

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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[No. 100.]

ROT YOUR ITALIANOS!

BY A MAN BEHIND HIS AGE.
(From Blackwood's Magazine.)
(Concluded.)

No modern play-wright seems to have the faintest notion that there is a time proper for singing, and a time proper for holding one's tongue. Shakespeare introduced songs, and they should not they? True; but Shakespeare never went a single inch out of his way to accommodate a song. His men and women sing exactly as men and women ought to do—at the proper time, and in the proper manner; two qualities which we, who sing awfully, “*à bravo*” and “*à mala*,” have most unaccountably lost of late. I quote the following words from the last number of *Maga*, without curtailing, partly for the excellence of the criticism, and partly because they supplied the material for these, my present rude lucubrations: “*Joanna Balliol*,” says the critic, for he is speaking of no less a name, “takes care to be no people sing in situations in which it is natural for them to do so; the songs are sung by those who have little or nothing to do—*Joan*,” in *As you Like It*,—and indeed when nothing very interesting is going on; and they are supposed not to be spontaneous expressions of sentiment in the character, but, as songs in ordinary life usually are, compositions of other people, which have often sung before, and which are only generally applicable to the present occasion. These few words, which are not at all a hint, this great poetess has laid down the principles on which alone can any musical drama be constructed agreeably to nature.”

So much for theatrical song-singing; to pick the way, I have yet another crow to pluck before I leave it, inasmuch as the best of the song is sung, the more it tends, by acting an *encore*, to dispel still further the illusion of the stage. The grand object of the drama is, of course, to “hold the mirror to nature,” that it may admire (which it does without vanity) its own beauties, and see among its own follies and deformities. The most among its secondary aims, I take to be the endeavour to impress the spectator with belief, as far as such a thing is possible, that scenes which pass before his eyes are not mere but realities—to make him give himself up to the illusion of the moment, annihilating both time and space from the instant the curtain rises—transporting himself through air, and across oceans—undergoing a metamorphosis—now a “*royal Dane*,” now an “*antique Roman*,”—and substituting his pristine John Bullism into the second-rate son of the basin glides delicately from behind the curtain, to announce entertainments of the morrow. I do not know whether or no my principle be correct, but that as it may, it is that upon which I do to act myself, if the gods would only allow. But no; the powers of the one-shilling gallery are a straight forward, matter-of-course of deities, that have no notion of being deluded in any way whatever; tailor squeaks tailor, barber out-braves barber, out-claps baker, butcher out-whistles the play stands still, the actors refer to their old attitudes, the song is sung; and Miss Snevellicci, act as she will, for the rest of the evening, Miss Snevellicci and Miss Snevellicci only. I never yet Richard dream of a second time; but did it ever be the pleasure of the British to demand such an effort, (and there are many things, as far as I see, more impossible) I could regard the exhibition with exactly the same degree of complacency. But running away from my friend the music.

Suppose a lady of fashion now a days as soon think of admitting that she did adore Italian music, as he would of condescending. For my part, I look upon Italianizing dames prettily much as sturdy and old look upon the *Græzizing* patriots—*non possum ferris*, *Quiritis*, *Græcam*. There is no end to our unattractive songs—*Jampridem* *Syrus* in *Tiberis* de-

fluit *Orontes*—Italians, and French, and Germans—the Swiss family *Tis*, and the Dutch family *That*, and the Russian family *Totter*—*Chanteurs*, *Montagnards*, *Siffleurs*, and *Chinchopeers*—Alpine minstrels, and Bohemian minstrels, and minstrels from the Lord knows where; verily, the plague of foreigners as upon us, and of all live plagues defend me from this! Were the evil confined to the boards of the Opera-House, or the purlieus of Leicester Square, I should not mind it so much, though it would still be had enough. But this is, alas! far from being the case. Read a programme of a fashionable morning concert—the probability is, that you will not find one English song in the list. Walk into a fashionable drawing-room, and ask Miss Mary or Miss Caroline to favour you with a little music—fifty to one she strikes up some Italian rhapsody, of which you understand not a syllable, but which you are bound to pronounce the most beautiful thing you ever heard in your life, as you would escape being set down for a greater Goth than even *Alatic* himself. An English audience, *gaping* for wonderment at a modern morning concert, puts me strongly in mind of a congregation of Roman Catholics at their devotions. They are alike most admiring and devout listeners to a service, of the meaning of which nine-tenths of them have no more comprehension than a cow has of mathematics. But the evil does not stop at morning concerts and crowded soirées; like the frogs of Egypt, it invades our very chambers, and takes its station unresisted by our parlour fire-sides—those very citadels of John Bullism—our very children of ten years old practise bravuras, and prattle of *Donizetti*.

