

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. I. No. 14.]

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 6TH MARCH, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ROMANCE OF A NIGHT.

We dearly love that doubtful dreamy hour, when the lamps in Regent street begin to pale before the slowly-spreading dawn, and the lantern in the policeman's belt can no longer be mistaken for an ignis-fatuus by gentlemen whose conviviality has got the better of their eyesight and discretion. It is then that, as we slowly wend our way towards our domicile, with jaded step and drowsy air, our material man, or at least what remains of him after a night's waltzing, wrapped in a cloak which has, "blaved" for a dozen years, "the shower and the breeze," and crowned with a crumpled hat of such venerable antiquity that it may be designated as indescribable and *impalpable*—for shape it has none, and its outward surface may be seen, but it certainly is no longer felt; then it is, that "a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream," and under the soothing influence of the hour, with its subdued light, and solemn tranquillity, we subside into a frame of mind more suited to our pretensions as a philosopher, and more propitious of what posterity will expect from us; then it is, that the *prestige* of the brilliant scene which we have just left having passed away, when the intoxicating strains of Weipport no longer ring in our ears, and our vision is no longer dazzled by bright lamps, brighter jewels, and still brighter eyes—our dreams of conquest, and plans of flirtation, give place to purer and nobler thoughts; it is then we put this *dui bono* strongly to our hearts and with self accusing justice interrogate our conscience whether, indeed, we have not gone a little too far with Lady A?—whether our marked attentions have not compromised Mrs. B and finally ejaculate a pious aspiration, that poor dear Lady Mary may not have taken all we said during that last gallop, and afterwards in the cloakroom, quite *au pied de la lettre*.

It was on one of the loveliest of these metropolitan mornings in the early part of the month of May, that I (for it is time to drop the literary plurality of pronouns, so ill suited to a personal narrative) was returning home to my lodgings, after a ball at Lady A's in Portland Place, where the absence of a fair and favorite proficient in the kindred arts of dancing and flirtation had cast a certain gloom over a scene which was undeniably brilliant, and would have been agreeable, if I had not been *tout soit pep* in love, and unable to put in execution that admirable precept of the French philosopher or moralist:

"Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime,
Il faut aimer ce qu'on a."

In fact, although there had been no lack of pretty faces, or, as my vanity whispered, amiable glances and encouraging smiles, the whole artillery of ball-room warfare had been wasted on a heart not fortified by stoicism, but defended by a foreign force that had recently taken possession. To me the *fete* had been, "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." My particular role, with all its accessories and adjuncts, had been completely manque. The waistcoat which she had praised as becoming, had been selected in vain—the back-step in the waltz unprofitably rehearsed in the morning—the bouquet, composed of all that was most rare, to secure which, I had driven before breakfast to Covent-garden, lay unneeded in my coat pocket; and, in short, I felt as sulky and *maussade* as possible.

In this discontented and uninteresting mood I was sauntering down Regent street—now wondering how people could be such fools as to stay on at balls till three o'clock in the morning—now reckoning the hours that most elapse before the next opera-night, that I should have a chance of seeing my lady-love occupying a front seat in the dingy pit-box, in which her too vigilant dragon of a *framma* mounted guard during the alternate weeks—and now, as the carriage of Prince T—, passed my, bearing the veteran diplomatist to Hanover Square, from his nightly rubber at the Traveller's, speculating in the innocence of my heart, on the vast importance of the political matters, which could have detained his excellency to such a late hour, in

conference with his confreres du protocole at the Foreign Office—when my attention was attracted by the sound of a female voice in tones of lamentation, and looking around me to see from whence they proceeded I beheld an "elegantly dressed female," seated on the steps of the Club-house—I know not in what name she rejoices—at the corner of Jeremy street, wringing her hands, and exclaiming—"Ah mon Dieu! Que vais-je devenir! Que vais-je devenir!"

Conceiving at first that she was only a "damsel fair and free," suffering under the depressing influence of the blue demon of Geneva, I was about to pass on, and leave her to the benevolent attentions of some one of those salaried knights errant, the rules of whose order oblige them to "succour all distressed fair ones in such an emergency, and provide them with an asylum for the night in that hospitable retreat, commonly called the station house, when she arrested my progress by a more direct appeal to my sympathies, and "Mon bon Monsieur, pour l'amour de Dieu!" saluted my ears, in accents too distinct and musical to admit of any doubts as to the sobriety of the person who uttered them.

This interpellé, I approached the interesting speaker, and on obtaining a nearer view of her, was gratified by the sight of one of the prettiest little faces that ever peeped from behind the tulle, blonde, or gauze, of a Parisian bonnet. It was one of those April countenances, which appear qualified to laugh and cry almost at the same moment, for as the tears fell from her dark, sparkling, and expressive eyes, a gentle smile played round her rosy lips, and disclosed a set of teeth, whose mother-of-pearl hue might have put to shame the most highly-finished and accurately imitated ratiel that ever issued from the laboratory of Monsieur Malin. I was interested in spite of myself, and when she clasped a pair of very pretty gloveless hands in an attitude of graceful supplication, I felt the spirit of chivalry strong within me, and determined to assist the disconsolate fair to the best of my ability, en tout bien, et en tout honneur.

