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QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ORIGINAL POETRY

(FOR THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.)
FAME AND FRIENDSHIP.

Spirit of glory! what is thou?
All that is dear to mortals must die;
Why are the trophies of the most
Noble fully known, or best?
Why is the earth less a costly hoard,
Roofed and walled with art and flower,
Wherein we sport with careless glee
A while, then start and shudder to see
A fleshless figure, daily sneering,
Through the frail, vermilion peering?
They say that day is born a twin;
But ah! his aspect ghastly
Is strangely marked with theypress-wreath
That binds the bow of his brother—Death!

Spirit of glory! what is thou?
What have we to do with a name,
Who toll, and toll to plant trophies,
But may not live to taste the fruit?
We die away, and honor's stir
Can never pierce the sepulchre!

Child of earth! cease to boast with me
And the upper clouds, the lower sea;
And the world of earth shall answer thee!

How still it is below the sea!
How still and dim it is!
How strange the spirits that greeted me
In that serene abyss!

There's many a spirit, and giant stair,
And many a coral hall;
The water is a fearful sea,
And antic forms are moving there,
But hushed and motionless all!

On we went, and many a spoil,
Rusted armour, cannon old,
Scattered jewels, and bars of gold,
Lay all around us, these we passed,
And came upon a desert vast,
Whose light was hazy, and indistinct,
Resembling a fair, light sunset;
And there a host of spirits sat
Silent all, and separate.

There was no stir, no sound, no speech,
But each looked significantly on each;
Ah me! The blood my heart forebode,
To see that cold and haggard look!
—And the spirit whispered in my ear,
"The newly-dead are gathered here!"

Down, down we go to central earth,
My Spirit-guide and I;
Who laughs!—A ghoul has a fit of mirth,
To see a man go by!

How long, how long the dreary way!
How dark this chasm-land!
How solemn is the meaning fray
Of floods that roll in gloom away!

In this hot dragon world,
Oh, take me up to the place of day,
My strength is almost spent!

Ha! the passage widens now!
Cooler grows the air;
Cheerful light begins to glow
On a prospect fair:
I see the glorious groves, that reach
Many a mile away;
There is a murmuring sound of speech,
—But the speakers where are they?

I see them now; and tell me, who
Are those who wander two by two,
With locks and words so softly kind,
And arms affectionately twined?
And who are these, who stand and wait
Lonely, and disconsolate,
And greet, at last, with warm embrace,
And tears, some new arrival's face?
—Who are these, whose fondness seems
Sad and beautiful as dreams?
—These are friends of old, whose love
First began on the Earth above;
Whose strong affection would not wane,
But stood through guilt, and grief, and pain,
And now, when life and death are past,
Their love continues to the last!

The upper clouds, the upper clouds,
How glorious they appear!
How reasoned on the Earth above
Of spirits wandering there!
Here, too, are cloud-pled palaces,
With gold and crimson domes,
And the master-minds of Earth in these
Have everlasting homes.

I saw a temple large and high,
And stamped with antique hierarchy,
With stars, and moons, and planet-orbits,
And Nautilus dim and awful springs.
In lines along the shadowy hall,
Blood a thousand columns tall!
And a great unceasing noiseless fall
To other agonies met
Before the cloud-gates, whereon
Sat a figure, still as stone,
Broad as brow, and mad of eye,
Yet he wore an aspect high,
Sere, y'roud and meekly cold;
—This was ERICUSOID!

We entered, next, a stately fane;
White sword, and spear, and battle-axe,
And shivered bow, and buckler broken,
Trophy and spoil, and conquest-taken
Of Rome, Spain, Egyptus, Gaul,
Madly dedicated in wall;
High on the altar-seat of state,
A form of generous bearing sat;
This was our Roman Cæsar,
Historian, and orator.
How odious was the ingrate bow
That fast the noble JAVESUS LOU!

Then a transition met my view,
Rosed in clouds of agonizing hue,
Dashed by the sudden blaze,
Down, availed, I cast my gaze,
Then hastened through the porch, to see
Whose mansion this might be.
Within a cœg of crimson swathed,
Never sitting, sat my lord;
A song that soothed his waked hall
With its sound majestic,
Tounded about, a monotone
Circled within circle stood,
And every look was cast above,
And became with passionate love;
I, too, looked up, and sought to see
A shape of bright appearance,
—But lo! a peasant sat upon
The throne of adoration;
A man of meek, reflective air,
And yet his eye had a sudden glare,
As if he thought of the days of old,
When his own small band of peasants rolled,
Torrent-like, to overthrow
The Gallic and Bavarian foe,
—This was he, who led his few
Valentines,—aye, and women too!
For women joined in the holy fight,
And rolled from every mountain height,
The trunk of a tree, or a noisy stone,
Crushing their faces, if and home!
—Who marshalled forth their rude attack,
And quelled, with awful ruck and rack,
The proud invaders, who had come
By myriads, with tramp and drum,
Quick as leaves on summer-trees,
—This was HORACK the Prophet!

E. T. F.

DE LINDSAY.

(BY E. L. BELWEE, ESQ.)

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

There is one feeling which is the earliest-born with us—which accompanies us throughout life, in the gradations of friendship, love, and partial attachment—and of which there is scarcely one among us who can say, "It has been realized according to my desire." This feeling is the wish to be loved—loved to the amount of the height, and the fervour of the sentiments we imagine that we ourselves are capable of embodying into one passion. Thus, who that hath nicely weighed his own heart will not confess that he has never been fully satisfied with the love rendered to him, whether by the friend of his boyhood, the mistress of his youth, or the children of his age. Yet even while we reproach the languor and weakness of the affection bestowed on us, we are reproached in our turn with the same charge; and it would seem as if we all—and each—possessed within us certain immortal and spiritual tendencies to love which nothing human and earth-born can wholly excite; they are instincts which make us feel a power never to be exercised, and a loss doomed to be irremediable.

The simple, but singular story which I am about to narrate, is of a man in whom this

craving after a love beyond the ordinary loves of earth, was so powerful and restless a passion, that it became in him the source of all the errors and the vices that have usually their origin in the grossness of libertinism; led his mind through the excess of dissipation to the hardness of depravity—and when at length it arrived at the fruition of dreams so wearying and so anxious—when with that fruition, virtue long stifled by disappointment seemed slowly, but triumphantly to awake—betrayed him only into a punishment he had almost ceased to deserve, and hurried him into an untimely grave, at the very moment when life became dear to himself, and appeared to promise atonement and value to others.