The honest old English song never was at a greater discount than in this most musical age. We do not get a decent one once a year; and, when we have that luck, it endures only for a week. Our modern fashionable ballads are the most execrable compounds of mawkish sentimentality that ever melted the soul of a nurse-maid—full of pale high brows, and dark fishing eyes, and long flowing tresses of raven blackness—strong spirit—vibrations, and heart-tempests—appealing violence. Unhappy music affects doom! henceforth to a perpetual state of ancient maidenhood; for there is no longer any “immortal word” to marry her to. Even good music, when interlarded with the trashy words with which these days are afflicted, is, to my thinking, three parts ruined; but this is a matter about which our modern musicians trouble their heads very little—words are made for tunes, not tunes for words; and one would think they were made by contract into the bargain; sometimes they rhyme, and for the most part scan; but as to any thing beyond, why, a black swan would be nothing to the rarity. Our list of modern song-writers (I do not mean mere *metre-ballad-mongers*, and *Haynes-Bayley-sites*, but good honest song-writers) is small indeed; of living ones we have scarcely any. Moore seems to think he has done enough, and so he has, for fame; for there is immortality enough and to spare in the Irish melodies. Allan Cunningham has written several stirring strains—why is his pen idle? Poor Captain *Morris* is dead!—peace to his manes! his songs (and so were *Dublin's*) were superb in their way—that is, when men were reasonably well advanced in the second bottle. Of *Burns*, I fear I may say little but the name is known in these parts, save a few. *Walter Scott* has written some glorious songs, but who sings them? and last, not least in our dear love, Felicia *Heamans* has penned some strains of passing beauty, which one would think the world would willingly not let die; yet, are all these passing away silently to their oblivion, to be recalled, now and then, only by such old-fashioned folks like myself and the mayjors.

We, English, I suppose, neglect our own music more than any people upon the face of the earth, and with as little reason for so doing. We are the most loon-loving nation under the sun; we borrow pretty nearly every thing—our dresses, our habits of life, and now, at last, our music. We are not an idle people, nor a foolish people; but somehow or other we have got hold of a notion that nothing of our

own is worth a brass farthing, and that every thing belonging to every body else is worth its weight in gold. We go upon tick for taste, and we are put off with an inferior material into the bargain. I never yet heard an overture, or a fantasia, or a fugue, or an aria, that could stand any thing like a comparison with three-fourths of the old Irish and Scottish melodies, which one scarcely dares call for, for fear of being stared down by a parcel of people who never even heard of their existence. Those of Scotland, in particular, have to me, though I am no Scotchman, an inexpressible charm. I can not listen to “*Auld Robin Gray*,” and “*Ye banks and braes*,” and “*My love is like the red red rose*,” and fifty more that I could name, every night of my life, without being weary of them. These, after all, are the strains that come home to our hearts; these are the sounds at which the very falling of a pin is an interruption—a grating harsh discord—to our ears—which float around us in our slumbers—which haunt us in our rambles—which are with us in the woods and by the streams, lapping in elysium of harmony the discordant and jarring passions of our most unmusical “working day world.” The concert-room, with its “intricacies of laborious song,” moves our wonder and charms our ear; but it stirs not our feelings; we are no more touched by “*Viviva*,” much as we may applaud its execution, than we are by the street-minstrel, whom we bribe by a whole penny to bestow his oft-repeated “*All round my hat*,” on the unsuspecting inhabitants of some more distant locality. “I cannot enjoy music, any more than I can read poetry, in a crowd—except it be our own magnificent National Anthem, or some strain which stirring us with the sound of a trumpet, summons up at once in a thousand bosoms other and nobler associations than those which music more generally endeavors to awake; strains at which every heart beats more proudly—to which every tongue bursts forth in involuntary chorus—wh-oh kindle to a blaze in our bosoms all the pride, and the honor, and the love of our fatherland, which, though they may for a time burn dimly, may never, like the *Shebin's* fire, be wholly extinguished. To revel in the full luxury of music, I must have no hired minstrel, no crowded benches, no glare of lamps, no “*bustle*,” *gossip*, *row*, *gobbery*, and *jaw*.”—I must have a still calm eve, in some quiet bowyer far removed from the “*ham of human cities*,” with “*one fair spirit for my minister*,” who needs not to ask or to be told what string to strike—one who loves, as I love, the “*auld world songs*” and simple melodies of a more simple generation—one whose purer taste rejects the

Shakes and flourishes, outlandish things, That nair, not grace, an honest English song.” But cling still to the “*merit*,” not the less precious that we seldom hear it,” the pathetic simplicity which nature prompts—whose heart is in the strain she wakens, forgetful for the time of external things, and breathing only in its own exalted atmosphere of harmony. This is to me a banquet at which there is no chance that that appetite should sicken, and so die.” To such a feast I would even be selfish enough to wish no fellow guests. I would have no voice to break the spell—to startle the spirit from its trance of enchantment—to mar with the sounds of earth the tones which bless us with dreams of heaven.

Our own Shakespeare, in one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, has drawn a lover of music after my own heart. I love that music-loving Duke of *Illyria* before he has spoken two lines:—

“Now, good *Caesario*, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought it did relieve my passion much. More than light airs, and recollected terms, Of these most briek and giddy-padded times.”

And again, “Mark it, *Caesario*—it is old and plain:—The spinners, and the knitters in the sun, And the free maids that weave their thread with bones, Do woe to sing it.”

Yes! Shakespeare has sought for the standard of taste in music in a quarter which may

perchance provoke the sneer of the professor but he has sought in the true one, for all that—he has sought for it in the people—in the class to whom music is the only one of the fine arts capable of being thoroughly enjoyed;—who turn confused from scientific and perplexed combinations of sound, to some more simple strain which they can feel, and understand, and remember—whose taste is the taste of nature, and therefore the true one.

Coleridge’s “*Lines composed in a Concert-Room*” are a host in my favor. Truly, indeed, does he say of the crowds who ordinarily fill those receptacles, “these feel not music’s genuine power;” and beautifully does he long to change the “*long-breathed singer’s* untutored strain,” for the melodies of the “*unnoticed minstrel*,” who

Breathes on his flute sad airs, so wild and low That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.”

