arrived in town a day or two ago for troops to protect the loyal inhabitants from such an attack, and it was said that upwards of a hundred trains had gone across the line to bring these land pirates at a short notice to the contemplated scene of plunder. The Canadians in town evidently anticipate some danger by remaining, as immense numbers of them have left for the south, and trains loaded with good furniture amounting to several hundreds, have accompanied them. Neither their object or destination are known. We understand that it is in contemplation to raise either two or three additional companies of Cavalry, and we hope that they will be organised with that unanimity of feeling between officers and men, which ought to exist in volunteer companies, but which we are sorry to learn does not in all those at present organised. A company or two of flying artillery is talked of as about being embodied. A detachment of the Cavalry is to proceed immediately to the frontier to act as a corps of observation.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 30th JANUARY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.
 London, --- Dec. 9. | New-York, --- Jan. 23.
 Liverpool, --- Dec. 8. | Halifax, --- Jan. 17.
 Havre, --- Dec. 7. | Toronto, --- Jan. 22.

New-York papers of the 23rd were received by mail this morning. No later European news has arrived. From the Evening Star we extract the following paragraph respecting Canada affairs:—

"We have no additional intelligence from Michigan by the mails this morning. Accounts of the various illegal acts committed reached this city by slips from the Baltimore American as well as letters direct from Detroit. A gentleman just arrived from Detroit, and who left there after the rumor of the landing of the Patriots on Bois Blanc, states that he went down to the Island, and found not a soul there. He believes the seizure of the arms from the Detroit arsenal was extremely stated, but thinks all the rest a hoax. The Courier of this morning has the Patriots on Hog Island, which is in Lake St. Clair, while Bois Blanc is at the mouth of the Detroit river, between Grasse Island (American) and Fort Malden which belongs to the British. A very serious crisis has arrived which is to test in a manner, not subject to any doubt, the question whether the laws and treaties can be enforced in a republican form of Government—and the point must be settled beyond any doubt, and that quickly too, or we may have more than one European power upon us. It is said we cannot prevent citizens taking arms and going into Canada.—We can do it and must do it, or we must give up our Government. If there is not power and patriotism enough in the militia of the country to pursue and arrest these insurgents, nor sufficient law to punish them, we must increase the army of the United States to an extent sufficient to protect the country.

The Halifax mail arrived yesterday, bringing papers to the 17th.—The legislative and executive functions, which have heretofore been uniformly exercised by the Council, in Nova-Scotia, are for the future to be separated; and the Royal Gazette contains a list of the gentlemen appointed to compose the respective Councils. The presidency of the Legislative Council will devolve on the Hon. S. B. Robie.—The Legislature was to meet on the 25th inst.

(From our Montreal Correspondent.)

Montreal, 26th Jan. 1838.
 The Canadians are leaving town in large numbers to-day: the streets in the suburbs are quite thronged with trains taking away their furniture. They have got it into their heads that the rebels are coming in to burn the city. It is said this information has been conveyed to them by some of their friends over the lines."

We understand that His Excellency Lord Gosford will cease to administer the Government of this Province to-morrow. Sir John Colborne is expected to arrive on Thursday.

The Legislative Council and House of Assembly of Upper Canada have respectively presented addresses to His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, in answer to his Excellency's message announcing his recall from the Government of that Province. Both these addresses are frank and manly expressions of the feelings of the bodies from which they emanate. They allude, in plain but respectful terms, to the strange and incomprehensible course adopted by Her Majesty's Ministers on His Excellency for his past services. The following is an extract from the Assembly's address, which we regret our space will not allow us to publish in full:—

"If your Excellency's measures and policy have not given satisfaction to our gracious Queen, we are given to enquire, in the most humble and respectful but solemn manner, what course of policy it is that is expected by Her Majesty's Representatives in this province? Deeply impressed with the duty of submission to the constitutional exercise of the Royal prerogative, we do not question the right of the Sovereign to select Her Representatives in this or any other Colony of the Empire. But we nevertheless feel ourselves impelled by a sense of duty suggested by a desire to maintain our allegiance (and which on our part can never be laid aside or forgotten)—humbly, but earnestly and emphatically to declare, that if any thing be contemplated to shake the attachment of Her Majesty's now truly loyal and devoted subjects to Her Royal Person and Government, it is by acts of injustice or the manifestation of ungenerous distrust towards servants who have served the British nation so faithfully and nobly as your Excellency has done. It will be the duty of this House to refer the close of the present session, and when more fully informed of facts, to express more at large the feelings and opinions they entertain on this painfully interesting and important subject.

