

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 7TH JULY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## POETRY.

### TO A LOVER OF AUTUMN.

BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON.

You blame me, sister, when I say,  
That autumn makes me sad;  
But quicker still you silence me,  
For thinking Spring is glad;  
Does it not prove, however we blame,  
We all are very much the same?

There is an every breath that lives  
A sadness of its own,  
That reason neither cures nor gives,  
Whose fountain is unknown;  
A something that we seldom tell,  
But that we cannot conquer well.

Why is the joyous Spring to thee  
A melancholy thing?  
And why does Autumn unto me  
Such gloomy feelings bring?  
Neither can answer, but we know  
We do not merely fancy so.

It may have been some single hour,  
That coloured them to both;  
Some vivid moment's lightning power,  
That, growing with our growth,  
Made that to one for ever sad,  
Which to the other seems all glad.

Perhaps the heart was beating fast,  
With bliss too deep to say,  
When on a husband's brow we cast  
Our happy eyes away;  
Perhaps when tears were ill-restrained,  
That look on a dead leaf was chained.

We mark'd not then the hawthorn bough,  
Nor that the wither'd leaf;  
But they are felt intensely now,  
In silent joy or grief;  
Let us compassionately see,  
Man's spirit is a mystery!

\* "Who knoweth the spirit of man?"—Ecclesiastes, iii. 21.

## DORA.

BY MISS MARY L. MITFORD.

Few things are more delightful than to saunter along these green lanes of ours, in the busy harvest-time; the deep verdure of the hedge-rows, and the strong shadow of the trees, contrasting so vividly with the fields, partly waving with golden corn, partly studded with regular piles of heavy wheat-sheaves; the whole population abroad; the whole earth teeming with fruitfulness, and the bright autumn sun careering over-head, amidst the deep blue sky and the fleecy clouds of the most glowing and least fickle of the seasons. Even a solitary walk loses its loneliness in the general cheerfulness of nature. The air is gay with bees and Litterflies; the robin twitterers from amongst the ripening hazel-nuts; and you cannot proceed a quarter of a mile, without encountering some merry group of leavers, or some long line of majestic wains, graining under their rich burden, brushing the close hedges at either side, and knocking their tall tops against the overhanging trees; the very image of ponderous plenty.

Pleasant, however, as such a procession is to look at, it is somewhat dangerous to meet, especially in a narrow lane; and I thought myself very fortunate one day last August, in being so near a five-barred gate, as to be enabled to escape from a cottage of labourers and harvest-wagons, sufficiently bulky and noisy to convey half the wheat in the parish. On they went, men, women, and children, shouting, laughing, and singing, in joyous expectation of the coming harvest-home; the very wagons nodding from side to side as if tipsy, and threatening every moment to break down bank, and tree, and hedge, and crush every obstacle that opposed them. It would have been as safe to encounter the car of Juggernaut; I blest my stars; and after leaning on the friendly gate until the last gleaner had passed, a ragged rogue of seven years old, who, with hair as white as flax, a skin as brown as a berry, and features as grotesque as an Indian idol, was brandishing his tuft of wheat-ears, and shrieking forth, in a shrill childish voice, and with a most ludicrous gravity, the popular song of "Buy a broom." After

watching this young gentleman—the archness of my acquaintance—as long as a curve in the lane would permit, I turned to examine in what spot change had placed me, and found before my eye another picture of rural life, but one as different from that which I had just witnessed, as the Arcadian peasants of Pousis from the boors of Teniers, or weeds from flowers, or poetry from prose.

I had taken refuge in a harvest field belonging to my good neighbour, Farmer Creswell; a beautiful child lay on the ground at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labour of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath of enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-bines, and light fragile hare-bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears, around its hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers the ripe, and swelling corn, that harmonized with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology; and the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of that finest pastoral of the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world, he only child of his only brother; and having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle as fondly and carefully as his own son Walter. He said that he loved her quite as well—perhaps he loved her better; for though it was impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold handsome youth, who, at eighteen, had a man's strength and a man's stature, was the best rider, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the country; yet the fairy Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishment, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred horse, or a favourite greyhound.

She could make a shirt and a padding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the news-paper; was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabus with any dairy-woman in the county. There was not so handsly a little creature any where; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet out of doors as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind; nobody was like his Dora. So said, and so thought Farmer Creswell; and before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that in due time she should marry his son Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular, stout and active man, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile; his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl was undoubtedly the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the highest degree, had never been known to yield a point, or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate, because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiment, perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent, and which he pursued cautiously, and successfully; a good farmer, and a good man.

His son Walter, who was in person a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him also in many points of character, was equally

obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin, much as he would have loved a favorite sister, and might very possibly, if left alone, have become attached to her as his father wished; but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement, to hold himself bound to a mere child—the very idea was absurd; and restraining with difficulty an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way; and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other end of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight, drooping figure, and a fair, downcast face, like a snowdrop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together.

The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length her mother died, and, deprived of home and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage; an immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and a less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and penniless widow—unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation and blameless demeanour of the widowed bride, she and her infant might have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighbourhood was zealous to relieve, and to serve them; but their most liberal benefactors, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off at once her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would permit. Every shilling of her pocket-money she expended upon her poor cousins; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from a silk frock to a penny tartlet. Every thing that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her, to those whose claims seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trust-worthy.

Such was the posture of affairs at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter, in the harvest field; the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue.

"And so, madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick, and so melancholy; and the dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me and smiled in my face; only "look at him," continued she, "and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother living on charity, and they my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst I, who have no right whatever, no claim at all—I, that, compared to them, am but a far-off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself, he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself too; I know that he is; so tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often at meal times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of

doors, as he threatened, or, what is worse, call me ungrateful or undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He never has seen him then? and that is the reason you are tricking him out so prettily."