Byron is on my side, notwithstanding he asserts himself to be “*a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music*.” The clever stanza which dashes off the “*long evenings* of duets and trios,” wants the foiling—marred as its effect is by the jingling rhyme—which characterises the following one, in which he speaks of

Heart-ballads of *Green Erin* or *Gray Highlands*, That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam O’er our Atlantic continents or islands; The calculations of music, which o’erzeal All mount, incoers with dreams that they are high lands.

No more to be beheld but in such vision!”

Yes! it is not the grand crash of the orchestra, or the painful effort of the concert-room—it is not your “*Babylon’s bravuras*” that stir the heart of the wanderer who roams “*remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow*,” among strangers in a strange land; but the honest simple strains of the people—homey things which sink deep into the home-sick heart—strains which have cheered his evening hours among friends far away—remembrance of all that man holds dearest—of *kindness*, of *kindred*, of *love*, of *home*. There is many a *Vacher’s* Swiss heart that melts at the *Ranz des Vaches*, to which the overture to *Guillaume Tell* would be an unintelligible and powerless congregation of sounds.

“*Music*,” says Addison, “is to delude its laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of the art itself; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from agreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.”

To these “*chromatic ears*” it is the fashion now-a-days for John Bull to pretend—and he seems determined to wear them long enough in all conscience; but, though he has forgotten the national music to attach himself with all the fervor of a renegade to her foreign sisters, I cannot help thinking, and hoping, that we shall yet see the day when he will be pleased to resume the more “*ordinary*” organs which naturally belong to him—when the strains “*which pleased of yore the public ear*” shall once more claim their ancient place in his estimation; and the manes of the exasperated mayores be appeased by the restoration of the long-exiled “*simple ballad*.”

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale by the B. Merchants:
A TABLE SHEWING THE LATITUDES AND LONGITUDES OF HEADLANDS, &c., on the Coasts of North America, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, from a SERIES OF OBSERVATIONS MADE ON THE SPOT, in the years 1828, '29 and '30, by Mr. JOHN JONES, Master, and Mr. HORATIO, Mate of H. M. Ship *Huscar*, and other Officers of the North American Squadron; Halifax being considered as the Meridian.

W. COWAN & SON,
St. John Street, Upper Town,
St. Peter Street, Lower Town.
4th Oct.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, FRIDAY, 11th OCT. 1839.

Yesterday's mail from the south brought New-York papers of Friday only, those of Saturday being also due.

The funeral of the murdered Mrs. Peak took place on the 2nd inst. at a very early hour, and in a very private manner, to avoid creating additional excitement on the subject. The *Pennsylvanian* explains the feelings that actuated Wood to perpetrate the horrid crime by saying that he was ambitious for his daughter—that the main purpose of his toils and cares was to heap up wealth, by means of which he hoped at no distant day, to return to England, and there secure for her a marriage that should at once gratify his pride and elevate her to a higher station in society. Wood was a man destitute of religious principle, but up to the period of the murder had borne an unimpeachable character for honesty and fair dealing in the ordinary transactions of life.

A new theatre, to replace the National, lately destroyed by fire, is to be built at New-York at an expense of \$350,000, including the purchase of ground and buildings thereon.—The space between Chambers & Reade streets on Broadway, has been fixed upon as the most eligible site.

The New York papers of Saturday evening last were received by steamer yesterday afternoon; they contain no intelligence of the steam ship *Liverpool* which, however, was hardly due at that time. The accounts of the state of the New-York money market are rather gloomy. The *Express* says—"The difficulty of obtaining money is very great. The banks discount very sparingly, and there have been two or three failures of respectable houses, and the astonishment is, that there have not been quadruple the number. Houses at all extended cannot obtain facilities from banks, but are thrown into the street, where they are compelled to pay one and a half to three per cent per month." The weekly report of the general markets presents no alterations in former accounts worthy of notice.

Generals Francois Giennie and Bossier had a duel on the 15th ult. at Nachitoches. The combatants fought with rifles at forty paces, and Giennie was killed at the first fire.

LOWER PROVINCES.

We do not find much news of importance in the papers received from below, by the mail that arrived yesterday. The *Pictou Observer* says—"We are sorry to state that the Labrador fishery, so far as this port is concerned, is a complete failure."

The same paper gives the following account of a rock, the knowledge of which is important to seafaring men:—

On the evening of the 5th instant, H. M. S. *Andromache* struck on an unknown rock, off Entry Island, one of the Magdalen (not the Pearl) rocks; and it being the top of high water at the time, she remained 10 hours on shore but got off without any material damage, after throwing a few shot overboard, and starting a quantity of water. She remained perfectly tight, the water being, fortunately, very smooth at the time.

The rock lies a quarter of a mile due E. by N. from the high rock or islet off the N. E. point of Entry Island. It has eleven feet of water on it, with 4, 5 and 6 fathoms between the islet—close outside of there is a depth of seven fathoms. The rock is not laid down in the recent or any previous survey, and was unknown to the pilot.

UPPER CANADA—MORE BURNING.

