

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. 1. No. 26.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 10TH APRIL, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]

OLIA-POURIDA.

Our words are like the waves,
Brawling most illly o'er the silent depths
Of that which has unchangeable below.

Oh, solemn Night!
Methinks thou art the shadow of our God
Bending above us with a father's care.

Our life is naked garden-ground, wherein
Are germs of many plants: some murdere our
And some another. But there is a plant
Which few have thought: 'tis a lovely flower,
But full of honey, and a distance seen,
—So true it is that all our noblest joys,
Friendship, ambition, useful energy,
Kindred affection, and true patriotism,
Are leaves and blossoms of this herb to plant.

Thinking of absent friends,
The memory of their weakness is gone,
Their virtues only do we think upon.
—So barren mountains, at a distance seen,
Lose all their bleakness and rigidity,
And wear an aspect soft and beautiful.

We were reminded by thy fragrant Word
To call Him Father. Merciful is He
In thus allowing what our nature asks.
We shrink in awe from that the terrible,
Whose breath is lightning, and whose ways are dark,
But cling fondly to that the true.
—The traveller, fatigued and wearied with
Socks, for a resting place, no I do not say
Whose summit hangs between the cliff and star,
A smooth, unobscured, some-to-holice face.

Eighty—
It is the moon of torrid climes, which blazes
And unlooseth corrupt whatever it shines upon.

The freshness of our first affections has
Our steady exposure. In after life
With many we divide the joys we remain
But bitter is the remembrance of that first
And strongest tie, it rises the very soul!
Torn from its anchor, over the waste of life
Our bark is driven, hopeless, rudderless,
Until experience hath taught us how
To find another anchorage.

Half of our lives
We have led fair, knowledge said the other half
Unlearns our hard-learned lessons, and set out
The produce of our maturing toil.
'Tis ill to learn too early. Some there be
Grow old before their time, and waste their youth
In bookish study. Fools! that never away
A jewel, which can never be replaced,
In vain attempts to lift old Kris' veil.

Shame, slander, misconstruction, infamy,
Things which we tremble at, what are they but
The shadows of our notions—shadows which
Are small or large, according as the sun
Of our prosperity is high or low.

E. T. P.

THE WRECKERS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

(Concluded.)

* By the fire of a miserable hut, was seated,
A female of youthful, but haggard appearance.
She had an infant at her breast, and was en-
deavouring to lull it, rocking to and fro, with
a melancholy hum. Every now and then she
paused and listened, and after a second or two
resumed her maternal task.

"Be quiet, Shark? be quiet!" she would
occasionally cry, as a lean, black rough-con-
toured, between the Newfoundland and the mas-
sachusetts, and which was stretched across the hearth
in the would raise his head, and turning it in the
direction of the wind, keep howling amidst
the gusts of the storm, which was slowly and
fitfully subsidizing.

At length the infant fell asleep, and was
transferred from its mother's lap to a wretch-
ed pallet in an adjoining room. Her charge
being thus disposed of, she returned into the
outer apartment. A cooking vessel was on
the fire. She lifted the lid. The steam faintly
rose from the contents.

"Will it never grow hot!" she impatiently

exclaimed, and resorting to a bellows, through
the crevices of the wind which was intended for
the proper vent, proceeded assiduously, but
also in vain, to urge the sluggish fuel. "He'll
brain me if he comes home and nothing ready,"
she cried to herself, in a querulous un-
der-tone. "Heaven send him luck, and I
shall have peace for a day or two," continued
she. "But for my baby, I wish I had never
seen the face of Black Norris!"

"Let me in," cried the wrecker at the
door.
"Thank heaven, he has met with luck,"
she exclaimed, and under his arm he carried a bundle
of clothes.

"Good luck, Norris!" tremulously, and half
doubtfully inquired she.

"Yes," was his still-in reply. "Why do
you ask with such a face as that?"

"I've a suspicion you had not met with any."

"Why?" demanded she sternly.

"For your looks," timidly responded she.
"Cute the child," muttered the ruffian; "what
business hast thou to mind my looks? Here, I
had a hand, and help this load from my back."

The trunk was deposited upon the
floor. "What, nothing ready? Hast thou not
virtually in the house? Hast thou not
net it? Hast thou not hands? and why is
not my dinner ready? Be still there, I have
something to do in the next room. On thy
life let me not be disturbed till I have done."

He took the key of the big chest.
"Don't wake the baby," intrusively en-
joined the wife. "He has not slept the
whole morning, and is only just now dropped
off."

"Cuss the child," cried the wrecker.
"That think of nothing but the child. Look
to my dinner." He went into the next
apartment, shut the door after him, and locked
it.

He examined the jewels again. He emptied
the purse of its contents and counted them.
He opened the rest of the pockets. The
trowers he had taken from the bundle and
thrown upon the floor of the other room—
all contained fishes. He placed them upon
the promul, applied the key, and hastily be-
gan to deposit them at the bottom of the chest.
In the progress of his work, he started and
stopped short, at a shuffling of feet which he
heard in the outer apartment, accompanied by
the sound of voices, as of persons speaking in
a low key. Muttering a curse he proceeded.

"Norris, Norris?" whispered his wife at
the door. He replied not, but went on.

"Norris?" she whispered again. "You
are wanted." He answered not, but listened
anxiously—all was silent.

"Norris?" she repeated.

"Silence, and confound thee!" was the
ruffian's reply.

"I cannot help it, Norris?" rejoined she,
still whispering. "You are wanted husband!
O come! Do come!"

"Presently!" he vociferated. The last
article was put in. He locked the chest, and
unbolting the door, threw it open.

"Well, is my dinner ready?" he noisily
demanded, entering the outer apartment, and
looking toward the table—which had been
constructed out of the fragments of a wreck—
a corpse lay stretched upon it. At the head,
and at the foot was a group of his neighbours.
He stood for a moment or two transfixed.

"What means this?" at length he boldly
inquired, with a loud voice, striving to con-
ceal a cowering heart.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed one, lift-
ing the rifled trowers, which the wrecker had
thrown upon the floor. "Merciful powers!
if it is not your father's body, Norris, that
you have been stripping!"

"My father's body?" echoed Black Nor-
ris, the blood utterly forsaking his cheeks.

"Yes, there it is stretched upon the table!"

Black Norris did not attempt to speak.
He looked at the body—at the by-standers—at
his wife—at the body again—with an expres-
sion of utter vacancy in his countenance. He
then approached the table, half seated himself

on a corner of it, his back to the corpse; and
with one leg upon the floor, kept swaying the
other, looking wildly around him. His wife,
who had dropped upon the stool on which she
had been nursing her child, sat the image of
horror. The rest kept silence.