"Yes, ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter! and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's fowers! stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words that I had ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's fowers!" said his zealous teacher.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take him to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No, ma'am, for I look for my uncle here every minute, and this is the best place to ask a favour in, for the very sight of the great crop puts him in good humour; not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day, on purpose to please him; for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him? poor child! so helpless, so harmless; his own blood too, and so like his father, no heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that his will not. Only," pursued Dora, relapsing into her glib tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope, "only, I am half-afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange, when one wants any thing to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pet especially. I remember when my lady cousin came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open the other day at five, when dear Miss Ellen came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern; and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard! if the child should be frightened!—Be sure, Walter, you don't cry!" said Dora, in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers," replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat; and his young pretences was comforted.

At that moment the farmer was heard whistling to his dog; in a neighbouring field, and fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success; and passing the harvest-field in my way, I found a group assembled there, which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tending little Walter in the air; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself. A pale, slender, young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and sharer of all this happiness, was sitting behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand. Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora! and I give you joy from the bottom of my heart, little Walter behaved well, then?"

"Oh, he behaved like an angel."

"Did he say, gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat, and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once—the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up

in his arms, and hugged him just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"  
 "Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy; he put up his little hands and played with it, and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held at his feet most to be kissed; and how my uncle adored him! I thought he never would have done; and then he sat down on a wheat-sheaf and cried; and I cried too! Very strange that one should cry for happiness!" said Dora, as some large drops fell on the wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat; "Very strange," repeated she, looking up, with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks with a bunch of corn-flowers; "Very strange that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

ON INFIDELITY IN LOVE.

BY E. L. BULWER, ESQ.

To the vulgar there is but one infidelity—that which, in woman at least, can never be expiated or forgiven. They know not the thousand shades in which change disguises itself, they trace not the fearful progress of the alienation of the heart. But to those who truly and deeply love, there is an infidelity with which the person has no share. Like ingratitude, it is punished by no laws. We are powerless to avenge ourselves.

When two persons are united by affection, and the love of the one survives that of the other, who can measure the anguish of the unfortunate who watches the extinction of a light which nothing can re-illumine? It mostly happens, too, that the first discovery is sudden. There is a deep trustfulness in a loving heart; it is blind to the gradual decrease of sympathy—its divine charity attributes the absent eye, the chilling word, to a thousand causes, save the true one; carelessness—some worldly trouble—some engrossing thought; and (poor fool that it is!) endeavours by additional tenderness to compensate for the pain that is of its own existing. Alas! the time has come when it can no longer compensate. It hath ceased to be all-in-all to its cruel partner. Custom has brought its invariable curve—and indifference gathers round the place in which we had garnered up our soul. At length the appalling light breaks upon us—we discover we are no longer loved. And what remedy have we? None! Our first, our natural feeling is resentment. We are conscious of treachery; this ungrateful heart that has fallen from us, how have we prized and treasured it—how have we sought to shield it from every arrow—how have we pleased ourselves, in solitude and in absence, with yearning thoughts of its faith and beauty;—now it is ours no more! Then we break into wild reproaches—we become exacting—we watch every look—we gauge every action—we are unfortunate—we weary—we offend. These our agonies—our impetuous bursts of passion—our ironical and bitter taunts to which we half expect, as heretofore, to hear the soft word that turneth away wrath—these only expedite the fatal hour; there are new crimes in us; the very proofs of our bitter love are treasured and repeated as reasons why we should be loved no more;—as if without a throne, without a murmur, we could resign ourselves to so great a loss. Alas!—it is with fierce convulsions that the temple is rent in twain, and we hear the Divinity depart. Sometimes we stand in silence, and with a full heart, gazing upon those hard cold eyes which never again can melt in tenderness upon us. And our silence in dumb-stupidity is gone. We are no longer understood. We long to die in order to be avenged. We half pray for some great misfortune, some agonizing illness, that it may bring to us our soother and our nurse. We say, "In affliction or in sickness it could not last desert us." We are mistaken. We are shelterless—the roof has been taken from our heads—we are exposed to any and every storm. Then comes a sharp and dread sentiment of loneliness and insecurity. We are left—weak children—in the dark. We are bereft more irrevocably than by death; for will even the Hereafter, that unites the happy dead who die lovingly, restore the love that has perished, ere life be dim?  
 What shall we do? We have accustomed ourselves to love and to be loved. Can we

turn to new ties, and seek in another that which is extinct in one? How often is such a resource in vain! Have we not given to this—the treacherous and the false friend—the best years of our life—the youth of our hearts—the flower of our affections? Did we not yield up the harvest? How little is there left for another to glean! This makes the crime of the moral infidelity. The one who takes away from us his or her love takes from us also the love of all else. We have no longer, perhaps, the youth and the attractions to engage affection. Once we might have closed out of the world—now time is past. Who shall love us in our sear and yellow leaf, as in that time when we had most the qualities that win love? It was a beautiful sentiment of one whom her lord proposed to put away—"Give me, then, back," said she, "that which I brought to you." And the man answered, in his vulgar coarseness of soul, "Your fortune shall return to you."—"I thought not of fortune," said the lady; "give me back my real wealth—give me back my beauty and my youth—give me back the virginity of soul—give me back the cheerful countenance and the heart that had never been disappointed."

