

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 24th FEBRUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

POETRY.

THE PARTING.

BY T. M. HARVEY.

The night is lowering, dull and dark,
He holds her to his heavy heart;
Her eye is on the fatal bark—
And must they—must they part?
Oh! that a wish could chain the gales,
How long that dreary calm should last,
Or n'er a breath should swell the sails
That flap around the mast!
Oh! that no ray might ever rise,
To light her latest sacrifice!

There are they met—the young and fond—
That such should ever meet to part!
One hour is theirs, and all beyond
A chase of the heart!
She hears him yet—his softest sigh—
The breathing of his lowest word—
Sounds that, by her, beneath the sky,
Shall never more be heard!
Form voice, that hour—all save its sorrow—
Shall be but memories on the morrow!

He is her all who bends above,
Her hope—the brightest and the best;
Oh! that the days life gives to love
Should ever be THE PAST!
What gleam upon their startled eyes
Breaks, like the flash from angry heaven!
Lo where the clouds in yonder skies,
Before the gale are driven!
And o'er their spirits all groves night
Beneath that burst of life and light.

The moon is forth,—but sad and pale,
As though she wept and wailed still,
For him she never more shall hail,
Upon the Latmos hill!

The breeze is up,—the sail unfurled;
Oh! for one hour of respite yet!
In vain!—his moonlight in the world,
But Helen's light is set!
The bark is losing in the bay,
The streamers point away—away!

One kiss—of lips as warm and cold
As life to them shall, henceforth, be!
One glance—the glance that makes us odd,
Of utter agony!

One thro'—the bitterest and the last,
Awakening, but to deepen pain,
In hearts that, when that pang is past,
Shall never ache again!
And the loosed chord and broken bow
Lie at hope's fountain in the soul!

THE CRUISE.

BY L. E. L.

"The small things of life are the terrible," says a popular writer of the day, and the saying is true. Let us all look back on the most important events of our life, and in what slight accidents have they originated! The following story seems to be but a succession of unlucky chances, and yet each was a link in the dark chain of human destiny.

Its scene lies in one of the gayest sea towns of Devonshire, one of those bathing places which, for about three months in every year, is astonished at its own gaiety, and when the season is over is obliged to be content with its own society, and its own natural loveliness.

Gaiety in a place of this kind, is a different sort of gaiety to that in London. It is more familiar—more a thing of fits and snatches—belongs to the open air—and has a touch of wildness from the green wood tree.

No one more enjoyed the brief dissipation of her native town than Edith Trevanion. The beauty and beauty of the neighbourhood, the darling of her father (mother she had none) the delight of her circle, human life seemed to have made an exception in her favour. The troubles that vex the most prosperous, existed not for her. Poverty she only knew by the pleasure of relieving it. Sickness and death had left her house at too early a period for her remembrance, for her mother died when she was a child in arms. Within the last few months a still deeper happiness had girdled her round. She was engaged to a young man, of family and fortune equal to her own; and moreover, Arthur Raleigh was a very handsome young man. However, wherever there is any love in the case, there is never any want of a few miseries, as well as of a jealous temper, and this is a

sure temptation to a petted beauty. Edith knew her power and did not dislike using it. Truly and entirely attached herself—loving, too, with all the gay confidence of unbroken spirits and first affection—she could not enter into, and therefore could not allow for, all the tender anxieties of her lover; she excused a little feminine teasing to herself, as a wholesome sort of moral discipline. It was an absolute duty to cure him of such a fault as jealousy. What would he be when once she was fairly married to him?

In the capital the war-office combined with fate against the unfortunate lover—a regiment was suddenly quartered in the town. This was really too much. Poor Arthur was haunted by red coats. They lounged through the streets, they rode through shady lanes, they danced in the assembly rooms, they lunched here, and they dined there; and when at last night arrived, it was "dreams and not sleep that came into his head." His visions were all of "the scarlet colour." No young lady's head in all the place could run more upon the "officers" than his own. Both the majors were married—that was something to be thankful for, but the colonel was single, and younger, and better looking than the generality of colonels and the officers were an unusually fine set of men—at least so thought Arthur Raleigh. During the first month of their stay he took them all in their turns. One day it was the fascinating captain—the next it was the handsome lieutenant: till it even reached the interesting ensign.

At last, these flying fears settled into a good earnest fit, which had Captain Delaford for its object. The whole regiment was considered the most charming of all. We Londoners know nothing of hearts carried by heat of drum. "The officers," conveys no meaning to our ears. We have an idea that the guards are very gentlemanly, but the military go for nothing in the great system of London dissipation. A young lady even in Knightsbridge would stare to be asked "if the barracks did not make the neighbourhood very gay?" It would be something like the fair damsel at St. Helena asking, "if England was not exceedingly dull after the fleet sailed?" But in a country town a regiment is a very grand affair indeed! Parties are made for and by the officers; they light up a ball, and the young ladies feel that it is an opportunity for attachments happy or unhappy; and as Mr. Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice" justly observed, "next to being engaged it is something to be crossed in love." Edith Trevanion liked the increased gaiety, she liked too the admiration and the attention. But her heart was irrevocably gone, and the very thought of change never came into her head.

But the more she was conscious of her own attachment, the less could she bear to leave it made a perpetual subject of doubt.

It was one very hot morning—for the summer had been unusually warm and long—that they were standing on a terrace which ran on the shady side of the house. They were walking up and down a little to Arthur's discontent, for he had been asking her to ride, which Edith refused on account of the extreme heat. She was herself in such gay spirits. Her father had just surprised her, and such surprises are very agreeable, by a set of turquoise, and she was convinced herself, and wanted to convince every body else, that blue was the loveliest colour in the world. "It is the colour of the sky,—of violets,"—"and" interrupted Arthur, "as Captain Delaford would say of your eyes. I am sure that is just one of his pretty speeches."

"Not quite," replied Edith: "you have a scowl where he has a smile—and you ought to put on an irresistible air while speaking."

"Irresistible air!" exclaimed Arthur. "So you think him irresistible!" "At least our whole town does, and you would not have me opposed to general opinion. You know what an enemy you are to singularity in your sex." Arthur made no answer, but amused

himself with picking off the heads of divers unoffending flowers. Edith began a curious examination of a bunch of Province roses, which she held in her hand. Her own sweet mouth, with the smile dimpling round it, was like one of the buds, when the soft red first breaks through the green envelope. "But at least," said Arthur, "you will not dance with Captain Delaford. I make a point of your not doing it." Now Raleigh was very wrong to make a point of any such trifle. It set the whole spirit of feminine insubordination up in arms. Besides this very jealousy was an angry subject with Edith. She felt herself unworthily judged—and, moreover, her taste excited in question. The very idea that she could think of such a man for one moment—she who quite piqued herself on having such an ideal standard of perfection! It was such a bad compliment. Captain Delaford all smiles, and sighs, and douceurs to every body he came near: he who cut out all his conversation by a pattern—well it was too provoking! Had Arthur chosen to be jealous of the colonel, who was pale and silent—therefore set down as having had an unhappy passion; and "so interesting!"—or even the young ensign, who was such a sweet poet, and had written some exquisite verses in her album, about moonlight and blighted affection—either of these would have been some credit. But Captain Delaford—the singing, flirting, universal captain Delaford—it was really too bad!

