

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

POETRY.

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

BY MRS. HERMAN.

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
Or from some world unreach'd by human thought,
Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
And if thy vision with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here, of life and death!
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish, as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal hours?
Answer, oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze!
Darest thou bear with thee, to the silent unknown,
Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze?
Hear, hear, and answer me!

The voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone
Thrilled through the temple of the parting strife,
Like a faint breeze—oh! from that music down
Send back one sound, if love's he quenches life!
But once, oh! answer me!

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thought grows
dumb?

When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep;
Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended prayer:
By all our tears, whose mingling made them
sweet?

By our last hopes, the victor o'er despair!
Speak!—if our souls in deathless realms meet,
Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent—and the fire-off sky,
And the deep midnight's—silent all, and lone!
Oh! if the buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth? Hear, pity, speak! mine
own!

Answer me, answer me!

DE LINDSAY.

(BY E. L. BELFLORE, Esq.)

"Man walketh in a vain shadow; and disquieteth
himself in vain?"

[Concluded.]

To return to Mary. The letters which had blessed her through the liveliest days suddenly ceased. What could be the reason?—was she faithless—forgetful—ill? Alas! whatever might be the cause, it was almost equally ominous to her. "Are you sure there are none?" she said, every morning, when she inquired at the office, from which she once used to depart so gaily; and the tone of that voice was so mournful, that the gruff postman paused to look again, before he shut the lattice and extinguished the last hope. Her appetite and colour daily decreased; and shut up in her humble and fireless chamber, she passed whole hours in tears, in reading and repeating, again and again, every syllable of the letters she already possessed, or in pouring forth in letters to him, all the love and bitterness of her soul. "He must be ill," she said at last; "he never else could have been so cruel!" and she could bear the idea no longer. "I will go to him—I will soothe and attend him—who can love him, who can watch over him like me?" and the kindness of her nature overcame its modesty, and she made her small bundle, and stole early one morning from the house. "If he should despise me," she thought; and she was almost about to return, when the stern voice of her brother came upon her ear. He had for several days watched the alteration in her habits and manners, and endeavoured to guess at the cause. He went into her room, discovered a letter in her desk which she had just written to Rupert, and which spoke of her design. He watched, discovered, and saved her. There was no mercy or gentleness in the bosom of Mr. James Warner. He carried her home; reviled her in the coarsest and most taunting language; acquainted her father;

and after seeing her debarr'd from all access to correspondence or escape, after exulting over her unbraiding and heart-broken shame and despair, and sweating that it was vastly theatrical, Mr. James Warner mounted his yellow Stunhope, and went his way to the Yves Court. But these were tiring misfortunes, compared with those which awaited this unfortunate girl.

There lived in the village of T— one Zacharias Johnson, a jolly man and a rich, moreover a saint of the same chapter as Ebenezer Epimach Warner; his voice was the sweet nasal, smouldering forth the most unromantic aspect the most sinister, and his vestments the most threadbare of the whole of that sacred tribe. To the eyes of this man there was something comely in the person of Mary Warner: He liked her beauty, for he was a sensualist; her gentleness, for he was a coward; and her money, for he was a merchant. He proposed both to the father and to the son; the daughter he looked upon as a concluding blessing sure to follow the precious assent of the two relations. To the father he spoke of goldness and stripes, of the delightfulness of living in duty, and the receipts of his flourishing country house; to the son he spoke the language of kindness and the world—he knew that young man had exp. as—he should feel too happy to furnish Mr. James with something for his innocent amusements, if he might hope for his (Mr. James's) influence over his worthy father: the sum was specified and the consent was sold. Among those domestic phenomena, which the inquirer seldom takes the trouble to solve, is the magical power possessed by a junior branch of the family over the main tree, in spite of the contrary and perverse direction taken by the aforsaid branch. James had acquired and exercised a most undue authority over the paternal patriarchy, although in the habits and sentiments of each there was not one single trait in common between them. But James possessed a virtuous and unshakable, his father a weak and piston-ridden mind. In domestic life, it is the mind which is the master. Mr. Zacharias Johnson had once or twice, even before Mary's acquaintance with Rupert, urged his suit to Ebenezer; but as the least hint of such a circumstance to Mary seemed to occasion her a pang which went to the ready kind heart of the old man, as his he was fond of her society, and had no wish to lose it, and as, above all, Mr. James had not yet held these conferences with Zacharias which ended in the alliance of their interests,—the proposal seemed to Mr. Warner like a lawsuit to the Lord Chancellor, something rather to be talked about than to be decided. Unfortunately, about the very same time in which Mary's proposed escape had drawn upon her the paternal indignation, Zacharias had made a convert of the son; James took advantage of his opportunity, worked upon his father's anger, grief, mercantile love of lucre, and saint-like affection to sect, and obtained from Ebenezer a promise to enforce the marriage—backed up his receding scruples, preserved his courage through the scenes with his weeping and wretched daughter, and, in spite of every lingering sentiment of tenderness and pity, saw the very day fixed which was to leave his sister helpless for ever.