"Madam," said I, in French, and with my very best accent, may I request to know in what I may have it in my power to serve you?"

"Alas! sir," she replied, in the true style of ancient romance, you see before you an unfortunate stranger, qui ne sait ou donner de la tete."

"Madam," rejoined I, "you may command me. If you have lost your way, I shall be too happy to give you the benefit of my experience in recovering it."

The fair stranger here gave me a look which seemed to imply some doubt of my qualifications as a guide; and, to say the truth, I believe my aspect, with all the accessories of crushed hat, dishevelled hair, and drooping shirt collar, was not such as to inspire much confidence in my expressed intention of leading her into the right path. She had however, but slight advantage over me in the article of dress. Her own toilette was any thing but soignée, exhibiting in fact, a degree of disorganisation for which I was at a loss to account, without falling back on my original hypothesis respecting her.

"Where do you wish to go, madam?" I continued, in as sober and matter-of-fact a manner as possible.

"Alas! Sir," said she; "that is more than I can tell you."

"With all deference," said I, "I would suggest that that is an important preliminary, which it is highly expedient to arrange before a lady sets out on so early a walk; and if I may take the liberty of advising still further, I should say, the best possible thing you can do is to go home."

"Chez moi?" exclaimed she, "mon Dieu I have no chez moi! and it is for this very reason that I have taken the liberty of troubling monsieur! "I fear madame," said I, that I am not very likely to advance your views of domiciliation; but if you do not know here you are going, perhaps you will be able to inform me from whence you come."

"Direct from Paris, Monsieur," answered she; "I arrived about an hour ago, by the Calais steam-boat."

She then proceeded to inform me that the object of her visit to London was to rejoin her brother, who was an *artiste* of the opera, and that she had landed at some place which, as well as I could make out from her pronunciation, seemed to be the Tower Stairs, and as soon as she had been released from the indeliberate curiosity of the *douaniers* had consigned the custody of herself and portmanteau to a hackney cabman, who had undertaken to deliver her in safety at her brother's residence, the particulars of which were legibly displayed on a piece of paper which she had, with full confidence in the *loyaute* of the English character, entrusted to him for his guidance. But the perfidious chariot, regardless of the duties of hospitality, oblivious of the important distinction between *mum* and *team* and wholly insensible to the disgrace which he was about to entail on his "order," had driven her to the spot where I had found her; and having induced her to alight, in the full belief that she had arrived at her destination, he suddenly snatched from her hand the purse which she had produced for the purpose of paying his fare, and before she could recover from her astonishment at a procede si inouï, drove off at full speed, bearing with him the whole of her stock in trade, viz, her portmanteau and the aforesaid purse. And thus she found herself, at three in the morning, on the pave in Regent St. unable to speak three words of English, without a sol in her possession, and reckoning amongst her misfortunes, the loss of her brother's address, which she in vain attempted to recall to her memory, and which at all events, she would have found very difficult to articulate intelligibly. In this forlorn situation she had appealed ineffectually to the benevolence of two or three passers who had vouchsafed to her petition no other notice than the G—d—m with which her experience of the British residents in Paris had rendered her tolerably familiar; and such was her distress, that she was only restrained from going to throw herself into the river by her ignorance of the road which led to the water side, when I appeared in the character of her good genius and at the first glance having discovered by my countenance that I should not be insensible to the claims of a forlorn stranger on my assistance and support, as a *galant homme*, she had ventured to solicit my advice, and throw herself on my generosity, &c.

All this was of course very flattering to my vanity, but, nevertheless, rather embarrassing to my prudence; and however I might covet the reputation of a "Squire of dames," I confess I was disposed to wish that my fair incognita had been less correct in her observations as a physiognomist, or that my features had been cast in a less attractive mould. To leave her to her fate, however was impossible, as her story might be true, and I was bound in common humanity to give her the benefit of the doubt. But how to proceed was the question. The most obvious though perhaps not the most chivalrous *denarcho* would be to look out for a police man, and deliver her into his charge, requesting him to give her the hospitality of the station house, till such time as further measures might be taken for the discovery of her friends. But as good or bad luck decreed, not one of these exemplary functionaries was in sight; and on my delicately hinting to my unfortunate companion the propriety of soliciting the intervention of the municipal authority in her favour, she was evidently much hurt at the idea of being placed in so equivocal a position, which she declared would compromise her in a manner most distressing to her feelings, as well as those of her friends. "Could I but conduct her to her brother's house, that was all she required of me. She could not recollect the street, but it was somewhere dans le quartier de St. Pierre, D'ailleurs, I surely must know him, so distinguished an *artiste*, whose name was almost European, Mons^{rs} Lachapelle Corycque *chanteur et premier* Pontemine de

Theatre de sa Majeste le Roi de la grande Bretagne."

Unfortunately, the knowledge of the name and profession at which this "European" celebrity rejoiced, was of very little assistance to me in the temporary disposal of his sister, who, it seemed was likely to remain on my hands, until the reopening of Seguin's stop, or the box office at the king's theatre, should enable me to direct her proceedings, or at least ascertain the correctness of her story. In the mean-time, what was to be done? I did not see to rouse the people at any of the fashionable Hotels in order to solicit for my fair charge an asylum which they would most probably refuse to an applicant coming "in such a questionable shape." To take her home to my own lodgings would not, I thought be quite correct; and still less did I relish the idea of procuring a bed for her until eight or nine o'clock, which seemed to be the only remaining alternative. In this agreeable state of perplexity, I found myself incessantly continuing my route towards Craven street where I lodged, when the lady, whose misfortunes had certainly not deprived her of the faculty of speech, kept close by my side, and poured into my nostrils every variety of details concerning her birth, parentage, and education—life, character, and behaviour, which had very little interest for one whose chief anxiety it was to get rid of the fair narrator as politely, but as rapidly as possible.