Yes: it is of these that the unfaithful rob us when they dismiss us back upon the world and tell us, with a bitter mockery, to form new ties. In proportion to the time that we have been faithful—in proportion to the feelings we have sacrificed—in proportion to the wealth of soul—of affection, of devotion, that we have consumed, are we shut out from the possibility of atonement elsewhere. But this is not all—the other occupations of the world are suddenly made stale and barren to us: the daily avocations of life—the common pleasures—the social diversions, so tame in themselves, had had their charm when we could share, and talk over, them with another. It was sympathy which made them sweet; the sympathy withdrawn, they are nothing to us—worse than nothing. The talk has become the tickling symbol, and society the gallery of pictures. Ambition, toil, the great aims of life—even these cease abruptly to excite. What, in the first place, made labour grateful and ambition dear? Was it not the hope that their rewards would be reflected upon another self? And now there is no other self. And, in the second place (and this is a newer consideration), does it not require a certain calmness and freedom of mind for great efforts? Persuaded of the possession of what most we value, we can look abroad with cheerfulness and hope; the consciousness of a treasure inexhaustible by external features makes us speculative and bold. Now, all things are coloured by our dependency; our self-esteem—that necessary incentive to glory—is humbled and abased. Our pride has received a jarring and bitter shock. We no longer feel that we are equal to stern exertion. We wonder at what we have done before. And therefore, it is, that when Othello believed himself betrayed, the occupations of his whole life suddenly become burdensome and abhorred.

"Farewell," he saith,  
 "Farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content."  
 And then, as the necessary but unconscious link in the chain of thought, he continues at once—

"Farewell the plumed troops and the big wars  
 That make ambition virtue—oh, farewell!  
 Farewell the neighing steed—and the shrill trump—  
 The spirit-stirring drum—the ear-piercing file,  
 The yell, the banner, and all qualities,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war—  
 Farewell!—Othello's occupation's gone."

But there is another and a more permanent result from this bitter treason. Our trustfulness in human nature is diminished. We are no longer the credulous enthusiasts of Good. The pillars of the moral world seem shaken. We believe, we hope, no more from the faith of others. If the one whom we so worshipped, and so served—who knew us in our best years—to whom we have offered countless daily offerings—whom we put in our hearts—against whom if a world hinted, we had braved a world—*if this one has deserted us, who then shall be faithful?*

At length we begin to reconcile ourselves to the worst; gradually we gather the most of our feelings from this heart which has become to us a stone. Our pride hardens down into indifference. Ceasing to be loved, we cease to love. Seasons may roll away, all other feelings ebb and flow. Ambition may change into apathy—generosity may sour into avarice; we may forget the enmities of years—we may make friends of foes. But the love we have lost is never renewed. On

that dread vacuum of the breast the temple all the garden rise no more—that feeling, bit hatred, be it scorn, be it indifference which replaces love, endures to the last. And, altered for ever to the one, how many of us are altered for ever to the world? neither so cheerful, nor so kind, nor so active in good, nor so incredulous of evil as we were before! The deluge of passion has rolled back—the earth is green again. But we are in a new world. And the new world is but the sepulchre of the old.

UPPER CANADA.

(From the Kingston Chronicle, 30th ult.)  
 Thursday last being the day appointed for the Coronation of our beloved Queen, was observed in Kingston as a Holiday—public offices, banks, stores, &c. being closed.

In the forenoon, the interesting spectacle of presenting the colours to the 1st Frontenac Regiment of Militia took place. Mrs. Kirby, Lady of Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. J. Kirby, delivered the following eloquent and appropriate address with much grace and feeling:—

To Colonel Markland, and the brave Frontenac Militia.

When in the hour of our country's need, young and old flew to arms to protect their firesides, and to maintain the supremacy of the Queen and the Laws, be assured that the feeble sex were not unanxious spectators of the loyal enthusiasm which pervaded all ranks and ages around us, but that our warmest wishes were with you in this holy contest.

When the cause of your country and your duty as Christians summoned you to the battle field, believe us that we shared in the patriotic ardor by which you were animated, and that from our hearts we bade you—*God speed!*

Accept, brave defenders of our insulted country, ladies' Colours, the most appropriate gift we can offer, which bear upon their folds the emblems of our national might and glory; once unfurled, may they never be tarnished, and when in the hour of danger and the din of battle, you behold them floating proudly in the breeze, think of your wives, your country, your unrivalled Constitution, and your beloved Queen; and let them never be yielded to imbrued traitors or to foreign foe.

To which the following Reply was made by the gallant Colonel Markland.

The honor conferred on the 1st Frontenac by the elegant set of Colours now delivered by you as a present from the Ladies of Kingston, calls from us our warmest acknowledgments, and for so splendid a gift our sincere thanks.—The Regiment having been called on at the outbreak in December last, furnished four Companies, which have remained on duty since that period. The whole corps are most anxious to share in the toils and dangers of a soldier's life. Should the enemies of our country ever give the 1st Frontenac an opportunity of meeting them in the field, when we look on these splendid Colours, the gift of our fair Townswomen, we pledge ourselves to you, Madam, they shall be guarded as becomes so sacred a gift. Should the hour arrive when it will be necessary to unfurl these emblems of our national might and glory, we trust they will ever wave untarnished, and triumph over the enemies of our Queen and Constitution.

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, July 5.—Yesterday morning His Excellency Sir John Colborne arrived in town by the Steamer British America, and received the usual salute from the St. Helen's battery. He left town again for Kingston, Upper Canada, with a company of Sappers and Miners, which came up with him from Quebec. We are happy to say that he has recovered from his indisposition.

A troop of the 7th Hussars, under the command of Major Biggs, was inspected yesterday morning on the Champ de Mars by Major General Clitherow, presenting a spectacle such as has not been seen in Montreal since the last war. The number of men amounted to about sixty, besides eight officers, and the manner in which they went through their various evolutions of marching and wheeling, disconcerting and remounting, excited feelings of wonder and admiration in the minds of the immense crowd of spectators. The beauty and docility and training of the horses have to be seen to be believed—in fact, no infantry could have kept more correctly in line in quick, double quick march, and wheeling.