Rupert de Lindsay was an orphan of ancient family and extensive possessions. With a person that could advance but a slight pretence to beauty, but with an eager desire to please, and a taste the most delicate and refined, he very early learned the art to compensate by the graces of manner for the deficiencies of form; and before he had reached an age when other men are noted only for their noses or their foibles, Rupert de Lindsay was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his form and the number of his conquests, than for his acquirements in literature and his honours in the senate. But while every one favoured him with envy, he was, at heart, a restless and disappointed man.

Among all the delusions of the senses—among all the triumphs of vanity, his ruling passion, to be truly, purely, and deeply loved, had never been satisfied. And while this leading and master-die pined at repeated disappointments, all other gratifications seemed rather to mock them to console him. The exquisite tale of Alcibiades, in Marmontel, was applicable to him. He was loved for his adventurous qualifications, not for himself. One loved his fashion, a second his fortune; a third, he discovered, had only listened to him out of pique at another; and a fourth accepted him as her lover because she wished to decoy him from her friend. These adventures, and these discoveries, brought him disgust; they brought him, also, knowledge of the world; and nothing hardens the heart more than that knowledge of the world which is founded on a knowledge of its vices,—made bitter by disappointment, and made threatening by deceit.

It was him just before the left England, and his mind then was sore and feverish. I saw him on his return, after an absence of five years in the various courts of Europe, and his mind was callous and even. He had then reduced the art of governing his own passions, and influencing the passions of others, to a system; and had reached the second stage of experience, when the deceived becomes the deceiver. He added to his former indignation at the vices of human nature, scorn for his weakness. Still many good, though irregular impulses, lingered about his heart. Still the appeal, which to a principle would have been useless, was triumphant when made to an affection. And though selfishness constituted the system of his life, there were yet many whom he would have sacrificed himself for the sake of a single emotion. Few men of ability, who neither marry nor desire to marry, live much among the frivolities of the world after the age of twenty-eight. And De Lindsay, now waxing near to his thirtieth year, avoided the society he had once courted, and lived solely to satisfy his pleasures and indulge his indolence. Women made his only pursuit and his sole ambition; and now, at length, arrived the time when, in the prosecution of an intrigue, he was to become susceptible of a passion; and the long and unquenched wish of his heart was to be matured into completion.

In a small village not far from London, there dwelt a family of the name of Warner; the father, piously named Ebenezer Ephraim, was a merchant, a bigot, and a saint; the mother, simply and licitly christened Jane, was a rake, a boxer, and a good fellow. But she, the daughter, who claimed the chaste and sweet name of Mary, simple and modest, beautiful in feature and heart, more tender

than gay, saddened by the gloom which hung for ever upon the home of her childhood, but softened by early habits of charity and benevolence, unacquainted with all sin ever in thought, loving things from the gentleness of her nature, finding pleasure in the green earth, and drinking innocence from the pure air, moved in her grace and holiness amid the rugged kindred, and the stern tribe among whom she has been reared, like Faith sanctified by redeeming love, and passing over the thorns of earth in its pilgrimage to heaven.

In the adjustment of an ordinary amour with the wife of an officer in the—regiment, then absent in Ireland, but who left his gaiter buttons to wear the widow as the village of—, Rupert saw, admired, and coveted the fair form I have so faintly described. Chance favoured his hopes. He entered one day the cottage of a poor man whom, in the inconsistent charity natural to him, he visited and relieved. He found Miss Warner employed in the same office; he neglected not his opportunity; he addressed her; he accompanied her to the door of her home; he tried every art to please a young and unawakened heart, and he succeeded. Unfortunately for Mary she had no one among her relations calculated to guide her conduct, and so win her confidence. Her father, absorbed either in the occupations of his trade or the vanities of his court, of a manner whose respectful anxiety belied the real warmth of his affections, supplied but imperfectly the place of an anxious and tender mother; nor was this less required by the habits still, coarser, the mind still less soft and less still less susceptible, of the fraternal rake, boxer, and good fellow.

And thus was thrown back upon that gentle and feminine heart all the warmth of its earliest and best affections. Her nature was love; and though in all things she had found where-while to call forth the tenderness which she could not restrain, there was a vast treasure as yet ununcovered, and a depth beneath that calm and untroubled bosom, whose slumber had as yet never been broken by a breath. It will not, therefore, be a matter of surprise that De Lindsay, who awaited himself of every opportunity—De Lindsay, fascinating in manner and consummate in experience,—soon possessed a dangerous sway over a heart too innocent for suspicion, and which, for the first time, felt the luxury of being loved. In every walk, and her walks hitherto had always been alone, Rupert was sure to join her; and there was a supplication in his tone, and a respect in his manner, which she felt but little tempted to chill and reject. She had not much of what is termed dignity; and even though she at first had some confused idea of the impropriety of his company, which the peculiar nature of her education prevented her wholly perceiving, yet she could think of no method to check an address so humble and disinterested, and to resist the voice which only spoke to her in music. It is needless to trace the progress by which affection is reduced. She soon awakened to the full knowledge of the recesses of her own heart, and Rupert, for the first time, felt the certainty of being loved as he desired. "Never," said he, "will I betray that affection; she has trusted in me, and I will not teach her misery and guilt!" Thus her innocence reflected even upon him, and purified his heart while it made the atmosphere of her own. So passed weeks, until Rupert was summoned by urgent business to his estate. He spoke to her of his departure, and he drank deep celestial light from the quivering lip and the tearful eye; with which his words were received. He pressed her to his heart, and her unconsciousness of guilt was her protection from it. Amid all his sins, and there were many, let this one act of forbearance be remembered.

Day after day went on its march to eternity, and every morning came the same gentle tap at the post-office window, and the same low tone of inquiry was heard, and every morning the same light step returned gaily homeward, and the same soft eye sparkled at the lines which the heart so faithfully recorded

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 11th SEPT. 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, - - - July 31. New-York, - - - Sept 6
Liverpool, - Aug. 1. Halifax, - - - Aug. 29
Havre, - - - July 28. Toronto, - - - Sept. 4

By the arrival at New York of the packet ship South America, in 31 days from Liverpool, files of English papers have been received to the 4th August inclusive, her day of sailing.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 27th July.