At length we arrived at the corner of Waterloo place, in Pall-Mall, where an itinerant tea maker (so called by courtesy) had established his stall, and was dispensing some villainous decoction of sise-leaves, from a huge kettle or cauldron, to a select party of the most distretable looking characters of both sexes; but no sooner had my fair charge cast eyes on this promontuating sea-equipage—to her a very ass in the desert—than exclaiming, "Ah! c'est charmant!" she requested that I would have the goodness to stop for one moment, while she refreshed herself with a cup of the restorative beverage—declaring that she was ready to drop with thirst and exhaustion.

I was at first very unwilling to accede to her request, and strongly represented the indecorum of the proceeding; but she was unimpressible by argument, and for aught I knew, might really be in want of some refreshment, which I had no other means of procuring for her, at the moment. So in an evil hour I yielded; and she commenced operations in a style which was strongly corroborative of her alleged thirst. Cup after cup of the detestable mixture went down her throat with a rapidity perfectly astonishing, and Samuel Johnson himself might have wished to emulate the energy and perseverance with which she returned to the charge and proved her admiration for his favorite hyson, by her devotion to its very unworthy representative.

At length she condescended to leave off and I was in the act of drawing out my purse to pay for her bibulous indiscretions, when two gentlemen of a certain age made their appearance, issuing from the opera colonnade, and as they approached I was horror-struck on recognizing the features of my respected "governor"—the most moral, correct, and decorous of his species—and his intimate friend, the Right Hon. —, an equally strict disciplinarian in all matters of propriety, and a little of a saint into the bargain. These brother patriots were winding their way slowly towards home, after a protracted debate in the House, and I felt that this exemplary discharge of an important public duty, in submitting to these constantly recurring vigils, contrasted rather unpleasantly for me, with the very equivocal species of recreation in which I appeared to be engaged. But this was no all. Anxious as I was to escape the notice and animadversion of my worthy parent—it was of still greater importance to me that my charitable conduct should not be subject to misrepresentation on the part of Mr. —, who was a leading committee-man in all Bible Society

—a regular frequenter of Exeter Hall meetings—a parliamentary supporter of Sir Andrew Agnew; and, terrible reflection under the circumstances! the person on whom rested my principal hopes of official advancement—the being almost pledged to obtain for me the situation of Provincial Vice-Deputy-Assistant-Under-Secretary to the ecclesiastical commission! In the fortitude of avoiding observation, I hastily drew my hat over my face. But it was too late. The eyes of the "governor" were of the most penetrating character, and had easily singled me out from the motley group by which I was surrounded. He had many virtues, but patience, and equality of temper could not be reckoned amongst the number. His indignation knew no bounds on seeing me so oddly employed—with my fair forehead hanging affectionately on my arm—and darting towards me with a mischievous gesture and flashing eyes, he apostrophised me in no gentle tones.

"So Sir—very pretty indeed!—very pretty, upon my honour!—You shameless profligate!—You barefaced pool-for-nothing scamp!—Is this the way you are going on, after all your promises of amendment! I won't stand it, sir!—You shall repent it to the last day of your life!—I'll have nothing more to say to you—I'll disinherit you—I'll cut you off!"

But here his "right honourable friend" interposed to check this very boisterous display of paternal ire; and taking him by the arm, he led me gently away, having whispered some words of reason in his ear. But before he walked off, Mr. — turned towards me, and with a most apostrophic brow, said

"Young gentleman!—I am sorry, very sorry to see you in such company; all things considered, I might have hoped that, at this particular time, you would have shown a little more regard for decorum. I have no right of course, to take you to task; but I must say that I regret deeply, on my own account, that you should be so regardless of all propriety."

So saying, he moved on; and the governor, heedless of my efforts at explanation, and my entreaties that he would stay to hear my defence, suffered himself to be walked off, in sullen silence, and left me to my fate.

In the mean time my interesting and troublesome charge became every moment more troublesome and less interesting in my eyes; but as she was apparently wholly dependent on my good offices, I could not, of course, desert her. I was, however, very unwilling to incur any further opprobrium on her account, and sincerely desirous to deposit her in a place of safety. Under these circumstances I came to the conclusion, after much unpleasant deliberation with myself, that I would offer her an honourable retreat in my lodgings, until the arrival of the hour when she might have a chance of being put in communication with her friends. "I must trust to my good fortune," thought I, "to smuggle her out of the house, without being observed by my respectable and sour-tempered landlady; and at all events as Mrs. Simpkinson is a sensible woman, I dare say I should have no difficulty in making her understand the honest state of the case."