The extensive and recently built stables, which were attached to the "Pavilion" at Niagara Falls, previous to the destruction of that building by fire, were burnt down on the night of the 28th ultimo, and no doubt is en-

tertained of their having been fired by incendiaries. This supposition is borne out by the subjoined—from the *Niagara Chronicle* which goes to show that the recent tear of the President and General Scott along the frontier has been of very little use. When is all this to stop? Are there no means short of retaliation to preserve the property of the inhabitants of Upper Canada from destruction? If there be none, retaliation will commence, we cannot doubt; and once commenced, the frontier towns of the United States will become smouldering heaps of ruins, if the men of Upper Canada bear out the character for bravery which they have already won. Their endurance has been hard pushed, and if you strain the point much farther, Brother Jonathan, look out for the Groggery Boys "walking into" you, to the tune of the "Campbells are coming."

We understand that while the stables were burning the "citizens" of Manchester assembled at the Feary, and were remarkably loud in their vociferations of joy. General Birt, of Buffalo, happened to be there at the time, and he, disgusted at the utter want of right feeling evinced by his countrymen, took the opportunity to rebuke them in very becoming terms. He told them that if persons from the States crossed over the river to burn the houses of Canadians, the Canadians, having just as little to prevent them from passing the boundary, might take it into their heads that they would be quite justified in burning down the houses of Americans; and he advised them to do all in their power to prevent mischief, rather than rejoice over the perpetration of crime.

Such advice ought to have an effect, and we sincerely trust it will, for the soothing result of retaliation in the Lower Province has made a great impression upon the minds of the people hereabouts.

We are happy to find that Col. Swan, P. S. has been commissioned to organize an active constabulary force on the Niagara frontier, at the head of which the gallant Colonel will officiate as Stipendiary Magistrate. This will go far, it is to be hoped, in quelling the incendiary spirit of the sympathisers.

The Niagara Dock Company has entered into a contract with Government to build a war steamer of 400 tons burthen, for Lake Erie; the vessel will be built at Chippewa, where the company has purchased ground for a ship yard.

The Durhams of the Home District in appointing Finch's tavern, Toronto, for their place of meeting, literally "reckoned without their host"; for in a letter to the *Patriot*, Mr. Finch says:—"I hereby authorise you to state to the public, that the said meeting has been appointed to assemble at my house without my knowledge or consent; and that I am fully resolved that my house and premises shall not be open to any such meeting."

A meeting of the inhabitants of the Eastern District was held at Cornwall on Monday last, Alex. McMartin, Esq. in the chair. The proceedings were opened by the Hon. P. Van-koughnet, who stated that the object of the meeting was the consideration of the propriety of adopting an address to His Excellency Sir John Colborne, previous to his departure for Great Britain. The Hon. Gentleman adverted with eloquence and effect to the important services rendered to these colonies by Sir John. Several resolutions—highly approbatory of the manner in which His Excellency had fulfilled the duties imposed on him—were passed, and an excellent address adopted, for which, however, we cannot find room. The following account of the concluding part of the proceedings will be read with pleasure; it gives a hint which the inhabitants of this province might, with honour to themselves, act upon:

The Hon. P. Van-koughnet then said that he thought something more was due His Excellency than a mere address from the people of Upper Canada, to whom, from the wise and judicious measures adopted by him, they owe their present quiet and happy state. The

presentation of an address was a courtesy which was usually paid to all Governors on their leaving their government, and which had been paid even to our late Governor General, Lord Durham, who of all others deserved it least from the British inhabitants of the Province; for independent of the numerous unfulfilled promises which he so liberally and unhesitatingly made them, he has sent back a firebrand into the country, which will do more harm, and take longer to extinguish than the wisest politician can at present foresee. The hon. gentleman said that he would propose something that would be of longer duration than an address, and which would shew to the world how highly the people of Upper Canada valued the services, and esteemed the character of His Excellency.

The Hon. P. Van-koughnet then moved that it be resolved—

That in order to give a further expression of our sentiments and feelings towards His Excellency, a subscription be opened to raise means for the purchase of a "monument of respect and esteem from the people of Upper Canada to Sir John Colborne, and that the committee above named be authorized to open communications with the other districts of the province, and jointly with those districts to concert measures for carrying the proposition into full effect.

This resolution was seconded by the Hon. Col. Fraser, and carried by acclamation.

Yesterday being the day appointed for laying the Corner Stone of McGill College, by His Excellency Sir John Colborne, the Governor General, His Excellency, accompanied by Major General Clitheroe, and attended by his Staff, and almost the whole of the Field officers in garrison, left the Governor's residence at a quarter to twelve o'clock; and arrived at Burnside, the site of the new building, at the hour appointed for commencing the interesting ceremony.

The procession was formed outside the Garden Wall, at Burnside, and proceeded to the site of the College in the following order:—

- Band.
- Builers.
- Architect.
- Board of Works.
- Members of the Bar.
- General Clitheroe and the Staff.
- The Clergy.
- The Judges.
- Members of the Special Council.
- Members of the Executive Council.
- Members of the Faculty of McGill College.
- Member of the Roy-I Institution.
- Principal of McGill College.
- His Excellency Sir John Colborne.

When the procession, which had an imposing effect, reached the scaffolding erected to receive it, prayers were offered up by the Reverend Principal for a blessing upon the work which was about to be commenced. After prayers, the Hon. George Moffatt addressed His Excellency in the following terms:—

May it Please Your Excellency. About twenty-five years ago the late Hon. James McGill an opulent merchant of this city, and one of the earliest settlers in the country after its surrender to the British arms—a man greatly esteemed for his benevolence, probity and patriotism, and who duly appreciated the advantages of education to a people, bequeathed this estate of Burnside and the sum of ten thousand pounds towards the endowment of a College to bear his name and designed by him to aid the Government in affording to his countrymen the means of acquiring a liberal education within the limits of the Province.

