

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. I. No. 10.]

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 13th FEBRUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE CALIPH'S ADVENTURE.

The Caliph Almanoum came out of his harem one day in a very great passion. Now, as this caliph was at that time the greatest monarch in the world, it is worth while to inquire the cause of his wrath for the edification of all great monarchs to come hereafter.

Almanoum was the great grandson of Mahadi, who was the son of Almanzor, who succeeded the dynasty of Omar, who was the conqueror of Persia; and traces his descent to the holy prophet, and through him up to the patriarch Nod, who, as every good Musliman knows, was an illegitimate child of Adam. Hence it will be seen that Almanoum's genealogical tree was somewhat remarkable for its altitude, and he, being the very topmost twig, was not a little proud of his elevated situation. Indeed, the vanity of birth was the Caliph's only foible, if we except some slight weaknesses common to all despots—such as cruelty, perfidiousness, and the like. He firmly believed that no man could be worth a coz who did not know his ancestors for at least twenty generations back. On this principle he selected his ministers and his wives, and was not a little surprised when a vizier and ten courtiers, all directly descended from men who lived a thousand years before them, formed a conspiracy to dethrone their lord and master, for which they were all bowstringed; and still greater was his consternation when his last and youngest caliphine, whose seventeenth grandfather was a near relation of Ishmael, had the presumption to dispute with the lord of the universe and even to laugh at his beard. Whereupon the Caliph left the zenana in a pet.

"I will see," said he, as he strode irefully up and down the apartment like a tiger in his cage, "I will see if the master of the world, the one hundred and fiftieth grandson of Adam, is to be contradicted and mocked to the face by chits whose families have just sprung from their hangills—mere mushrooms of five centuries! I swear, by the great toe of the great Abu Beer, I will seek out a fourth spouse, who shall possess every virtue under the sun—particularly a proper and discreet humility. By the beard of the prophet, she shall be a paragon! and her family shall be three thousand years old. Wallah! Billah! Mashallah! So be it! And then we will see who shall laugh." And the Caliph stamped about the room, and curled his whiskers, and put himself into a very great passion as aforesaid.

The feelings of a despot are quickly reflected in the actions of his subjects. No sooner was it known that the sun of the royal countenance was under a cloud, than the vizier also began to suffer an eclipse, and he berated the treasurer; and the treasurer fell into a rage with the master of ceremonies; the master of ceremonies lectured the chief eunuch, who threatened the chibouque bearers, who hastened the messengers, who kicked and pummelled the stable boys till they were out of breath. This was the first consequence of the Caliph's anger.

Almanoum then entered the hall of Audience. Here he rejected three hundred and seventy-six petitions, ordered the decapitation of sixty criminals, and dispatched an army to lay waste, with fire and sword, a province which the devastations of the locusts had prevented from paying its accustomed tribute. This was the second consequence of the Caliph's anger.

By this time the vizier, observing that his master's wrath was somewhat appeased, ventured to approach him, and inquire whence had originated the stain that sullied the breast of the royal complacency. "Ibn Hassan," replied the monarch, "I want a wife who shall have a genealogy reaching to Noah; and moreover, she shall be perfect in every thing." This was the third consequence of the Caliph's passion, and the most absurd of all.

The vizier bowed himself to the earth, and answered—"I know of but one, O sire, who claims such a descent; and report speaks her worthy of the imperial hand. She is Ilaa,

the daughter of the Prince of Faristan, and is even now in the city."

"Humph!" said the Caliph, "I have heard of her; but it is dangerous to trust to hear-say;" and here he cast a significant glance towards the door of the harem, as if to intimate wherein he had already been deceived. "Could not I manage to obtain a sight of her, unknown—eh?"

The vizier bowed to the dust. "Nothing human," he replied, "is impossible to the lord of the world; yet he will consider that it will be deemed unworthy of a monarch to violate the established decorum of his people. But perhaps the eyes of the most magnificent may be satisfied with a portrait taken by the cunning infidel artist (may his soul be burnt!) who came in the train of the Frank ambassador;" and Ibn Hassan, with another prostration, presented to the Caliph a miniature studded with brilliants, which he had at the time by good fortune in his bosom.

"Wallah! Barikillah!" ejaculated the Caliph in admiration, "but these Franks are a wonderful people! And the face is very well. But don't you think, Ibn Hassan, that the nose is a little too slim? A sharp nose, you know, is the sign of a long tongue."