It is painful to go through that series of inhuman persecutions, so common in domestic records; that system which, like all grounded upon injustice, is as foolish as tyrannical, and which always ends in misery, as it begins in oppression. Mary was too gentle to resist; her prayers became stilled; her tears ceased to flow; she sat alone in her helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart, in that deep despair which, like the incense of an evil dream, weighs upon the bosom, a burden and a torture from which there is no escape nor relief. She managed at last, within three days of that fixed for her union, to write to Rupert, and get her letter conveyed to the post.

"Save me," it said in conclusion—"I ask not by what means, I care not for what end, save me, I implore you, my guardian angel. I shall not trouble you long—I write to you no

romantic appeal!—God knows that I have little thought for romance, but I feel that I shall soon see, only let me die unseparated from you—your, who first taught me to live, be near me, teach me to die, take away from me the bitterness of death. Of all the terrors of the fate to which they compel me, nothing appears so dreadful as the idea that I may then no longer think of you and love you. My hand is so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen, but my head is on fire. I think I could go mad if I would—but I will not, for then you could no longer love me. I hear my father's step—oh, Rupert!—on Friday next—remember—save me, save me!"

But the day, the fatal Friday arrived Rupert came out. They arrayed her in the bridal garb, and her father came up stairs to summon her to the room, in which the few guests invited were already assembled. He kissed her cheek; it was so deathly pale, that his heart smote him, and he spoke in her in the language of other days. She turned towards him, her lips moved, but she spoke not. "My child, my child!" said the old man, "have you not one word for your father?"—"It is too late!" she said; "can you not preserve me yet?" There was reticence in the father's eye, but at that moment James stood before him. His keen mind saw the danger; he frowned at his father's opportunity was past. "God forgive you!" said Mary, and cold, and trembling, and scarcely alive, she descended to the small and dark room, which was nevertheless the state chamber of the house. At a small table of black mahogany, plain and stately, starchy and unwholesome within and without, withered and fossilized at heart by the bigotry and solidness, and aged of sixty years, sat two maiden saints; they came forward, kissed the unshining cheek of the bride, and then, with one word of blessing, returned to their former seats and resumed their former posture. There was no little appearance of life in the persons caressing and caressed, that you would have started as if at something ghastly and supernatural—as if you had witnessed the salute of the grave. The bridegroom sat at one corner of the dim fireplace, arrayed in a more gaudy attire than was usual with the sect, and which gave a grotesque and unnatural gaiety to his lengthy figure and solemn aspect. As the bride entered the room, there was a faint smile on his lip, and a twinkle in his half-shut and crossing eyes, and a hasty shuffle in his unwieldy limbs, as he slowly rose, pulled down his yellow waistcoat, made a stately genuflection, and regained his seat. Opposite to him sat a little lankhaired boy, about twelve years old, crumbling a piece of cake, and looking with a subdued and spiritless glance over the whole group, till at length his attention riveted on a large dull-coloured cat sleeping on the hearth, and whom he dust not awaken even by a murmured ejaculation of "Puss?"

On the window-seat, at the farther end of the room, there sat, with folded arms and abstracted air, a tall military-looking figure, apparently about forty. He rose, bowed low to Mary, gazed at her for some moments with a look of deep interest, sighed, muttered something to himself, and remained motionless with eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning against the dark waistcoat. This was Monkton, the husband of the woman who had allured her father to T—, and from whom he had heard so threatening an account of her liege lord. Monkton had long known Zacharias, and always inclined to a serious turn of mind, he had lately endeavoured to derive consolation from the doctrines of that enthusiast. On hearing from Zacharias, for the saint had no false notions of delicacy, that he was going to bring into the pale of matrimony a lumb which had almost fallen a prey to the same wolf that had invaded his own fold, Monkton expressed so warm an interest, and so earnest a desire to see the reclaimed one, that Zacharias had invited him to partake of the bridal cheer.