The peculiarity of the dress of the privates, and the gorgeousness of that of the officers, excited considerable interest. Soon after her arrival yesterday morning, the British America returned to Three Rivers to bring up a troop of the Dragon Guards, destined, we believe for Upper Canada.

Two companies of the 71st Regt. are under marching orders for Upper Canada this day. A troop of fifty of the Royal Montreal Cavalry received orders yesterday for instant departure for Missisquoi Marsh, where the "sympathisers" are concentrated. We hope they have learned enough to prevent them taking any prisoners, should they meet the enemy.

Among the passengers from London by the Sirius, we observe the name of Mr. W. Kennedy, a gentleman who has been sent for by Lord Durham, but it is not known for what situation. Mr. K. is a distinguished poet, being the author of a volume of fugitive poems, published under the title of "The Arrow and the Rose, &c;" and a tragedy, called "The Siege of Antwerp," which has been very highly spoken of. He is an intimate of James Sheridan Knowles, and was for some time editor of a Paisley paper, when another distinguished poet, the late William Motherwell, left it to be editor of the Glasgow Courier.

Mr. Edward Gibson Wakefield, a gentleman who accompanied Lord Durham, is the same who eloped with Miss Turner, the rich heiress, for which he was confined three years in Newgate, and his brother, three years also in Lancaster goal. He is a man of education and abilities, and is the author of a work entitled "England and America." He does not hold any situation under the Government, but has made an agreement that provided he successfully carried into execution some scheme which he has in view for materially benefitting the Province and the Mother Country, he is to receive a certain equivalent. The public lands are his hobby, and he wishes them to be sold to defray the expense of sending out paupers from England to the Colonies. Whig-Radical though he is, he is decidedly opposed to the views of the House of Assembly on the Land Company question, and, if so, he is just the man we stand in need of.

The New York correspondent of the Burlington Sentinel mentions, as a report, that Sir Wm. Molesworth and Mr. Leader, intended sitting the Canadas this summer. We hope they will come among us and get their eyes opened. They will be able to judge whether a population of intelligent educated people from the old country is not more competent to discharge the duties of a constituency to elect members to Parliament, than a population of inhabitants, as ignorant and happy as they are lazy and careless.—*Montreal Herald.*

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY 7th JULY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.  
 London, - - - June 3. New-York, - - - July 2.  
 Liverpool, - - - June 1. Halifax, - - - June 23.  
 Havre, - - - May 30. Toronto, - - - June 30.

New-York papers of Monday last, received by this morning's mail, contain no later European advices.

The news from Upper Canada is interesting and important, and seems to justify apprehensions of a protracted contest on the frontier.

The Montreal Herald, of Wednesday gives the following extract of a private letter from Toronto dated, 30th June:—

"The 34th are ordered off to Hamilton tonight. The rebels or yankees had made a landing West to the number of eight hundred and are now in the London District. This is by a special despatch this evening, there is no mistake.

"I send you an official Gazette published yesterday, and issued to-day. Twenty-one Patriots came here last night by the Transit, from Drummondville. Such a motley crew you scarcely imagine."

The Montreal Gazette of Thursday says:—  
 "Information has reached town this morning, that, a few days since, the authorities at Toronto had received despatches from the Colonel Maitland, commanding the 32d Regiment, at London, U. C. stating that a large body of American brigands had crossed Lake St. Clair, and effected a landing at Beau

Creek, which, we perceive, from the map, falls into that lake, and is not far from Chatham, which some accounts state to be the point threatened by the marauders.

Various other rumours have reached us upon this subject; but it is impossible to extract any positive information from them, further than, as we have stated."

The Gazette also gives the names of twenty-three prisoners who had been apprehended as being concerned in the Short Hills affair, and brought to Toronto in the *Transit* steamer from Niagara,—one of whom had turned Queen's evidence.

The Buffalo Commercial of the 20th ult. states that Navy Island is again occupied by about five hundred of the "patriots," who effected their landing on the evening previous.

His Excellency the Governor General arrived at Montreal in the *John Bull* steamer, on Thursday morning, about six o'clock. The *John Bull* anchored in the stream, nearly opposite to St. Helen's Island. It was His Excellency's intention to have disembarked at two o'clock on the same day, but the weather proving rainy, the landing was postponed to the following day at twelve.

It is said that His Excellency will not remain in Montreal above two or three days, during which he will receive the deputation appointed to wait on him with the congratulatory address from the citizens, and will, no doubt, be visited very generally. He intends to proceed as far as Toronto and the Falls of Niagara, and reside for some time at Montreal on his return from Upper Canada.

By a proclamation published in the Official Gazette of Thursday, the offers of reward made by the Earl of Gosford for the apprehension of Papineau, Brown, O'Callaghan, and other fugitive rebels, are annulled. The following are the concluding words of the Proclamation:—

"And I, the said John George Earl of Durham, Governor General and Her Majesty's High Commissioner for the said Provinces, do hereby annul and call in the said several Proclamations and each and every thereof, and do hereby revoke and make null all promises therein contained, of any reward for the apprehension of the said several persons or any of them.

A squadron of the 1st Dragoon Guards, under the command of Capt. Martin, arrived at Montreal on Tuesday morning last, in the steamer *British America* from Three Rivers, and proceeded immediately to Upper Canada.

It is now certain that Louis L'Huissier is at Burlington. Papineau has been at Albany for some time, and, for the purpose of keeping up the excitement, he has given out that Indians are laying in wait constantly to kidnap him; consequently, he never goes out of town without a retinue of armed "sympathisers."

On the 23d ult., Sir George Arthur arrived at Hamilton U. C. accompanied by Sir A. N. McNab and a number of officers. He closely inspected Burlington heights, which, report says, are to be fortified. His Excellency left Hamilton on the same day for Niagara.