Having thus made up my mind as to the course to be pursued, I saw no need in philosophising about the streets any longer; so having explained my purpose to the fair lady, I proceeded at a very rapid pace to Craven-street. But all the annoyances I had hitherto experienced about her, were as nothing compared with my vexation on discovering that I had come out without my latch-key. I could not obtain admission for myself without "knocking up" the house, and, I confess, every principle of modesty and decorum seemed to me to forbid a proceeding which, in my distressing position, was likely to be so unpleasantly advertised upon.—With a heavy heart, therefore, and eyes no less heavy, I resumed my wanderings, and as a last resource, bethought me of an hotel not a hundred miles from the Adelphi, where I resolved to take my chance of a successful appeal to the hospitality of the proprietors in favour of my forlorn stranger.

Chemin faisant, I met one or two of the police, and was greatly tempted, in spite of the lady's remonstrances, to transfer my responsibility to a more legitimate quarter; but she seemed to have an instinctive horror of those formidable authorities, which, I confess, almost induced me to suspect that she had, at some period of her life, found herself *aux prises avec la justice*, and was consequently apprehensive of exciting reminiscences that might be too agonising to her feelings. I therefore continued my route, growing at every step, more silent and sulky—ruminating

on the unpleasant consequences that might probably result from my non-compliance with the "governor and his friend; but I soon found that dusting had not yet exhausted all her severity towards me, or I had not proceeded above a couple of hundred yards up the strand, when I was suddenly confronted by another acquaintance, whom, of all men in the world, I least wished to meet in so embarrassing a crisis of my fate. This was my friend Harry Cobham, the brother of the too fascinating nymph whose absence from Lady —'s ball had so grievously disturbed my equanimity; and as he was to a certain extent, aware of the good understanding that existed between his sister and myself, and less averse to the prospect of my alliance than his more worldly mamma, it will readily be believed that I was not very anxious to obtain credit, in his eyes, for a species of distraction so contrary to the loyal duty I owed to my life lady.

But my friend Harry was in no mood to play the moralist, as being apparently, just rescued from some scene of protracted revelry, in a state of nervousness highly creditable to his own conviviality and the hospitality of his friends. His progress along the pavement was rather of a serpentine character, ever and anon declining a few degrees from the mathematical course, like that of the sun in the ecliptic; and my evil genius decreed that I should get the full benefit of one of those meandering movements, which brought him close up against me.

"Hallo! Ned, my boy! Is that you?" exclaimed he, with a huckup, and stopping short in his eccentric career. "Whom have you got here? Ah! You sly old fox! Is this your morality, I say? Who—whose's your fair friend, if I may make so bold as to enquire?"

"Ah! *mon Dieu!*! *Est ce que!*" exclaimed my amiable companion, "Quelle horreur!"

"Wh—what's that Mr. Cobham do you say my dear?" continued the facetious Mr. Cobham. Do you suppose I'm dr—drunk! Quite the reverse, my angel! I—'m very teetotal—ably sober, and a second huckup afforded convincing evidence in support of his assertion.

"My dear Cobham," said I, anxious to get rid of him as quietly as possible, pray don't detain us. You quite mistake—this is a most respectable young person—and I have promised to see her safe home."

"Well, my dear boy, you know there's safety in numbers. So—by your leave—and—her leave, I'll ma—make one of your party."

And suiting the action to the word, he staggered to the other side of her, and held out his arm, which, however, she declined taking; but he walked for some distance by her side, addressing her in a half English half French jargon, which at any other time would have excited my risible faculties.

At length he carried his assiduites so far as to chuck her under the chin; which polite demonstration of regard she resented by a box on the ear, given in a style which at once proclaimed the competency of her *tailleur* to take her own part. It seemed, indeed, to be applied with a degree of *a-plomb*, and precision that could only result from practice.

Cobham, however, was outrageous, and became so violent in his behaviour, that I felt bound to interfere in defence of the fair object of his mingled wrath and admiration. A short scuffle ensued; I had not the slightest intention of striking him, but a gentle shove, which I was obliged to give him, in order to release his body from his grasp, made him lose his very precarious equilibrium, and he came to the ground; while my fair friend began to scream, like Miss O'Neill in "Belvidera," and before I knew where I was, a couple of policemen ran up, springing their rattles, and flourishing their staves in the most minacious style imaginable.

Cobham started on his legs, completely sobered by the fall, but furious at the indignity I had put upon him.

"Mr. —," exclaimed he with an oath, "you shall answer for this before you are a day older."

"Whenever you please, sir," answered I, driven to desperation.

"What's all this here now about?" quoth one of the policemen, in an authoritative tone. "Come gentlemen, you and this here lady must be pleased to walk off to the station house."

But Cobham began to show fight, and the lady seemed equally disposed to resist this encroachment on the liberty of the subject.—Whereupon, observing that the municipal force had full occupation in reducing these two refractory individuals to obedience, I watched my opportunity and ran off at full

speed, leaving my ill-omened acquaintance to shift for herself; nor did I once slacken my pace until I found myself at my own door in Craven-street.

But woe! were the consequences of that eventful morning! About a week after I was sitting at home, with my arm in a sling, (the result of a hostile rencontre in Wimbledon-Common with my friend Cobham) when three letters were delivered to me, each being an answer to an apologetic and explanatory communication from myself to their respective writers. They shall speak for themselves.