SUPPLY.—The House went into a committee of supply, and, on the motion that a sum of £10,000 be granted, to enable Her Majesty to grant relief to the distressed refugees Poles now in this country.

The conclusion appeared to be, that, if, next year, a resolution were proposed by ministers for £15,000, instead of £10,000, it would at once meet with the concurrence of all parties. For this session the vote was only taken for £10,000.

£19,153 for the expenses of the establishment of the Indian department in Lower and Upper Canada.
£17,518 for the salaries of governors, Lieut. governors, and other officers in the West India colonies.

£30,000 for the moral and religious instruction of the emancipated negroes.
£3,871 16s. 3d. for the salaries of emigration agents.

£4,900 for the expence of the civil government at Nova-Scotia.

£8,600 for the charge of the repair of the Rideau and other canals.

CANALS.—An estimate of the sum that will probably be required to defray the expenses, beyond the ordinary grants for the years 1837 and 1838 and 1839, for army and ordnance services, occasioned by the insurrection in Upper and Lower Canada, five hundred thousand pounds. F. BURTON.

In the House of Lords, on the 30th July, a discussion took place on the character of the Ordinance issued by the Earl of Durham for the banishment of certain rebels to the Island of Bermuda, without the intervention of a trial.—Lord Brougham, who commenced the discussion, pronounced the measure a gross and outrageous violation of British laws.—Lord Ellenborough and Lyndhurst concurred with Lord Brougham, the former noble lord declaring that a more illegal or a more despotic measure never disgraced the records of a civilized country.—Lord Glenelg and Melbourne defended the measures of Lord Durham, and deprecated the course pursued by Lord Brougham as imprudent and unparliamentary.

The House then resolved into committee of supply, in which the proposed grant to Maynooth College called forth much comment and opposition, but it was agreed to, as were several other grants on the Irish estimates.

It seems that the Post-office commissioners have recommended a uniform postage of 2d., in place of 1d., as suggested by Mr. Hill.

The Irish Tithe Bill, Corporation Bill and Poor Laws Bill, have passed the Commons, and will probably pass the Lords.

The Customs Bill was also passed, and the Supplies were being voted conformably to the Estimates. In short, the public business to which the Government attached the most importance will be got through, and the session closed in August. The Duke of Wellington had paired off for the remainder of the session, and was going to visit the Continent.

The continental news is of little importance. The season was rather unfavourable for the crops, and grain had risen in consequence. Trade had improved at the latest dates.

The latest New York dates at Liverpool, on the 1st August, were of the 7th July, by the Pennsylvania.

Marshal Soult visited Sheerness and Woolwich before he left England.

There have been several serious accidents on the Great Western Railway. Marshal Ney's son, the Prince of Moskowa, has just finished an opera.

Wordsworth, the poet, is on a tour.

Mr. Bunn, it is now definitely arranged, will be the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre for the next season. Mr. K. Bishop will be the musical director.

Poor Barnes, the clown, of Covent Garden, is said to be in great distress, and appeals to the hand of humanity for nourishment.

The celebrated Trevor Corry, of Newry, is dead.

It is said that the Duke of Sussex is about to be created Lord High Admiral.

Sir Greville Temple has been making excavations on the classic soil of old Carthage for the last six months, and has made many valuable discoveries.

The three days of July passed off in Paris much as usual. No disturbance.

There has been a dreadful famine in the East Indies.

The number of deaths amongst the Catholic Clergy of the northern district of England is truly awful. Within the space of eighteen months 25 priests, most of them in the very prime of life, have been carried away in the midst of their labors.

At the Cork assizes, an old woman has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, for offering to sell to a doctor a live boy, eight years old, and proposing to him to kill the child for dissection. She asked £3 for him, and offered to get him one a month.

In London, the stock market has been very flat. Money on good paper can be had on lower terms—say from 25 to 3 per cent.

Our readers were informed by a Postscript in Saturday's Transcript that the four individuals arraigned at Montreal for the murder of Chartrand had been pronounced Not guilty by the jury, after half an hour's deliberation, in direct opposition to the charge of the Chief Justice, and against the clearest testimony of a host of witnesses. The Montreal Herald of Saturday states that on the verdict being pronounced a rebel cheer was attempted to be got up in the very Court House; and the same paper thus remarks on the unparalleled foolishness of this affair:—

"The trial ended, as many supposed it would in the acquittal of the prisoners, and only, proves that the habitans are the most ignorant, and the most degraded race of human beings in the civilized globe. When the verdict was known out of doors, it excited not surprise, but indignation and feeling of deep rooted hatred and revenge on the part of the loyalists, a feeling which will yet feel fearfully. Never, except on the receipt of intelligence of Col. Gore having been discomfited at St. Denis, do we remember to have seen so much excitement, or to have heard such vows of revenge. The brother of the murdered Chartrand was in Court in a state of frenzied agitation, and we do not wonder at it. Before him were four men who, like savages, placed their victim at a tree and deliberately killed him by a discharge of musketry, not because he had any hostile feeling against them, but because he was honest and loyal; and near him were twelve men who committed, what many call, a most deliberate and wanton perjury, screening the murderers from justice. The ancient law allowed a man to revenge his brother's death, and, if ever there was a case in which such a course was justifiable, it is the present. Deeply will this verdict rankle in the breast of the volunteers, and, should the opportunity ever arrive, it will be avenged in blood. Yes, Volunteers, one of yourselves has been basely murdered; your enemies, by whom he was tried, have refused atonement for his blood, and it calls aloud upon you for deep, ample vengeance. His fate might have been yours, the very men who committed the vile atrocity are again at large on the world, and the impunity with which they have committed one murder, may induce them to make a similar attempt on any of you. One foul outrage upon society has been added to another, unpunished murder and apparent perjury.—If the law is insufficient for our protection, we must protect ourselves, and if it is insufficient to punish offenders against it, they must not be, on that account, allowed to escape.

[From the Montreal Herald of Saturday.]