We understand that W. H. Scott, M. P. P. Girouard, M. P. P. T. Pelletier, and L. M. Viger, M. P. P. who have been included in the late general amnesty, have declined taking advantage of it, but have signified their intention of demanding a trial, under the belief that they will be acquitted.—*Montreal Herald*.

A Coroner's inquest was held yesterday morning on the body of a soldier found floating in the river. It appeared that the deceased belonged to the 7th Hussars, who arrived in port about a fortnight ago. Whilst the vessel in which they came was lying in the stream, he jumped overboard during the night with the intention it was supposed of deserting, but did not succeed in reaching the shore.

The Court of King's Bench, for the District of Montreal, decided at the last Term in favour of the right exercised by the Roman Catholic Bishops of Canada, of removing the Curates of the different parishes within their respective sees.

The same Court awarded a hundred dollars damages to Dr. O'Callaghan on his action against Mr. Doyle, of Montreal, for horse-whipping the doctor in the street.—*Gazette*.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

ARRIVED,  
July 5th.

Brig Young Queen, Turpie, 24th June, N. F. Atkinson & Co, ballast, 1 passenger, Brig Catherine & Dorothy, Purdy, 24th May, Sunderland, Pemberton, ballast, Brig Sarah Lovett, Morrell, 21st May, Jamaica, P. Frsser, rum,

6th.  
Brig Lord Brougham & Vaux, Storey, 23d May, Hambro', Price & Co, genl. cargo,

7th.  
Ship Albion, Backe, 20th June, New-York, W. Price & Co, ballast and goods.

CLEARED.

July 5th.

Brig Wellington, Gilham, Newquay, (Wales) Symes & Ross,  
Ship Conrad, Robinson, London, Chapman & Co,

Bark Conbrook, Pollock, Be fast, Price & Co, Bark Glasgow, Douglas, Liverpool, Heat & Co,  
Ship Europe, Ellis, Liverpool, J. Tibbets, Brig Resolution, Daves, Penzance, Pemberton,

Ship Aberfoell, Rae, Milford, H. N. Jones, Bark Esther, Hill Southampton, Atkinson & Co,  
Brig Ann, Cape, Hull, Curry & Co,  
Brig Earl Moira, Black, London, Maitland & Co,

6th.  
Ship John Barry, Robson, London, Symes & Ross,  
Brig Larpool, Nesbit, Shoreham, Syme & Ross,  
Brig Alonzo, Hick, Portsmouth, LeMesurier & Co,  
Brig Royalist, Asbridge, Wirewater, Symes & Ross,

Bark Bridgetown, Hedley, Waterford, Price & Co,  
Brig Atlas, Bell, N. Ath, Gilmour & Co,  
Brig Jane, Toby, Sunderland, Atkinson & Co,  
Bark Hampshire, Temperley, London, Price & Co,  
Schr. Triton, Reap, St. Kitts, Gillespie & Co,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT.  
SIR,—I shall feel very much obliged by your inserting in the columns of your widely circulated paper, the following disastrous wreck of the schooner *Marie L'Esperance*, B. Charet, master, and the miraculous escape of all on board:—

We were bound from St. John's, N. B. to Quebec; we weighed anchor on the 19th of September last, and after being knocked about the Gulf for 50 days, losing our long boat and every stitch of canvas, with the exception of our small jib, and out of fresh water for eight days, we unfortunately struck, on the morning of the 8th November, on the North side of the Magdalen Islands, the sea running mountains high; and we remained there in that perilous situation for upwards of two hours, the sea washing clean over our decks, and expecting every moment to go to the bottom when two men and a boy appeared on the Cape, who were directed there in search of sheep; they sent the boy to alarm the inhabitants, numbers of whom came running with ropes, &c. to our assistance; by this time we had the main-mast cut, it being the only alternative we had to save our lives; it enabled us with the assistance of the shrouds to get within the reach of their ropes, which they had suspended from the top of the Cape, which we made fast round our waists, and by this means were hauled up one by one, nearly fifty feet. We were eight in number: the Captain and five hands, a female passenger and myself,—left completely destitute without clothes or money; but the Almighty, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, did not leave us unprotected. The inhabitants were very kind, but nothing can exceed the disinterested kindness and the unbounded generosity of Mr. Louis E. Borne, son of Michel Borne, Esq. of Quebec; he took me to his house, knowing that I did not understand French, and treated me in the most generous and hospitable manner, (seeing at the same time that my fellow sufferers were also properly provided for,) he furnished me with every requisite for the winter, and the means of coming to Quebec. I think, Mr. Editor, that such disinterested conduct as this, cannot be too publicly known or too highly appreciated. I therefore take this mode of publicly

thanking this young gentleman, and at the same time beg leave to say, that it is to be lamented that Government does not make some provision for distressed individuals who may be cast away on these Islands.

I remain, Sir, with the greatest respect,  
Your very humble Servant,  
T. MURPHY, Passenger.

Quebec, 5th July, 1838.  
22<sup>d</sup> Editors of newspapers in this city are requested to insert the above.

ON SALE,  
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,  
UPPER CANADA PASTRY FLOUR,  
OIL PAINTS, warranted.

This last article will be sold very cheap. Just arrived,—A beautiful assortment of STRAW BONNETS very fashionable fancy Tuscan and split straw, the newest shapes

A Consignment of Single and Double-barrelled GUNS, all proved and warranted the best ever imported into Canada; to be sold at reduced prices. Iron bound cases very clean and well made, having contained silk Goods, Cashmere and Thibet Wool Shawls. They will be sold cheap.

JUST RECEIVED—  
2 hales White and Black Wadding,  
4 hales Pasteboard.  
R. McLIMONT.  
Quebec, 6th July, 1838.