The first was from my father—it was to the following effect:

"Ned, you are an incorrigible dog! and your humbugging excuses only serve to aggravate your offences. From this day, your allowance is reduced one half; and by the Lord Harry, if you don't mend your manners, it shall be withdrawn altogether. Yours, &c."

The second was from my official friend —.

"My Dear Sir,—I regret to say that I cannot be of any service to you in the matter to which your note refers. The archbishop has this day appointed Mr. — provincial-vice-deputy-assistant-under-secretary to the ecclesiastical commission. As Mr. — is unquestionably a gentleman of high character, and *irreproachable morals*, you will at once see the impossibility of my interfering with His Grace's appointment.

"Forgive me if I say that I trust what has occurred will be a salutary lesson; and that you may ere long be recalled to a becoming sense of the awful responsibility attached to the character of a christian.

I remain, dear Sir, Your sincere friend and servant,

The third was "the most unkindest of all." It contained a small locket, and ran thus:—

"After what has occurred, you cannot be surprised that I hasten to return an ornament which I am painfully sensible I ought not yet to have accepted from you. My mamma was quite right, and I am justly punished for my neglect of her injunctions. I wish you every happiness, and hope, for your own sake, that you will reform. But we will meet hereafter on common acquaintance."

"Yours, EMILY."

I tore up these three interesting documents into a thousand pieces, threw the locket on the hearth stone, and stamped upon it until it was pulverised to atoms. But the past could not be recalled, and after washing down my grief and despair with a bottle of claret at the Athenaeum, I turned into the opera to revive my drooping spirits. The fair Emily and her mamma cut me dead from their pit-box, and I took refuge behind the scenes, where the first person I saw was the heroine of my unfortunate adventure dressed out "in very thin clothing and but little of it," for the ballet in which she was about to make her *début* as Mademoiselle Euphrosine, from L'Académie Royale de Musique. She was leaning against a side scene, and listening coquetishly to the agreeable flattery of my friend Harry Cobham.

We had shaken hands on the ground, but Harry had not forgiven me, so I was not surprised that he turned away his head on my approach. But my indignation was aroused to the highest pitch, when Mademoiselle Euphrosine—the peridious cause of all my misfortunes—stared me full in the face, with no other mark of recognition than a look of the most sovereign contempt.

Thus in the space of one short hour, I lost my friend, my mistress—whom-by-the-by, had twenty thousand consols at her own disposal—my father's good graces, one half of my allowance, and my hopes of an official appointment—to say nothing of a shattered elbow—all for the sake of a nymph who rewarded my services by the most flagrant ingratitude.

A more unmerited string of misfortunes could scarcely have fallen on a devoted head!—all resulting from my chivalrous disposition, and the amiable pliability of my temper! But one such lesson is sufficient. From that hour I have forsworn all benevolent interference in the cause of the fair sex; and, as Paul Pry has it, "If ever I do another good natured thing in the course of my life—you'll see—that's all!"

Of all infirmities, vanity is said to be dearest to us. A man will starve his other virtues to keep that alive.

Poetry is defined by Burke as the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.

UPPER CANADA.

Brookville, (U. C.), March 1st.—Our Frontier, which during the latter part of last week was seriously threatened with an attack from a collection of people under Van Rensselaer, is now in a more quiescent state. The invaders have dispersed—not being able after all their industry and labour, to get over 180 men willing to make an attack on any of our posts, although it is said some 1500 or 2000 men were in and about French Creek.—(Recorder.)

The Cornwall Volunteers, who had been sent up to this place on the late emergency, left this morning (March 1st) on their return. Two Companies of them were pushed on to Gananoque, but returned on it being ascertained that Van Rensselaer and his party had left Hickory Island. The Rifle Company of this town was also despatched to Gananoque, but were recalled for the same reason, before reaching that place. The 1st and 4th Regiments of Leeds Militia were called out on Saturday.—(Ibid.)

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 6th MARCH, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, - - - July 4.	New-York, - - - Feb. 28
Liverpool, - - - Jan. 4.	Hull, - - - Feb. 21
Havre, - - - Dec. 31.	Toronto, - - - Feb. 27

The New York papers received this morning contain no later intelligence from Europe. The "Patriots" broke into the Arsenal at Elizabethtown on the 27th February, and carried away 1200 stand of arms, and a large quantity of ball cartridge and accoutrements. An express had been sent off to General Wool who was (somewhere about like Champ-plain) to inform him of the circumstance.

The Upper Canada papers contain nothing of great importance.

We understand that his Excellency Sir John Colborne, administrator of the Government, and commander of the Forces is not expected here before the opening of the navigation.

Yesterday's American mail did not bring us any later European intelligence, although nearly a dozen packets are due. The last Liverpool packet that arrived was the Pennsylvania, bringing dates to the 23d December. The last London Packet brought London dates to the 26th December, and the last Havre packet brought Paris dates to the 1st Jan. The following are now due:— From London, the Sanson, 1st January; President, 10th Jan.; Ontario, the 20th January; From Liverpool, the Orpheus, 1st January; From London, 8th January; Cambridge and Shakespear both of the 16th January. From Havre, the Formosa, 16th December; Poland, 8th January, and Albany, 16th January.