"Not dance with him!" exclaimed she, with the prettiest air of surprise in the world. Why I would sooner dance with him than any one else—he is the best waltzer in the room." "And I am the worst," interrupted Arthur angrily, conscious of his own unjustifiable deficiency in that important accomplishment.

"But that you take what to you doth belong. It were a fault to snatch words off my tongue!" maliciously quoted the lady. "Well at all events," said Raleigh looking as angry as a gentleman well could do, "you shall not be troubled with me; I will not dance with you." "Truly, that will be a loss!" cried Edith; "as who I shall never get over the disappointment! Well, well, I must see how charming I can make myself. Perhaps Captain Delaford may ask me a second time." "And there he comes, madam!" exclaimed Arthur, who saw the very gentleman in question galloping up the avenue. No pleasant sight, for he looked remarkably well on horseback and the lover saw, or fancied that he saw, Edith watching admiringly. Had he looked a little closer he would have seen that her eyes were filled with tears and that she had only turned aside to conceal them. But Arthur was too angry to observe. "I will not interrupt your tete-a-tete, madam. I now understand why it was too hot to ride with me this morning," and without waiting for an answer, he sprang from the terrace, and was soon lost to sight among the coppices below. Edith remained to do the honours to her visitor with what grace she might. But anger gave her spirit, and she contented herself with turning in her mind the dignified resentment she would display when they met at dinner.

Never had Edith looked more beautiful than when she paused on the threshold of the old gothic library, where the guests were assembled for dinner, to still a little fluttering at the heart before she entered the room where she expected to meet Arthur. She entered, a little flush on her cheek, and a little sparkle in her clear blue eyes. Her father came towards her, and drew her arm in his. He was almost as proud as fond of his lovely child. She gave one quick glance round the library. Arthur was not there. Captain Delaford came forward with a smile and a compliment. She scarcely answered him, and it was a positive relief when an old baronet, who had been sent into the world to be a bore, and who from his cradle had fulfilled his destiny, came forward, and handed her to the dinner table. There were one or two late arrivals;—they little knew how quickly the heart of the fair mistress of the house beat

at their entrance. The longest dinner that Edith had ever known, was at length over;—but a yet longer evening was to come. She went with a large party from their house to the ball, and she danced the first dance with Captain Delaford. Ah, the restraints of society! Her pulses beat feverishly; her eyes were filled with tears; she was anxious—restless; and yet she had to appear gay, polite, and occupied with the scene before her. How often during that evening did she go through a course of manoeuvres to obtain a place near the door,—and then ashamed of her motive, leave it hastily, only to return again! Still Arthur never came.

The party returned to the hall; and it was as much as Edith could do to appear the attentive and well bred mistress of the house. Generally speaking, the little supper at home after the dance, had been so gay; to-night it was positively dull—all said they were tired.

The visitors took up their candles, and as the door closed upon the last. Edith threw herself into her father's arms and burst into tears. "Half in sobs, and half in words, her story was told, and Mr. Trevanion was at first very angry with Arthur Raleigh's want of temper. But Edith could not bear to have him blamed, and she now made all sorts of excuses for the jealousy which in the morning seemed so unpardonable. It was a lovely night when, feverish and restless, she flung open the windows of her dressing-room. The moon was shining in a cloudless sky, and the sea in the distance was tremulous with light. But there was a weight on Edith's spirits which she could not shake off. The clouds were beginning to redden in the east before she went to bed, and the last words on her lips were, "where is Arthur?" Where indeed was he? When he left Edith heushed in a paroxysm of rage to the sea side, and there, bare headed he amused himself with walking up and down, cursing woman's fickleness, and all good waltzers in his heart. Suddenly a little boat shot round one of the small capes which so gracefully indent the coast, a youth sprang out, and approaching Arthur, unperceived, passed his arm through the wanderer's, and addressed him in the best known

"Why bare-headed are you come or why come you at all?"

It was an old college friend; and Arthur between anger and confidence, was soon moved to tell his story.—"I will tell you what you shall do: come with me into my boat, my yacht waits me in the offing; we will have a pleasant sail, a gay supper, and tomorrow, you, having so shewn what spirit you can act, shall go and beg your fair tyrant's pardon—or, what is far better, let her beg yours." Arthur was just in that sort of mood when we are ready to let any one decide for us rather than ourselves. He went with his friend, and had a gay supper, and did what he could to draw a few of Edith's frowns in champagne. He woke the next morning with a headache, and the intelligence that they were driven out to sea. It was a week before they could land, and when they did, of course Arthur's first thought was to hasten to Edith. For this purpose, he was to put ni at the very creek which he had left the week before. "You look so handsome in my foraging cap" said his gay companion, "that you must carry all before you."

Arthur's step was as heavy as his spirits. He could not disguise from himself that his strange absence must have inflicted a degree of most cruel anxiety, and he dreaded to see Edith again. The sound of a bell tolling for a funeral did not add to his cheerfulness. He had to pass by the little church-yard, and saw a group of people in one corner. Surely they were gathered round the old vault of the Trevanions—He entered—the rattle of the earth upon the coffin struck upon his ear—the vault was open, and the clergyman was reading the last sacred words of the dead from the living. He asked one question, and the wretched young man heard the name of Edith Trevanion.

His sudden disappearance, and his hat hav-

ing been found on the sea shore, led to the belief that he had destroyed himself. This report had been hastily communicated to Edith, and she had broken a blood vessel. — Death followed instantly. In the small church-yard, whose old yews are seen at a great distance out at sea, is an old fashioned monument—it is the vault of the Trevanion family. The last inscription is—

“Edith Trevanion aged 19”

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

A fine batque, the *Oreana* of Plymouth, Rowland, master, 400 tons burden, with timber from Quebec bound to Cork, went on shore on part of Biersland. Every effort and exertion on the part of her Commander and crew, Coast Guards &c., was tried to leave her off during the high springs but without effect. She had about 11 feet water in her hold, and must be discharged until for service.