Such was the conclave—and never was a wedding party more ominous in its appearance. "We will have," said the father, and

his voice trembled, "one drop of spiritual comfort before we repair to the house of God. James, reach me the holy book." The Bible was brought, and all, as by mechanical impulse, sank upon their knees. The old man read with deep feeling some portions of the Scriptures calculated for the day; there was a lushed and heartfelt silence; he rose—he began an extemporaneous and fervent discourse. How earnest and breathless was the attention of his listeners! the very boy sat with open mouth and thirsting ear. "Oh, beneficent Father," he said, as he drew near to his conclusion, "we do indeed bow before thee with humbled and smitten hearts. The evil spirit hath been among us, and one who was the wise and the just, and the delight of our eyes, hath forgotten thee for awhile; but shall she not return unto thee, and shall we not be happy once more? Oh, melt away the hardness of that bosom which rejects thee and thy chosen for strange idols, and let the waters of thy grace flow from the softened rock. And now, O Father, let thy mercy and healing hand be upon thy servant (and the old man looked to Monkton), upon whom the sun's bright hath fallen, and whose people the same serpent hath destroyed." Here Monkton's soul was uplifted. "Give unto him the comforts of the holy spirit; recall him from the sin and worldly delusions of his earlier days, and both unto him and her who is now about to enter upon a new career of duty, vouchsafe that peace which no vanity of earth can take away. From evil let good arise; and though the voice of gladness be mute, and though the sounds of bridal rejoicing are not heard within our walls, yet grant that this day may be the beginning of a new life, devoted unto happiness, to virtue, and to thee!" There was a long pause; they re-avened the old woman were affected. Monkton returned to the window, and throwing it open, leaned forward as for breath. Mary resumed her seat, and the she sat motionless and speechless. Alas! her very heart seemed to have stilled its beating. An length James said (and his voice, though it was softened almost to a whisper, arose upon that deep silence as an unlooked-for and unnatural interruption), "James, father, it must be time to go, and the cartages must be strictly coming, and here they are—no, that sounds like four horses." And at that very moment the rapid trampling of hoofs, and the hurried rattling of wheels were heard—the sounds ceased at the gate of the house. The whole party, even Mary, rose and looked at each other—a slight noise was heard in the hall—a swift step upon the stairs—the door was flung open, so wan and emaciated that he would scarcely have been known but by the eyes of attention, Rupert de Lindsay burst into the room. "Thank God," he cried, "I am not too late!" and, in mingled fondness and defiance, he threw his arm round the slender form which clung to it all wild and tremblingly. He looked round. "Old man," he said, "I have done you wrong; I will repay it; give me your daughter as my wife. What are the claims of her intended husband to mine? Is he rich?—my riches trouble his! Does he love her?—I swear that I love her more! Does she love him? I love, old man, are these cheeks, whose roses you have marred, this pining and wasted form, which shrinks now at the very mention of his name, tokens of her love? Does she love me? You her father, you her brother, you her lover—yes, all, every one among you know that she does, and may Heaven forsake me if I do not deserve her love!—give her to me as my wife—she is mine already in the sight of God. Do not dicker us— we both implore you upon our knees!" "Avaunt, blasphemer!" cried Zacharias. "Begone!" said the father—the old ladies looked at him as if they were going to treat him as Cleopatra did the pearl, and dissolve him in vinegar. "Wretch!" muttered in a deep and subdued tone, the enraged and agitated Monkton, who, the moment Rupert had entered the room, had guessed who he was, and stood frowning by the sideboard, and handling, as if involuntarily, the knife which had cut the boy's cake, and been left accidentally there. And the stern brother coming towards

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 10th SEPT. 1838.

LATEST DATES.
 London, - - - Aug. 3. New-York, - - - Sept 8
 Liverpool, - - - Aug. 4. Halifax, - - - Sept. 5
 Havre, - - - Aug. 11. Toronto, - - - Sept. 4

New York papers of Monday evening last furnish no later advices from England. The *Emerald* had arrived from Havre, bringing Paris papers to the 1st August inclusive.

Marshal Soult arrived at Havre on the 30th July, in the evening, and set off the next morning for Paris. The steambot in which he came from England fired a salute, but it was not returned from on shore, nor did the authorities of the city wait upon the Marshal. It is said that he was hurt at this cold reception, contrasting it with the warmth of that accorded to him in England.