We have received private information from Sandwich to the 22d of February which states that the pirates of Michigan, have effected a landing on Walpole Island, at the mouth of the river St. Clair. General Brady of the United States Army had taken up a station opposite, with some regular troops, for the purpose of preventing the return of the pirates to Michigan, and Dr. Dunlop, with the Huron, and part of the Kent Militia, had occupied a position on our main land, for the purpose of giving them a British reception, in the event of their making any hostile movements. An attack was expected that day at Amherstburg from another body of Pirates, for which the troops and volunteers stationed there were fully prepared.—*Montreal Herald.*

From the Montreal papers of Saturday, we learn that despatches have been received from the Hon. Colonel Maitland, Commanding at Amherstburg, enclosing a report from Major Townsend of the dispersion, by the force detached under his command, from the garrison of Amherstburg of a piratical band assembled at Fighting Island near that place. Major Townsend's force consisted of Captain Brown's company of the 32, a company of the 83d, under Lieutenant Kelsall, a detachment of Royal Artillery, under Captain Glasgow and a body of militia. Captain Glasgow soon opened a fire that greatly discomposd the rebels, but relying upon the ice being too weak to bear the troops, they were not inclined to abandon their position, till they saw the company of the 32d closely followed by that of the 83d advancing to attack the island. They then took to flight, leaving behind their can-

moon masks, (mostly all new, stolen, probably from American arsenals,) and provisions. The highest prize is given by Major Townsend, to the Militia, for the effectual assistance rendered by them on the occasion.

Andrew Stuart, Esq. Agent for the Quebec Constitutional Association, passed through Montreal on the 3rd inst. on his way to England. He did not proceed to Upper Canada as he had originally intended.

The sittings of the Legislature of Upper Canada were to be prorogued on the 3rd inst.

A Special Commission has issued in Toronto for the trial of persons charged with state offences. The session is to commence on the 8th instant. It is supposed that the Chief Justice will preside and be assisted by some of the Puisne Judges.

We are most happy to learn that it is the intention of Sir Francis Head to proceed for England by the Kennebec Road. He will leave immediately on the arrival of his successor, Sir George Arthur.

McKenzie, the rebel, has addressed a letter to the editor of the Jeffersonian, in which he disclaims all connexion with Van Rensselaer. He says, "I have neither seen nor corresponded with Mr. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer in his recent movements on this frontier, but have earnestly and invariably urged my friends to withdraw all confidence from him, in matters connected with Canada."

The Montreal Gazette acknowledges the receipt of a Declaration of Independence, which was lately issued "by order of the Provisional Government of the State of Lower Canada," both signed by Robert Nelson, the first as commander in chief of the Patriot Army, and the second as "President."

The Proclamation is a solemn promise on the part of the Patriot Army, not to lay down their arms, until they secured to their country "the blessings of a patriotic and sympathizing Government." The President of the Lower Canada republic is now in jail, along with his baby Ancient, Dr. Cote, and the Army (?) are laid down their arms, without securing anything for themselves but the laughter of every sensible man.

That vicious lying trio Leader, Hume and Molesworth, who asserted in the House of Commons that the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were disaffected towards the British Government, and were only retained from breaking into open insurrection by the presence of the troops, were curst in effigy, at St. John's (N. B.) on the 16th ult. "At the very time," says the St. John's Courier, "that these Commons were libelling us before Parliament and the British people, there was not a servicable man of the Queen's troops within the Province, and a few volunteers from the militia were performing the Garrison duty of the Province."

There was a fatal duel at Washington on the 24th ultimo, between two senators, Mr. Cilley of Maine, and Mr. Graves of Kentucky. They fought savage like, with rifles, and fired three times without injury, but at the fourth fire, Cilley was shot through the body, the ball dividing the principal artery leading to the heart. He placed his hand on the part where the ball entered, exclaiming "I am wounded" gasped two or three times and expired. The unfortunate affair originated in Col. Webb of the New York Courier challenging Cilley for what he had said of him in the House, Graves carrying the challenge. Cilley said he would not fight such a blackguard as Webb, and was consequently challenged by Graves, who was not wounded. Considerable excitement exists at Washington on the subject.

Private letters received yesterday state that the pirates in Michigan have actually landed in Walpole Bay, Lake Saint Clair, and that General Brady of the U. S. army has declared that he will not allow them to return into the American territory. Our old friend Dr. Dunlop, at the head of the Huron volunteers will be found an ugly customer for them. The very name of Tiger Dunlop will be enough to frighten them out of their wits.

We learned yesterday evening, that on Thursday forenoon Dr. Robert Nelson and Dr. Cote, at the head of about four hundred armed men advanced into this province from Albi-

bury in the State of Vermont with the intention of advancing upon Montreal under the impression that the troops had been sent to the Upper Province, in which case they expected to liberate the prisoners now in goal for High Treason. General Wool with a detachment of Militia informed them of the real strength of the British army both on the frontier and in this city, and added that he could not allow them to return to the United States territory with arms in their hands, which he would consider an invasion from a foreign country, and oppose them by force. It was then decided by the rebels that they should deliver up their arms and three pieces of artillery which they had with them, Dr. Nelson and Dr. Cote being secured as prisoners, and lodged in St. Albans goal from which they will likely be soon released on bail, General Wool's Aid-de-camp arrived in town yesterday with despatches to His Excellency. It is said that there were only two Americans in the invading band of vagabonds, which accounts for the disappearance, during the last month, of so many Canadians from the city and suburbs.