"It can't be helped!" at last exclaimed
Black Norris. "The dead have no use for
clothes. We'll bury him tomorrow, and wake
him to-night."

His auditors looked at one another, but
made no remark. Pipes, tobacco, and spirits,
were speedily procured and placed upon the
same table with the corpse, which was now
covered with a sheet. Black Norris seated
himself at the head. His neighbours, whose
numbers were now increased by occasional
droppers-in, accommodated themselves as they
could with stools, empty kegs placed on end,
and pieces of plank excavated into temporary
forms, set ranged around. The room brayed
merry, save when the wrecker's wife sat
crouching near the fire, her head supported by
the wall. At length the first supply of spirits
was out.

"I'll bring you better," cried the wrecker.
"What we have been drinking was watered,
I'll bring it to you as pure as from the still."

He disappeared; and after a lapse of about
ten or fifteen minutes, returned with a fresh
supply. He opened the door unobserved, but
stopped short upon remarking that the place
which he had just quitted was occupied by
three or four who were intently employed in
examining the head of the dead body, from
which the sheet had been partially removed.
The rest of the company were leaning for-
ward, apparently absorbed in what was pass-
ing.

"'Tis an ugly mark!" said one.

"No neck could do that," observed another.
"No!" interposed a third; "his neck
like the blunt end of an axe-head; see! Here
is the regular mark of the edge all here. I
would not be Black Norris for all he has got
by this day's work."

"Why not?" vociferated the wrecker,
springing forward and confronting the speak-
er.

Every eye was turned toward the wrecker,
in whose countenance desperation and gather-
ing fury were fearfully depicted. No answer
was returned to his question.

"Why not?" repeated he, with increased
vehemence.

"Why not?" echoed the young man, re-
covering from temporary surprise. "Why,
who was it stove your father's forehead in,
Black Norris?" added he after a pause.

He had scarcely time to duck his head. The
vessel which the wrecker carried flew over it
and in the next moment the young man's
throat was in the miller's grip. "Lose your
hold of him," cried several all at once. Black
Norris paid no heed to them. Thrice or four of
the strongest and boldest rushed together upon
him at once; empowered him and rescued his
almost suffocated victim. The wrecker
drew his knife and brandished it. They rushed
upon him again before he had time to make a
stroke with it, and wrenched it from him.

His wife, who, it appeared, had retired into
the inner apartment during the interval of her
husband's absence, now burst from it, sank on
her knees before him, and clasping him round
the legs with one arm, while with the other
she supported her infant, implored him to be
calm. A blow levelled the child and mother
to the earth. With honor of the savage act,
the spectators stood awhile, as if bereft of
the power of speech or motion. For a second or
two the wrecker glared around him like a fiend
then suddenly vanished into the inner room.

He searched here and there, blaspheming all
the time, cursing this thing and that thing, as
anything came to his hand except what he
wanted. At length, however, he succeeded
in finding his pistols. Then a pouch, filled
with slugs; and last of all a powder-horn,
presented themselves. Hastily he loaded and
primed the weapons, and proceeding to the
door with one in each hand, advanced a pace
into the outer apartment.

"Now," roared the wrecker—"now, who
is the man to come on?" No one stirred. "I

give you just as much time," continued he,
"as it will take to clear the house. When
that is expired, I fire at the man that re-
mains."

A wild, shrill, piercing laugh was the an-
swer to his menace. It came from the head
of the corpse. The man was standing there.
The wrecker's axe was in her hand—the
blunt end resting on the mark in the dead
man's forehead.

"Ha, ha!" she cried exultingly, "there is
your father, Black Norris, a corpse upon the
plank of wood, to get possession of which, you
numbered my father; and here is your axe up-
on the mark which you made in your father's
forehead when I told you as you were rifling
him on the beach, that his eyes were moving,
and you coaxed me to leave you alone with
him. See how nicely it fits. But I knew
you, and stole back. I did Black Norris.
I snatched up your hatchet when you threw it
behind you; and ran away with it. Give
you joy of your diamonds and your gold, Black
Norris. A fair day, is it not? A fair lovely
day—a fair, lovely, bonny day."

The wrecker had been gradually raising his
right arm. It was now nearly brought to a
level. He fired—but the charge perforated
the roof. His arm was struck up by some
one, and at the same moment he felt himself
powerfully pinioned. He looked round; he
found himself in the hands of four of the pre-
ventive guard, accompanied by Kate's lover,
with a staff of a boarding-pile in his grasp.

That day, having completed the business
which called him from home, had the young
man returned. His first inquiry was for Kate.
She had been at her usual pannels, and had
stolen away. He sought her in all her haunts
—she was nowhere to be found—dispirited,
and fatigued too, for he had walked upward
of thirty miles since morning, he was repair-
ing home, when he received from a group re-
turning from the wreck, and of whom he made
inquiries after her, an account of her appear-
ance among the wreckers, and her wild, mys-
terious prophecy, which had been so strangely
fulfilled. Revolving what he had heard, he
lifted the latch of his mother's door and en-
tered; but stopped short. A female almost naked
to the zone, was sitting with her back to-
ward him; her skin of so pure a whiteness,
that it fairly shone. The waist and shoulders
of such a mould, as of itself appressed the be-
holder of the presence of surpassing richness;
although unadorned, unadorned, he is utterly
at a loss to tell in what it lies. A moment he
stood—then was on the point of retiring, when
the female turned suddenly round.

"Kate?" burst in astonishment from the
young man's lips.

The next moment, the maniac was hanging
upon his neck. Willy she kissed him, strain-
ing him to her bosom, and laughing.

"He has done it—he has done it!" she al-
most shrieked. "He has murdered his own
father. Here is the hatchet with which he
beat his forehead in," added she, springing
from him to the other end of the room, and
snatching up the instrument and flourishing it;
her sun-burnt hands and neck forming an
extraordinary contrast with the snow, which
had never been before revealed to the eyes of
her lover, whose mother now entering from an
adjoining room with some articles of apparel
upon her arms, hastily retired again drawing
the poor, half-resisting girl along with her.
The former presently returned.

"She has been down on the shore all day.
There has been a wreck," said she, "for about
a quarter of an hour ago she came in, for you
that you might take Black Norris, as she
said, and hang him, for he had murdered his
father. She was wet to the skin with the
spray and the rain, and I was macking her
change herself when you came in. Hist—she
is here."

Kate entered. Her lover looked at her.
Nothing appeared now, but the hue that was
the child of the weather. The hatchet was
in her hand. Exultation and impatience were
painted in her looks.