The Duchess of Wirttemberg (Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of King Louis Philippe) gave birth to a son, July 30th, who is to be named Philippe-Alexandre-Marie, Ernest.

There is nothing especially new from Hanover.—The opposition to the King's projects seems to gather strength. The Grand-Duke of Russia was at the city of Hanover, in public health.

The New York Commercial Advertiser mentions the receipt of a slip from the office of the *Mobile Chronicle*, containing a paragraph calling on the citizens of Mobile not to station the city to a mob, and urging them to take measures to maintain law and order.

We suppose that this paragraph has reference to some outrages committed in Mobile, which, from the manner in which they are alluded to, have either created great consternation among the people, or been widely participated in by the citizens.

The Boston Advertiser of the 6th instant, states that three Surveyors had just been appointed by the Governor of Maine to make a survey of the disputed boundary. The opinion is expressed that it will only be done as merely experimental, and that it will not be at all attempted, if the British authorities adopt any measures to prevent it.

By an extract from an American paper, it appears that Montgomery, whose escape from Kingston had well nigh caused him his death, had been run over by a two horse wagon at Rochester, and so hurt that his life was despaired of.

We gather from the *Gazette* the following particulars of a very interesting race which came off on Wednesday last, for £50, between the yachts *Shamrock*, owned by Mr. Park, Algerine, owned by the officers of the office of the Coldstream Guards, and *Falcon*, owned by Mr. Jones.

The wind was strong from the eastward, and the start was admirably managed by the referee, Mr. Stephenson. The Algerine took the lead, followed closely by the *Shamrock*, the *Falcon* leaving them for the slack water in-shore, by which she gained rapidly on the others till they also stood in towards the land. After rounding the boat at St. Nicholas, the sea ran so high as to carry away the hatch of the Algerine's deck, and in consequence of it she nearly filled; she, however, won the race in pretty style, coming in few lengths ahead of the *Shamrock*.

In concluding the notice of the Quebec Regatta we cannot omit to mention that the crew of the *Quill Driver*, (six oared row boat), who, it will be recollected lost an oar in the race for the first prize, which was in consequence won by Captain Villier's *Death*, manned by a crew from the Guards, have communicated their wish again to compete with *Death*, and the same crew for the sum of £30 a side. This match has been declined, and although *Death* has fairly won the prize, the general opinion is that the *Quill Driver* is the better boat.

Statement of arrivals and tonnage of vessels arrived at the port of Quebec, to the 1st September, for the years 1837 and 1838:

	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1837,	801	249,123
1838,	804	247,554
More,	3	Less, 1,559

him, attempt to tear the clinging and almost lifeless Mary from his arms.

"Nay, it is as if," said Rapert, and with an effort almost supernatural for one who had so lately recovered from an illness as severe, he dashed the brother to the ground, caught Mary in one strong embrace, and against the old lady with her sisters, and fled down stairs, with a light step and a lighter heart. "Follow him, follow him!" cried the father in his agony, "save my daughter, why will ye not save her?" and he wrung his hands but stirred not, for his grief had the stiffness of despair. "I will save her," said Monkton; and still grasping the knife, of which, indeed, he had not once left hold, he darted after Rapert. He came up to the object of his pursuit just as the latter had placed Mary (who was in a deep swoon) in his carriage, and had himself sat his foot on the step. Rapert was snatching, with a reckless daring natural to his character, "She is won, we are gone over the bridge, both, and secure," when Monkton laid his hand upon his shoulder; "Your name is De Lindsay, I think," said the former; "At your service," answered Rapert, saying, and embracing himself from the unceremonious grasp; "This, then, at your heart," cried Monkton, and he plunged his knife twice into the bosom of the adulterer. Rapert staggered and fell. Monkton stood over him with a brightening eye, and brandishing the blade which reeked with the best blood of his betrayer, "Look at me!" he shouted, "I am Henry Monkton—do you know me now?" "Oh, God!" murmured the dying man, "it is just, it is just!" and he writhed for one moment on the earth, and was still for ever!

Mary recovered from her swoon to see the weeping body of her lover before her, to be dragged by her brother over the corpse into her former prison, and to relapse with one low and in vain shriek into insensibility. For two days she recovered from one fit only to fall into another—until the evening of the third, the weak had ceased to trouble, and the weary was at rest.