NOW LANDING,  
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:—  
30 HDS. VERY FINE GENEVA,  
27 hds. Cognac Brandy,  
500 kegs London White and Spanish Brown Paint.

LEMESURIER, TILSTONE & CO.  
St. Peter Street, 5th July, 1838

JUST LANDED,  
*Ec Canadian Eagle*,  
100 BARRELS BEEF, superior quality,  
A small quantity Fresh Lard,  
FOR SALE BY HUGH MURRAY.  
Quebec, 2nd July, 1837.

FOR SALE.  
JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBER,  
No. 11, Notre Dame Street.

20 BASKETS ENGLISH CHEESE,  
70 casks Superior London Porter,  
70 doz. Leth Ale,  
150 boxes Liverpool Candles,  
200 boxes Soap,  
8 hds. Loaf Sugar,  
30 boxes Pipes,  
10 barrels Roasted Coffee,  
20 qr casks Superior Sherry Wine &c.

Port, Madeira, Claret, P Teneriffe, &c., in wood and bottle.  
Teas—Hyson, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Twan-ghay, Hyson Skin, Congou, and Bopa.  
JOHN FISHER.  
Quebec, 3rd July, 1838

MARSALA, SHERRY, & CHAMPAIGN.  
FOR SALE.

MARSALA WINE, in pipes, hds, and qr. casks, Sherry do. Pale and Brown, in butts, qr. casks, and octaves;  
ALSO,  
24 dozen Superior Creaming Champaign, Vin d'AY,  
40 dozen Champaign, various qualities.

P. LANGLOIS,  
28th June, 1838  
Fabiou Street

GILLESPIE, JAMIESON & CO.  
HAVE FOR SALE—

MUSCOVADO SUGAR, in hds, tierces & hds Clayed do, in boxes,  
Jamaica Rum, in puns, hds, & qr casks, Molasses,  
Bohea Tea,  
Sherry Wine,  
Port do,  
Trinidad do,  
Lined Oil, Boiled and Raw,  
Upper Canada Leaf Tobacco,  
Do. Flour, Superior, Fine & Middling.  
Quebec, 16th June, 1838

W I N E S .  
GILLESPIE, JAMIESON & CO. have just received, and offer for Sale, the following Wines of a very choice description:—

Sherry, Pale and Brown, in butts, hds, & qr casks, Port, in pipes and hds,  
Maiden, in hds,  
Champagne,  
Hock,  
Sauterne,  
Port.

in cases of 3 dozen each,  
Quebec, 16th June, 1838

ATTENTION.

FRANCIS PALMER, (formerly of Saint John Street,) respectfully informs the public that he has OPENED A FANCY BAZAAR, at No. 16 Boade Street, Upper Town.—Admittance Gratis.  
Quebec, 2nd July, 1838.

THE GEORGE INN.

H. PORTER respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he has opened a House of Public Entertainment, at the corner of the Cal-de-Sac, near the Market Place, Lower Town, where every attention will be paid to those who may favor him with their support.—Boarding and lodging on reasonable terms.—N. B. Good Stabling.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL.

H. PROUDLEY returns his sincere thanks to his Friends and the Public, for the liberal encouragement which he has received since he has left his old residence, and begs to inform them that he has REMOVED

Opposite the old "St. Lawrence Hotel," (fronting on the Queen's and Napoleon's Wharves,) under the sign of the ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL.

He will have constantly on hand the best LIQUORS the market can afford.—ORDINARY on the Table each day at ONE O'CLOCK.  
Quebec, 2nd June, 1838

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE, BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:—

100 CASES BARTON & GUESTIER'S CHOICE CLARET,—Caruse, Louisville, and Saint Julien,  
50 cases Sparkling Silvery Champagne,—Comet Brand,  
25 cases Old Cognac Brandy;

ALSO,  
Port, Madeira, Sherry and Marsala, in wood and bottles; Brandy; French White Wine Vinegar; Corks; Wine Bottles; Window Glass, assorted sizes; Crate Glass; Paints; Sponge; 9-16, 11-16 & 5-8 Chains.

LEMESURIER, TILSTONE & CO.  
JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE, BY THE SUBSCRIBERS;

FIRST-RATE HAVANA CIGARS,—various brands.

Naiche Touche Snuff,  
American Gentleman do,  
Prize's Mixture, French Rappee,  
Marechboy do,  
Canister Tobacco,  
S painchout d. r.  
Ladies' Twist do, and  
Plug Tobacco, &c. &c.

ALSO,  
Their usual Stock of LEATHER,—consisting of English, American, and Canada manufacture, to be sold low for CASH or approved credit.

F. PRATT & BROTHER,  
Foot of Mountain Street, Lower Town,  
Quebec, 12th June, 1838.

MADEIRA WINE.

A FEW CASKS Howard, March & Co's Madeira Wine,—price £70 per pipe of 110 gallons,—For Sale by  
JOHN GORDON & CO.  
Quebec, May 31, 1838. St. Paul Street

FOR SALE, BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:—

SIX HUNDRED Minots Peas,  
50 cwt Ship Biscuit,  
20 barrels Boston Crackers,  
50 kegs Butter,  
30 cases Salad Oil,  
40 casks Hull Cement,  
Green and Blue Paint.

CREELMAN & JEFFERY,  
21st May, 1838. Hunt's Wharf

LANDING,

EX "DOVE" AND "SPLENDID,"  
100 HDS. very Bright Muscovado Sugar,  
110 puncheons } Jamaica Rum,  
15 hogheads }  
25 puncheons } Demerara Rum,  
7 hogheads }  
10 barrels Cod Oil,  
144 boxes Bunch Raisins.

H J NOAD,  
31st May, 1838. Hunt's Wharf.

DEMERARA SPIRITS, GINGER, &c.