"Perhaps, most exalted, the painter may not have been able to depict a proper nose; the lady Ilaa is said to be very beautiful."

"Humph," said the Caliph, "you may go;" and Ibn Hassan retired.

Now Almanoum knew very well that his vizier had received large bribes from the Khan of Faristan to recommend his daughter to the royal notice. He therefore very sensibly determined to trust to nothing but his own eyes. When evening approached, he ordered his favourite slave, Lalouk, to be summoned to his presence. "Lalouk," said the monarch, "does the dwelling of Kazim, Prince of Faristan, come within the sphere of your knowledge?"

"Every chamber, ma'ann, * and roof," replied the privileged slave; "it was there I spent the early days of my servitude, when it was in the possession of the traitor Ben Omri, (may he burn for ever!) Shall I tell your highness some remarkable stories?"

"Another time—another time, my good Lalouk," interrupted the Caliph; "we cannot listen to your narratives now. You are to prepare our merchant dresses without delay; we make an expedition to-night. Be wary of your tongue thereupon; and the slave withdrew.

In about two hours the Caliph and Lalouk, in the disguise of Cairo traders, left the palace by a secret passage, and pursued their way toward a huge conglomeration of low, irregular buildings, which formed the mansion of the Khan. The slave's knowledge of the localities enabled him to guide his master to a place where he judged he would be most likely to attain his object. This was a balcony extending half round a small wing which projected from the main building, seemingly for the purpose of catching the cool breeze from the river, which flowed not far from its base. By the light which streamed through the half-curtained casements, it was apparent that the apartment must be occupied. With great caution the Caliph and his companion ascended the balcony, which had probably never before been profaned by the tread of a male, with the exception of the lord of the palace, and some hideous harem-warder; and by raising themselves on some stools which had been left there evidently for the convenience of the tenants of the apartment when they chose to watch the stars of a clear evening, they managed to obtain a distinct view, through a division in the curtain, of the interior.

The room was fitted up in a style of gorgeous splendour. The floor was covered with one of those costly carpets of Shiraz on which none but princes might dare to tread. The walls, which were of cedar frame-work, in order to allow free passage to the air, were hung with curtains of Damascus cloth, looped up by

* Court of square.

curts of silk and gold. A magnificent ottoman extended along one side of the apartment, and from the centre of the painted ceiling descended, by a chain of twisted gold, a small chandelier, in which the rays of three lamps were caught and reflected by a sparkling globe of the most brilliant stones. Around the room, as if thrown off hastily by one eager to escape from the sultriness of the inner harem, were scattered many articles of female attire too magnificent to permit any doubt of their wear.

The figures which occupied the apartment were but two. Extended on the sofa, in a costly though negligent undress, one hand hanging listlessly over the side of the couch and playing with the tassels which adorned it, lay one whom the Caliph immediately recognized as the original of the portrait. There was, on her really fine features, an expression of ill-humour, which seemed to be directed toward a young Georgian attendant, who, dressed in the close-fitting embroidered vest and white trowsers of her country, was kneeling on a cushion near her mistress, and holding in her hand a lute, by which she was evidently endeavouring to beguile the ennui of the princess.

"Barikillah,—may I drop from Al Sirat! but she is beautiful!—loverlier than the waning cypress, brighter than morning," whispered the enraptured Caliph.

"Fairer than the full moon," chimed in the favourite; "and what splendid pearls on her zone!"

"Pshaw!" returned the monarch, "I was not thinking of her. She is well enough, indeed, except that her nose is too sharp. But only look at the slave! What a form! what eyes! Wallah! She would do honour to a heron-tuft."

"Very true, my lord," replied the complaisant Lalouk; "she is more lovely than the rose of Shiraz; and what a beautiful bracelet!"

"Pish!" ejaculated the Caliph; "let us listen to their words;" and they were silent.

"Do you mean really to say," exclaimed the Princess to the kneeling Georgian, "that you can sing no other verses but those doleful ones about loss of country and home, that you have been dining into my ears all the evening? Truly you would make a fine chanter at funerals. Sing me a lively air,—something about love—for you must know some such."

"Lady," replied the damsel, "I do indeed know a few tunes of a merrier cast than the one I have just sung. But it is natural that the thoughts of a captive and a slave should dwell upon her own sad fortunes."