It is not my object to trace the lives of the remaining actors in this drama of real-life—to follow the broken-hearted father to his grave, to see the last days of the brother consume and the wretchedness of a jail, or to witness, upon the plea of insanity, the acquittal of Henry Monkton—these have but little to do with the thread and catastrophe of my story. There was no romance in the marital or the lovers'—death did not unite those who in life had been asunder. In the small church yard of her native place, covered by one simple stone, whose simpler inscription is still fresh, while the daily passions and events of the world have left memory but little trace of the departed, the tale of her sorrows unknown, and the beauty of her life unrecorded, sleeps Mary Wainor.

And they opened for Rapert do Lindsay the mourning vaults of his knightly fathers; and amid the banners of old triumphs and the escutcheons of hereditary vanity, they laid him in his pallid and gorgeous coffin!

I attempt not to extract a moral from his life. His existence was the chase of a flying shadow, that rested not till it slept in gloom and for ever upon his grave!

TRIAL OF THE MURDERERS OF CHATRAND.

(From the Montreal Herald of Monday last.) [Concluded.]

MR. MONDELET, in the most extraordinary and seditions harangue ever heard within the walls of a temple of justice, appealed to the worst passions and most distorted prejudices of the jurors, in behalf of his clients, the prisoners at the bar. He contended that the prosecution had been instituted, and was carried on, at the instance of the Executive; that the Government, afraid to accuse and try the prisoners before a jury of their fellow-countrymen, for alleged political offences, thus sought to gratify their malice and vindictiveness for the state delinquencies of his clients, by compassing their destruction, in a covert and irregular manner. He attempted not to deny their participation in the massacre of the ill-fated Chartrand; but contended that the offence imputed to them, was merged and lost, in the greater and more enormous crime of High Treason. That the Government had not dared to prosecute them for that greater and more comprehensive transgression; and could not now wreak its vengeance against them, for its commission, by means of the present petty and obvious subterfuge. That

their colleagues in guilt had dyed their hands in blood at St. Denis, St. Charles, and St. Eustache, and by Royal Proclamations were exempted from the consequences of their iniquity of their guilt. That he recognized not the difference in degree of culpability, between the shedding of the blood of one unarmed Volunteer, and the taking of the lives of Her Majesty's soldiers by the hundred. That the *Complotists* of the prisoners had been exonerated from all punishment for the latter act; and it would be a gross perversion of justice, to convict the prisoners of a capital felony, for having done the former. That the fault of the whole proceeding, if any fault there were in it, was to be imputed to the Government, and to the Government only, in not having preserved and enforced its authority; and in permitting the county to fall into a state of anarchy, during the existence of which no man was accountable for his acts, however abhorrent to reason, or adverse to justice. We pretend not to cite the language of this most extraordinary forensic display; but pledge ourselves to the fidelity with which its spirit is recorded. After more than an hour's exertion, to the evident pleasure and conviction of the Jurors; and to the no less evident dissatisfaction and disgust of every one present, enlivened with reason and judgement. Mr. Mondelet concluded his address by calling the following witnesses:

JEAN B. POISSON.—Lives at L'Acadie; I remember the date of the occurrence; on that day Rene Garant, accompanied by six or eight armed men, came to Pinsonnault's and asked him to let his two sons join the party. Pinsonnault asked by what authority they were summoned; Garant replied by the order of Mr. Papineau; Pinsonnault then consented to the departure of his sons; Garant, the next day there would be a command issued which would be obeyed; and that day he wanted but the unarméd, but the next day he would require the armed men; Garant said the object for which they were wanted was to take the garrison St. John; expected myself to be obliged to go next day. Was not cross-examined.

LEUIS GARANT.—Lives at L'Acadie; I remember the day of Chartrand's death; Garant accompanied by three or four men, called at my place on that day on his tour, commanded me to join; he ordered my hired servant, Michel Durandeau, to join his party; Michel affected to prepare himself, but did not go; Garant commanded in Papineau's name; I thought the command should be obeyed, and expected next day, being married to be obliged to go; the belief in the parish was, that if the orders then issued were not obeyed, those refusing would be punished; it was the belief that those who refused to obey should lose their lives.

ANDRE PERRAUD.—Having been in Court during the trial, was not permitted to be examined.

ABRAHAM BECHARD.—Lives at L'Acadie; the day of Chartrand's death, the unmarried men were ordered to turn out by Garant; the next day it was intended to call out the married men; Garant and some of the party were armed, Garant stated as declared by former witness; my servant man joined Garant; I do not know if I would have obeyed Garant; I did not refuse him, but thought I did not perform my duty in so doing; Garant wanted me to go and take St. Johns; I was at widow Giroux's when Garant began enlisting; he was there alone, only one of her sons accompanied him. Was not cross-examined.