"Come, come," she cried; and opening the
door, it opened the way to Black Norris's.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

Scarcely had they got fifty yards from the house, when, at a turn in the road, they came upon four privates of the privateer service. The men were on duty. Kate instantly accosted them, related the transaction which had taken place upon the reef, and commanded them to accompany her. They looked—and obeyed.

Three weeks after, there was a trial and an execution. Black Norris was the criminal. Among the spectators at the latter were a young man and a young woman. As soon as the body swung in the air, a shrill peal of laughter arose from the crowd. It was from the female, who, the next moment, lay fainting in the arms of her companion. Kate was conveyed home. She was restored to consciousness; but her mind, so highly excited before, seemed now to have sunk into a state of infantine imbecility. Thus she remained for several days, not speaking. A gentleman seemed to have access to her lover's mind, who threatened consequences similar to those under which the being whom he tenderly loved had laboured. He avoided society—he would hardly exchange a word, even with his mother. He was continually wandering about the cliff and the shore alone.

One day, when he had thrown himself upon the very spot, where, as we related in the beginning, he had intruded upon the slumbers of the maniac, revolving the cause which now utterly absorbed his mind and soul, and lost to external consciousness, he was startled by something falling on his face. He looked up, and saw the loved one hang over him. The tear-drop stood trembling on his forehead—the light of reason beamed from his eyes. She pronounced his name, talked to him of her father's death, informed him that she believed his murderer had suffered the penalty of his crime, but knew not when, or by what means. He drew her softly toward him—encouraged her to speak—questioned her—found that of all that had passed since her wits had gone astray, the only circumstance which had left an impression upon her memory was the fat of Black Norris. He now endeavoured to ascertain the state of her heart with respect to him. At a eye, at once cast down—a burning cheek—lips that made soundless motion—confirmed the dearest hopes, crowned the most ardent wishes of his soul. Reason was perfectly reinstated—love had never lost its seat. He urged the soft confession—and her face was buried in his bosom. In a week she was his wife and alone; with his mother, accompanied him to a distant part of the country, lest old and painful recollections might be recalled by the presence of familiar scenes.

SPEECH OF THE HON. R. B. SULLIVAN,

Delivered at a Meeting of the *Loyal Irish Inhabitants of Toronto, Upper Canada.*

MY GALLANT COUNTRYMEN,—It is said that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," but sometimes the heart is too full for utterance. The principal object of my ambition has been to gain the good opinion, the love and favour of my countrymen, and when I receive a mark of my success in such a compliment at their hands, as the calling me to preside at an Irish meeting, convened for so high a purpose, my feeling almost deprive me of the power of fulfilling the duties which your choice has cast upon me.—You will have learned, by the public notice of this meeting, that we are called together to express our feelings of loyalty and attachment to our young and gracious Queen; I need not say to you that, while as subjects of a Constitutional Government and as a free people, we expect to receive from our Sovereign acknowledgments of our rights and privileges, and solemn assurance of their maintenance and preservation, it is no less our duty to cheer and fight the anxious and heavy task of wielding the power of a great empire, by warm and cordial declarations of fealty and devotion. It is by the profession and performance of these reciprocal duties, that a nation becomes glorious and mighty, free, prosperous, and respected. It is by these means that the Empire to which we belong has attained its proud pre-eminence, and that we see before us, the sublime spectacle of a young and lovely Queen, wielding with a woman's hand the might of millions, speaking with the melody of a woman's voice the destiny of nations, and wearing on a woman's brow the stars of peace and battle, with trophies from the gorgeous East, the rich and trophies from the cities of palaces and forest homes—(cheers)—from the wild desert, and the blue and boundless sea.

I care not for the murmurings of sour and discontented minds, or the self-sufficient and scornful reasonings of the inventors of untried theories of Government. I speak to an audience of Irishmen, of men accustomed to an foe's well as to their own—men who learned that attachment to their Country and their Sovereign was their privilege and their duty, before experience taught them that it was their interest. Yes, I can speak to no scene so interesting as a Constitutional Monarch ascending the Throne, and assuming the Government of a free people. And when I tell them that this Monarch is an amiable and lovely woman, who longs to their support, claims their affections, and demands their bravery. I do not feel that it requires eloquence to draw forth their exclamations.—(Great cheering.)—But, my countrymen, we must for the present turn from this pleasing picture, to other considerations which now claim your serious attention. You have seen the most constant, and strenuous efforts to divide you, to set Irishman against Irishman, and your enemies have secretly exulted when they have often, alas! seen their exertions but too successful, in their plans for the overthrow of our Government, and the elevation of themselves upon the ruins of the Province. They have said, as for the Irish we may look upon them as neutral—they are a divided nation—if one half be true and loyal, dissent and hatred will at least give us the other half. Ours have I grieved over your party differences, and, with others who wish to see you united and powerful, endeavoured to bring you together. But what man could not do, was wrought about by him whose attribute it is, out of the machinations of the wicked, to bring order, and harmony, and blessings. Was it not fearful that rebellion should have come amongst us, like a midnight assassin, and found us a divided people? Was it not horrible to hear that the murderous pike was forging, and the rifle (the weapon of the skulking ruffian) was being smuggled across our waters, the faithless pledge of sympathy, from a professedly friendly people? Was it not more horrible to fear, that when these implements of murder should see the day, they possibly might be found in the hands of our countrymen? But no! From the moment that rebellion raised its flag, our people were united—(cheers)—united, without distinction of class, of creed, or of party. That cursed badge of rebellion disgraced no Irish arm. Its vain was it said by the apostles of sedition, in our poor countrymen, "son us—march unopposed to Toronto—write upon the arms—make yourselves rich from the plunder of the Banks?" Oh, gentlemen, they know not what stuff an Irishman's heart is made of.—(Great cheering.)—The solitary backwoodsman started from his bed at the first alarm, he waited not for formal call, or legal warning, but hastened at once to the post of duty and danger; he heard no drum or trumpet; he had no "pomp and circumstance of war" to inspire him; he embraced his wife, and blessed his children, and hastened along the rough and toilsome road—beset with enemies; he wore no gaudy plume—no gay or gorgeous uniform, but his heart was true and valiant, and his hand was ready. The wintry blast stopped not his way—the tangled forest restrained not his footsteps—fragments of his garments hung upon the thorny brake—his torn and bleeding feet stained the snow on his path, with the hue which was shortly to adorn his cap—the colour of the loyal and the true.—(Cheers.)—Gentlemen, we are met to celebrate, in joyous jubilee, the union of Irishmen thus caused by the hand of Providence; the motto of one of our flags, "Quis Separabit," who shall sever as, points at the sacred union of heart and hand. We are now, thank God, united, "and these whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Having thus stated the object of this meeting, you will ask who originated it. I confess, I cannot tell; it seemed to be a spontaneous wish; it was whispered amongst us that Irishmen should meet, and now having met together, I trust you will see that we come for no party purpose, to accomplish no low trick or political manoeuvre—we make use of no name but that of our Queen—we advance no doctrine but that of loyalty and truth; and when these broad principles and common ground are made known to our countrymen, we know that it will rejoice their hearts and cause their cordial co-operations. But, gentlemen, let it not be thought that while we profess unhesitating, uncalculating loyalty, let it not be said of us that loyalty is not our interest as well as our duty and our delight. What advantage is offered us by change in our political insti-