St. Paul's Church, London, is to be opened to the public free of expense from nine till eleven o'clock in the morning, and from three to four o'clock in the afternoon.

The public are also to have the benefit of a great reduction in the admission fee to the Tower. The fee is to be reduced from three shillings to one.

A correspondent of the London Mechanics' Magazine proposes to cover the roofs of houses with india rubber.

DEATH OF ROBERT NICOLL, THE POET.—We regret to announce that yesterday this talented young man departed this life at the residence of Mr. John Johnston, Newhaven. Mr. Nicoll continued editor of the Leeds Times till within these few weeks, when the state of his health forced him to resign a charge, the duties of which he performed with credit to himself, satisfaction to those with whom he was connected, and benefit to the party whose politics he supported. Mr. Nicoll is well-known as the author of a volume of poems, and some beautiful pieces which appeared in Tait's Magazine and other periodicals.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

UNITED STATES.

ASHES.—William Dumont, Inspector of Pat and Pearl Ashes, reports the inspection of 44,970 casks of these articles, weighing 20,878,093 pounds, of all sorts—the estimated value of \$959,324 3/4. Nett fees \$4,030 08.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Mr. Dumont notices the increase of an inferior quality of pot ashes, caused by the great use of lime, salt, and other deleterious articles used in their manufacture.—*Id.*

SPIRITS.—The New York Inspector General of Distilled Spirits, reports the whole quantity of first proof passed under his notice, at 2,451,000 gallons.—*Albany Daily Advertiser, Saturday.*

Fresh Cod sells at Boston at two cents, at New York ten. The steamboats are making a good business by bringing it to New York, from down east.—*Id.*

The Potomac and James Rivers, were both much impeded by ice a few days since. The former so much so, that the mails go by land. On the 10th, however, the Potomac was again free.—*Id.*

The number of Creeks, comprising nearly the whole nation, who have arrived at their new home west beyond the Arkansas, is 21,400.—*Id.*

We are happy to observe that the political papers, on all sides—even the belligerent presses in New Hampshire agree in one thing—that the winter is one of the mildest in the memory of man.—*Vermont Watchman.*

Three steamboats were destroyed by fire in New Orleans, on the 21th ult. They were along side of each other. The one that took fire was loaded with cotton.

A powder mill blew up near Wilmington, Delaware, on Wednesday of last week.

There are said to be 50,000 squatters on the public lands of the United States.

A man in Baltimore advertises, that he is going to walk up the outside of Washington Monument, like a fly.

A lady in Tennessee has had four husbands all of whom were clergymen. The Boston Herald says, truly she has been devoted to the ministry.

Finn, the comedian, is going to leave the stage and take up the profession of the law, to which he was educated. A funny lawyer.

We heard of a merchant down in Fore street last week who took \$25 cash. His good fortune did not upset him.

UPPER CANADA.

Sandwich, Feb. 10.—On Thursday last, as a man was on his way to this town, through one of the back roads, he was beset by a large wolf which very unceremoniously, and evidently with a malicious intention, jumped into the man's slings, and would undoubtedly have destroyed him, had he not, most fortunately, been provided with an axe with which he managed to overcome the voracious monster. The animal yet maintained his vital heat when he was brought to town. A gentleman of our acquaintance said it was the largest wolf but I have ever had seen.—It was exceedingly meagre, and was evidently urged by the cravings of hunger to resort to such an unchristian mode of gratifying its appetite.—We sincerely hope that all savage and bloodthirsty animals, both *biped* and quadruped, will meet with a similar fate.

The Western Herald of the 10th instant, says, “It is now ascertained beyond a doubt that Dr. Duncombe has effected his escape from this Province, and is now in the City of Detroit.”

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, Feb. 20, 1838.—We beg to direct the attention of our readers to a notice in our columns that subscription lists for presenting a testimonial of the gratitude of the citizens of Montreal to Lieut. Colonel Wetherall, are left at the News Room and at Ott's Hotel.—*Herald.*

Montreal, (Thursday,) Feb. 22.—Five prisoners were brought in, we are informed, from St. Denis, on Saturday last. We have not learnt the exact charge against them.—On Monday, thirteen or fourteen were discharged, after examination; among them are M. De Lorimier, Aubergiste, &c., of Crouhnewanka, and a young man named Boreman, late a clerk of Mr. CHAFFERS, of St. Cesaire.

HOLMES & THE CHAMPLAIN AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD COMPANY.—Among the judgments given in the Court of King's Bench on Monday, this case was decided in favour of the Plaintiff. It will be remembered, that Mr. H's. train was destroyed by fire communicated from one of the Company's locomotives.—Damage, by agreement, laid at £100.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 24th FEBRUARY, 1838

LATEST DATES.

London, --- Jan. 4. --- New-York, --- Feb. 14.
Liverpool, --- Jan. 1. --- Halifax, --- Feb. 8.
Havre, --- Dec. 31. --- Toronto, --- Feb. 14.

By the Montreal Morning Courier, received yesterday, we have received the following important intelligence from Upper Canada:—

Private letters from Kingston, received by yesterday's mail, from a quarter which entitles the information they furnish, to full confidence state that the United States Marshal had just come over from Watertown in New York State bringing information that Mackenzie, Van Rensselaer, Lount and others, were in that vicinity, with a body of 1000 men, whom he stated to be well armed and about to make an attack upon Kingston, with a view to destroy the steamboats and plunder the place. He added, that the authorities of the United States in that quarter were wholly unable to disperse them. Kingston is garrisoned by about 600 militiamen, besides an abundance of arms for all volunteers, they have a strong fortress, and cannot therefore possibly be dislodged by any force the pirates can bring against them. At the same time the expedition may do mischief.—If this sort of business is to go on, unless the United States authorities manage very soon indeed to arrest and punish, or else give up to us for punishment, the settlers up of these freebooting parties be their citizens or refugees, they will soon find the two countries at war. They had better take one course or other promptly. The longer they wait, the more difficult and expensive they will find the experiment.

Lieutenant Inall (15th Regiment) left town yesterday for Halifax with despatches for Sir Colin Campbell. It is said that they contain

instructions for the 93rd Highlanders and all other troops that may have arrived at Halifax to set out for Quebec immediately.

Two companies of the 34th Regiment left Quebec this morning for Montreal.

The grenadier company of the Royals and a detachment of the Royal Artillery left Montreal for Kingston on Wednesday morning.

Capt. Muir, of the Royals left Montreal on Tuesday with despatches for the British Minister at Washington.

His Excellency Lord Gosford, by the recommendation of his medical attendants, has postponed his departure for England to Tuesday next.