"In the meantime we beg to assure your Excellency that this House and the people of the Province will regard your Excellency's relinquishment of the Government as a calamity of the most serious nature, and which may result in difficulties and dissensions that cannot be easily repaired or remedied. We, however, are fully persuaded that the blame cannot rest with your Excellency, and while we sincerely and most willingly acknowledge the zeal, ability, justice, and honorable disinterestedness with which you have conducted the Government of this Province during your short but eventful and arduous administration of its affairs, we beg respectfully and affectionately to express, on behalf of this Province, our earnest hopes that your Excellency's prosperity in future life may be commensurate with the claims, deep and lasting as they are, upon our gratitude—the approbation of our Gracious Queen, and the applause and acknowledgement of the British nation."

The Legislature of Upper Canada has passed a Bill confiscating the property of the rebels who have absconded from that Province or taken arms against the Government.

The Constitutional Association of Montreal has presented a petition to the Assembly of Upper Canada, praying the House to take into consideration the present state of the Canadas, and recommending a union of the two Provinces.

The Quebec Gazette of last night states, that in the whole of the operations of the rebels against the military in Lower Canada, the total loss did not exceed fifteen killed and some thirty or forty wounded. In Upper Canada, three or four only were killed.

Sixteen more prisoners were brought into Montreal on Thursday last, by the St. John's Volunteers, charged with treason.

Another wretch who was implicated in the murder of Chateaufort, has been arrested at Acadie, and was lodged in the Montreal jail on Thursday last.

The following letter from Dr. Wolfred Nelson, written and signed in presence of the Sheriff of Montreal, is published in the *Missisquoi Standard* of the 23rd instant:—

MR. T. A. STARKE.
 Sir,—I regret to learn that a false impression has got abroad as to the treatment I met with after I was arrested in the Township. I take it to be a duty incumbent upon me to make the following statement:—

"I was exhausted and extremely ill when I arrived at Sheffield. The kindness I met with from Mrs. and Mr. Osgood, at their inn, I shall never forget. Mr. Wood and the other gentlemen of the village were very attentive, and to my friend, Dr. Parnelle, I beg thus publicly to tender my grateful thanks. To the Rev. Mr. Selly, Methodist Missionary at that place, I shall always entertain the highest regard: his humanity in accompanying me to Montreal, and his unceasing efforts for my ease and comfort, and the spiritual consolation which he proffered, I shall hold in grateful remembrance.

"To you, sir, I owe a debt of gratitude I wish it was in my power to discharge. You neither did nor bound me, and made every attempt to alleviate the pain of my situation, and to protect me. The first time I saw you was when I became your prisoner. My impression of you is, that you are a good and a humane man, and as such, with sincerity I wish you prosperity and happiness.

And remain, Sir, &c. &c. &c.
 WOLFRED NELSON.

It is truly wonderful to observe how docile and tractable this St. Denis well has become on prison fare. One would well think that he had always been a most amiable and inoffensive being; but whatever may have been his motive in writing the above letter, the British inhabitants of this Province will "never forget" that Wolfred Nelson was "a kind and humane man" who directed Lieut. Weir to be "tied and bound," preparatory to being inhumanly butchered.

Mr. Greenleaf, editor of the *New-York Sailors' Magazine*, has kept a register of marine disasters which have come to his knowledge within the past year, and the result is appalling. The whole number, counting only those which resulted only in a total loss of the vessel, was no less than Four Hundred and Ninety. Most of these vessels were American. In the above vessels, says the *Sailor's Magazine*, 1295 lives are reported to be lost; and probably is but a part of the whole.

The number of ships, brigs, &c. navigating the waters of Lake Erie, is 300; of steam-boats 42, and of canal-boats 256. On board these vessels 5182 men are employed.

The tide rose to an extraordinary height on Sunday evening; and much inconvenience and trouble has been experienced by the residents in the vicinity of the river in consequence, but we have not heard of any serious losses having been sustained.

A general meeting of the members of the Mechanics' Institute is to be held to-morrow, at half-past six p. m., to consider of matters affecting the very existence of the Society."