tutions? What freedom do the self-styled Patriots offer you? Is it freedom of speech, by uniting you with a country, where the grave Legislators make way while the Speaker murders his fellow Members? (No! no!) Is it freedom of the press, by union with the land of slanted Editors and cackled printing offices? (No! no!) Is it freedom of religion? Alas! gentlemen, the snake of the Charlestown Convent yet ascends to heaven, calling down curses on unpunished sacrifice! (Cheers.) Is it freedom of person, by union with a land of slaves, where the father sells his child? (No! no!) Will you unite with a country governed by a mob, where justice is dispensed by Judge Lynch? (Great cheering, and cries of "No!" "Never!") Do you seek for strength of Government in a country where its chief officers crouch before the populace, and humbly request the sovereign people not to violate the laws, and where these mean and pitiful supplications are received with mockery and insult? Do you expect faith or friendship from a land in which thousands are now assembled in arms, ready, if they dare, to make our country a scene of devastation and blood? (No! no!) Do you expect even generous enmity from a people who sent into Lower Canada not the noble market or the manly bayonet, no gentlemen, but boxes of bowie knives?—(Cries of chimes, chimes.) Will you unite with a country, in which Irishmen are received with contumely and insult; where they are stigmatized as fire-eaters; where they are taxed like so many cattle; where the Irish Montgomery Guards were insulted, and Americans refused to parade with them; where they were even pelled with bricks and stone through the city streets—because they were Irish; where it is said you are not worthy of the elective franchise, where Irishmen are only tolerated to dig and delve, to cover the sides of canals with their graves—to be as beasts of burden to those who look upon honest labour as a degradation. In one word, my countrymen, shall your children be American citizens?—(Great cheers, and cries of no, never!)—I feel that I have detained you too long—(cries of no, no.) I shall now hasten to conclude. I see round me, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians—my friends, your friends, and the friends of loyalty and humanity—(cheers)—let them not think that in congratulating my countrymen on their unanimity, and in my endeavour to draw still closer the bands which unite them together, either in this audience are forgetful, or do not duly appreciate the national characters, and the individual merit of those, with whom, and for whom, Irishmen are ever ready to fight, to conquer, or to die. I can assure them that this meeting is not one of exclusiveness or intolerance, that we aim but at the same mark with themselves, and that we only seek to compete with, and rival them in the noble qualities which we know them to possess.—(Cheers.)—We have joined with them, a noble race—we have shewn that they can trust in us—we know, and we have found we could confide in them. The English, Scottish, and Irish character, which united, has made our common country the pride and envy of the world, is still alive and vigorous in Canada, and will yet shew Canada, a child, worthy of its illustrious parentage; and as for that Canada, the land of our hopes, the birth-place of our children—perceive the thought that would disunite us from its native inhabitants.—(Cheers.) [After thanking the meeting for the attention with which he had been heard, the honourable gentleman sat down amidst loud and continued cheering.]

UNITED STATES.

The N. O. Picayune says the coffee crop of the Island of Cuba will be one half, if not two thirds, short of former years. The sugar crop, on the other hand, will be increased one fourth.

A gentleman, lately deceased at New Orleans, has directed 600 of his negroes to be liberated, provided they will go to Africa.

The House of Representatives of Ohio have passed to a third reading, a bill abolishing imprisonment for debt.

On the 14th of Feb. a duel, with rifles, at the distance of thirty paces, was fought at New Orleans, between a merchant of that city and a Frenchman. The former fell at the first shot.

An action is at this moment pending in the Prussian Courts of law, in which the whole population of the town are accused of theft. Three hundred of the inhabitants are under arrest.

UPPER CANADA.

Toronto, March 20.—Yesterday, Leont and Matthews received the awful sentence of death, which was pronounced by Chief Justice Robinson, after a most solemn and affecting address to the prisoners, who, we understand, appeared, penetrated with a deep sense of the enormity of their crime, and the justice of their doom. Oh! that their fate may prove a warning to generations to come, to beware the wiles of designing, sinister demagogues, "whose rap is bitterness" and "whose path lead unto sin and death!" On John Anderson being brought to the bar, he resumed his plea of "guilty," which he had been advised to retract. We understand he is to be brought up this day for sentence.

In the case of Sutherland the court Martial did not all assemble yesterday, so that he could not proceed with his defence. We hear the Court will assemble on Monday.

Toronto Patriot.

A splendid silk flag was presented to the Belleville Volunteer Rifle Company on the 13th ult., by Mrs. A. M. Baldwin, on behalf of the Loyal Ladies of Belleville. Mrs. Benson of the same place had formerly presented a flag; to the 24th Regt. Hunting Militia.—*Id.*

The Election for the County of Granville, to supply the place of W. B. Wells, expelled, would commence yesterday at Merrickville.

Roger R. Hunter, Esq., has been returned for the County of Oxford, in place of Dr. Duncombe, expelled.—*Id.*

The River has been open to the Lake since Thursday, but the ice still remains in our harbour. The Steam Boat Transit has been cut out, went down to St. Johns I. this morning, will leave here for Toronto and the head of the Lake to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. The Wm. W. comes up on Saturday. Lake Erie is free from ice.—*Id.*

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, 7th April.—Thursday last was a beautiful spring day, all sunshine and gladness which was taken advantage of by a more numerous turn out of beauty and fashion than we have ever seen before in Montreal. A great many ladies appeared on horseback, adding to the gaiety of the scene. But the smiles of April are but for a day—the evening came, and her tears descended in copious showers. Yesterday the streets presented rivers of mud, and not a pretty face to be seen.—*Herald.*

As a proof of the remarkable mildness of the season, we learned that yesterday a brace of woodcock was shot by C. T. Fulgrave, Esq., in the neighbourhood of the city. The ice on the river has every appearance of soon breaking up, two channels being already formed in front of the old market.—*Id.*