These valuable bequests were made in trust to the Royal Institution for the advancement of learning, and the Corporation having, after a protracted litigation, obtained possession of them, are now enabled to proceed in carrying into effect the liberal and beneficent intentions of the testator. Sir, when I reflect upon the manifest donations of noble public lands which have been made for the purposes of education in the adjoining Colonies, I cannot but lament that a liberality so wise and just on the part of the Crown should have been withheld from the Province of Lower Canada, in which, after a lapse of eighty years since the conquest, and twenty-five years since the bequest of Mr. McGill, no efficient provision has yet been made for instruction in the English tongue; but, Sir, notwithstanding the great and engaging importance of the subject, my intention at this time, is merely to state the fact, and without detaining your Excellency, to dilate upon its consequences. I feel it a more pressng duty to recur to the immediate business of the day and the event which it is to commence. I rejoice, Sir, that the important step now to be taken for carrying in effect the intentions of the late Mr. McGill, occurs during the administration of your Excellency, to whose wisdom, energy and devotion to the public welfare, this Province is already so deeply indebted, and in the name of the Royal Institution (represented on this interesting occasion by the Rev. Dr. Cook and myself) I humbly invite your Excellency to commence the great and good work we have in hand, by laying the Corner Stone of McGill College.

To this Address His Excellency made a suitable reply, expressive of the gratification which he felt at being present at laying the corner stone of an edifice for the promotion of the greatest of all earthly blessings—the cultivation and instruction of the human mind, and consequently the true and only foundation of morality and religion. The architect of the College then came forward, and presented, for His Excellency's inspection, a plan and elevation of the building. A glass tube, hermetically sealed, and containing some coins of the present reign, and an account of the endowment of the College, was then handed by His Excellency, who deposited the same in the cavity of the lower stone. The upper stone was then lowered to its place—the band playing during the operation. When properly adjusted by the architect, His Excellency gave three strokes with a mallet, when a herald proclaimed "God save the Queen," and three cheers were given. The band then played the National Anthem; and Dr. Broughton having again offered up a prayer, the ceremony was concluded amidst great cheering, and mutual interchanges of congratulations at the laying the corner stone of the first English and Protestant College in Lower Canada.—*Montreal Gazette* of Tuesday.

The Montreal papers of Wednesday are entirely destitute of news.

ADDRESSES TO THE NEW GOVERNOR.

In addition to the Magistrates' Address, mentioned in our last, another address to Mr. Poulett Thompson has been prepared, purporting to come from the citizens of Quebec generally. The *Gazette* of Wednesday says that copies of it were left at the Exchange and the Court House for signature; if so, some one has walked off with it from the former place, for it was not to be seen there yesterday. We should think that an indispensable preliminary to the submission of such an address for signature is the convention of a public meeting, in order that the sentiments of every one may be ascertained, but in this case the preliminary has been omitted, for what reason we cannot divine. We know nothing of the contents of the address that has been drawn up, not having seen it, but we must protest against its being put forth as expressing the opinions of the inhabitants of Quebec generally, until it be ascertained in the usual and proper manner—by a public meeting—that an address to Mr. Poulett Thompson, of any description, is desirable.

MADemoiselle ALBINA STELLA, who has given two vocal concerts at Montreal, arrived in this city yesterday, and we are informed intends giving a concert at the Albion Hotel, on an early day next week. The singing of the lily created quite a sensation in Montreal, where such magnificent vocal music had never previously been heard. Mile. Stella is in some time *prima donna* at the theatre of San Carlos in Naples, a fact which of itself proves that she must be a *cantatrice* of great power. All the Montreal papers have been most enthusiastic in their praise. The editor of the *Journal du Peuple*, who is himself a foreigner, in an elaborate critique on this lady's singing evinced much knowledge of the performance of the most distinguished vocalists of Europe, among whom he places Mile. Stella in a very high position. We, therefore, expect a rich musical treat next week.

The harbour of Quebec had a beautiful appearance yesterday morning, from half-past ten to noon. At the former hour the clouds that had obscured the sun vanished, and the "glorious orb" shone with the brilliancy of a "midsummer day," shedding cheerfulness over the whole face of nature. The wind blew gently from the eastward, so gently as scarcely to cause a ripple on the water; but with the turning tide a large number of outward bound vessels weighed anchor and set all their canvases to avail themselves in "beating out" of the zephyr—wind it could not be called. The motion of the ships was scarcely perceptible, and when opposite the Montserrat Falls, some eighteen or twenty of them, in a cluster, formed a beautiful pic-

ture, and attracted the attention of the witnesses, until they were out of sight.

DISASTERS AT SEA.—T which underwent repairs summer after being wrecked to Quebec, has met with a "sorry" to find. Edward J. G., who arrived here yesterday, like the Navarino went off, having lost topmasts, masts, in a gale, on her. Navarino cleared from her Liverpool. The pilot likewise schooners were wrecked of vicinity of Gaspe, during the Navarino suffered.

A letter was received from Agent of Lloyds, at Sydney announcing that the new steamer burthen, built by Mr. this summer, and which Aug. for Belfast, was found the big British Queen, H. and abandoned at sea. C mate of his vessel in which which has been brought ashore is not much injured, but rigging, &c. were gone.