"Thoughts, indeed!" returned her mistress, peevishly, "I did not know that you had anything to do with thinking, except as I command you."

The beautiful slave answered not; but as she bent over her lute to touch the preluding note, the Caliph thought he perceived a tear fall on the instrument.

"Wallah! billah!" he muttered, glancing a look of any thing but admiration at the unconscious princess,—"but her nose is excessively sharp!"

Thus sang the lovely musician:—

"THE GEORGIAN'S TWILIGHT SONG."

"It is the holy hush of eve, the sun's last ray is gone,
And softly over hill and plain the shades of night come on;

And as the weary moments glide, the shadows deeper fall,
The dew is heavy on the flower, and damp upon the wall;

The nightingale has hushed her song within the cypress tree,—
But yet, alas! he cometh not, he cometh not to me.

The breeze is flowing from the south, with all its fragrant load,
The gift of every lovely flower it met along its road;

It sighs above the dusky lake, and through the tree tops dim,

* The badge of royalty.

And kisses now the cheek I kept so holy pure for him;

The silent stars look pitying down my weary watch to see.

But ah! alas! he cometh not, he cometh not to me.
"I hear a tread! 'Tis but a lone gazelle that wanders by—
Is that its voice! Ah no! it his the jackall's human cry!"

Cease! cease! my restless heart! Keep down the throbbings of thy fear!
Woe's me! the twilight hour is past, and I alone am here.

Alas! for every happy hope! that I should live to see
The hour in which he cometh not, he cometh not to me!"

"Pish!" exclaimed the Khanine, "do you call that a lively air? Why it is a tune to which a troop of ghosts might dance all night! But you selected it on purpose to provoke me.—I understand it very well! But beware of the slipper, girl."

"Well, did I ever!" murmured the Caliph, "By the black mule of our father Ishmael, she is a downright vixen! and her nose is as sharp as the edge of my sabre." So saying, in the excess of his indignation he made some movement which overthrew the stool on which he was standing; as he fell, he involuntarily caught hold of Lalouk, and both the eaves-droppers were precipitated through the slight frame-work of the windows into the apartment. The occupants, as may be supposed, shrieked aloud; and a crowd of domestics, chiefly eunuchs, immediately surrounded the disguised wanderers, with uplifted scimitars, ready for the words of fate from their mistress.

"Stop!" shouted Lalouk, who did not relish this turn of affairs,— "would you slay the —?"

"Silence!" whispered the Caliph, "leave it to me. Most noble princess," he continued, "be assured that our sudden and violent intrusion was wholly unintentional. We are harmless merchants of Cairo, who were quietly returning to our inn this evening, when we observed that we were followed by some suspicious-looking individuals; to avoid them, we hastily took refuge in your highness's balcony, and were unfortunate enough to stumble against the casement, causing a most involuntary entrance into your sublime presence. We would hope, most surpassing lady, that our unwilling offence is not a mortal one."

"A pretty story, truly," returned the princess, who was not in a forgiving mood,— "a very pretty trap to catch flies in; and think you that a vulgar trader can gaze upon the Khanine of Faristan, when prices have longed in vain to see, and live? Yet, as ye would have some grace, we allow you till dawn to prepare for death. Hence with the dogs!"

"Wallah!" exclaimed the Caliph, when he had somewhat recovered from the effect of the rudeness with which they had been thrust into a cold and dark apartment, which was to be their prison till morning,— "By the seven troubles of Abn Nast, we are in a pretty pickle, and her tongue is as sharp as her nose."

"And does your majesty really intend to let her throat be fulfilled?" inquired the favorite, with a ludicrous whine of supplication and anxiety.

The monarch laughed. "My good Lalouk," said he, "set your mind at ease with regard to the safety of that fearful head of yours. We shall have nothing worse than a rather uncomfortable night's lodging in this wretched hole of a prison. And who knows what a few hours may bring forth? I would willingly escape, if possible, without making ourselves known; however, that shall be as it pleases Allah and our gentle hostess."