We are sorry to learn that the Missisquoi Standard is about to be discontinued from the want, not of subscribers, but payers of just debts. We are sorry for this, as the Standard has effected much good in the country; and its loss may be seriously felt. We hope that measures will yet be taken to secure a continuance of its existence.—*Id.*

A detachment of the St. Johns Volunteers, under the command of Sergeant Harrison, arrived in town yesterday with a prisoner named Enoch Jacques, an American, charged with being a leader in the affair at Potten.—*Id.*

Montreal, 3rd April.—Yesterday at noon the Queen's Light Dragons were presented, on the Champ-de-Mars, with a splendid banner, the gift of Mrs. McDonald. The troop was drawn up so as to form three sides of a square, and an appropriate speech was delivered by Mr. James Fraser, who, with Mrs. McDonald, came to the ground in a stanhope. The banner represents, on one side, the red-cross flag of Britain, and on the other, a beautiful painting of St. George and the Dragon. It is fringed with gold lace, and is equal, to point both of design and execution, to any of the splendid banners belonging to the charitable societies in the city. Captain Jones returned a suitable reply to Mr. Fraser's energetic address, and the banner was landed, in due form, by Mrs. McDonald, to the Captain, and by him to Cornet Duff, amid the cheers of the troops and the numerous spectators of this interesting event. We are sorry that a press of matter prevents our giving even an outline of the speeches delivered on the occasion, which we intended to have laid before our readers.—*Herald.*

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 19th APRIL, 1838.

LATEST BARRS.

London, - - Feb. 20. New-York, - - Mar. 30.
Liverpool, - - Feb. 24. Halifax, - - Mar. 22.
Harris, - - Feb. 28. Toronto, - - Mar. 20.

Intelligence from England to the 1st March has been received by the Liverpool packet-ship *Europe*, arrived at New-York on the 2nd instant.

The news is unimportant. The interest and excitement created by Canada affairs appear to have considerably subsided. The latest intelligence from Canada received in London was to the 24th January.

The English papers are much occupied with some proceedings which took place in Parliament, a brief summary of which we subjoin :

Lord Maidstone rose, and said, seeing the Honourable and learned member for Dublin in his place, I wish to ask him whether some sentiments which I see reported to have been used by him in a speech delivered at a dinner which took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, on Wednesday, the 21st instant, and which was presided over by Col. De Laey Evans, are substantially correct? I will read these statements to the house, and I hope the honourable and learned member will do me the favour of stating whether they are correct or not. I take them from the *Morning Chronicle*—the words are these: "Corruption of the worst description existed, and above all, there was the perjury of the Tory politicians."

Mr. O'Connell: I feel exceedingly obliged to the noble lord for giving this publicity to the sentiments I entertain on the subject of committees of a particular description in this house. I did say every word of that—every word of that—and I do repeat that I believe it to be perfectly true. Is there a man that will put his hand to his heart, and say upon his honour as a gentleman, that he does not believe that that is substantially true. It is a hideous abuse. The public press has taunted you with it. The last time I addressed the house on the subject, I read a paragraph out of the *Morning Chronicle*.

The Speaker:—I wish to make a remark as to the regularity of our proceedings. The honourable and learned member having answered the question, I now have to appeal to the noble lord to know what motion he intends to make?

Lord Maidstone, after some delay, arising from his having to consult with his friends around him, in consequence of his being unprepared what to adopt, said—Sir in consequence of the learned member for Dublin having owned that he has said exactly what is stated; in short, having allowed that my statement is substantially true, I give notice of a motion to bring his conduct before the house on Monday next; for I do think such an aspersion ought not to have been made without proof being adduced. I give notice for next Monday to bring before the house the conduct of the learned member for Dublin.

Lord J. Russell.—Sir, I beg to give notice, that if that motion is entertained, I mean to bring before the consideration of the house the charge made by the *High Reviewer* relative to the Bishop of Exeter, respecting an allegation of perjury against certain members of this house.

Lord Maidstone subsequently moved two resolutions, 1st, that the charge was a false and scandalous imputation on the members of the House, and 2nd, that in making it Mr. O'Connell was guilty of a breach of privilege.

A long debate ensued, the result of which was the adoption of both resolutions—the latter by a vote of 293 to 85.

Lord Maidstone then moved that Mr. O'Connell be reprimanded, pending the debate on which the House adjourned.

The next question in this affair was on a motion by Lord Howick to proceed to the order of the day, offered after Lord Maidstone's two resolutions. On this motion the vote was 95 to 254, most 263. Majority against ministers 9. On the next day, the motion to reprimand was carried by a majority of 20; and Mr. O'Connell was ordered to attend and be reprimanded on the 28th.

On the motion of Sir William Molesworth, a call of the house on Tuesday, the 6th of March next, (debate, & vote of censure on Lord Glenelg,) was agreed to.

The *Montreal Herald* gives the following as a list of the gentlemen intended to form the Special Council on Canada affairs: it is, however, we have reason to believe, not altogether correct:—Hon. P. McGill, T. Pothier, P. De Rocheblave, John Molson, Geo. Pemberton, James Stuart, T. B. Anderson, J. Quesnel, M. Bell, Joliette, Dionne, S. Gerard, Fairbairn, Marchand, and T. Penn.

It is thought that immediately on the assembling of the Council, martial law will be revoked, and the habeas corpus act suspended; and it is probable that its ulterior proceedings will be confined to the renewal of acts expired and to expire on the 1st of May. The session is not expected to last over ten or twelve days.

It is said that His Excellency Sir John Colborne proposes leaving Montreal for Quebec, in the first week of May.

Mr. Lindsay, (Clerk of the Assembly,) has been appointed Clerk of the Special Council, and Messrs. Fairbairn and De Laey are to be Assistant Clerks.

Sir Francis Head took his departure for England in the Liverpool packet-ship *Cambridge*, which sailed from New York on the 2nd inst.

The Bank of Montreal has offered a reward of £1000 for the recovery of about £10,000 alleged to have been stolen by Wm. Coates, late First Teller in the branch of that institution established in Quebec.

A fine ship of about 500 tons register, built by Mr. George Black, will be launched from his ship-yard to-morrow morning, about eight o'clock.

The stalls in the several markets in this city were let by public auction on Thursday last.—The stalls in the Upper Town brought, for those in front, from 21s. to 24s., and those in rear, 11s. per month, each. The stalls in the Lower Town Market brought from 21s. to 25s.

A woodcock was shot in the vicinity of Quebec on Saturday last,—a remarkable proof of its extreme indolence of the weather.