Mr. Montzambert, Assistant Civil Secretary, has received instructions to proceed to Montreal, and to take with him the books of the Department. He will leave this on Wednesday, and is expected to be absent about a fortnight or three weeks.

The Fire Companies of Quebec Light Infantry will meet at the House of Assembly on Monday next, at half-past one o'clock, and will proceed from thence, for the practice of battalion drill, to the ice on the River St. Charles.

We understand that ANDREW STUART, Esq. the Agent of the Constitutional Association, will leave town this evening or early to-morrow morning, on his way to England via Upper Canada.

A deputation from the Loyal Victoria Club, this morning waited upon Mr. Stuart, and presented to him the following Address:—

TO ANDREW STUART, ESQ. M.P.P. &c. &c.
SIR,—On the eve of your departure for England to lay before Her Majesty's Government the unanimous desires of the Constitutional Association of Quebec, we on behalf of the LOYAL VICTORIA CLUB, beg leave to tender to you our heartfelt thanks for the readers with which you have obeyed the call of so numerous a body of your fellow-citizens.

To approach you with the language of adulation would be foreign alike to our nature and your own delicacy of feeling. We confine ourselves to the simple expression of our respect for the talents, integrity, and independence which you have manifested during your whole public career. These high qualifications,—which have gained for you the unbounded confidence of your constituents, who have so frequently chosen you as their representative in Parliament,—prominently qualify you for the mission you have undertaken, and encourage us in our just expectations of success.

We have long witnessed your untiring zeal in the Assembly for the general welfare of the Province, and your exertions to overcome the prejudices of a faction which has at length plunged this fair portion of the British Empire into a state of anarchy and rebellion.

On leaving this Province, you carry with you our best wishes for a safe and pleasant passage to Old England, for a successful termination to your mission, and for a happy return to your family and friends, in the perfect enjoyment of health.

To this Address Mr. Stuart replied as follows:—

GENTLEMEN,—I return you my unfeigned thanks for this expression of your good opinion and for your kind wishes towards me. The present epoch in the public affairs of this Province is indeed an important one. I cannot flatter myself that I shall bring to the subject, the ability which its importance calls for, and which your friendship attributes to me. All that I can promise with confidence is that neither zeal nor industry shall be wanting in the fulfilment of the trust with which I have been honoured.

INDIAN FESTIVITIES AND INSTALLATION OF CHIEFS.

The following interesting account is copied (with some slight alterations) from the Quebec Mercury of Thursday:—

The Indian Village of *La Jeune Lorette* has been a scene of great festivity for the last two days, in consequence of the celebration of a wedding and the installation of Lieut. Vivian, A. D. C., and Robert Symes, Esq., J. P., as Chiefs of the Huron Tribe. The united attraction of these important events was the means of assembling at the village, yesterday in particular, a large amount of the “beauty and fashion” of Quebec, who entered into the spirit of the different amusements that prevailed, with much glee. Distinctions of rank were laid aside and matrons and spinners of the city were to be seen in the same set of quadrilles with the sweethearts and wives of the Huron Indians. The whole scene presented, to those who witnessed it, a most pe-

vel and striking appearance. The large number of different uniforms of the Voltigeurs mixed up with the dresses of the Indians, was a means of heightening in a great degree the picturesque nature of the scene. Blanket coats were decidedly at a premium, as may be imagined from the circumstance of numbers of the Rifle and Queen's Own Corps being added to the *capots de concert* of the Indians and Squaws.

The first cause of all this festivity occurred on Tuesday morning when a Mr. La Rue, grandson of Mr. William Fairclair de St. Amboise, led to the hymeneal altar Madeleine Isabella Bastien, the fair and accomplished daughter of Isaac Bastien, Huron of La Jeune Lorette. From the period of the nuptial knot being tied nearly every one of the principal residences of the chiefs and others of the tribe, became a species of “open house,” in which fiddles, fifes and tambourines set heels and toes in perpetual motion. “All went merry as a marriage bell,” and the “village belles” made the best possible use of time in “driving dull care away.” This went on uninterrupted with the exception of two occasions, of which more will be said during the whole of Tuesday, yesterday, and is, no doubt, going on at the present moment, the period fixed for its termination being tomorrow evening.

The first of the interruptions to the dancing and feasting, to which we have above alluded was caused by the installation of Lieut. Vivian who was created a Chief of the Hurons, and vested with the name of “Sharenec,” signifying in French “un grand arbre,” or in English, an overspreading tree, under whose leafy branches the weary traveller finds repose. This event of course created excitement: “Monsieur Vivian a pris son nom,” was the first piece of information that greeted the ears of a stranger on entering the village until the morrow when “Monsieur Symes” became substituted in place of Monsieur Vivian. The installation of the worthy Magistrate became a matter of much greater importance than that of his predecessor, from the circumstance of the news of Tuesday's proceedings having reached town and induced the town-folk to the number of some two hundred or so to get themselves conveyed to Lorette. The consequences were such as we have already stated; and the recollection of yesterday will remain in the minds of all the visitors, no doubt, for some time hence.

A majority of the visitors had been informed in town that 10 A. M. was the hour at which Mr. Symes would take his degree, but the event did not take place until 1 P. M.—The intervening hours, however, were not lost upon the Quebecers, who spent them in paying visits to all the houses, and dancing. One of the dances of the Indians created much amusement, being a novelty to many who joined in the fun. It is called “*La danse ronde*” and is a sort of “follow my leader.” The dancers join hands and follow the leader like through different rooms of the house for some time when, without warning the foremost dancer goes out into the street, and his “tail” like that of a celebrated personage, consisting of from thirty to forty joints, as in duty bound, follows. To those who have doffed their head gear this proceeding is not very pleasant and they wonder what the leader is dreaming of. Their astonishment is by no means abated when that personage enters a house in which a large party are assembled at dinner, and without saying a word to any one, conducts his mute and passive followers around the table and then walks out on his way back to the place whence he made such a strange egress.