We have seen a gentleman who conversed a few days ago with E. E. Rodier, Luzger Duverney, and several other proscribed republicans. Mr. Rodier is well known in Montreal by both parties as a bold, consistent traitor, and a man who has obtained a very high character for honorable feeling and strict veracity. We always liked the man for his candour, however much we detested his principles. He distinctly told our informant that General Wool did, in his hearing, offer to Dr. Nelson to take the command of the rebel force, and laying his hand on Rodier's shoulder, he said "My dear Rodier, I wish your cause success, and if you can but show me that there is a reasonable chance of success I will embark in your enterprise, but there is

no use for my being fool hardy." Rodier also stated that preparations were making for a much better organized rebellion and invasion than those of last year, and that the troubles might not recommence this winter.

We state these facts, for the double purpose of showing the hypocrisy and hollow hearted profession of the American Government, and that the pardoned and outlawed rebels, are as much rebels as ever they were. As soon might you change the skin of the Ethiopian, or the spots of the leopard, as expect that the Papnau and his myriads can ever be made loyal men. Loyalty is not a mere taking the oath of allegiance, it is an innate feeling of attachment to certain institutions represented by a certain monarch, and the innate feeling of the rebels, is hatred to the British monarch, to British institutions and to the British name. A drunkard may be reformed, or a notorious sinner may become pious, but it is impossible to transform a French republican into a British loyalist. The idea is supremely ridiculous. At the 20th of June last, we mentioned, on good authority that there would be a general jail delivery on the 28th of that same month, and every person ridiculed the idea as insane and incredible. Even the Courier, the willing slave of tuted power, whether of a Godard or of a Durham, on the 27th, the very day before the liberation, not having up to that period got the cue from its master, stated its firm authority, as follows: "We can state with perfect confidence, that the idea of a general and unconditional pardon of all persons at present accused of treason, or of a jail delivery tomorrow, has never been entertained by the Government." A general amnesty was proclaimed the very next day, and the intelligence of it excited the deepest surprise and indignation from Quebec to Sandwich. It was an act so disgraceful to the government, so insulting to the loyalists, and so encouraging to their sworn and unrelenting enemies, that it appeared more like a dream than a painful reality; and now it appears more than probable that the last grand act in the drama of conciliation will be the pardon of the rebels who are outlawed. The strange want of consistency in punishing traitors in Upper Canada and pardoning them in this province has had the effect, which might have been expected, of displeasing every party.

THE THEATRE.

Sargeant Talford's interesting play of "Jon" was performed last night, Miss Tree sustaining the part of Jon, which may be considered the best and most popular of her varied round of characters.

Throughout the whole of this performance we look in vain for any fault, for any single point that might be improved. The aptness and truth of the following remarks from a recent number of one of the most popular American periodicals, must strike every one who witnessed Miss Tree's performance last night. "Perhaps the greatest of her many merits is the remarkable purity of her utterance, and the true sound and meaning with which she clothes the language of the author.—In the classic phrases of 'Jon,' this beauty is prominent; the choice words which form the finished sentences of this gem of English literature, are sounded full in every letter. Vowels and consonants receive their measured justice, and every line is meted out with its just cadence, imparting to our much abused English a quality as free from blemish as it is capable of sustaining. In common or less classical compositions, the words are endowed with a strength and beauty, which are borrowed from her perfection of utterance. There is a roundness and a rich purity in her pronunciation, which gives a finish and fullness to the sound, that is really musical. She is a worthy mistress of the Queen's English."

The setting of Miss Tree was such as to throw all the other performers at a great distance; but it is justice to mention Mr. Abbot Mr. Fredericks, and Mrs. Knight, who in their several parts were excellent.

The evening's entertainment was concluded with the farce of "Why don't she marry?" in which Mr. Latham and Miss Melton were irresistibly droll, and kept the house in good spirits.

The house was filled, almost crowded, in every part. We trust that if Miss Tree's other professional engagements do not prevent it, another opportunity will be afforded to the inhabitants of Quebec, to whom such treats are few and far between, of again witnessing her performance of "Jon."

I said every morning, but there was one in each week which brought no letter—and on Monday Mary's step was listless, and her spirit dejected—so that day she felt as if there was nothing to live for.

She did not strive to struggle with her love. She read over every word of the few books he had left her, and she walked every day over the same ground which had seemed fairy-land when with him; and she always passed by the house where he had lodged, that she might look up to the window where he was wont to sit. Rupert found that landed property, where farmers are not left to settle their own leases, and stewards to provide for their little families, is not altogether a sinecure. He had lived abroad like a prince, and his estate had not been the better for his absence. He inquired into the exact profits of his property; renewed old leases on new terms; discharged his bailiff; shut up the roads in his park, which had seemed to all the neighborhood a more desirable way than the turnpike conveniences; let off ten poachers, and warned off ten gentlemen; and, as the natural and obvious consequences of these acts of economy and inspection, he became the most unpopular man in the county.

One day Rupert had been surveying some timber intended for the use of the weather was truly English, and changed suddenly from heat into rain. A change of clothes was quite out of Rupert's ordinary habits, and a fever of severe nature, which ended in delirium, was the result. For some weeks he was at the verge of the grave. The devil and the doctor do not always agree, for the moral faith that there is no friendship among the wicked. In this case the doctor was ultimately victorious, and his patient recovered. "Give me the fresh air," said Rupert, directly he was able to resume his power of commanding, "and bring me whatever letters came during my illness." From a pile of spoiled paper from fashionable friends, country cousins, county magistrates, and tradesmen who take the liberty to remind you of the trifles which has occupied your recollection—from this pile of precious conceits Rupert drew a letter from the Irish officer's lady, who, it will be remembered, first attracted Rupert to Mary's village, acquainting him that she had been reported by some one—a good-natured friend to her husband, immediately upon his return from Ireland. Unhappily, the man loved his wife, valued his honour, and was of that unshakable temperance, which never forgives an injury. He had smelt his Achates twice during Rupert's illness to Da Lindsay Castle, and was as enraged at the idea of his injury's departing this life by any other means than his bullet, that he was supposed in consequence to be a little touched in the head. He was observed to walk by himself, sometimes bursting into tears, sometimes muttering deep oaths of vengeance; he summoned all society, and sat for hours gazing vacantly on a pistol placed before him. All those agreeable circumstances did the unhappy fair one (who picked up her information second hand, for she was an alien from the conjugal bed and board) detail to Rupert with very considerable paths.