A meeting of the Irishmen of Kingston, Upper Canada, took place on the 29th ult. for the purpose of taking into consideration the Address adopted at a meeting of Irishmen held at Toronto on the 30th February last, expressive of the "loyalty and attachment of Her Majesty's faithful Irish subjects in Upper Canada, and their determination to stand forward to a man, in their might and strength, to defend her crown and dignity, and maintain the British Constitution inviolate from a foreign or internal foe." The meeting was composed of nearly 500 Irishmen of all creeds and classes; and the local address was unanimously concurred in.

In the course of the many excellent speeches delivered, Dr. Sampson said,—My friend, (Mr. Armstrong), who last addressed the meeting, observed that Irishmen were not numerically represented in the two great houses in Toronto, but he had omitted to mention a third great house in the metropolis, where Irishmen were still more unfairly represented—he meant the public jail in that city; for he had been informed that out of 150 traitors and rebels within the confines of that edifice, *poor Ireland had but three to represent her*, and two of the three were United States citizens—republican philanthropists. In the state prison here or within keeping in Fort Henry, Ireland was not at all represented!

The estimate cost of the 27 railroads now in progress in England and Wales is upwards of twenty-two millions of sterling.

(New York Correspondence of the Montreal Herald)

Sir Francis Bond Head leaves our city on Monday. The papers have been giving him, what in elegant parlance we call a setting down. There is more noise than sense however, in our view of the question. You must not still take these paper opinions for the opinions of the community. Newspapers here are terribly influenced by the cliques which they profess to support, and whose staves they are; although Sir Francis may be, and I think is wrong, in saying that General Scott has evinced no very strong desire to preserve friendly relationship between us, he is certainly right in censuring the conduct of Governor Marcy of this state, Governor Mason, of Michigan, and he ought to have added the General Government likewise. They all have been very backward in preserving that peace, which as allies they were bound to preserve, and

they appear to have stirred in it finally more in regard to strongly expressed public opinion, more especially from the mercantile portion of the community, than from any particular desire on their own parts to interfere. Prejudice in regard to the two countries, among sensible men is getting greatly obsolete. We do now and then, however, see, in those who are sensible part courtesy, as the members of the House of Commons are honorable, a little of the old leaven.

In Congress there is a law under debate upon duelling. One member in proposing that the punishment for this offence, instead of being death, should be ten years imprisonment, said that even in England where convictions were more certain than here, it was impossible to inflict the penalty of the law against duelling in cases where it is fought honorably and with consent of parties; whereupon another gentleman stated, that the case of duelling in England was not parallel with this; in England where noblemen and gentlemen made it a practice to elope with each other's wives, and commit many other immoralities, the juries and public sentiment might protect duellists. The honorable member has been much ridiculed in the private circles at Washington for this sentiment. For a good reason too—morals in our capital are exceedingly lax.

It is questionable whether in London or Paris itself there could be found so many of equal relative standing, giving themselves up to the *coquette of the fashion*. Ex-Governor Head has had an interview with our famous Indian traveller, litho painter and antiquary, Catlin. He is delighted with him, and was anxious for Mr. C. to accompany him to England. Catlin will go in the spring after his visit to Washington.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Liverpool March 1st.—Advertised—Maguet, Payne, to sail on the 25th March for Montreal; Van O'Slanter, Sampson, for Montreal; Ship Onanigale, Robinson, to sail on the 25th for Quebec.

Killouzo, Feb. 25th.—It is much feared that the *Cour de Lion*, will go to pieces, just as her quarter deck having been washed on shore. No part of her with the exception of the mizen-mast is to be seen.

Liverpool Feb. 27.—Entered for loading—Bradshaw, Milroy, for Bastine and Quebec.

Liverpool, Feb. 28th.—The ship Sir Francis Burton, Lindsay, which sailed hence for Demerara on the 13th instant, was, we lament to state, wrecked on Friday week, in Ardmore Bay, on the Irish coast, when every soul on board perished. The Sir Francis Burton was the property of Mr. Duncan Gibb, to whom the Sir Howard Douglas, one of which vessel's boats was on board the unfortunate ship, also belongs.

THE ARMY.

H. M. ship *Vestal* arrived at Halifax on the 26th March, in 23 days from Cork, having on board 180 men, forming parts of the complements of the 65th and 93rd Regiments. The *Hercules* arrived at the same place on the 28th, with portions of the 15th, 31st, 66th and 89th Regiments.

MARRIED.

On Saturday afternoon last, by the Rev. Mr. Cook, George Young to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Levallee, Grocer, all of this city.

DIED.

At Montreal, on the 2nd instant, Felix Soulogny, Esq., an old and most respectable merchant of that city, aged 72.

At Montreal, on Tuesday, the 3rd instant, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Burton, and niece of the late Thomas Burton, of the Royal Navy, aged 22 years. At New York, on the 25th ult., Louisa Judah, aged 19, grand-daughter of the late Aaron Hart Esq. of Three Rivers.

The circulation of *THE TRANSCRIPT*, which is daily increasing, already amounts to upwards of *Eleven Hundred of each Publication!* and it consequently offers decided advantages to persons desirous of giving publicity to their advertisements.

TO LET,
AN EXCELLENT OFFICE, & FIRE PROOF VAULTS, most advantageously situated nearly opposite to the Quebec Bank, St. Peter Street. The above Vaults are admirably adapted for the storage of Mediterranean and West Indian produce.
Apply to
JAMES S. MILLER,
Hunt's Wharf,
Quebec, 31st March, 1838.

MORRISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

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

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

The object in placing the foregoing before the public is to deduce therefrom the following powerful argument in favour of Mr. Morrison'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, 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 Hygeists. How, therefore, can they (nearly less individually) know any thing about the extent of its properties?

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
QUEBEC PRICES CURRENT,
To be published weekly during the Summer, commencing on the 5th May.

BESIDES a complete and carefully corrected Prices Current of Imports and Exports, with the Imperial and Provincial duties, it will contain a faithful report of Auction Sales for each week; the arrivals and clearances of vessels; ships entered outwards, with their tonnage, ports of destination, and shippers' names; a comparative statement of arrivals; rate of freights to the principal ports, and some other useful information connected with the trade of the country.

THE QUEBEC PRICES CURRENT will be neatly printed on a large sheet of good folio-post, with a blank page for remarks.
The first number will be printed on Saturday morning, the 5th May, at eleven o'clock, and continued every succeeding Saturday at the same hour. To be had at the different Book Stores.
Price—Twelve shillings per quire. The series (which will comprise about twenty-six numbers) will be delivered for 12s. 6d. each set.
Quebec, April, 1838.

SUPERIOR LONDON HATS.
THE Subscriber has for Sale a Choice Assortment of the newest shape Gentlemen's Black Beaver Hats, imported late last Autumn.
HORATIO CARWELL,
12th March 1838. Palace Street.