So saying, the Caliph stretched himself on the floor of the room, and endeavoured to sleep; but his uneasy posture, and the thousand varied thoughts and recollections which thronged upon his mind forbade the approach of slumber. About midnight, a slight noise excited his attention; he started up, and aroused the slave, who was rousing at ease in

London, --- Dec. 31. New-York, --- Feb. 4.
Liverpool, --- Jan. 1. Halifax, --- Jan. 31.
Havre, --- Dec. 28. Toronto, --- Feb. 7.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

Halifax papers to the 31st ult. were received yesterday morning. H. M. frigate Inconstant arrived there on the 29th, with one wing of the 93rd Regiment, and brings advices from Cork to the 4th January. We submit a summary of the news from the Nova Scotia of the 31st. It will be seen that Sir Henry Hardinge is set down as the new Governor General of Lower Canada, but we do not know on what authority this statement is made. A military force of no less than 5750 men, as a reinforcement to the troops in Canada, was about to sail for Halifax, where they will probably remain until the opening of the navigation here, unless circumstances should occur before that period to render their services necessary.

The frigate Inconstant arrived on Monday, bringing the 54th regt of the 93rd Regt. They landed yesterday, and were received at the wharf by the Lieutenant Governor, the Speaker and the Members of the Assembly, and welcomed with hearty cheers by the inhabitants. The 93rd is a Scotch Regiment of old renown. We shall probably soon have in Halifax a full garrison and several ships of war.

Cork Jan. 5.—Orders have been received, we understand, to put the Fermoy Barracks in readiness for the immediate reception of a large body of troops, Horse and Foot.

Transports are expected at Cork (it is said that the time of battle ships Bellerophon and Vanguard, the former of 78 and the latter 84 guns, have been ordered out from the Mediterranean for the purpose) to take on board the depots of the 11th and 73d, and proceeded to Gibraltar, where they are to meet the service Companies of the Regiments now in Cork, and take them on to Halifax.

In the reinforcements for Canada, allied to in our publication of Saturday, we omitted to name a Regiment of Cavalry (freighted to be the 13th Hussars). The following may therefore be taken as a pretty correct enumeration of the force intended to be embarked for this particular service, and we are glad to believe that all are to proceed to Halifax as soon as the means of transport in ships of war can be procured.

1 Regiment of Cavalry augmented to - - - 450
3d of Highlanders, augmented strength - - - 600
3d of Grenadiers - - - 2,000
6th of Grenadiers from West Indies, augmented strength - - - 600
2d of Fusiliers and 7th of Light Infantry, augmented strength - - - 1,200

Aggregation of 100 tank and file to all Regiments in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—namely, 1st Royals, 10th, 24th, 25th, 51th, 53d, 60th, 82d, and 90th. - - - 900

Total, - - - 5,750

The 11th and 73d Regiments, ordered home to the Mediterranean, are to land at Gibraltar, there to await instructions in case their services should also be required in Canada.

Two companies of a battery are also, it is said, ordered to the same destination (Canada).

An order from the Horse Guards was received in Quebec yesterday morning, for volunteers to serve in Canada, with a bounty of one guinea to each man. The order was promptly read on parade to the 50th Regiment, at the New Barracks, when fifty active fellows, including several of the Grenadier Company turned out without hesitation, and offered their services to the 11th and 73d Regiments, which are the corps specified in the despatch; and to join their ranks, these embark next week at Cork, on route to Gibraltar, where the 11th and 73d are to await orders for Canada. The 50th will supply at least 100 volunteers, as the Horse Guard's invitation is gone out this morning to the detachments at Bruff, Rathkiloan, and Newcastle.

The 22d Regiment in Cork, has been called upon for volunteers to the Regiments in Canada.—Limerick Chronicle.

All is activity at the Horse Guards, Major General Sir W. Meade, has been ordered to hold himself in readiness to take charge of a brigade consisting of the 23d, 71st, 83d, and 94th Regiments, destined for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; drafts from the depots of the Regiments now at the seat of War, have orders to rejoin their respective Regiments to make up the force to 600 men each; two companies of Artillery are also ordered for the same destination, a brigade of Guards under Lord Saltoun, and the First Battalion of Rifles, are also ordered to hold themselves in readiness. Colonel Fitzgerald has been appointed Inspecting Field Officer of Militia to proceed forthwith to Canada.—Evening Mail.