"Now then for Mary's letters," said the invalid; "no re-lit Irishman there, I trust," and Rupert took up a large heap, which he had selected from the rest as a child picks the plums out of his pudding by way of a regale at the last. At the perusal of the first three or four letters he smiled with pleasure; presently his lips grew more compressed, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. He took up another—he read a few lines—started from his sofa. "What ho, there! my carriage and four directly!—less not a moment!—Do you hear me!—Too ill, do you say!—never so well in my life!—Not another word, or—My carriage, I say, instantly!—Put in my swiftest horses! I must be at T—to-night before five o'clock!—and the order was obeyed.—(Concluded in our next.)"

An eminent political economist calculates that a thousand little responsibilities are introduced daily into the breathing world of Great Britain and Ireland. £2,733,627, or nearly \$11,000,000, were paid for military expenses alone, in the Colonies of Great Britain during the year ending March, 1837. The expenses for 1838 will probably be a million more on account of the Canadas.

No numerous are the omnibuses that run in and about London, that the mileage duty alone amounts to \$200,000 per annum. There are about five million acres of waste land in Ireland.

We le... Dr. Robe... on an ind... bany, in... trality la... of where... MELAN... Callan's... body of a... Wethe... mouth... and from... on his wa... of going... it is t... ner. T... of For... young m... know m... a previous... We ha... Hamilton... tile and... principles... to be t... of it is... of advo... sent to... by Mr. R... A priva... Maria, C... day last... Maria too... case. T... TO Y... Sir,—I... money... did, the au... have my r... through y... with so... the waga... time may... cury, you... render you... it is in co... Stindical... literature... Browns,"... Bohadil... funny fell... struck by... reign of... from Boba... same stor... traced in... as profou... Clout v... entire in... into disre... King G... aversion t... common s... Clout d... reign of... death bet... Sir Robe... sent to the... on the la... banded d... nature of... being on... family, R... of the blo... at the ig... upon that... when und... not Mant... lates. Sir Rob... with Geo... favor for... was duly... College o... Billy Cl... very adv... United St... at Cock-... his elder... broiled all... of Sir... a paper of... being on... with great... Bon Bell... Billy tel... I have lost

We learn from the Vermont papers, that Dr. Robert Nelson has again been arrested, on an indictment found against him, at Albany, in June last, for a breach of the neutrality laws of the United States; but when or where he is to be tried, is not stated.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Yesterday morning three Canadians, whilst fishing off Mr. Callum's Wharf, drew from the water the body of an individual who proved to be Capt. Wetherill of the bark *Surrey*, from Plymouth. An inquest was held on the body, and from the evidence adduced, it appeared that the deceased was seen on Saturday night on his way to the wharf, with the intention of going on board his vessel; and it is supposed that he missed his way and fell into the river. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned." The deceased was a young man much esteemed by those who knew him; he was on his first voyage as master, and was married only three months previous to sailing from Plymouth.

We have received the first number of the Hamilton Journal and Gore District Mercantile and Agricultural Intelligence. The principles of this new paper are not declared to be "of the Tory, Whig, or Radical school," but it is the determination of the conductors, to advocate loyalty to the Sovereign, obedience to the laws, and unserving attachment to the Mother Country. It is printed by Mr. Robert Marshall, for the proprietors.

A private match between Mr. Anderson's *Marja*, (winner of the Queen's Plate on Monday last) and Mr. Prendergast's *Shalldale*, came off Saturday afternoon on the race course; *Marja* took both heats of two miles each with ease. The match was for £50.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT.
Sir,—The *Mercury* is the paper for my money. Whilst such a choice spirit as Bobadil, the author, assists Darby, that paper shall have my warm and unflinching countenance, through good report and through evil report. Why my good fellow if you could but furnish us with some portion of the wit of Darby, and the waggery of Bobadil, which from time to time may be seen in the columns of the *Mercury*, you would immortalize your name, and render yourself worthy of a like honour which it is in contemplation of the Royal College of *Sherknaute* to confer upon these two kinds of literature, namely, detecting them "Cuckoo Crews," to be worn as helmets or scull-caps. Bobadil's style reminds me of that of a queer, funny fellow named Billy Clout, who edited a satirical paper called the *Humbag*, in the reign of George the First; and, methinks, from Bobadil's erudition being precisely of the same sort as Clout's, his genealogy might be traced in a direct line from that witty, as well as profound writer.

Clout was one of those who by his wit and satire in the *Humbag* brought Bolingbroke into disrepute, and this being appreciated by King George, who had taken an insufferable aversion to that great man, Clout enjoyed no common share of influence at Court.

Clout dying without male issue during the reign of George the Second, applied on his deathbed to Sir Robert Walpole, praying that Sir Robert would procure His Majesty's consent to one Doodle, a nephew of Clout's, bearing the latter name, which name had been handed down, unsullied, to its then representative from the days of Edward the Second; it being on record that the great ancestor of the family, Rudolph De Clout, a near connexion of the bloody Mortimer, was the poker pusher at the ignominious and cruel death inflicted upon that weak and unfortunate monarch, when under duress in Berkeley Castle, and not Mantravers, as Hume, the historian, relates.

Sir Robert promised the required influence with George the Second, and obtained the favor for Clout, and Doodle's changed name was duly gazetted and entered of record in the College of Arms.

Billy Clout, formerly Doodle, emigrated at a very advanced age with his family to the United States of America, and finally settled at Cock-na-wa-za, in the State of Vermont. His grandson, Billy Clout, the third, who inherited all the wit and waggery of his ancestor Sir Robert Walpole's time, established a paper at Philadelphia, which he conducted with great wit and talent. It was called the *Bow Bell*.

Billy left Philadelphia many years ago, and I have lost all trace of him since then.

Billy was a clever fellow.—Billy possessed a humour, so caustic, that he absolutely scorched his opponents with the ridicule of his pen. Billy edited the *Bow Bell* with signal success. Crowds of urchins followed Billy whenever he crossed the threshold of his door,—screaming, shouting, and hallooing—"Bow Bell Billy," "clever Bow Bell Billy."