COMMERCIAL.

REVIEW OF THE NEW-YORK MARKETS.

For three days preceding 29th Jan.

ASHES.—There has been an increased activity in Pots, the sales since our last have extended to about 400 bbls., principally at \$5.62 1/2, with some at \$5.50. The sales of Pearls have been confined to about 50 bbls. at \$6.50, as holders generally are demanding a higher rate.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour Market remains in the same state of extreme inactivity as for many weeks preceeding, and our notations, though reduced throughout materially, can still only be considered nominal. We note Western Canal \$8.50 a \$8.75 for common and fancy brands; Ohio at the same rates; Troy and New York city, \$8.50; and southern of all kinds, \$8.72 a \$9.25, with the exception of Richmond City Mills, which alone maintains a higher rate.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat has been a little more animated since our last, holders having in some instances acceded to prices in accordance with the views of buyers, and the present declining state of Flour. The sales include a parcel of 9000 bushel prime red Dutch at \$1.56 1/2, 90 days; 2500 do prime Rostock, \$1.62 1/2 supposed on time; and 2000 do foreign at about \$1.56.

PROVISIONS.—We make no alteration in our rates for Beef and Pork, for both of which however, the demand remains so limited as to render them entirely nominal. Lard also continues dull, and declined 1 cent; considerable sales of prime new Ohio have been made at 9 cts; new Northern is held at 11 cts.

EXCHANGE.—A small amount of prime Bills on England have been taken for the London packet of to-day, at 10 per cent prem.

Boston, Jan. 16.
 Flour.—Prices still declining; sales of Genesee at \$8.50 a \$8.62, and Southern and \$8.75 per barrel. By auction, 200 barrels Ohio, from New Orleans, sold at \$8.37 a \$8.60 each.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat Corn at 85 cts. and white at 84 cts per bushel.

Baltimore Market, Jan. 16.
 Flour.—The wagon price of Howard street Flour remains uniform at \$8, and the store price ranges from \$8.25, to \$8.50, according to quality, and the quantity taken.

THE ARMY.

The company of Royal Artillery, under the command of Major Pringle, which arrived from New-Brunswick on Wednesday last, left town this morning, on sleighs, for Montreal.
 One company and the Staff of the 32nd Regiment and two companies of the 83rd, the whole under the command of the gallant Captain Markham, arrived at Kingston, (U. C.) on the 21st. Another company of the 83rd arrived on the following day; and the four companies took their departure for Toronto, in 90 sleighs.

DIED.

On Sunday, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs. Elizabeth Petty, wife of the late Mr. Francis Coulson, aged 68 years.—Her friends are invited to attend her funeral this afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, from the house of Mr. H. Cowan, Fabrique-street.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT is published every Tuesday and Saturday morning; Price, One Penny. Subscriptions will be received by the year, half-year, or quarter, at the rate of Ten Shillings per annum.

As the moderate price at which THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT is published is calculated to ensure it a very wide circulation, it will afford a desirable medium for advertising.

Subscriptions, advertisements and communications are received at the Office, No. 24, St. Peter Street. Subscription lists are also kept at the Exchange Reading Room and at Mr. Neilson's Book-store.

Mr. R. H. RUSSELL, Agent for the Literary Transcript, is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT may be had of Mr. F. PALMER, Bookseller, opposite to Mr. A. Laurie's store, St. John Street, Upper Town.

FIRE—FIRE!!—FIRE!!!

THE Members of the Fire Company attached to the ALLIANCE ENGINE, and others who may be desirous of joining the said Company, are requested to MEET TO-MORROW, Wednesday, at EIGHT o'clock, P. M., at Mr. PROUDLEY'S, St. Lawrence Hotel, Sault-au-Matlot Street, 30th January, 1838.

VOLUNTEERS.

THE Members of CAPT. GILLESPIE'S COMPANY, No. 4, Quebec Light Infantry, are requested to be punctual in their attendance at drill every evening at Half-past 8 o'clock, in the Riding House, near the Chateaux
 9th January, 1838.

FOR SALE.

AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK by Parkinson & Froudsman, London; a Two-Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPSON-METER, at

MARTYNS, Chronometer Maker, &c. &c. St. Peter Street, 30th Jan. 1838.

NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,

Carving, Turnine, Designing, Model Making, &c. No. 27, SAINT JOHN STREET.

The premises formerly occupied by J. & A. Thomson. JAMES M'KENZIE returns cordial thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, and informs them that he has now entered into Partnership with THOMAS BOWLES, an experienced Musical Instrument and Cabinet Maker, from New-York.

M'KENZIE & BOWLES beg to express their hope, that from the excellence of their materials, their skill as workmen, and the very general nature of their establishment, they will be able promptly to execute all orders with which they may be favored in the above mentioned, and in the Fancy line, in such a manner as to meet the unqualified approbation and increasing preference and patronage of their employers.

Piano Fortes and other Instruments carefully repaired.
 Quebec, 29th January, 1838

NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE.

THE Subscribers in returning thanks to their friends and the public at large, for the liberal support they have received since they commenced business, most respectfully intimate that they have a large assortment of CONFECTIONARY and CAKES, of the best quality.

SCOTT & M'CONKEY, No. 59, St. John Street, Quebec, 27th January, 1838.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]
ON WALLACE.

Rest, in the patriot's land of promise, rest,
Thou best and noblest of the sons of men;
No monument above thine honoured breast;
Thou didst not fall amid the thousand slain.
Thy brave foes, upon the battle plain,
That form, where patriot freedom lodged her soul,
Returned not mouldering to its earth again;
But, while thy spirit flourishes its heavenly gold,
Sought purer element beyond the earth's control.

What thou' wert when the land thou diedst to save,
No colour' rears its marble to the sky,
To tell of thee—the warlike, the brave—
And draw the cold regard of passer-by—
Some soulless pedant, haply, to whose eye
The marble, not the memory, makes the theme.
No, no, unsullied let that memory be,
Deep in our hearts,—a pure and sacred beam—
A holy, hallowed light,—a passionate, cherished
dream.

guard against any misunderstanding, I recapitulated the dishes we had previously agreed upon—beginning, "viz., fish, veal, hum," and so forth.

By return of post, I received the following answer:
"Sir,—I received your commands, but I don't know what you mean by videlicet, as I did not hear you mention it when you was here. Every thing else shall be obeyed, as yours to command."
E. W. R.

This letter, of course, afforded considerable mirth to the party who viewed it, but it appeared to me singular that my landlord should be incapable of understanding the contraction, and yet write the word at length, though improperly spelt. To rectify this point, I was at considerable trouble; and I cannot convey the result of my enquiries in a better form than the dialogue actually took place upon the receipt of my letter, at which time the landlord, his wife, and a waiter, were in the bar:—"Why, wife, did you ever hear me mention such a dish as viz, when the gentleman was down here ordering the dinner?" "No, husband, nor what is viz?" "A gentleman who had just paid the waiter for his morning beverage, hearing the last question, politely answered, "It means videlicet madam," and passed on. Here mine host was again at a pause, when he suddenly exclaimed, "And what is videlicet? I never heard of such a dish as that in all my life." "No, I husband, though I've lived in the fish trade—viz, and where every sort of made dish has been sent to table." "Thomas, do you know what is videlicet?" "No, sir; but I suppose it's one of those newfangled dishes that the French are so fond of. I'll ask in the kitchen." The enquiries in the kitchen were equally unsuccessful; but Thomas, upon recollection, thought he had heard of a fish of that name. To the shore my landlord immediately proceeded, all the river fishermen were in turn applied to, but all were equally positive that videlicet did not grow in the river Thames, or else they must have caught him—perhaps it might be a salt-water fish; but that opinion was not supported by the landlady, who declared that it videlicet was any thing, it was a made-dish; and not to expose their ignorance, they agreed to apologise, and make no further enquiries.

A. G. L.
* There is no monument to Wallace throughout Scotland; nor does he require one.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LITTLE MASTER VIZ.

Some writers follow an absurd practice in interlarding their productions with scraps of Latin, and other languages, ancient and modern. Even men who affect to hold classical learning in contempt, do so, generally to the vexation of those who wish to see the English tongue purified from all such pretended ornament and overloading. It is argued, that the use of a Latin word and phrase, now and then, gives strength to the expression, at least, that it embellishes it considerably. Thus we deny, there are words in the English language sufficient for every variety of expression. A fine first, the most essential requisite in literary composition, is intelligibility—clearness of expression. Every kind of mysticism, ambiguity or jargon capable of confusing the sense, should be avoided in author-craft. And what is the introduction of Latin words into books for common reading, but a mystifying of the sense? Is there one out of a thousand readers who understands Latin? Perhaps there may be one, and yet even he, we are convinced, would have no objections to be spared the trouble of translation.