Downing-Street, December 22.—The Queen has been pleased to appoint Colonel Sir George Arthur, K. C. B., to be Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

a corner; a key was apparently introduced into a lock at a different side of the dungeon from that at which they entered. Several attempts were thus made to turn it, which failed successively, and a concealed door opened, through which the light of a lantern flashed upon the wondering eyes of the prisoners. The bearer, a female, closely veiled from head to foot, paused for a moment at the entrance, while she turned the rays of the lamp successively upon the two before her. Then, as if assured of their identity, she advanced and spoke, in a low tone, which left no doubt on the mind of the Caliph that it was the beautiful Georgian who was concealed behind the veil.

"You are innocent," she said, "I know; for you have not the air of violent men; at all events, you have committed no crime deserving of your threatened punishment. If you remain till morning, you die. I have come to deliver you. Be silent, and follow me." So saying, she turned and led the way through a narrow and winding passage, till, as twilight fell, they reached the wicket of a small postern gate on the opposite side of the building from that by which they had entered; their guide then turned, and led in the same suppressed voice—

"Now go, and Allah be with you! I have risked my life to save you! Hint not to a living being your means of deliverance."

"We may at least inquire," said the disguised Caliph, "the name of our lovely preserver, that we may mention it in our prayers."

"No!" replied the Georgian with a sigh: "forget me! forget that you have ever seen me. My name—alas!—has no name but Misfortune! and I have retired, to the wicket on the delivered captive, and her retreating footsteps soon died away."

"Well!" said the disguised monarch to his companion, after a brief light, when they were fairly beyond the reach of pursuit, "that was an adventure worth meeting with; by the saddle of the holy shemrahay, she is a splendid girl! Her name is Misfortune, eh! Misshallah, please God, we will chase all that!" and the Caliph fell to cogitating; most ruminously.

The following morning, the astonishment which the unaccountable escape of the prisoners had excited in the harem of the Khan of Faristan was further increased by an imperial message requiring him to conduct his daughter Basa, with her favourite Georgian slave, to the foot of the throne. The mention of the slave, occasioned the greatest amazement, not only in her own mind, but also in that of her mistress, when she could discern her thoughts from the magnificent visions that crowded upon her imagination. Compelled to attend a private audience of the Caliph's! She thought of the vacant quarter-mast office, and her step became yet more queenly, and her head was thrown back with an imperial toss, which showed the kind of fancy-work going on within it. Magnificently attired, her features, however, concealed by an exquisitely wrought veil of Tibet, which yet allowed the traces of a face but not sufficiently rounded form to be fully displayed, she bowed before the throne of the master of the world. At a little distance behind knelt the Georgian, adorned not more richly than the evening before, yet revealing beneath that simple dress a beauty of shape, feature, and expression which her haughty mistress had often envied. Besides the Governor and the vizier, with a quard of black eunuchs, none else was present.

"Karin!" said the monarch. The governess bowed to the earth. "Karin, we have heard from many of the surpassing beauty and worth of your fair daughter. From what we have ourselves seen, we cannot doubt of the exactness of the general remark. We have also not been unimpressed of your great services to the house of Abbas, and we have decreed to repay them by an alliance, which, we hope, will bind you still nearer to our heart."

The governess again executed a prostration, and the very brain of the princess seemed to whirl with the gladness of certain bliss. The Caliph continued.

"Among all who have spoken to our royal ears the praises of the unrivalled Basa, none have appeared more ardent and disinterested than our faithful vizier. Disinterestedness should be rewarded; and we have determined to unite our two most beloved servants yet closer in the bond of affection, by bestowing, with her consent and your permission, your lovely daughter on our excellent minister; and may they be blessed with a numerous

progeny, who shall unite the beauty and mildness of their mother in the judgment and trustworthiness of the sire. What says the fair princess?"

It was well for Basa, at this moment, that her veil concealed her countenance, otherwise the lightning glance which she directed toward the thunderstruck vizier, while pronouncing in as composed a tone as possible the usual formula, "to hear is to obey," would have acquired any thing but a serene honey-tune.

The Caliph then turned to the Georgian, and pronounced in a clear voice, which caused the heart of the timid girl to quake, "Slave! thy name?"

"Commander of the Faithful," she faltered, "they call me Ayesha."

"Who were your parents?" interrogated the monarch in the same tone.

"May it please your highness, I never knew them! I was taken captive in my infancy."

"Alas! not know even her own father!" soliloquized Alphonson, but outwardly not well pleased at the reply. "That will never do," "Commander of the Faithful," said the monarch hurriedly, as if surprised at her own temerity, "we are all children of Adam."