It is a pity that General Wool interfered with the plans of the Rebels, especially as they had actually commenced the advance; they could not have proceeded far without encountering the troops and it is not likely that many would have escaped. Joshua Bell was one of the party, ready once more to snipe his gun at Her Majesty's subjects.—*Montreal Herald.*

A Fire broke out yesterday morning about seven o'clock in the hardware stores of Messrs. Gregory and Cushing, St. Paul Street, which immediately communicated to the dry good store of Mr. J. C. Perkins, and we regret to say consumed the whole building. The house we understand was the property of the latter and on the 18th ult. the devouring element made its appearance on the same premises, but was fortunately got under without its having done any considerable damage. We have not been able to learn how it originated.—*Montreal Herald.*

SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The general quarterly meeting of Saint Patrick's Society, preparatory to the anniversary, took place at the Albion Hotel, on Friday last.

William Power, Esq. V. P. in the chair. The Committee of Management for the past year submitted the annual report, which was read and adopted.

The election of officers for the ensuing year then took place, and the result was as follows:—

- PRESIDENT:—Henry Caldwell, Esq.
- VICE-PRESIDENTS:—William Power and G. H. Parke, Esqrs.
- MANAGING COMMITTEE:—Messrs. Allyn, R. N. Edward Bowen, John Brown, William Burke, E. P. Barrett, E. G. Cannon, Charles Colfer, G. E. Cullin, William Downes, Charles Gethings, James Kelly, T. Kelly, Paul Lepper, Wm. K. McCord, Archib. Moore, Patrick McInnally, J. M. Muckle, J. P. O'Meara, Henry Pemberton, William Pentland, A. H. Pinkerton, Thomas Ryan, Dr. Waller.
- PHYSICIANS:—Drs. Grassett and Lowry.
- TREASURER:—Patrick Lawler, Esq.
- SECRETARY:—J. P. Bradley, Esq.
- ASSISTANT SECRETARY:—Mr. Allyn.

The thanks of the Society were voted to the President, Secretary, and other officers for the last year; and the following resolution was proposed and carried unanimously:—

"That the Committee of Management do make the necessary customary arrangements for the due celebration of St. Patrick's day, by proceeding to church in procession, and by a public dinner at the Albion Hotel on the evening of that day."

The Chairman having left the chair, Mr. Caldwell was called thereto, and the thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Power.

THE ARMY.

Montreal, 3rd March.—The four companies of the 53rd Regiment, under Lieut. Col. MAUNSELL, which left town on Wednesday, for the frontier, returned into garrison this afternoon. The flank companies of the 34th, lately stationed at St. CHARLES, arrived at the same time. Capt. BAIRDAN'S company of that Regiment has returned from St. JOHN'S to St. CHARLES.

Yesterday afternoon, the MONTREAL Volunteer Artillery, under Major BOSTON, paraded on the ice had their first practice at firing with shot. In a target, ten feet square, six hundred and fifty yards distance, they succeeded in plugging eleven holes out of twenty-two fired on the occasion. The state of discipline with the new members of the corps have attained, is entirely attributed to the zealous

and patient attention of Sergeant Major LYVCH, of the Royal Artillery, who has been kindly permitted, by his Commanding Officer, to superintend the drilling of the corps.

COMMERCIAL.

Montreal Ashes Store Statement.

	Pat.	Perl.	Total.
Delivered, - - 305	117	422	
In Store, - - 1176	476	1912	
			—2,334

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
"Robin Goodfellow" will appear in our next. The lines with which we were favored by "A. G. L." have been inadvertently mislaid. The verses by "T. R." and "H. M. H." are inadmissible.

BIRTH.
On Friday last, Mrs. P. Sheppard of a daughter.

MARRIED.
At Montreal on the 27th February, James Miller Esq. merchant to Elleanor Catharine, youngest daughter of the late Beniah Gibb, Esq. of that city. At Toronto on the 22d instant Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. William Stewart, Deputy collector of customs of this port, to Adna second son of Stephen Pierrel, Esq. Scarboro.

DIED.
On Saturday last, Richard, son of Mr. Michael Connelly, aged 14 months.

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, which is now published semi-weekly, will, on the opening of the navigation, appear three times a week, when, in addition to the usual literary and miscellaneous matter, and news of the day, it will contain the latest shipping intelligence, manifests of the cargoes of vessels as they arrive in port, carefully digested reviews of the markets, and a complete price current for Quebec,—forming at once a desirable acquisition to the merchant and trader, and an amusing and instructive journal to all.

The almost unparalleled success which this paper has met on the threshold of its career is strong presumptive proof that its general tone and bearing have given satisfaction; and its rapidly increasing circulation will give fresh energy to its proprietors to continue to glide down the pleasing stream of public estimation.

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



CAPTAIN GULESPIE'S COMPANY, No. 4V. Quebec Light Infantry, will for the future meet every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Evening, at Half-past SIX o'clock, in the Warehouse of the House of Assembly.

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

DOG LOST.
ON TUESDAY last, a small black-and-white Dog of Charles breed, and answers to the name of "DASH." Any person leaving the same at Mr. McCallum's Brewery will be rewarded. Quebec, 5th March, 1838.