Like the Navarino, this steamer within a short time met with. She had not port, on her last sailing, back for repairs.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

ARRIVE.

- Oct. 9
- Back Arabian, Allan, 7th
- ral cargo, Montreal.
- Back Robin Castle, Bro
- ballast, Chapman &
- Back Bachelor, Murray, 14
- ballast, Atkinson &
- Back Mersey Jane, Cook,
- gar, for Montreal.
- Back Drake, Francis, 14
- ballast, Jas Hunt
- Back Celia, Baird, 30th A
- Back Barret, 2nd voyage
- Ship Heroine, Walker, 18
- last, Heath & Co., 1
- Back Jona, Campbell, 21st
- Woon.
- Back Greenwood, Sands, 21
- Levey & Co.
- Back Ocean, Robinson, 1st
- Atkinson & Co. 3rd
- 100
- Ship Princess Charlotte,
- London, ballast, CI
- Ship Julius Cresser, —
- Matfield & Co.
- Back Ant, Williams, 9th
- Gilmour & Co.
- Back Mary, Tate, 10th
- Price & Co. and vo
- Back Triumph, Potter, 1
- S. fish and oil, H. J.
- Back Astor, Kendrick,
- gar, for Montreal.

CLEAN.

- Oct. 10
- Ship Wellington, Gortle,
- Back John Walker, Gaa
- Back Thos. Dryden, Niel
- Back Archona, Mitchell,
- Back Bradshaw, Milroy
- Watters.
- Back Great Britain, Ma
- rice & Co.
- Back Sacort, Minto, Se
- Back Bolivar, Doyle, W
- 10
- Back Magnet, Anderson,
- Back Marchioness of Ab
- derry, Gilmour &
- Ship Dolphin, Roach, J
- Back Louisa, Betty, Co
- Back Centurion, Hepp
- man & Co.
- Back Pallas, Hall, Cork
- Ship Vere, Willis, Fort
- Back Waterhen, Doda,
- Back Sarah, Allan, Ab
- Back Langley, Richards
- Back Clifton, Biscoe, K
- Back Richibucto, Gane

ENTERED.

- O
- Credo, 242, Aberystwy
- Facile, 306, London, 1
- Monarch, 331, Sunderland
- Belle Marchant, 363,
- Ship, 366, Greenock, 1
- Monarch, 366, Greenoc
- 366, Greenoc
- Ship, 366, Liverpool
- Ship, 366, 430, Gi
- Ship, 366, 430, Gi
- Ship, 366, 430, Gi

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT.

WATER-PROOF COATS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF MACINTOSH COATS, Cloaks and Capes, just received by
ROBERT CAIRNS,
24th Sept. No. 20, Mountain St.

SHAWLS.
L. BALLINGALL & CO. respectfully inform the public, that they have opened a case containing a great variety of BLACK AND COLOURED FILLED AND PLAIN MIDDLE SHAWLS, suitable for the season.
Quebec, 16th September, 1839.

HORATIO CARWELL.
No. 4, Fabrique Street.
IN addition to his present extensive stock of Carpets, Counterpanes, Quilts, Flannels, Blankets, Russia Sheetings, Irish Linens, Turkish Table Linen, Lincloth, Sheetings, Plain Muslins, Prints, Caubrics, Boots, Shoes, Gloves, Silk and cotton Hosiery, Millinery, Ribbons, &c. &c.

HAS JUST RECEIVED,
Per "Mary Laing," from London,
A choice assortment of Printed Saxon Flannels, German Cloth Merinoes, Autumn Bonne Silk with Ribbons to match of the newest kinds, Black mode Mantillas trimmed with lace, Cashmere and Lama Wool Shawls, Black Bobbin and Brussels Lace Veils, and a general selection of the newest styles Mouselines de Laines.
The whole of which is now being offered at reduced prices.
Quebec, 9th Sept.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS
At their Store, St. Peter Street,
TWENTY Pipes, 30 Hhds. Bonaparte Wines, just received ex *Dumfriesshire*, from Belfast.

L. P. and Cargo Tenerife Wine in pipes, hhd's and casks,
500 bags Newcastle Scot, assorted numbers,
150 half boxes Crown Window Glass, assorted sizes,
100 boxes Fig Blue,
150 barrels Irish Pork,
50 do. Stockholm do.
5000 sheets Patent Sheathing Felt,
3000 do. do. Roofing do.
Sheathing Copper and Nails,
And on *Beaverly Wharf*:
100 Chaldrons superior Sunderland Grate Coals,
Wm. PRICE & CO.
Quebec, 29th Aug. 1839.

JUST RECEIVED,
EX "MARY LAING," FROM LONDON,
And for sale by the Subscribers,
TWO Cases Bickerton & Gillet's Beaver HATS of very superior quality, and worthy the attention of the trade.
WILLIAM PRICE & CO.
11th September.

NEW FLANNELS
JUST ARRIVED AT
BROWN'S CHEAP CLOTHING STORE,
CORNER OF FORT AND BEADE STREETS.
AND DAILY LOOKED FOR—
A large assortment of PILOT and other HATS, at prices to suit every man's pocket, from the gentleman to the labourer.
Always on hand—An assortment of READY MADE CLOTHES.
Quebec, 16th Sept. 1839.

THREE RIVERS BRICKS
FOR SALE
BY **JAMES SEATON,**
No. 1, St. Peter Street,
9th September.