There is also a matter of lesser moment connected with our vernacular tongue, which it also may not be amiss to give a hint about.—We mean the practice of substituting contractions of Latin words for terms which could be much better expressed in English. There are many of these contractions in vogue, but a notice of one or two will be sufficient. For instance, let us point out the contraction i.e., These letters signify, in fact, the plain English of which is, *id est*. Now we ask any one, whether it is less in Latin or otherwise, if there be the least value in substituting i.e., for that is I. Is the sense rendered more clear? By no means. Let us turn to the singular case of the contractor, viz. This ugly little word which is used so freely in all kinds of literary composition, is a contraction of the Latin videlicet, which signifies something like, *see here*; its meaning, however, is far better expressed by the plain English word, namely, which every body understands. Viz; we remember, was one of those troublesome words which our grammar books explained to us at school, and probably most boys are in the same manner informed of its meaning. But we cannot exactly see the propriety of foisting a difficulty into the language in order to have the pleasure of conquering it. It would be much more comfortable, we think, for all parties, that Master Viz should forthwith be dismissed the service. He is an old mysterious little imp, that has well executed his duty of bothering mankind, and may now with all due courtesy be laid upon the shelf.

Speaking of this little fellow, Master Viz, we are put in mind of a story which we read some years ago in an old Magazine, and which we beg to restore for the amusement of those readers who have not previously perused it. Being deputed to make choice of a house—says the relator of the anecdote,—and to order an annual dinner for a party of gentlemen, I determined on one pleasantly situated on the banks of the Thames. Having agreed with the landlord as to terms, and the precise dishes to be placed on the table, I informed him that in the event of the party being likewise satisfied, I would transmit him a letter by post, naming the day, &c. Their consent being signified, I wrote; merely stating that on such a day he might expect us, to the number of twenty-two, at so much per head, and to

the most superb ornaments ever designed; it consists of the richest dark purple velvet, lined with rich white silk; it is made in the same form as that of the Order of the Bath, and the star affixed in the same style; there is a small round cape running round the top of this mantle; it is lined with white satin; this is hooked on the top of the low dress which is worn underneath—the ribbon passes from the right shoulder and fastens at the waist; the garter, with the motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense," elegantly embroidered, is worn upon the arm. The orders and medals worn at the end of the ribbons being in the orders of the Bath and of the Garter are now being made smaller, as the weight of the former ones used was found to be inconvenient to her Majesty at the late prorogation of Parliament. The state robe is always kept in a splendid crimson velvet bag, trimmed round with rich lace; it is drawn by most sumptuous gold and purple tassels. The bag is lined with white silk. It is generally conveyed to the House of Lords in a state carriage, and under the care of three officers of state. The bag, the crown, and the sceptre are taken together.

THE COURT COSTUME.—The Queen issued her orders on Tuesday for the drawing-room dress. Her Majesty will introduce embroidered trains, a fashion which was exploded more than thirty years ago. This judicious arrangement will give employment to a branch of the arts which has been long neglected.

An impost "de lunatico" was held on the 1st of December, on a gentleman of fortune John Henry Frolic, who conceives himself to be King John the first, husband of the Empress of all the world, and intended husband of the Princess Victoria.—In the course of the examination the following strange letter was read:

"I have been guilty of writing to her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, who, I believe, is now Queen Victoria. The proceedings that were taken previously led me into the art. I am extremely sorry for having done so, and I humbly beg her Majesty will condescend to pardon the liberty I have taken. I ought immediately to have sent an apology, but I was assured by all here that the letter was not forwarded to her royal highness. I wish I had sent an apology into the parlor, and had left it there, it might have avoided all that has taken place. I thought Miss Beldway, who was created an empress, from having revised the Bible, had died, and that she had arranged that I should marry the Princess Victoria, the present Queen.
"Nov. 11, 1837."
"J. H. FROLIC, jun."