AUCTIONS.

BY B. COLE.
Will be sold, on THURSDAY next, the 12th inst., at the residence of Mr. J. RICKMAN, Main street St. John Suburb, near the English Burying Ground,
A QUANTITY OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of mahogany and other tables, chairs, chests of drawers, sofas, carpets, bedsteads, beds and bedding, looking-glasses, glass and earthenware, stoves, kitchen utensils, and a variety of other articles.
Sale at ONE o'clock.
Conditions—CASH.
Quebec, 7th April, 1838.

EXTENSIVE FURNITURE SALE.
BY B. COLE.
On MONDAY, the 16th day of April, and following days, at the Castle of St. Lewis, the property of LORD GOSFORD:
THE WHOLE OF THE FURNITURE, Plate, Windows, Carriages, &c. &c. of that large establishment.—Particulars and order of the sale will be given in Catalogues, 10 days previous to the day of Sale.
Conditions—CASH, on delivery.
N. B.—The whole of the property will be on show from THURSDAY, the 12th, until day of Sale.
Quebec, 12th March, 1838.

BY B. COLE.
On WEDNESDAY, the 25th April and following days, at the residence of Mrs. HOODS, St. Anne Street, near the Goal:
THE WHOLE OF HER HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of—Mahogany Dining, Card, Loo, and other Tables, Sideboard, Sofa, Chests of Drawers, Bedsteads, Beds and Bedding, Carpets, Pier and other Looking-Glasses, double and single Stoves, China, Glass and Earthenware, Kitchen Utensils, with a variety of other articles.
Conditions—CASH, on delivery.
Quebec, 12th March, 1838.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT

POETRY.

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOT.

Though life's a dark and thorny path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
It yet some spots of sunshine hath,
That smile amidst the gloom.
The friend who weal and woe partakes,
Unchanged whate'er his lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches—
Is sure a sunny spot.

The wife who hild our burden bears,
And utters not a moan,
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears,
Unheeded all her own—
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgot,
And caresses lithely as a bird—
She's, too, a sunny spot.

The child who lifts, at morn and eve,
In prayer its tiny voice,
Who grieves when'er its parents grieve,
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eyes our's a gleam glows,
Whose heart, without a blot,
Is fresh and pure as summer's rose—
That child's a sunny spot.

There's yet upon life's swary road
A spot of brighter glow,
Where sorrow half forgets its load,
And tears no longer flow:
Friendship may wander, love decline,
Our child dishonor blot,
But still, oh! amidst that spot will shine—
Whom angels light that spot.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LIBRARIES.—The National Library of Great Britain is said to contain 210,000 volumes—a list is stated in a late British periodical that there are nine libraries in Europe more valuable and extensive than the British Library, viz: The King's Library in Paris, the largest in the world, contains no fewer than 700,000 volumes. The Library at Munich can boast of 500,000 volumes. Russia, Prussia and Sweden are said to have libraries which are always been, has its 400,000 volumes in the National Library at St. Petersburg. Denmark, too, has an equally extensive library containing 350,000 volumes. Naples, Dresden and Gottingen severally lay claim to 300,000 volumes—and lastly Berlin with its 250,000 volumes.

MENTAL DECAY.—Sir Isaac Newton lost the use of his intellect before the animal frame was arrested by the hand of death. So it was said of Mr. Swissard, that he often wept because he was not able to understand the books which he had written in his younger days.—Cornutus, an excellent orator in the Augustan age, became so forgetful as not even to know his own name. Simon Tomney in 1792, after he had cut out-line all Oxford for learning, at last gave such an idiot as not to know one letter from another, or one thing he had ever done.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—In a case respecting a will at the Derby assizes, evidence was given to prove that a certain apothecary's wife was a lunatic, and amongst other things, it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of peas, lentils, pebbles, &c. into the street as rubbish. "I don't," said a learned judge, "whether sweeping physic in to the street be any proof of insanity?" "True, my lord," replied the counsel, "but sweeping the peas away certainly was."

MARRIED AT LAST!—Lately, at the parish church of Bettws, near Abercree, Denbighshire, Mr. Owen Williams, of Llansanfrid, to Miss Sarah Jones, of Bettws. Each party was above 65 years of age. They had counted above 50 years: he having to go, and return a distance of seven miles to see his sweetheart, a journey he never failed to perform once a week. Thus, in the space of 40 years, he walked 29,120 miles on love expeditions.

REMARKABLE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—In the state of New Jersey, and not far from Morristown, about ten years since, a temperance society was formed having the following remarkable pledge, viz.—that no member should be allowed to drink more than half a pint of liquor a day! The meeting at which this pledge was adopted, was large and respectable. It was finally, after much discussion, fixed at half a pint per day, and was considered as a great triumph, a great advance in temperance. Quere. If this was the reduction, what was the common practice? But now, in that place, the tea-total pledge is popular, and complete the victory commenced with half a pint a day ten years since.—[N. Y. Evangelist.]

Nothing is durable, virtue alone excepted.—Personal beauty passes soon away: fortune inspires extravagant inclination: grandeur fastigates reputation in uncertainty: talents, nay, genius itself is liable to be impaired; but virtue is ever beautiful, ever diversified, ever equal, and ever vigorous, because it is resigned to all events, to privations as to enjoyments, to death as to life.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CHINESE.—When Lord Macartney presented the elegant carriage made by Hatchbit at the palace of Yuenwing-yuen, the mandarins inquired where the emperor was to sit, and on being told in the inside, and the coach box, with its hammer-cloth ornamented with festoons and roses, was the seat of the coachman, they sneeringly asked the English if they supposed their law-shog-tie, their mighty emperor, would suffer any man to sit higher than himself, or to turn his back on him?

"I believe you are a misanthrope," said a lad to a young lady of limited education, in a stage coach lately.

"Miss-anthrope!" cried she, "you are very much mistaken, sir, I am a married woman, I assure you."

STANDARD FOR DRESS.—First, comfort—second, convenience—third, decency—fourth neatness—fifth, economy.

From the New York Gazette.

W. L. MCKENZIE.—The notorious Wm. L. McKenzie has issued proposals in Philadelphia for publishing a paper in New York, to be entitled "McKenzie's British and Irish Land Candidate Gazette." The Philadelphia editors apologize for publishing the prospectus and advertisement. We wonder if this crime has not made trouble enough for the United States, without causing the country within its ordinary paper of its description. For commencing is not a crime, and he and his wife paper will be treated into contempt by an isolated and independent public. A man whom his own country denounces as "a scoundrel" and "a rascal," whom even the editor of the New York Express calls a "knave," a fellow who has assailed his brother leaders to rob our nation and languished meetings of heretofore, who stands charged with felony in our own Courts—is to be permitted to make a sedition shop of the city of New York!