J. BOOMER & CO.
Subsiders, Upholsters, & Undertakers,
&c. &c.

MOST respectfully intimate to the public that they have commenced business in the house, No. 12, St. John Street, St. John's Suburb, (lately occupied by R. Bouchard) where all orders will be received and executed in a superior manner, and at prices *five per cent less than usual.*
Picture Frames neatly manufactured.
Quebec, 4th Sept. 1839.

SURGEON DENTIST.
S. SPOONER, partner of Dr. W. Spooner, having arrived in Quebec, professes his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Quebec and its vicinity.
He will be found constantly at the Union Hotel, Room No. 13. Hours from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
He is well furnished with superb Mineral Teeth, Tooth Brushes and Powder, &c.
Quebec, Sept. 10th, 1839.

THE HUMAN HAIR.
WHERE the hair is observed to be growing thin, nothing can be more preposterous than the use of oils, grease or any fatty matter. Their application can only be recommended through the grossest ignorance, as they hasten the fall of the hair, by increasing the relaxation of the skin. When there is a harsh, dry, or contracted skin, and where the small blood vessels which carry nourishment to the bulb are obstructed, then the oils, &c., may be good, as they tend to relax the skin; but alone they are of no avail. There must be a stimulus to rouse the vessels from their torpor, and quicken the current of the blood—*Extract from Churchill's Treatise on the Hair.*
The BALM OF COLUMBIA is the only preparation that can have that effect, being entirely free from any oily substance.
I had unfortunately lost nearly all the hair from the top of my head, when I commenced the use of the Balm of Columbia, and have, by the use of two bottles had my head covered with a fine growth of hair—There can be no mistake in the matter, as any of my friends can see by calling on me—I had also become quite gray, but had the gray hairs plucked out, and it has grown in as the Balm says of the natural colour; if any body doubts these facts, let them call upon me and see. I bought the Balm of Columstok & Co., 2, Fletcher Street.
A RINGDIE,
No. 19, Coenties Slip, Agent of Detroit Line.
New York, Nov. 9, 1837.

COUNTERFEITS ARE ABROAD.
Look carefully on the splendid wrapper, for the name of L. S. COMSTOCK. Beware of all without that name must be false.
SOLD BY
JOHN MENSON,
Agent for Quebec, and by Messrs. SIMS & BOWLES, and BEGG & URQUHART.
Quebec, 4th October.

PATENT
PLASTER OF PARIS.
MCKENZIE & BOWLES having obtained Her Majesty's Letters Patent for an improved method of manufacturing Plaster of Paris, can now supply the public with an article much superior in quality to any before offered. Builders, Plasterers, Stucco workers, Figure Makers, &c., will find it to their advantage to give it an early trial.
FIGURES, FRIZES MOULDING,
AND ORNAMENTAL WORK,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Moulded and cast, on the shortest notice.
All orders left at their Mills, Cape Diamond Wharf, and at their Store, St. John and St. Stanislaus Street, will be punctually attended to.
N. B.—The whole is under the superintendance of SERAFINO TOSNOTTI, an experienced Artist from Italy.
Quebec, 11th Aug. 1839.

LATELY PUBLISHED,
By **William Gregg,**
AND EDITED BY NEWTON BOSWORTH, F. R. S. A.
A NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK
ENTITLED,
HOCHELAGA DEPICTA;
OR
THE EARLY AND PRESENT STATE OF THE CITY AND ISLAND OF MONTREAL;
ILLUSTRATED with Forty-Five Original Copper Plates Engravings of the Public Buildings, and Views of the City, from different points, a Plan of the City as it was in 1705, one year before its Conquest, and an Outline Plan as it now is;—SO, AN APPENDIX, containing a brief History of the two REBELLIONS (1837-1838) in Lower Canada, and a Chapter on AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—1 vol 12mo. neatly printed, and bound in Fancy cloth—1/4 Lettered, price 12s. 6d.
Quebec.—Sold by **W. COWAN & SON,**
9th August.

WANTED,
TWO or three active boys to deliver the Transcript.

FOR SALE,
At No. 14, Notre Dame Street,
20 CASKS ALUM,
10 Casks Epsom Salts,
8 Casks Brimstone,
10 Baskets Double Berkley Cheese,
7 Bags Cotton Wick,
1 Hhd. Westphalia Ham,
3 Cases Preserved Ginger,
12 Boxes Souchong Tea,
10 Cases Gin.
JOHN FISHER.
Quebec, 8th June.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
TWO Hundred Barrels superfine FLOUR,
—Grantham Mills—a very superior article.
W. PRICE & CO.
21st June.


INDIA RUBBER SHOES.
JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE,
LADIES', Gentlemen's, and Children's
INDIA RUBBER SHOES, of the best quality.
FREDK. WYSE,
No. 3, Palace Street, opposite the Albion Hotel, Upper Town, and the foot of Mountain Street, near the Neptune Inn, Lower Town.
2nd August.

NEW SHIP CHANDLERY.
ESTABLISHMENT.
THE Subscribers having entered into Co-partnership, intend carrying on the above business (in the premises lately occupied by S. Brocklesby & Son, St. Peter-street), under the style and firm of Pinkerton & Oliver,
A. H. PINKERTON,
J. E. OLIVER.
Quebec, 20th May.