The Caliph passed his hand across his brow; a new light seemed to break upon his mind, and his resolution was formed.

"Ayesha," he said mildly, "look up!" For the first time the daimi ventured to raise her eyes to the countenance of the Caliph, and there she stood, with a doubtful, wondering, half-terrified gaze, that called a smile to the good-humored face of the monarch. But when she discerned the jewelled tiara which encircled and overshadowed his brow for the first time in Egypt, lightning is not more brilliant than the blush which overspread the cheeks and bosom of the maiden; and, being forthwith as she lay back, even to the floor, she murmured, "Pardon, O Sir, my prostration! How could I know?"

Alphonson descended from his seat, and rising to the trembling Georgian from her place, he took her hand gently, and said, "Ayesha! you could not have known!—not if you had, could you have asked more nobly. You gave me, as you thought, my life! I can only repay you by offering you a fourth of my heart; the other three quarters, I regret to say, are already shared. I have looked for beauty, nobleness, and womanly graces in the high-born and far-distinguished, and I find them in the humble and self-less. Put you will make up for want of pedigree in excess for love, won't you, my dear?" What the lovely Ayesha answered history does not state; but it is an anecdote that the lips of Alphonson and his Georgian were the most magnificent that ever had witness'd. Six of the days of Abbas fell; and they were a golden further memorable by the resolution of the state criminals, and the release of the innocent, and the serene entrance of the new Caliphine. History also relates, that after a long and happy reign the good Caliph gave up the ghost in his favorite city of Bahli, and was there interred in a magnificent possession, bearing the following pithy inscription—

"Each not, O me! thy lofty graces, neither base of thy being; but a hundred gradations; for all we are ALL CHILDREN OF ADAM!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

London, Dec. 23.—Lord Howick and the Adjutant-General transacted business to-day at the Colonial Office.

Colonel Hamilton had an interview at the Colonial Office on the 19th.

Was Officer, Dec. 22.—Brevet, Col. Sir George Arthur, on half-pay of the York Volunteers, to have the local rank of Major-General in Upper Canada only.

Sir John Colborne, now commanding in Upper and Lower Canada, is one of the most popular officers in the British army.—(Limerick Chronicle.)

In the Court of Chancery, the Lord Chancellor decided, on an appeal from the Vice-Chancellor, that a Solicitor has no right to withhold the papers of his client when the latter employs another Solicitor, and that the Solicitor has no lien on the papers for his cost.

The late Earl of Egremont distributed in acts of charity and benevolence, during sixty years, upwards of £1,000,000 sterling!—or about £20,000 per annum!

The house of Cramer and Co. and Duff and Co. have purchased the music of Roose's new opera, for which they have given £500; who

would not be a compounder of crochets and quavers?

Mendelssohn says, in a letter which he wrote to Mr. J. A. Novello, respecting the brilliant reception of his sister Clara, at Leipzig, that one of the French papers stated, that Queen Victoria sat 200 pinnacles herself at the Guildhall festival; bravo, Mousnier!

When the railway is finished, the journey between London and Glasgow will not occupy much above thirty hours.

On Thursday last, a flock of nearly thirty wild swans were observed flying in a very compact body, and almost within gun-shot, over the town of Ayr, directing their course southward.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.—"Mr. Horace Smith's admirable novel of 'Jane Lomas' has been followed by Lady Bury's tale of 'Love'; an announcement which must excite an unusual interest among the lovers of fiction. But the present week has been particularly distinguished by no less than three very important historical publications—we allude to the 'Private Correspondence of Sarah, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough,' the prime minister of Queen Anne, as she was called—a work which cannot fail to throw much new light on that interesting reign. 2dly, 'The Life of the celebrated Irish Rebel, General Pelt,' written by himself, and edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.; and, lastly, the 'Notes Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth and Queen Caroline,' a work which will no doubt create a great sensation in the highest circles.

CHAS. LAMONT.—On Tuesday, at Messrs. Pilkingtons and Walker's office, before the Rev. R. A. Rawson, a good-looking young woman, named Ann Huntington, residing in this town, was charged by a rev. gentleman, curate of a neighbouring parish, with following him about, and otherwise annoying him. It came out in evidence, that the defendant had got it into her head that she was "in love" with the rev. gentleman, and was constantly endeavouring to impress that fact upon him. She had also said, in the hearing of one witness, that if the complaint would not "leave her," she would have his life. The defendant, in her defence, said she had formed an attachment to Mr. Harrison, and could not avoid doing as she had done. She was held to bail to keep the peace.