NOW LANDING,  
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS—  
222 PUNS, Strong and Fine-Flavoured Jamaica Rum,  
79 casks do do do  
30 barrels Ginger;

ALSO,  
Hollands Gin, Cognac Brandy, and Refined Sugar,  
L. LESLIE, STUART & CO.,  
Wellington Wharf, }  
19th June, 1838 }

**PERMOVA.**

The Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public in general that he has

**REMOVED,**

FROM HIS LATE STAND,  
(FOR ONE YEAR ONLY)

TO THOSE

LATELY OCCUPIED BY MR. MONIER,  
FABRIQUE STREET.

He has received from the EDITORIAL, from LONDON, and DUBLIN, from BRISTOL, an addition to his usual assortment of  
**GENUINE ARTICLES.**

**J. J. SIMS,**  
Apothecary and Druggist,  
Quebec, 28th May, 1838.

**BEGG & URQUHART.**

BEU to intimate to the public, that they have opened and stocked with Fresh Medicines, of the most quality, that they

No. 8, *Notre Dame Street, Lower Town,* (formerly occupied by the late DR. ROBERTS), where they intend carrying on the business of  
**CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS**  
in all its branches, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

THEY HAVE FOR SALE—

Very superior Stoughton Bitters,  
Black, Red, and Cyprian Tonic,  
Soda Water Chests, complete,  
Siphon and Leucocaine from the Fountain and in Bottle.

Worral's Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters.  
Quebec, 17th May, 1838.

**MOFFAT'S**  
**Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters.**

THE subscribers have just received a fresh supply of the above.

**BEGG & URQUHART,**  
Agents.

**MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.**  
**NOTICE.**

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

**LEIGGE & Co.**

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

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

**THOMAS PAUL,**  
VETERINARY SURGEON.

**RESPECTFULLY** announces to the Officers of the Garrison and Gentlemen of Quebec, that he has removed into those premises in St. John Street, formerly occupied by Mr. GRAY, and lately by Mr. NIXON, where he has every accommodation for carrying on the various branches of his Profession; and he hopes, by strict attention and reasonable Charges, to merit a continuance of that support which it shall be his study to merit.

**N.B.**—Horses contracted for by the year, or shod at the following rates:—  
New Shoes, per set, £9 4 0  
Removed, " " 0 1 0  
2nd June, 1838.

**BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.**  
**MRS MARTIN** (formerly Leighton) respectfully acquaints the Public that she intends again opening a Boarding Establishment in the House formerly occupied by Sir John Caldwell, St. Peter Street, Lower Town and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of Public favour.  
The Stabling attached to the above premises is let.

**SCOTCH MARMALADE.**

**JUST RECEIVED,**—A few cases New **MAR MALARADE**, in 1b jars.  
**SCOTT & MCCONKEY,**  
Quebec May 31, 1838. Confectioners.

**PROSPECTUS**  
OF  
**THE LITERARY GARLAND,**  
A Monthly Magazine,  
TO BE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

WHILE so many publications of a political character find a liberal support in public indulgence and generosity, it surely will not be deemed presumptuous to hope that one of a purely literary nature may find a corresponding degree of favor and encouragement; tending, as it would, to form a species of relaxation from the tediousness of political speculation, and to afford, in a trading degree, some of the hours which might otherwise be bestowed with ennui.

In this hope, it is proposed, by an Amateur in Literary Horticulture, to devote a few leisure hours to the cultivation of the nearly unbroken ground of Canadian Literature, fearing not that a field so fair and promising will fail to yield an abundant return for the labour expended in reclaiming it. He does not scruple to confess, that the flowers with which the literary garden will, for a time, be decked, will be principally culled and borrowed from the parterres of more productive climes; but, as such only will be selected as can be selected as can be readily acclimated, there is little danger but that they will expand and bloom as in their native soil, while, by imploring in native hearts the germ of honorable emulation, they may assist in fostering into strength a growth of native flowers as rich and luxuriant as the most beautiful of their foreign rivals.

With this view, it is proposed to issue, monthly, a Magazine corresponding to the above title containing the most various of poetry and prose, of tales and sketches, historical and scientific, with occasionally a more historical or philosophical tract, which, by blending instruction with amusement, will render the Magazine a fit companion for the study as well as the drawing-room, for the laborer of which, however, it is of course more particularly designed.

The work will consist of forty-eight royal octavo pages, and will be printed on good paper, with a suitable new type, and in as far as the price is concerned to be as low as possible. The price is fixed at Three Dollars a year to city subscribers—postage being, as matter of course, added to those who favour us with orders from the country. The first number will be issued as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers have been obtained to guarantee a re-impartment of the funds expended in the mechanical part of the undertaking.

No payments will be expected before the appearance of the ninth number, between which period and the publication of the twelfth, it is confidently anticipated that all subscriptions will be cheerfully paid.

Should the hope of the publisher of the success of the undertaking be realized, it is intended to enlarge and beautify the work with Music, Engravings, &c., as to render it unsurpassed by any American publication.

The Magazine will be printed and published by the undersigned, at Montreal, by whom all letters and orders, postage paid, will be attended to with exactitude and punctuality.

**JOHN LOVELL.**

Montreal, 18th June, 1838.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL**  
**LONDON HAT WAREHOUSE,**

(Next door to Pussat Gate.)

THE subscribers are now receiving their usually large assortment of Goods in the

**HAT LINE,**

of the newest and most fashionable shapes. Their stock is large and well varied, which makes further comments unnecessary.

*Clash Caps in great variety.*  
*Naval and Military Caps made to order.*

NO SECOND PRIZE.

**W. ASHTON & CO.**

Quebec, 2nd June, 1838.

**T. COWAN,**

**BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.**  
43, *Boyle Street, Upper Town,*

HAS on hand a choice Assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's BOOTS AND SHOES made by first-rate workmen.