LOUIS MONBLEAU.—Lives at L'Acadie; deposed to same as preceding witness in reference to Garant and the command; I know the Pinsonnaults nearly from their infancy, Joseph Pinsonnault was always a timid boy, not so clever as his brother.

Cross-examined.—Joseph not so clever as his brother; I believe he is as clever as my brother, and as clever as I am.

FRANCOIS CHERBLAIS.—Lives at L'Acadie, was not present at any place where enlistment was going on; I know the Pinsonnaults from a very early age, always thought Joseph Pinsonnault weak of intellect, he is so still; I know not if he can be easily frightened, but think he might; Nicholas has been school-master in the parish for the last five or six years, always knew him to be a quiet and kind man; not more severe than any other teacher.

Cross-examined.—I live about half a league from the Pinsonnaults, Joseph is about nineteen years of age, is the younger of the brothers; I do not know if he were told to steal or

kill he would do so; think he would not kill the turkey or sheep of his neighbour; I do not think he would break his head against a stone wall to please any one.

BECHARE AND NARCISSE MONBLEAU.—Deposed to same as preceding witness.

DR. TIMELEON QUENEAU.—I know young Beaulieu; he is a violent character; was so last fall; I have lived at L'Acadie 15 years; last fall the parish was in a state of anarchy; I was opposed to the political views of the majority; the agitators did not recognize any authority; the people were almost universally disaffected; very few dared to oppose the majority; I was compelled to resign my commission, after having been charged and having my door broken open; I know that young men were forced to leave their parents and join the agitators. The loyal had no means of protection at the time; there was great excitement in the parish, followed by insurrection. A Captain of Militia, by the command of a child of 14 or 15 years of age, was frightened into ordering out his men.

Cross-examined.—The captain ordered them to take St. Johns. It was in Oct. I resigned, there were some loyal *habitants* in the parish. The officers and sergeants of Militia were the principal objects of hatred and attack. Those who resigned were left quiet. St. John was declared taken twenty or thirty times. It was reported besieged and taken three or four times a day; the disaffected were at: captains and leaders.

LAVRENT ANCHAMBAULT.—I have been Notary, for seventeen years at Blainville. Last fall the parish was in a state of anarchy. I was a Justice of the Peace; could not execute my warrants at the time; commissions were resigned; I was obliged myself to resign; I was not menaced, they only threatened to enslave those who refused to resign their commissions. Several families left the parish from fear.

Cross-examined.—The discontent was directed only against those who held commissions.

FIERRE ROY.—Lives at L'Acadie; was born there. Last fall almost universal discontent and agitation prevailed the parish; Militia commissions forced to be given up; parish in a state of anarchy; no government recognized there; it was the intention of the people to have no government. Might constitute a regent; it was doubtful if any regent issued which would be obeyed; and that day he wanted but the unarméd, but the next day he would require the armed men; Garant said the object for which they were wanted was to take the garrison St. John; expected myself to be obliged to go next day. Was not cross-examined.

PIERRE PICARD.—Knew Chartrand; lived near him at St. Johns; knew him to have once beaten David Roy last fall, when he was in liquor; Chartrand was a violent man; I have heard that he was regulated in L'Acadie as a spy.

JACQUES BOUCHARD.—Lives at L'Acadie; I did not know Chartrand personally; I last fall heard that Chartrand was coming at the head of a company to the Grand Ligne, to spread devastation with fire and sword. Witness was here asked by Mr. Mondelet if Chartrand was not esteemed a traitor to the cause of his country? The question which excited universal surprise, largely mixed with disgust, was prohibited—by Court declaring it to be indecent. In answer to another, witness declared that Chartrand was thought a spy.

Cross-examined.—Did not know Chartrand, knows many false reports were in circulation at the time. (Here the defence closed.)

The Attorney General in a most animated and conclusively argumentative speech, refuted all the cavils and sophisms sought to be raised and enforced by the Prisoner's Counsel; and concluded a very able speech, by a most judicious and feeling exposition to the Jury of the important and elevated character of the trust they were about to exercise. After which the Honorable the Chief Justice in his usually clear and comprehensive manner, summed up the evidence to the Jury and explained to them the law applicable to the case.

The Jury retired; and in about half an hour, returned into Court, and delivered a verdict of "NOT GUILTY," with regard to each and every of the prisoners.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT IS PUBLISHED Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Price Ten Shillings per annum.

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