A PROFANE HEARING.—Our readers can scarcely have forgotten the hastiduo given last year to an English gentleman, Mr. Churchill, at Constantinople. Lord Pembroke interfered with some spirit on the occasion. The Turkish minister made his peace by giving Mr. Churchill a mercurial pillage to export a certain quantity of oil duty free. The privilege Mr. Churchill is said to have sold to a Greek merchant for about £2000.

A KIND INVITATION.—The following intelligible invitation to some gentlemanly member of the illegitimate-association fraternity is posted up at an ironmonger's in Barthlemey Lane, London:—"If the absent gentleman who took away, by mistake, a few days since, a shovel and trowel, will apply within, he will be presented with a poker to match. They are a set, and one will be comparatively of little value to him without the other."

LOWER CANADA.

[From the Montreal Herald of Saturday.]

We are glad to learn that the loyal Volunteers of this city are getting upon an address to Sir Francis Head, which we doubt not will be signed by every man under arms.

On Thursday forenoon, six trains arrived in town, containing about 400 stand of arms, collected at Yamaska and the neighbouring parishes where so loyal manifestations have been so profusely hatched of late.

On Thursday morning, six of the Montreal Cavalry were dispatched to St. Therese, with a warrant for the apprehension of Neil Scott, on a charge of high treason. This "duppe" is brother of W. H. Scott, M.P.P. also in prison under a similar charge. Neil Scott was lately post-master at St. Therese.

Yesterday morning, a man named Derigo dit Laplante, the marguillier of the parish of St. Constant was lodged in jail on a charge of high treason. He was captured on Thursday evening by a sergeant and four soldiers of the Montreal Volunteer Militia, after a desperate resistance, during which he was severely wounded. It was supposed by his captors that a rescue would have been attempted, as several caroles were seen at a short distance from the house, and a continued succession of signals by whistling were heard at the same time.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

POETRY.

LINES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH.

I said to Sorrow's pelling storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now broods
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to Fenry's meagre train,
"Advance!—your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
But still the spirit which endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bolder smile."

I said to proud Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on!—I loved you not;
Though thus untraced and forlorn,
By you I am forgot;
My spirit which, untamed and free,
No scolds of yours annoys,
Drives from its own noxiousity
Its high-born joys."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep!—my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one letter wo,
To those already there;
And still the spirit which sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Ah, sure!—oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak reluctant prey;
For still this spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant o'er sin's way,
Bright as its own eternity,
Shall pass away."

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot, under orders to embark for India,—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what the soldiers call the "bed of glory."—were assembled in the barrack-yard of Chatham, to be inspected previous to their passing on board the transport which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely daybreak when the merry drab and file were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen saluting forth from their quarters, to join their ranks, with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow. Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some individual with a dearer title to his regard than either; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughing among the assembled group.

The second battalion was to remain in England; and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed; for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots which were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment; and which should remain behind. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbiter. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend, Captain Loder, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered round the flag-sergeant, who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "To Go!"—and all the others containing the fatal words "To Remain."—It was a moment of dreadful suspense; and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenance of human beings as in the features of each of the soldier's wives who composed that group. One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing.—Another succeeded, and giving a loud hurra, ran off to the distant tanks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hesitating steps; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an un-

natural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the sergeant's cap, and I saw, by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and, with a deep groan, fell back and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every present, that she remained unnoticed until all the tickets had been drawn and the greater part of the women left the spot. I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground gazing upon her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheeks.

Captain Loder advanced towards them.—"I am sorry Henry Jenkins," said he, "that fate has been against you; but bear up, and be stout-hearted."

"I am so, captain," said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face; "but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she soon to be a mother."

"Oh captain," sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him abide with me! Oh, take me with him,—take me with him,—take me with him—for the love of God, do take me with my husband, captain."

The gallant officer was himself in tears.—He knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company; and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the suffering he cannot alleviate. At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the good captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do you want, my good fellow?" said the officer.

"My name's John Carty, please yer honor;—and I belong to the second battalion."

"And what do you want here?"