We now issue the proposal. We propose that the U. S. Court for the Northern district of New York, call the case against Wm. Lyon McKenzie at its earliest convenience, and command his bail to surrender his body, in default of which, we propose that the court forthwith issue its bench warrant for the said McKenzie, without awarding a writ against the one hundred skeners of the bill bond—provided it be not paid instantaneously—and that the said McKenzie be put forthwith on trial for the offence with which he stands charged.—We propose a chance of ransom, because we have no idea that he could be fairly tried in Erie County, and we next propose that he be found guilty—if he be so—by the Jury, and that the Court then sentence him to the term of imprisonment pointed out by the law of the United States.

NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,

Carver, Farming, Desiguing, Model Making, &c., No. 27, SAINT JOHN STREET.

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

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

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

WANTED.

A GARDENER.—Apply at the Office of this Paper. Quebec, 31st March, 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, Groceries, &c., all of the best quality. JOHN JOHNSTON, Corner of the Upper-Town Market Place, Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits Barrack.

JOSHUA HOBROUGH, TAILOR.

No. 3, HOVE STREET, NEAR TO MR. J. J. SIMS, IMPRESSED with a due sense of gratitude for the favours conferred upon him by the gentlemen residing in Quebec, and its vicinity, and by the public in general, avails himself of the present moment, to return them his most hearty thanks; at the same time he assures them, that no effort on his part shall be wanted to insure a similar continuance of their future patronage and support. J. H. takes this opportunity likewise, of respectfully informing the gentry and the public at large, that he has received his Fall Supply, consisting of Beaverskin Cloths (superior to any in town), Pilot Cloths, Buckskins, Cassimeres, &c. suitable to the season; and is ready to receive and execute all orders on the lowest terms for cash. Quebec, 15th January, 1838

T. BROOKBANK, HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, GLAZIER, &c.

No. 4, Second Street, opposite the Ordnance Store. In tendering his thanks to those who have hitherto patronized him, while in connection with Mr. Booth, respectfully intimates to them, and the citizens generally, that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS on his own account, and trusts that he may be favoured with an increase of that support, which it shall be his study to merit. February 24, 1838.

QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838.

THE QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838, is just published.—Besides the usual matter, it contains a list of all the Officers of the different Volunteer Corps serving in the Province. Gazette Office, 28th February 1838

GEORGE HANN, FURRIER, ST. JOSEPH STREET, UPPER TOWN.

BEGS to inform his friends and the public, that he has his intention shortly to leave Quebec for England, and he would thank those who are indebted to him to settle their accounts without delay; and to those to whom he is indebted are requested to present their accounts for payment. Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

OPEN EVERY DAY from TEN A. M. till TEN P. M. (Sundays excepted) No. 5, JOHN STREET, opposite to Mr. HALL'S GROCERY. s. d. Subscription for one month, - - - 1 6 Do. for single vol. - - - 0 2 Quebec, 28th February, 1838.

FOR SALE.

AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK by Parkinson & Prodhon, London; a Two Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPLE SOMETHER, at MARTIN'S, Chronometer Maker, &c. &c. St. Peter Street, 30th Jan. 1838.

COACH FACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully beg leave to inform the gentry and citizens of Quebec, that they have leased the large and extensive premises in Anne Street, opposite the English Cathedral, where they intend to carry on their business on an extensive scale, and hope to give general satisfaction. Carriages painted in the best style, and with the purest materials. C & J. SAURIN. Quebec, 14th March, 1838.

BOOKS FOR SALE,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE, No. 14, Mountain Street SCOTT'S WORKS, in seven vols. Bulwer's Novels, in 1 vol. cloth. Marryatt's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth. Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep. Henry's Miscellaneous Works. Hume and Smollett's History of England with Miller's continuation, 4 vols. The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz." Miltshimpen's Expeditions, by the author of Ratan in the Red Sea. Quebec, 15th January, 1838

ROYAL VICTORIA BONNET.

MRS. BROWN, Straw and Tuscan Bonnet Maker, No. 9, St. John's Street, Suburbs, next door to the Clothing Establishment—respectfully intimates the arrival of the new shape, by stage this morning, as also a quantity of Fiat suitable for making up and altering Bonnets. In order to meet all appointments, Ladies are requested to send their orders early. Quebec, 21st March, 1838.

FOR SALE,

At the Office of the Quebec Gazette, Price 1s. 3d. THE SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE, by Astoria. CONTENTS—Introduction, Introductory Letters, Introduction to Society, at home and from home, Visiting, Parting, and Gossiping, Table, Peculiar Habits, Salutations and Ceremonies, Dress, Dining, Promises, Letters, and Appointments, Travelling, Seawant, Fashion.

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 asks this opportunity of informing them that he has always on hand Corned Rounds of Beef, Briskets, &c.; also, Mutton for Saddles and Hamlets, all of the very best quality. Quebec, 13th January, 1838

TO THE LADIES.

C. T. BROWN, from London, Cleghorn, Tuscan and Straw Hat Maker and Cleaner, begs to intimate that all Bonnets repaired by him, are bleached, beautiful and durable colour, without brimstone (and is usually and hat pressed with London-made machinery by an experienced workman. No. 5, St. John Street, Suburbs, next door to their Clothing Store. Quebec, 12th March, 1838.

PAPER FOR SALE.

THE Subscribers, Paper Manufacturers, Jacques Currier Paper Mills, offer for sale at their Store, No. 21, St. Peter Street. 2500 reams of wrapping paper, from 10 a 14 lbs. 2000 do. royal brown paper, for 14 lbs. sugar. 2000 do. printed brown paper, 25 lbs. do. 2500 do. printing done. 2000 do. double crown. 1000 do. Foolcap. 50 reams drab wrapping paper for newspapers. 10 reams of blotting paper. 10 reams of sheeting paper.

The whole of the above being manufactured by ourselves, we are enabled to sell at the lowest prices, for Cash or approved credit. Mr. R. H. Bussell is appointed our Agent from this date to transact our business in Quebec. Those who are indebted to the firm are requested to pay to him the amount of their accounts, and those who may have accounts against us will present the same to him for payment. MILLER, McDONALD & LOGANS. Quebec, 10th March, 1838.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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 give 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 anticipations that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement and success. Quebec, 6th December, 1837.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING, BY THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE, At the Office, No. 24, St. Peter Street, or beside to R. DAUNTON'S Grocery Store.