As the hour of one approached, great preparations were making at the house of Andre Romain in which Mr. Symes was to “take a name.” The principal Chiefs were there to be seen donning their finest dresses and bringing to light, their silver bracelets, armlets and the gold and silver medals presented to them by their late Majesties George III. & George IV. Having arrayed themselves to the best advantage, and the clock having struck one, they issued forth in quest of the candidate for Chief's honours who was awaiting the summons at another house in the village.—After a short absence the Chiefs returned, bringing with them their brother who was attired in full costume and looking very like an Indian certainly, followed by a large concourse of persons who filled the installation apartment almost to suffocation. Order having been obtained with some slight difficulty, the ceremony commenced by a peroration in the Huron language from the head Chief, Nicholas Vincent, accompanied by interjectional excla-

mations from others of the tribe who formed a circle in the middle floor. Within this circle was placed a huge cauldron of soup "all hot." Banked by two ten-gallon casks Roney's heels. Having concluded speaking, Nicolas Vincent walked up to Mr. Snymes and shook hands at the same time saying "Hotsawati," by which name he is to be known among the Huron tribe. This done, the second Chief Andre Romain walked three times round the cauldron with a ram's head in his hands, and chanting what we took to be a war-song.— He then shook hands with Hotsawati and the same ceremony was repeated by five or six lesser chiefs in succession. This portion of the ceremony being concluded, Hotsawati's commission, in the following terms, was read by Eusebe Vincent, son of Vincent Ferrier, the village schoolmaster, in the Huron, French and English languages:—

Owaweneo Chawateo ikahutate Shawa atawawa halowenewendath Dae hawerataakwal dathora Shorawatenow indawawatale theowonitis thow chawisatane datsarhen dae le lenth 4 Janyer 1834.

Chawen darwawonowes daskanontowen lo katate dawadare dastenhotih dawouti denoyio horihont deka etchenou.

STAWENHOUE,
TOUMAHISSEK,
ARATHENA,
TEACHEMBALE.

Ladatele Lorette,
21 Ahenetehachen, 1838.

(TRANSLATION.)
ROBERT SYMES, Esquire, a friend to our people, was this day created a Chief of our Tribe, and the name HOTSAWATI (he has defended his country) given to him in remembrance of the numerous acts of benevolence rendered our Nation by him and his amiable Lady during the prevalence of the Cholera, in the year of our Lord 1834; and as a token of gratitude for the valuable services he has devoted to our country in his public character as Magistrate of the District of Quebec.

NICOLAS VINCKET,
ANDRE ROMAIN,
STANSLAS COSKA,
MICHEL ISHUI.

These times three cheers followed the reading of the commission, in honour of Hotsawati, who acknowledged the honour conferred upon him in the following terms:—

My Friends,—I receive this mark of distinction which you have been pleased to confer upon me with the greatest pleasure, and if I have at any time been of any service to your people, you have now repaid me a hundred fold, and the kind manner in which you have been pleased to acknowledge the feeble services of myself and Mrs. Snymes, will never be effaced from my memory; and I beg to assure you that if at any future time I can assist you, the opportunity shall never be lost; but the manner in which you have mentioned my public services balls from me the greatest acknowledgment, as it establishes the high character of affection to your Sovereign which has always distinguished the Huron Indians of Lorette, and I trust that we shall never be found wanting in this particular, and that we shall always be ready to defend the rights of our Queen to the last drop of our blood. I again return you my sincere thanks for the honor now conferred upon me, and I trust I shall not disgrace the distinguished name which you have now given me.

Loud cheers followed this address from Hotsawati's wife who was then considered *de facto* and *de jure* a chief of the Hurons. At this period, the assembled company ascertained that the cauldron in the middle of the apartment had not been placed there for ornament, merely, an immense quantity of crockery and earthenware having been brought in for the purpose of affording all present the means of tasting the soup. Nearly every one did so, and a decided opinion was unanimously expressed that the soup was excellent. Large as the cauldron was, its contents speedily vanished, and the ten-gallon casks were in like manner soon emptied. At this period Hotsawati invited his fellow chiefs to partake of a collation which had been prep. red at Captain Filardeau's. In the course of this entertainment, Andre Romain, one of the Chiefs who had been sent to En Jand, rose and proposed the health of the Queen, which was drunk with four times four; after which, the health of Hotsawati was proposed by the Grand Chief Nicolas Vincent, and was drunk with great enthusiasm and three times three. All the Chiefs except Hotsawati retired to the village, and sent two male part of the tribe to conduct in procession with flags the new chief and his lady back to the village.

This novel sight attracted great attention, it being accompanied with an Indian song the whole distance. After this agreeable part of the ceremony had been duly fulfilled, two Indians entered and went through the wardrobe in admirable style; during its performance a prisoner was brought in, scalped with a tomahawk, and the scalp presented to Hotsawati. This ended the ceremonies attended upon the conversion of Robert Snymes, Esquire, into a Chief of the Huron tribes. No; we had forgot. In the course of the afternoon the lady of Hotsawati distributed presents of pictures and beads to the whole of the females of the tribe, who appeared exceedingly pleased with the munificence of the new Chief and "son amiable dame."

The name "Hotsawati," has a more extensive meaning than the translation given to it in the new chief's commission. It signifies in addition to "He has defended, &c." a pacificator—one who acts as a mediator between the warring parties, and is the word or exclamation which their forefathers uttered on first beholding a Christian missionary.

(From the Quebec Gazette of last night.)

The Report of the Committee of the Upper Canada House of Assembly on the state of Upper and Lower Canada, was presented on the 12th instant, and 200 copies ordered to be printed. In the short debate, on a motion by Mr. Boulton, to print 3,000 copies, which was amended, on motion of Mr. Merritt, so as to print only 200, Mr. Merritt said, if the report as it stood, was adopted, there would be "no re-union of the Province," that the report was "for and against the union." The report itself will probably be forthcoming in a few days, and a decision had upon it, in the House of Assembly at least, before the departure of Sir Francis Bond Head.

The Report of the Committee of the Legislative Council on the state of the province, was made on the 13th instant we have seen a copy. It is opposed to the re-union of the Provinces, in so far as Upper Canada is concerned; and hopes if the British Government adopt such a measure on account of the state of Lower Canada, time would be given for offering suggestions.

On Wednesday evening last the Officers of the Quebec Light Infantry dined together at Mr. SCHLEPP'S, Globe Hotel. Major JOHN SEWELL, Commander of the Corps, presided. Colonel BAIRD, 66th Regiment, Major RIXTON, 34th, and several other Officers of the Garrison, were present as guests. The dinner furnished on this occasion by Mr. Schleppe, was one of the most sumptuous ever given in Quebec, and elicited descriptions, adding largely to the well earned reputation of Mr. Schleppe's establishment. The usual Loyal Toasts were drunk with enthusiasm, which were followed by several volunteers. The fine Band of the 66th Regiment were present and played appropriate airs to the different toasts.

We understand that all the Government Civil Officers who have been appointed officers in the pay Volunteer Militia Companies are to relinquish their militia military duties; and they are to be substituted by officers from the sedentary militia of this city. This is as it should be, and in justice to our militia officers, ought to have been done long ago. (Communicated.)

MARRIED.

At Montreal, on Monday last, the Hon. Dominique Mondet, Member of the Executive Council of this Province, to Mary, daughter of the late James Wurbich, Esq.