"Only, yer honor," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife, they are sorrow-hearted at parting, I am aiter thinking."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, yer honor, they say 'tis a heavy lad, and I know I'm fit for service, and if yer honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond's company, and let me take his place in your's, yer honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of them, I'm thinking."

Captain Loder considered a few minutes, and directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officer's quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the spot where he had left them.

"Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife."

"Thank yer honor," said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground, and rushed into each other's arms. "God bless you captain," said the soldier, as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. "Oh! bless him forever!" said the wife, "bless him with prosperity and a happy heart! bless his wife and bless his children!" and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, "may you never want a friend when I am far from you,—you, my good lad, and your amiable wife!" passed on to his company while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the County of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages, but which now afforded no information to the traveller, as age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and enquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine, intelligent lad, of about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he were going to any particular house in the village.

"No my little lad," said the soldier, "but it is on the high road to Frome, and I have friends there; but in truth, I am wearied, and perhaps may find in your village some person

who will befriended a poor fellow, and look to God for his reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, he dearly loves to look upon a red coat. If you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome."

"And you can tell us stories about foreign parts," said the younger lad, a fine chubby cheeked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress.

The boys gave instruction to their intelligent dog, who they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence, and, in a few minutes, the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof, and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends, Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those who, in all human probability were indebted to him for their evitable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story further than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm; and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling; and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward.

"East thy bread upon the waters," said the wise man, "and it shall be returned to thee after many days."

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTE: A MAN MARRIED AGAINST HIS WILL.—C—, who was a captain, on half-pay, of the British service, lodged several years ago in the Exchange Coffee House, which was then kept by an old couple, whose age prevented their attending properly to their business, obliging them to confide in the management of a bar-maid, upon whom they placed much dependence, and to whom they paid a liberal salary. As C—'s circumstances were not very affluent, as is generally the case with half-pays; and he was, besides, of an extravagant turn of mind, necessity often compelled him to borrow money, at different times from the bar-maid, who was a prudent woman, and had laid by the savings of a few years. He lived in the house for several months together; during which time he paid attention to her, making love to her every opportunity, and always promising marriage, of which, by-the-by, he had not the slightest notion. As he was continually making one excuse or another for delaying the nuptials, and he was now upwards of £200 in her debt, for cash lent to him, she determined on having either the man or the money; and, going into his room one morning, as he lay in bed, demanded that he should either pay her what she had lent him, or immediately fulfil his oft-repeated promise of marriage. C—, as usual, made some excuse; but it would not do, she was resolved, she said, to be no longer trifled with, as she had been for months back, but to have justice immediately done. She then produced a marriage license, which she had previously procured, and informed C—, that the clergyman was then waiting at the Church to marry them; and that unless he complied, and honorably redeemed the pledges he had so often made, she would have him arrested and sent to prison, from which it was then no easy matter to get out, by two bailiffs, whom she had then on the stairs, outside the room, waiting to see if their services would be required. At this moment, C— heard the men on the stairs cough; and knowing, from their hoarse, he began to think seriously of his situation; and, after a few minutes' consideration reluctantly yielded to her demand, requesting at the same time, that the ceremony might be deferred until evening. To this, however, she would not agree; nor would she quit the room until accompanied by him. It was certainly a curious scene to behold the captain, with the fair and fat bar-maid leaning upon his arm, marching down the Strand, at slow time, towards St. Martin's Church, now and then casting a mournful look behind him, and as often encountering the keen and watchful glances of John Doe and Richard Roe, who failed not to bring up the rear, and that, too, in close order. As soon as the cere-

mony had concluded, the same gentlemen, politely taking of their hats, made each of them a low bow, and wishing the newly married couple every happiness, immediately retired. C— and his bride returned to the coffee-house, where they were received with great kindness, by the master and mistress, who, notwithstanding the short notice, had a comfortable wedding breakfast prepared for them.—(Capt. Harley's Veteran, or Forty Years in the British Service.)

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.—The particulars of the following incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge; and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers.—

"In a sea-port town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached on Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse,—to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath,—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual preface prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leant his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came here that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he too cried, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected!—throw now!' But the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark, his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now living under sentence of death, for murder, in the jail of this city; the third, my brethren,"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow.—"the third, my brethren, IS HE WHO NOW ADDRESSES YOU!—listen to him."

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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

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

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

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

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

Quebec, 6th December, 1837.

THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE, PRINTER.