The *Mercury* is the only journal which I have ever seen which for the wit and satire it contains can be compared with the *Bow Bell*. Bobadil, depend upon it, is either a lineal descendant or an off-shoot of Clout's; and so long as I have a guinea to throw away, the *Mercury* shall have it, and Bobadil and Darby (or as he has been ungenerously nick-named Flapdoodle) shall never want my countenance; and this in remembrance of my old friend "witty Billy Clout."
7th Sept. 1838. SNOOKS.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF QUEBEC.
ARRIVED.
September 9th.
Ship Aid de Camp, Innes, 25th July, Liverpool, Jas. Tibbets ballast.
Bark Wm. Lushington, Smith, 23d do Portsmouth, LeMesurier & Co.
Bark Wm. Johnson, 26th do Cork, 4 passengers, 2d voyage.
Bark Dispatch, Walsh, 28th do Waterford, H. N. Jones, 2d voyage.
Bark Devereux, Eskdale, 24th do Liverpool, Symes & Ross, salt.
Bark Allen Ker, Tait, 22d do Greenock, Laurie and Burns, ballast.
Brig Amity, Glover, 17th do London, Pemberton, ballast.
Brig Lord Althorp, Anderson, 21st do Plymouth.
Brig Grecian, Slaighfoholm, 10th do Hull, H. Burstall, coals.
Brig Thames, Bell, 27th do Glasgow, Rodgers, Dean & Co. ballast, 2d voyage.
Brig Eagle, Donkin, 24th do Limerick, Price & Co.
Brig Stephen Wright, Thompson, 23d do Portrush, Gilmour & Co.
Brig Resource, Batty, 11th do London, Gillespie & Co. general cargo.
Brig D'Arcy, Phillips, 25th do Sunderland, Hamilton, coals, 6 passengers.
Schr. St. Felix, Dugas, 23d August, Gaspé, D. Vass, oil.
10th.

Bark Champlain, Dunn, 23d July, Youghal, Levey & Co. ballast, 2d voyage.
Ship Cheshire, Ellswell, 29th do Larne, Rodgers, Dean & Co.
Ship Royal Adelaide, Vivian, 20th do Falmouth, Gilmour & Co. 2d voyage.
Bark Industry, Stevens, 21st do Dublin, T. Ryan, 2d voyage.
Brig Glenora, Jackson, 5th do London, C. E. Levey & Co.
Brig Auxiliary, Nicholson, 21st June, Danzig, flour.

CLEARED.
September 8th.

Ship *Coet de Lion*, Robinson, Liverpool, the master.
Brig Pilot, Pearson, Newcastle, Chapman & Co.
Brig Larch, McAdam, Drogheda, Gilmour & Co.
Brig Alderman Thompson, Nixon, Hull, H. Burstall.
Brig Ellen, Murphy, Liverpool, Froste & Co.
Brig Highlander, Sparrow, Whitley, LeMesurier & Co.
10th.
Brig Canegrove, Gamble, Hull, Symes & Ross.
Bark Superb, Shannon, Rodgers, Dean & Co.
Ship Borneo, Gorman, Limerick, Price & Co.
Brig Margaret, Pae, Waterford, Froste & Co.
Ship Margaret, Chalmours, Liverpool Gilmour & Co.
Schr. Dolphine, Landry, Miramichi.

The bark *Albion*, Captain Johnson, arrived yesterday from Cork, brought up the master and crew of the bark *Atlantida*, from Miramichi to Bedford; the vessel being in a sinking state, in long. 41°.

Ship *Victoria*, of St. John's [N. B.] was wrecked on the 17th August, in Malbaie, (County of Gaspé,) and sold for account of the underwriters. She was bound to Quebec, and was consigned to J. Tibbets, Esq.

We must beg the indulgence of our subscribers for any irregularity that may occur in the delivery of to-day's TRANSCRIPT; as we have been under the necessity of discharging one of our boys who carried the papers to a considerable portion of our subscribers in the Upper Town. As it has recently come to our knowledge that owing to the unpractices of the carrier, several of these subscribers have oft failed to receive their papers, any numbers that may be found deficient, from this cause, will by cheerfully supplied, on application being made at the office.

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



THEATRE ROYAL.
BENEFIT OF
MISS ELLEN TREE.
And positively her last appearance.

THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, SEPT 11TH,
WILL BE PERFORMED, KNOWLES'
LOVE CHASE.

Sir Wm. Fondrave	Mr. Latham
Wildrake	Mr. Abbott
Truworth	Mr. Fredericks
Master Walker	Mr. Madison
Neville	Mr. A. Beckett
Humphreys	Mr. Jones
Constance	Miss Tree
Widow Green	Miss Melton
Lydia	Mrs. H. Knight

TO CONCLUDE WITH
THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN.
Steinberg - Mr. Abbott
Frederic - Mr. Fred. Richards
Count Daxenstein - Mr. McCann
CHRISTINE - Miss Tree
Emma - Mrs. H. Knight

TO-MORROW EVENING,
M. A. ABBOTT'S BENEFIT.

Doors opened at a quarter to Seven, the Performance to commence at a quarter to Eight.—
BOXES, 5s.; PIT, 2s. 6d. GALLERY, 1s. 3d.

Tickets may be had at the Box Office.
The Theatre will be open every evening.

FOR SALE
BY THE SUBSCRIBER:—

TWO HUNDRED kegs manufactured Tobacco
20 Hogheads American and Upper Canada
Leaf Tobacco.
Cuba and St. Domingo Leaf Tobacco
25,000 Havannah Cigars, best quality
40 Cases Liqueurs—among which are—
Curacao, Maraschine, Eau-de-Vie d'Anis
Laud-Avie de Dantrick, &c.
50 Cases Pickles.
Grounada Rum, Muscovado Sugar, Pork, Flour
Rice, Oatmeal, Pearl Barley, Brooms, Almonds
Filberts, Teas, Lard, Turpentine, green roasted
Coffee, Port, Madeira and Malaga Wines
An assortment of Manilla and Tar Ropes
Hambro' and Fishing Lines, Lemon Syrup, &c.
JOHN YOUNG,
Quebec, 8th September, 1838.

PROUDLEY'S
ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL.

MANY Masters of Vessels, Gentlemen and Families visiting Quebec, and seeking the accommodations of an Hotel, have been led into error by supposing that the subscriber occupies the house built on the spot where the St. Lawrence Hotel formerly stood, and which was kept by him previous to the fire by which it was destroyed. He therefore deems it necessary respectfully to inform them, that he has removed to the house fronting on the Queen's and Napoleon's Wharves, and

O P P O S I T E
To the Establishment he formerly occupied; and he trusts, by assiduity and attention in promoting the comfort of his visitors, that he shall continue to receive the same liberal patronage and support with which he was favored in his former establishment.
H. PROUDLEY.
Quebec, 15th August, 1838.