At Montreal, on Saturday evening, the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Serjeant Major T. Hodges, 1st Regt Volunteer Militia, to Mrs. Widow W. Murphy.

DIED.

On Monday evening, the 19th instant, after a short and severe illness, Judith, wife of Mr. John Elsher, aged 45 years.

On Monday, the 19th instant, aged 14, after a severe illness of four days, borne with meekness and patience, Georgiana, third daughter of Archd. Campbell, Esq. N. F. In her life, she was truly amiable, and her death, full of hope.

At the Chateau, on the 12th instant, Mary, wife of Mr. Auehl Booh, innkeeper.

At the North American Hotel, Toronto, on the 13th instant, Captain Dickson, of Paris, U. C. He came down as one of a Deputation from Paris to present an Address to His Excellency, on his departure from the Province, and being taken ill he died suddenly. To his wife and family this sudden bereavement must prove most afflicting. Cap. Dickson emigrated with his family from Scotland to this Province last spring.



IMPORTANT FROM UPPER CANADA.

The Upper Canada papers received this morning fully confirm the reports of an intended attack on Kingston, by the rebels. The Kingston Herald of the 20th says—

"The warning which we gave in our last number was soon proved to be well founded. In a day or two afterwards information was received here, stating that a large number of Americans, some accounts said ten thousand, had united with Mackenzie, and designed to capture Kingston and Fort Henry by a coup-de-main on Saturday. This information was given to our authorities by one of the United States Deputy Marshals.

Since the above was written, we have seen one of our townsmen who has just returned from the other side. He states that on yesterday morning at one o'clock, the Arsenal at Watertown was broken open and robbed of 500 stand of arms. 1500 stand were in the arsenal, but the robbers could take no more. No doubt but the others would be soon taken. For the last ten days the Americans have been collecting arms and provisions, and our informant saw some of them receiving arms powder and pork. Their intentions are now placed beyond a doubt, and we have only to regard them as enemies, and be ready for an attack.

The militia are putting in to the Town. The Mohawk Indian warriors will be in this evening, and two companies of the 83d are expected to-night or to-morrow morning.

The circulation of THE TRANSCRIPT, which is daily increasing, already amounts to ONE THOUSAND OF EACH PUBLICATION; and it consequently offers decided advantages to persons desirous of giving publicity to their advertisements.

VOLUNTEERS—ATTENTION !!!



CAPTAIN GILLESPIE'S COMPANY, No. IV. Quebec Light Infantry, will for the future meet every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Evening, at Half-past Six o'clock, in the Wardrobe of the House of Assembly.

The attendance of the members for Drill being required only three times a-week, it is requested that all will appear punctually at the appointed hour on the days above mentioned. Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

OPEN EVERY DAY from TEN A. M. UNTIL P. M. (Sundays excepted) No. 5, John Street, opposite to Mr. HALL, Grocer.

Subscription for one month, - - - 1 0
Do. for single vol., - - - 0 2
Quebec, 8th February, 1838.

QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838.

THE QUEBEC ALMANACK FOR 1838, will be published on Wednesday next. Besides the usual matter, it will contain a list of all the Officers of the different Volunteer Corps serving in the Province. Gazette Office, 23d February 1838

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

No. 4, Arsenal Street, opposite the Ordnance Store.

IN tendering his thanks to those who have hitherto patronised him, while in connection with Mr. BOOTH, respectfully announces to them, and the citizens generally, that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS on his own account, and trusts that he may be favored with a continuance of that support, which it shall be his study to merit. February 24, 1838.

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

BEGS to inform his friends and the public, that it is 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 those to whom he is indebted are requested to present their accounts for payment. Quebec, 17th February, 1838.

NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,

Caring, Turning, Designing, Model Making, &c. No. 27, SAINT JOHN STREET.

The premises formerly occupied by J. & J. Thomson JAMES M'KENZIE returns cordial thanks to the friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, and informs them that he has now entered into Partnership with THOMAS BOWLES, an experienced Musical Instrument and Cabinet Maker, from New-York. M'KENZIE & BOWLES beg to express their hope, that from the excellence of their materials, their skill as workmen, and the very general nature of their establishment, they will be able promptly to execute all orders with which they may be favored in the above mentioned, and in the FANCY line, in such a manner as to meet the unqualified approbation and increasing preference and patronage of their employers.

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

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.

FOR SALE.

AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK by Parkinson & Frodsham, London; a Two-Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPLISOMETER, at MARTYN'S, Chronometer Maker, &c. &c. St. Peter Street, 20th Jan. 1838.

NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE.

THE Subscribers in returning thanks to his friends and the public at large, for the liberal support they have received since they commenced business, most respectfully intimate that they have a large assortment of CONFECTIONARY and CAKES, of the best quality. SCOTT & M'CONKEY, No. 59, St. John Street. Quebec, 27th January, 1838.

SAMUEL TOZER, BUTCHER.

STALL No. 1, UPPER TOWN MARKET, BEGS respectfully to return thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support he has hitherto received; and takes this opportunity of informing them that he has always on hand Corned Rounds of Beef, Briskets, &c.; also Mutton for Saddles and Hamicks, all of the very best quality. Quebec, 13th January, 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,
Marryat's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth,
Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep,
Henry's Miscellaneous Works.
Dwight's Theology,
Hume and Smollett's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols.
Astoria, by Washington Irving,
The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz,"
Mishpim's Expeditives, by the author of Redlin the Reecer. Quebec, 13th January, 1838

FOR SALE,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE, Price 1s. 3d.

THE SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE, by Astasia. CONTENTS.—Introductions, Introductory Letters, Introduction to Society, at home and from home, Visiting, Talking, and Gossiping, Table, Peculiar Habits, Salutations and Ceremonies, Dress, Dancing, Presents, Letters, and Appointments, Travelling, Servants, Fashion.

RUSSIA ERMINE CLOAK.

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

FIRE-WOOD.

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

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

(For the Literary Transcript.)

THE APPLE HARVEST;

BY ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

The scarlet berries of the mountain-ash hang in large clusters on the scantily clothed branches of their parent stem, and like the false things of a vain world, tempt the hungry traveller to pluck and taste, but the sharp acid of the bitter fruit sets his teeth on edge, and teaches him that there are many showy and fair-seeming things that please the outward senses, but when the rash hand of over-curious man grasps at a closer knowledge of their beauty, they are inwardly but tottleness and vanity. The hand that stretched over the grim vault of chaos, and meted forth a beauteous world of light and loveliness, ordained an universal harmony in all things it created—that those things which are useful to both for our souls and bodies should not allure us with an inviting aspect, but that the strenuous and toilsome labours of our hands should find for us the food that must sustain us here, and that through a weary pilgrimage of woe, our souls should find a lasting resting place in the eternal hereafter. Rank weeds and pestilent productions present a fair and tempting aspect, and grow spontaneously. Food that is wholesome, fruits that are nourishing require a tender care, and exhibit nouglt of the seductive graves that tempt the senses in the vicious tree.