PATRARCHAL FAMILY.—Mrs. H. T., a lady of considerable property, residing in the vicinity of Edgware, attained her 103d year on the 28th of October. She is the youngest of three sisters, one of whom is 107, and the other 105 years of age, and Mrs. H., one of the ladies, has a son 80 years of age. Another sister died about two years ago in her 102d year.

LACHRYMUL.—Man is the only animal with the powers of laughing, a privilege which was not bestowed upon him for nothing. Let us then laugh while we may, no matter how loud the laugh it be shot of a lock-jaw, and despite of what the poet says about, "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." The mind should occasionally be vacant as the loud should sometimes be hollow; and for precisely the same reason.

PHILOSOPHERS DISPUTING.—A Cartesian and Newtonian disputing in a coffee-house at Paris, fell to fighting; after they were parted the Newtonian made a heavy complaint of the blows which he had received. A merry fellow, who had seen the affair, said to him, "You must forgive your adversary, he was determined by superior force; attraction acted upon both, and the repulsive force unhappily failed, he was carried towards you in a direct line with such an impetus, as occasioned a collision."

REMEDY FOR DULNESS.—Lord Dorset used to say of a very good-natured, dull fellow,—"Tis a thousand pities that man is not ill natured, that one might kick him out of company."

Colonel Kenyess, of the 40th regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal,

who was an Irishman, "take the have him in the waters of the Guadiana." After some time, the corporal returned, "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. "Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap,— "Sure ain't please your honour, and ain't your honour tell me to take him in the river? and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now according to y'r honour's orders." The bystanders, and even the colonel himself, could hardly repress a smile at the factious mistake of the honest corporal, who looked in ignorance itself, and wondered what there could be to laugh at.

BOOKS FOR SALE,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE,
No. 14, Mountain Street
SCOTT'S Novels, in seven vols.
Butler's Novels, in 1 vol. cloth.
Murray's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth.
Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep.
Henry's Miscellaneous Works.
Dwight's Theology,
Home and Smollett's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols.
Austria, by N. Ashmole, on Irving.
The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz."
Mishington's Exploits, by the author of Ration the Refrger.
Quebec, 13th January, 1838

JOSHUA HOBROUGH,

No. 3, Hope Street, near to Mr. J. J. Sims, IMPRESSED with a due sense of gratitude for the favors conferred upon him by the gentleman residing in Quebec, and its vicinages, and by the public in general, avails himself of the present moment, to return them his most heartfelt thanks; at the same time he assures them, that no efforts on his part shall be wanting to insure a similar continuance of their future patronage and support.
J. H. takes this opportunity likewise, of respectfully informing the gentry and the public at large, that he has received his Fall Supply, consisting of—Bearskin Cloth (superior to any in town), Pilot Cloths, Buckskins, Casimires, &c. suitable to the season; and he is ready to receive and execute all orders on the lowest terms for cash.
Quebec, 13th January 1838.

RUSSIA ERMINE CLOAK.

TO BE RAFFLED.—A Carmel Cloak, lined throughout with Russia ermine,—by forty subscribers at five shillings each. A subscription list is left at the Elephant & Castle Hotel, Upper Town, where the Cloak may be seen.

SAMUEL TOZER,

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

FIRE WOOD

FOR SALE,—in quantities of from One to Fifty Cords,—consisting of Birch and Maple.—Apply to Mr. SAMUEL TOZER, Upper Town Market.
Quebec, 13th January, 1838.

PROSPECTUS

OF
THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,
AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

[N submitting a new paper to the judgment of the public, it becomes a duty incumbent on the conductors to state what are the objects contemplated in its publication.

Briefly then,—the design of this paper will be to yield instruction and amusement to the domestic and social circle. It will contain choice extracts from the latest European and American periodicals,—selections from new, popular and entertaining works of the most celebrated authors, with other interesting literary and scientific publications.

The news of the day, compressed into as small a compass as possible, yet sufficiently comprehensive to convey a just and general knowledge of the principal political and miscellaneous events, will also be given.

Its columns will at all times be open to receive such communications as are adapted to the character of the work; and the known talent and taste existing in Quebec justify the hope we entertain that the value of our publication will be enhanced by frequent contributions.

The publication in this city of such a paper as the one now proposed, has many been long considered a desideratum; and the kindly disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipations that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement and success.
Quebec, 6th December, 1837.

THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE, PRINTED.