PIANO-FORTES.

THE Subscribers have JUST RECEIVED, and offer for Sale, four elegant CABINET PIANO FORTES, best Metallic Plates, and fortified for climate. MANUFACTURED BY SMALL, BAUCE & CO. GILLESPIE, JAMIESON & CO. Quebec, 23d August, 1838.

FOR SALE,
BY THE SUBSCRIBER:—
SIX HUNDRED Minors Peas; 50 cwt Ship Boston, 20 barrels Biscuit Crackers, 50 kegs Butter, 20 cases Salad Oil, 40 casks Hull Cement, Green and Blue Paint, CRELLMAN & LEPPER.

MADEIRA WINE.
A FEW CASKS Howard March & Co's Madeira Wine—price 47d per pipe of 110 gallons—for Sale by JOHN GORDON & CO. Quebec May 1838. St. Paul Street.

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE,
BY THE SUBSCRIBER:—
FIRST-RATE HAVANAH CIGARS,—various brands, Natche Touche Souff, American Gentleman do, Prince's Mixture French Rappan Macebooby do, Camister Tobacco Spanish Cut do, altes' Cust do, and Plug Tobacco &c &c ALSO,

The usual Stock of LEATHER, consisting of English, American, and Canada manufacture, to be sold low for cash or approved credit.
C. F. PRATT & BROTHER.
Foot of Mountain Street Lower Town. Quebec, 12th June, 1838.

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE,
BY THE SUBSCRIBER:—
450 MINOTS superior Marrowfat Peas
100 do Boiling Peas
20 Bushels Irish Cut Potatoes
10 barrels London Porter, 3 dozen each

—ALSO—
A general Assortment of Wines, Spirituous Liquors, fine-flavoured Teas, Penner's Cider, and every article in the general grocery line, July 16 T. BICKELL
Corner of St. John & Stanislas Streets.

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' Barabch.

NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE.

No. 52, St. John Street.
THE subscribers most respectfully intimate to their friends and the public at large, that they have always on hand a choice assortment of Fresh Cakes and Confectionary as usual
SCOTT & McCONKEY.
Quebec, 1st May, 1838.

SCOTCH MARMALADE.

JUST RECEIVED—A few cases NEW MARMALADE, in lb. jars.
SCOTT & McCONKEY,
Quebec May 31, 1838. Confectioners.

S W A I M'S
CELEBRATED PANACEA,

AN invaluable remedy for RHEUMATISM, SCROFULOUS, and ULCEROUS DISEASES, and all disorders arising from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD. For sale by
MUSSON & SAVAGE,
Chemists and Druggists,
Quebec, 16th August, 1838 Upper-Town

MOFFAT'S
Life Pills and Phenix Bitters.

THE subscribers have just received a fresh supply of the above.
BEGG & LEITCHART,
Agents,
Quebec, 6th May, 1838.

H. CARWELL,
REMOVED from Palms Street to Fabrique Street opposite the Upper Town Market. Quebec, 4th May, 1838.

BRITISH AND ITALIAN MARBLE CHEMNEY PIECES, for Sale by
RICHARDSON BROWN,
Hope Street.

BALDNESS.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR is the grandest ornament belonging to the human frame. How strangely the loss of it changes the countenance, and prematurely brings on the appearance of old age...

Read the following: ROBERT WHARTON, Esquire, late Mayor of Philadelphia, has confided, as may be seen below, to the high character of the following gentleman:

The undersigned do hereby certify that we have used the Balm of Columbia discovered by J. Oldridge, and have found it highly serviceable not only as a preventive against the falling off of hair, but also as a certain restorative.

Wm. Thacher, Sen. Methodist Minister in St. George's charge, No. 84 North Fifth St. JOHN P. IGINIO, 331 Arch St. JOHN D. THOMAS, M. D. 165 Race St. JOHN S. FURRY, 101 Sussex St. HUGH MCCREARY, 213 North 7th St. JOHN GAARD, Jr., 121 Arch St.

It will certainly raise its victims in the estimation of the public, when it is known that three of the above sitters are more than 30 years of age, and the others not less than 30.

Headache. Dr. E. SPOHN, a German physician of much note, having devoted his attention for some years to the cure and removal of the causes of NERVOUS AND SICK HEAD ACHES...

It is the result of scientific research, and is entirely of a different character from advertised patent medicine, and is not unpleasant to the taste. To be had of J. J. SIMS, MUSSON & SAVAGE, BEGG & URQUHART.

OFFICE OF CROWN LANDS, DEPARTMENT OF WOODS AND FORESTS, Quebec, 22d August, 1838.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the Annual Sale of Licences to cut Timber in the Districts of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, will take place at this office, on THURSDAY, the 13th September, at Noon...

One-fourth of the purchase money down; the remainder to be paid on the 1st October, 1839, for which a bond will be required with sufficient surety. The whole payable in coin current in the Province.

The several Newspapers published in this Province, are requested to insert the above advertisement once a week, in their respective languages until the 15th day of September next; but those offices which issue more than one paper, will insert the above only in that which they consider their leading publication.

AGENCY FOR THE TRANSCRIPT IN THE UPPER TOWN.

MR. JAMESON, LIBRARIAN, No. 25, Fabrique Street, opposite the Market place, is Authorized for the TRANSCRIPT in the Upper Town; he is authorized to receive Subscriptions, Advertisements, &c, and from him the paper may always be had immediately after publication.

MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

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

THE object in placing the foregoing before the public is to deduce therefrom the following powerful argument in favour of Mr. Morison's system and to which the public attention is directed, namely, that it was only by trying an innocuous purgative medicine to such an extent that the truth of the Hygeian system could possibly have been established.

BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.

MRS. MARTYN, formerly Leighton, respectfully acquaints the Public that she intends again opening a Boarding Establishment in the House formerly occupied by Sir John Caldwell, St. Peter Street, Lower Town and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of Public favour.

BEGG & URQUHART.