But to resume, glitter the sparkling atoms of a brilliant hoarfrost over the dark brown remnants of a fall and foaming summer, and the clear atmosphere of the riping season, free from the mist that veils yonder June, resembles the age of man when his declining sun gives him a vision of calmer reflection, and clears from his path all the unwholesome hindrances cast by the wild irregular passions of his youth, enabling him to see and understand the prospect before him with a calm and steady eye.

The breath of the blithe husbandman curls in a wreathing cloud, as he whistles gaily, albeit "for want of thought" or care, and wends towards the orchard where his ruddy crops hang, doubtful whether their juicy ripeness is to remain neglected through the horrid winter, or whether the warm fate of preceding apple crops, a snug and close-packed residence in a thick skin is reserved for them by the heedful farmer—there to await the destiny marked out for every green and living thing—to form a portion for the feast of man.

As he approaches, seemingly conscious of his presence, they drop and roll at his feet and crave his care and protection. From mounts a nimble youngster into the loaded branches and shakes down showers of hard and rosy fruit; some he secretes in a capacious pocket, of richer hue and larger size, either reserved as a private feast for his own right well-beloved palate, or else for some right well-beloved village damsel, whose cheeks he thinks will bear comparison with the round and ruddy side of his sunny *pomme de neige*. Ah, he clambers behind a thick and leafy branch, and with a true and practised aim, darts a hard apple at the devoted back of some sour curle, and reaps a glorious harvest of shouts and merriment from his delighted companions. Now shows forth the young bent of each one's youthful fancy—the embryo mechanic seated in a quiet nook alone, carries snuff-boxes and toys out of a chosen fruit, the agile-footed youngling leaps from branch to branch, swings and sees-saws upon a bending bough, and gives back many peals of laughter to the anxious prayers of his astonished parent. Then the smitten swain, all passionate and earnest, strives to wlay the heart of his brunette,—industrious and careful the thriving young habitant cheers his companions to harder labor, while the still more thrifty and parsimonious one seeks for stray fruit and stows it carefully into the wide-mouthed sack, thus cheating the future gleaner of his just dues, and giving promise of a miserly old age.

I well remember when a boy I hid for many happy years among these harmless people, frolic and fun were all our care, and of the morrow we knew nothing more than that it was another day to be enjoyed. A frugal habitant blessed with a copious share of corn, and wine, and oil, counted among the many rich enclosures of his farm, too goodly orchards. Young mouths are fond of fruits, and mine would water at the very name of apples—old Trojan, a worthy scion of a Newfoundland breed of high respectability and soundland breed of the apple harvest, name, used on the approach of a New-England, to be called upon to exercise one of his many useful qualities, for with a face demure, my dog and I would wally forth, by round-a-

bout paths, until we reached the fence that barred my entrance to the old man's orchard—then a potatoe was duly moistened in the usual manner and thrown under a favourite tree, and Trojan leaped to find it; he in his hurry to meet the wishes of his master, waited not to choose among so many potatoes the one that I had flung, and he came bounding along with one of old Perinelle's apples in his mouth, and which was speedily transferred to mine, and this often repeated, secured me, as a natural consequence, what is vulgarly termed—a bellyfull."

But among the group I left employed in the more legal appropriation of their own fruit, a stir has taken place, the deep-mouthed shell blown by a provident housewife at home, has summoned them to a meridian dinner, and they are plodding homewards, where, an it like you, we will leave them. Quebec, Feb. 17th, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

Among the many superstitions to which the Polish nation is addicted, I may be forgiven for relating the following, as its elegance of form almost redeems its absurdity. Every individual is supposed to be born under some particular destiny, or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connection with one of the known precious stones, and when a person wishes to make the object of his affections an acceptable present, a ring is invariably given composed of the jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, a woman is born in January; her ring must therefore be a jacinth or garnet, for these stones belong to that peculiar month of the year, and express constancy and fidelity. I saw a list of them all, and was allowed to copy it, viz:

- * January—Jacinth of garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.
- * February—Amethyst.—This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and ensure them peace of mind.
- * March—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.
- * April—Sapphire or diamond.—Repentance and innocence.
- * May—Emerald.—Success in love.
- * June—Agate.—Long life and health.
- * July—Cornelian or ruby.—The forgetfulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.
- * August—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.
- * September—Chrysolite.—Preserves from ills or cures folly.
- * October—Aquamarine, or opal.—Misfortune and hope.
- * November—Topaz.—Fidelity in friendship.
- * December—Turquoise or malakite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the turquoise has also the old saying, that "he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends."

SERVANTS AT THE HALL DOOR.—Every thing in life, in disease, and even in death has its peculiar laws; and from the first moment of its existence, to its final extinction, these laws become more and more visible by reason of certain signs which individualize each thing, thereby distinguishing it from all others. It is the province of an observant man to treasure up these signs; knowledge is composed of them; and he knows most of life, and is most of a man of the world, who carefully notes the largest amount of such criteria;—as he is also the best physician whose treasury of *adjunct and pathognomonic* diagnostics, is the amplest. The arrogance of prosperity and the subdued feeling of poverty; the expansion of benevolence, and the contraction of avarice; the hilarity and amiableness of youth and the misanthropy and envy of bachelorism and old maidism; with, indeed, every other affection of the heart, faculty of the mind and habit of the body, have their fixed laws, and their unerring signs, concerning which there is scarce any more room for mistake than there is in examining the motions and their results, of their heavenly bodies. To apply our grave philosophizing to one of the *smallest* of subjects—the mode of opening a hall door by servants in many houses! If the master be a fine gentleman, hospitable gentleman, the servant is sure to throw open the door to its fullest swing, to erect you with a welcome countenance, and to usher you in with a gracious, but still an inoffensive manner. If no one be at home, he receives the card as a familiar matter, and