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER
No. 11, Notre Dame Street,
20 SEROONS of BLACK PEPPER, (sifted).
10 Baskets Olive Oil,
20 Barrels Roasted Coffee
20 Casks superior *Aloua Ale*, in wood and bottle.
ALSO 1—
1 Pipe Blackburn's Madeira,
10 Hhds. Vinegar, &c.
JOHN FISHER.
Quebec 17th June, 1839.

MADEIRA WINE.
THE undersigned have received via London a FRESH SUPPLY of the much esteemed brand "J. Howard, March & Co."
JOHN GORDON & CO.
17th June.

PARTNERSHIP.
THE Subscribers respectfully beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public in general, that the business heretofore conducted by J. J. SIMS will, from this date, be carried on under the style and firm of
SIMS & BOWLES.
They are now moving into those spacious new premises, corner of Hope Street.
J. J. SIMS,
J. BOWLES, JUNIOR.
Apothecaries & Druggists, Upper Town Market Place.—1st May.

R. C. TODD,
HERALD PAINTER,
No. 16, St. NICHOLAS STREET,

CANADIAN PATRIOT.
THIS Steamer being now in a complete state of repair, has commenced plying between this Port and Montreal, touching at the intermediate Ports—The proprietors of the *Canadian Patriot*, therefore, beg leave to announce to the public, that they are now prepared to receive Freight and Passengers; that her Cabins are fitted up in a superior style of elegance, with accommodations surpassed by no other Boat in the River, and that she will not be retarded by towing. They trust from the assiduous attention that will be paid to the comfort of passengers, and the prompt and safe delivery of Goods to merit a share of public patronage.
Application for Freight or Passage, to be made to the Captain, on board, or to the undersigned, **E. HOOPER, Agent.**
24th July, 1838. *Hand's Wharf.*

OFFICE FOR MILITIA CLAIMS,
Quebec, 19th July, 1839.
PUBLIC NOTICE, is hereby given, that payment of patent fees on all Militia Locations, published up to this day, is required to be made to the Provincial Secretary, the Honorable DOMINICK DALY, between this and the FIRST day of FEBRUARY next; and that all the lands for which the fees shall not have been paid at that date will be considered as relinquished by the parties whom located, and will be returned by the Crown to be otherwise disposed of.
The fees to be paid are as follows:—
On 1000—100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000.
From 110, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000.
Also, exclusive of the above, if applied for, certificate 2s. 6d., or copy of patent and certificate 12s. 6d.
In cases recognized, where the land located will be resumed for non-payment of patent fees as above, the parties will only be entitled to scrip in lieu, and for the nominal value thereof, according to the terms of the Earl of Durham's Proclamation of 11th September, 1828, provided application is made for the same in proper time.
By Command,
JEAN LANGEVIN,
Secretary.

A. PARROTT,
Copper & Tinsmith, Brazier & Plumber
HAS REMOVED to No. 19, Mountain Street, opposite Mr. Neilson's Bookstore, where he will be happy to receive orders for all kinds of work in his line.
Quebec, 20th May

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE
200 MINOTS Boiling Peas,
50 dozens London Porter,
10 qt. casks Port Wine,
5 ditto superior Sherry ditto,
6 puncheons Montreal Cider,
50 boxes Liverpool Soap,
25 ditto Montreal ditto,
2 hhd's American Hams,
1 ditto Westphalia ditto,
20 barrels and half ditto Limerick Pork.
ALSO, English and American Cheese, Souchong, Congou, Twankay and Hyson Tea, Fresh Pickles & Sauces, Salad & Caster Oil, Lemon Syrup, Wine's and Wandle's Mustard in 1 lb. and 4 lb. bottles, Spermicity Oil, and Pale Seal Oil, Indian Meal and Oatmeal, &c.
THOS. BICKELL,
Corner of St. John & Stanislaus Streets
10th July

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.
THE favorable opinion I formerly entertained of the waters of the Caledonia Springs is MORE THAN CONFIRMED, as from the benefits I personally derived from their use, as from what I observed of their effects on others. The water should be drunk in moderate quantities before breakfast, and persevered in for some weeks at least.
(Signed) **WILLIAM ROBINSON, M.D.**

A FRESH SUPPLY JUST RECEIVED
BY
BEGG & URQUHART,
Quebec, 15th May, 1839.

FOR SALE,
BY THE SUBSCRIBER,
100 BARRELS Prime Meas Pork,
200 ditto Prime and Cargo Beef,
(Quebec Inspection.)
120 kegs Plug Tobacco,
20 hhd's U. C. and American Leaf ditto
20,000 Havanna Cigars,
150 barrels U. C. Whiskey,
20 ditto Sperm. Oil, (winter),
74 ditto Cod ditto,
10 hhd's Seal ditto,
40 bags roasted Coffee,
240 boxes Bunch Raisins,
100 dozen Corn Brooms, of super. quality
40 kegs Walnuts,
20 ditto Filberts,
70 kegs U. C. Butter,
50 chests Young Hyson Tea,
50 ditto Hyson Skin ditto,
50 ditto Souchong ditto,
100 boxes Pecco, ditto,
100 ditto Souchong, ditto,
84 tierces Muscovado Sugar,
150 barrel ditto ditto.
JOHN YOUNG.
3rd July, 1839.

QUEBEC:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM COWAN,
HIGH-COURT, PROPRIETORS OF THE TRANSCRIPT,
TOWERS AND BOOKSELLERS ST. JOHN'S STREET.