BEG to intimate to the public, that they have opened and stocked with Fresh Medicines, of the finest quality, that Shop No. 8, Notre Dame Street, Lower Town, (formerly occupied by the late Dr. ROBERTS), where they intend carrying on the business of CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

Very superior Stouffville Bitters Black, Red, and Cooling Loke Ship's Medicine Chests, complete Soda Water and Lemonade from the Fountain and in Bottles.

HORATIO CARWELL,

No. 4, Fabrique Street, IMPORTER OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS. In now receiving, per the "Hibernia," from London, a small assortment of choice Coat, Parasols, and elegant Finery, such as Scarfs and Handkerchiefs, and Canton, Brussels, and Roccato Very Russia and Brown Satins, 4-4 and 4-6 and 4-8, 4-10, 4-12, 4-14, 4-16, 4-18, 4-20, 4-22, 4-24, 4-26, 4-28, 4-30, 4-32, 4-34, 4-36, 4-38, 4-40, 4-42, 4-44, 4-46, 4-48, 4-50, 4-52, 4-54, 4-56, 4-58, 4-60, 4-62, 4-64, 4-66, 4-68, 4-70, 4-72, 4-74, 4-76, 4-78, 4-80, 4-82, 4-84, 4-86, 4-88, 4-90, 4-92, 4-94, 4-96, 4-98, 4-100.

BROWN'S

CHEAP CLOTHING AND GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, No. 9, outside St. John Street Gate. ** Cast off Clothes bought, sold, or exchanged for new, and money advanced on goods given in for sale. Quebec, 28th July, 1838 6 m 2

ENGRAVING, &c.

J. JONES, Visiting Card Engraver and Printer, REMOVED to No. 18, Couillard Street, two doors from St. John Street, Upper Town. Quebec, 28th July, 1838 2 m 2

WILLIAM BURKE,

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER, No. 15, Fabrique Street, RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and is Public that he has received from London a choice assortment of articles in his line, among which are black Buck and carried Gait Skins, of a superior quality, for Gentlemen's Summer Boots, which will be made upon the first style and on the shortest notice. Quebec, 31st May, 1838.

FASHIONABLE GOODS

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

D. SYMES & Co.

Who have also an assortment of Gentlemen's set and most fashionable BEAVER HATS. May 17, 1838.

GILLESPIE, JAMESON & CO.

HAVE FOR SALE Rum, Jamaica and Grenada Sugar, Muscovado and Clayed Molasses Rohen Tea Cognac Brandy Hollands Gin U C Flour Upper Canada Leaf Tobacco Pine Sausces, &c Blacking Linsced Oil, Boiled and Raw Mahogany. Quebec, 11th August, 1838

T. HOBBS,

Cabinet, Sigs, and Fancy Chair Manufactory, No. 15, SAINT JOHN STREET,

RETURNED thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, and in addition to his Cabinet stock of a handsome and he has commenced the FANCY CHAIR BUSINESS in all its branches, having engaged experienced workmen in for that purpose. On hand, and nearly finished, 300 Chairs of various patterns and colours; Garden Chairs made to any pattern, of the best materials.

All orders in the above line executed with dispatch. 27 Funerals furnished on the lowest terms—please to let Orders, 16th August, 1838

Oatmeal, Pot Barley, Sails, &c.

FOR SALE. A FEW TONS OATMEAL, in bags and barrels, 45 barrels Pot Barley, superior quality; ALSO, A variety of Sails,—comprising Fore-sails, Topsails, Top-gallant-sails, and Gens-sails, suitable for vessels of from 200 to 800 tons. 10 cent, 2, 3 & 4 Spica Yards, and 1 foot 1000 2, 3, and 4 bushel Yards and Sails JAMES S. MILLER, Commercial Burlingage, St. Peter Street

VICTORIA HOUSE-

(RUE SOUS-LE-FORT—QUEBEC.) GEORGE ARNOLE, PROPRIETOR. IS now open for the reception of visitors. The situation and accommodation combine combined advantages unequalled by any similar establishment in the city, and unsurpassed in the Province. The arrangements have been made under the immediate superintendance of the proprietor, and the business will be conducted by himself personally, every attention will be ensured to those who may favour them with their visits. To those gentlemen in particular who are connected with the business of the port, the situation of the premises, as the direct vicinity of the St. Charles Wharves, and Custom House, offers great advantages; and the public generally, the arrangements of the establishment are such as to present every convenience. On the ground floor are an extensive Saloon and Reading Room. On the first floor are two spacious rooms, which by means of sliding doors between, may, when required, be converted into one magnificent apartment of 34 feet by 32 feet, and 16 feet high; in addition to which there is a most eligible place for meetings, &c. The numerous apartments contained in the three upper stories are fitted up for the accommodation of Families and individuals. A spacious gallery on the roof commands a splendid view of the harbor of Quebec and the surrounding country. The Wines and other liquors of the establishment will be of the first order; refreshments of all kinds may be had throughout the day; and it will be the study of the proprietor in providing for his guests, to combine moderate charges, and superior accommodation. Quebec, 22d June, 1838. GEO. ARNOLE

NOTE.—Lumber Merchants and others concerned with that branch of commerce, will recieve with every accommodation and attention, at the above establishment, the proprietor having for many years past had an extensive acquaintance with parties in that line, from the Upper Province and the United States.

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD.

WHELAN WILLIAM COATES, of the City of Quebec, late First Teller, of the Branch of the Montreal Bank, established at Quebec, and charged with feloniously stealing, in the month of February last, from the Office of the said Bank at Quebec, a large quantity of notes of the Montreal Bank, amounting in the whole to nearly Ten Thousand Pounds currency; and whereas the said William Coates hath been committed to the common jail of the District of Quebec, to take his trial for the said offence, and whereas the greater part of the said Notes so stolen, as aforesaid, has not been found or traced—Notice is hereby given, that the above reward of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS currency, will be paid to any person or persons who shall give information by which the whole of the said stolen property shall be recovered, and a proportionate part of the above Reward according to amount which may be so found and recovered upon affidavit to the undersigned at the Office of the said Bank, in St. Peter Street, in the City of Quebec. A. SIMPSON, Cashier N.B.—The Notes stolen are principally Not 100 dollars, 50 dollars and 20 dollars each, o Montreal Bank, payable at Quebec.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, BY THOMAS J. DONOGHUE, At the Office No. 12, South-à-Montel Street, Lower Town