a pleasant smile seems to intimate by countenance, not by words, his disappointment at your's and the door is closed respectfully, silently and slyly when you have passed some yards from it. If, on the other hand, the master be a wary, close, and secluded man, the servant cautiously opens the door in part; seems willing to take but a *peep* at you, and that you shall scarce have the like privilege at him, or at the hall; and if the master be at home, you find some difficulty in entering yourself by his man; and the adumbration of the inhospitable host is found, more by your own exertion, than by the servant's assistance.—If you are obliged to leave a card there, the servant receives it slyly and suspiciously; he eyes it for a moment, and the door slams after you, the last of you have passed from the threshold! These different modes of receipt are characteristic of sets, of cities, nay of nations, and even of ages, and we could demonstrate did time permit! And we have often thought, (may experience,) that we could pronounce with some degree of confidence, *a priori*, that where the halls are very narrow, and the doors move slyly on their hinges, and the servants seem to take a reluctant peep at you,—persons of a particular sort, or their descendants, dwell therein, and an expansive hospitality is a stranger in those houses. At other times we have seen halls more ample than even the other apartments; the doors standing wide open nearly at all hours; the servant promptly responsive to the old-fashioned knocker, not waiting to reply to your interrogatory as to the master, but ushering you in, with smiles and evident satisfaction; your horse, if the call be in the country, is instantly taken—if your visit be in town, you are at once on a comfortable sofa of the most ample dimensions, or an equally commodious arm chair before a blazing fire, if it be in winter, and with a full supply of fans, if it be on an oppressive summer day. That house, be it in the country, or in one of the towns, we pronounce to be the abode of *traditional* hospitality; and, we find moreover, that the whole land is filled with others just like it.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes ever and anon his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time—an eye not dimmed by the look of his piercing grey eyes, peering through his shaggy eyebrows; his sunbathed face, marked with deep stains, covered partly by his stock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous cravat, which supports a large protruding lip, drawn over his upper lip with a cynical expression no painting could render. Add to this apparatus of terror his dead silence, broken occasionally by the most sepulchral guttural monosyllables. Talleyrand's pulse, which roll a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at every sixth beat. This he constantly points out triumphantly as a test of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. Thus, he says, all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of his life, and his longevity and strength appear to support this extraordinary theory. He likewise asserts that it is this which enables him to do without sleep. "Nature," says he, "sleeps and recruits herself at every intermission of my pulse."

And, indeed, you see, him, time after time, rise after three o'clock in the morning from the waiat table; then will he return home, and often wake up one of his secretaries to keep him company, or to talk of business.—At four he will go to bed, sitting nearly bolt upright in his bed with innumerable night caps on his head, to keep it warm, as he says, to feed his intellect with blood; but, in fact, it is to prevent his injuring the seat of knowledge if he tumble on the ground; and he sits upright from his tendency to apoplexy, which would, no doubt, seize him if he were perfectly recumbent. We may remember the newspapers stating he was found a few years ago, his head having dropped from his pillow, so drowned in blood that without it was to be seen. Although he goes to bed so late, at six or seven at most he wakes, and sends for his attendants.

He constantly refers to the period when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and when this power to live without sleep enabled him to go out and seek information, as well as pleasure, in society, till twelve or one o'clock. At that hour he returned to his office, read over all the letters that had arrived in the day, put marginal indications of the answers to be returned, and then on waking again at six read over all the letters written in consequence of his orders. When Talleyrand was

engaged in the protocols here he used to tire out all his younger colleagues; and full well we knew now by experience, that at the time of the Quadruple Treaty, and on many other occasions, his eyes were open while Lord Palmerston slept. To these peculiarities we could add that he eats but one meal a day.—After serving his guests, which he always insists on doing, he gulps down, dish after dish, a volume altogether that would satisfy a boa constrictor."

ANIMAL KINDNESS.—In the Menagerie at Brussels, in a cell where a lion called Danco was kept, and which was in want of some repairs; his keeper desired a carpenter to set about them; but when the workman came, and saw the lion, he drew back with terror. The keeper entered the animal's cell, and led him to the upper part of it, while the other part was repairing. He there amused himself some time playing with the lion, and being so weary, he soon fell asleep. The carpenter, fully relying upon the vigilance of the keeper, pursued his work anxious, it may be supposed, to have done with it as soon as possible. When he had finished, he called William, the keeper to see what he had done, but William made no answer. Having, repeatedly called in vain he began to feel alarmed at his silence, and he determined to go to the upper part of the cell, where, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and the keeper sleeping, side by side, and immediately he uttered a loud cry. The lion awaked by the noise, started up, and stared at the carpenter with an eye of fury, and then, placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, lay down to sleep again. The poor carpenter was dreadfully frightened, and not knowing how he could rouse up William, he ran out and related what he saw. Some of the attendants of the house came and opened the door which the carpenter had secured with several bars, and contrived to awaken the keeper who upon opening his eyes did not appear in the least apprehensive on account of the situation in which he found himself. He took the paw of the lion and shook it gently in token of regard, and the animal quietly returned with him to his former residence.

CURE FOR A CONSUMPTION.

In the month of May, gather the flowers from the thorn bush, boil two bunches of the blossom in half a pint of milk—let it stand till it is about as warm as milk from the cow—drink it the first thing in the morning, and take a walk immediately afterwards, if the weather is favourable, and a cure will soon be effected.—This recipe has performed a perfect cure on many persons; and one thing most strongly recommend it, which is, the impossibility of its being injurious to the complaint, or to health, and therefore well worth trying.—The flowers will keep good, and be fit for use all the year, if they are well sprinkled with salt, then put into an earthen pan, or preserve jar, and tied down tight to keep the air from them.

PRICES OF MEAT, POULTRY, VEGETABLES, &c. IN THE QUEBEC MARKET.

	Saturday Morning, 3th February.	d.	q.	lb.
Beef, per lb.	-	-	0	4
Mutton, per lb.	-	-	0	5
Do. per quarter	-	-	2	6
Veal, per lb.	-	-	0	6
Do. per quarter	-	-	3	0
Pork, per lb.	-	-	0	7
Rounds of Beef, corned	-	-	0	5
Briskets, do.	-	-	0	0
Tongues, each do.	-	-	2	0
Hams, per lb.	-	-	0	8
Bacon, per lb.	-	-	0	8
Fowls, per couple	-	-	3	0
Ducks, per couple	-	-	4	6
Turkeys, per couple	-	-	10	0
Geese, per couple	-	-	6	0
Fish, Cod, [fresh], per lb.	-	-	0	4
Butter, fresh, per lb.	-	-	1	3
Do. salt, in tinnets, per lb.	-	-	0	9
Eggs, per dozen	-	-	1	3
Potatoes, per bushel	-	-	1	6
Turnips, per bil.	-	-	1	3
Apples, per bushel	-	-	2	0
Pears, per do.	-	-	6	0
Oats, per bushel	-	-	1	8
Hay, per hundred bundles	-	-	25	0
Straw, do.	-	-	12	6
Fire-wood, per cord	-	-	10	0

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