Orders executed on the shortest notice.  
Quebec, 6th June, 1838.

**WILLIAM BURKE,**

**BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,**  
No. 15, *Fabrique Street,*

**RESPECTFULLY** informs his Friends and the Public that he has received from London a choice assortment of articles in his line, among which are black Buck and curried Goat Skins, of a superior quality, for Gentlemen's Summer Boots, which will be made up in the first style and on the shortest notice.  
Quebec, 31st May, 1838.

**FOR SALE.**

**AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK** by Parkinson & Frodsham, London; a Two-Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPLE-SOMETER, at

**MARTIN'S**  
Chronometer Maker, &c. &c.

St. Peter Street, 30th Jan.

**T. RICKABY,**  
CABINET MAKER, UPHOLSTERER,  
And Undertaker.

**RESPECTFULLY** informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 26, St. John Street, Suburbs, the house formerly occupied by Mr. Allan, boot and shoe-maker, where he hopes by strict attention and moderate charges, to merit and receive a continuance of the liberal support he has hitherto received.

Funerals furnished on the shortest notice.  
Quebec, 20th May, 1838.

**BRITISH AND ITALIAN MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES,** for Sale by  
**RICHARDSON BROWNE,**  
Hope Street.

Quebec, 8th May 1838.

**JAMES HOSACK,**  
CONFECTIONER.

29, CHAMPLAIN STREET, LOWER TOWN,  
**(GRATEFUL)** for past favors, begs leave to call the attention of his Patrons and the Public to his Stock of Confectionary, &c. which he at present has on hand, and which, for variety, flavour and quality cannot be surpassed.

He would particularly recommend the following:  
**LOZENGES**—Peppermint, Cinnamon, Cayenne, Ginger, Bath and Lemon;  
**CONFECTIONS**—Almond Condit, Coriander, Caraway Seed, &c.

**CANDIES**—Crystallized, Barbecued, Acidulated, Bary Sugar, &c.  
**ICE CREAMS**—Jellies, Jams, Marmalade,  
**SODA WATER,** Ginger Beer, Lemonade, Lemon Syrup, in bottle—CHEAP.

**WEDDING CAKES**—Plain and Ornamented; Fresh Cakes of all kinds always on hand.  
**CRACKERS,** Wine and Water Biscuits, &c. &c. in barrels.

Orders from the country carefully attended to.  
Quebec, 31st May, 1838.

**NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE.**  
No. 52, *St. John Street.*

THE subscribers most respectfully intimate to their friends and the public at large, that they have always on hand a choice assortment of Fresh Cake and Confectionary as usual.

**SCOTT & MCCONKEY.**  
Quebec, 18th May, 1838.

**REMOVAL.**

**JOHN PHILLIPS, COMMERCIAL HOTEL,** has removed from his late residence in St. Peter Street, to that convenient and commodious House in the Square of the Lower Town Market place, adjacent to the Church, where every attention will be paid to those who may favour him with their support.  
Quebec, 17th May, 1838.

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL**  
**GROCERY STORE.**

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business, most respectfully intimates that he has constantly on hand a choice Assortment of Wines, Spirituous Liquors &c. &c. all of the best quality.

**JOHN JOHNSTON,**  
Corner of the Upper-Town Market Place,  
Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits' Barracks

**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 Haunches, all of the very best quality.  
Quebec, 13th January, 1838.

**FASHIONABLE GOODS.**

THE subscribers beg to inform the public that they have received a splendid assortment of FASHIONABLE GOODS of every description, including Straw and Dustable Bonnets of the latest shapes, which, with the newest Gause Ribbons, they will be prepared to show on Saturday. The other Goods are now preparing, and will be ready for sale early next week.

**R. SYMES & Co.**  
Who have also an assortment of Gentlemen's best and most fashionable BEAVER HATS.  
May 17, 1838.

**H. CARWELL,**

**REMOVED** from Palace Street to Fabrique Street opposite the Upper Town Market.  
Quebec, 4th May, 1838.

**M. WHITE,**

**HARDWARE, TINWARE, PAINTS, OIL, &c.**  
Four doors from the Theatre, St. Paul Street,  
MONTREAL.

**PROSPECTUS**  
**QUEBEC & MEGANTIC LAND COMPANY.**  
CAPITAL £30,000.

In Shares of Fifty Pounds each.  
PAYABLE IN TEN YEARLY INSTALLMENTS OF FROM £4 TO £7 10s. EACH.

**DURING** the administration of Lord Aylmer, who at all times was most anxious for the improvement of the Eastern Township, a purchase was made of an unsurveyed tract round Lake St. Francis, in the County of Megantic, on similar terms to those granted by the H. M. Government to the British American Land Company.

The purchase embraces a tract of 220,000 acres of Land of good quality, lying contiguous to the unsurveyed Block of the British North American Land Company, within 50 miles of Quebec.

The projectors of the Company intended throwing open the Stock on receiving the confirmation of the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department to the sale thus made by Lord Aylmer, taking it for granted the same facilities would be given to Company, consisting of individuals either natives of or residents in Canada, as had been conceded to the British American Land Company, the greater part of the Stockholders of which reside in England. No such confirmation has as yet been given, the subject being referred to the late Commission, the Secretary of which in his last letter stated a report had been sent to England, but since that period, December, 1836, nothing has been done.

It is proposed to divide the Stock into 600 shares of £50 each, payable in ten annual instalments, varying from £4 to £7 10s. each.

It will be well to say a few words in favour of the project and to state at once that there will be no exclusion whatever of any class of Her Majesty's subjects, in the settlement of the tract, industry and sobriety being the requisites of those whom the Company will be anxious to encourage.

Megantic is payable in ten annual instalments, varying from £4 to £7 10s. each.

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