SITUATION WANTED.
AS STORE-KEEPER or OUT-DOOR CLERK, by a person who perfectly understands French and English.—Apply at the office of this paper. Quebec, 4th March, 1838.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
OPEN EVERY DAY from TEN A. M. till TEN P. M. (Sundays excepted) No. 3, John-Street, opposite to Mr. HALL, Grocer.
Subscription for one month, - - - 1 6
Do. for single vol., - - - 0 2
Quebec, 28th February, 1838.

VENISON.
SAMUEL TOZLER, Butcher, Upper Town Market, begs leave to inform his customers, that he has received a small quantity of very fine VENISON. This being the first that has arrived this season, would recommend gentlemen to call as soon as possible.

GEORGE HANN, FURRIER,

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

FOR SALE.

AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK by Parkinson & Frodham, London; a Two-Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPLISOMETER, at MARTYNS', Chronometer Maker, &c. &c. St. Peter Street, 30th Jan. 1838.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business, most respectfully intimates that he has constantly on hand a Choice Assortment of Wines, Spirituous Liquors, Groceries, &c. all of the best quality. JOHN JOHNSTON, Corner of the Upper-Town Market Place, Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits' Barrack.

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

No. 4, Arsenal Street, opposite the Ordnance Store. IN tendering his thanks to those who have hitherto patronised him, while in connection with Mr. BOOTH, respectfully announces to them, and the citizens generally, that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS on his OWN ACCOUNT, and trusts that he may be favored with a continuance of that support, which it shall be his study to merit. February 24, 1838.

NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY, Carving, Turning, Designing, Model Making, &c. No. 27, SAINT JOHN STREET. The premises formerly occupied by J. & J. Thornton JAMES M'KENZIE returns cordial thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, and informs them that he has now entered into Partnership with THOMAS BOWLES, an experienced Musical Instrument and Cabinet Maker, from New-York. M'KENZIE & BOWLES beg to express their hope, that from the excellence of their materials, their skill as workmen, and the very general nature of their establishment, they will be able promptly to execute all orders with which they may be favored in the above mentioned, and in the FANCY line, in such a manner as to meet the unqualified approbation and increasing preference and patronage of their Employers. Piano Fortes and other Instruments carefully repaired. Quebec, 29th January, 1838.

BOOKS FOR SALE,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE QUEBEC GAZETTE, No. 14, Mountain Street SCOTT'S WORKS, in seven vols. Bulwer's Novels, in 1 vol. cloth, Murray's Novels, in 2 vols. cloth, Cooper's Novels, in 26 vols. sheep, Henry's Miscellaneous Works, Dwight's Theology, Hume and Smollett's History of England, with Miller's continuation, 4 vols. Astoria, by Washington Irving, The Pickwick Papers, by "Boz," Misshippen's Expedients, by the author of Ratin the Reeler." Quebec, 13th January, 1838

FIRE-WOOD.

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

JOSHUA HOBROUGH, TAILOR,

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

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

POETRY.

VICTORIA.—BY L. E. L.

Videst, grace of the vernal year!
Oft'nd be thou to the spring-like reign!
Is not the tint to that fading dear,
Whose banner of blue is the lord of the main!

Lo! ye twine of changeless green,
Constant for ever in leaf and bough;
So may the heart of our maiden Queen
Be always verdant and fresh as now.

Ornament, faced with many a streak
Of blossoming red on its leafless bough,
May be a type of her manning cheek,
Blent with a blue or a pearl white.

Tanys, though humble an herb it be,
Look not upon it with scornful eye;
On virtue, that lurks in low degrees,
A glance should fall kind from those on high.

Oliver, thy branch, date-horn o'er the form,
Was a sign for the surges of death to cease;
So from the lips of our Queen should come
The soft but the sure command of peace.

Rose of England, ceasing from fight,
Turn round thy brow in whose veins are met
The princely blood those roses unite
"In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet."

Lily, to thee the maid of the bow,
That promises hope, for none has given;
Join, then, the wreath, as it befit we throw,
Who leans as a symbol of hope from heaven.

Anemone, flower of the wind! is the last
We call,—and our garland is now complete:
Gentle the current, and soft be the blast,
Which Victoria, the Queen of the ocean shall
meet!

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

Reader! didst ever live with a particular
lady? one possessed, not simply with the spirit,
but to the degree of madness I was well
given you a two hours' lecture upon the sin of an
untidied sitting, and false a hurricane
about your ears on the enormity of a fractured
glove,—who will be struck speechless at the
sight of a pin, instead of a string; or set a
whole house in an uproar on finding a book on
the table instead of in the bookcase! I have
who have had the misfortune to meet with
such a person will know how to sympathize
with me. Gentle reader! I have passed two
weeks months with a particular lady. I had
often received very pressing invitations to
visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a
snug parsonage about fifty miles from town;
but something or other was continually occur-
ing to prevent me from availing myself of
them. "Man never is, but always to be
soured." Accordingly, on the 17th of
June, 1826, (I shall never forget it, if I live
to the age of old Parr,) leaving a few spare
weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's
residence. He received me with his wonted
cordiality; but I fancied he looked a little
more care-worn than a man of thirty might
have been expected to look, married as he is
to the woman of his choice, and in the possession
of an easy fortune. Poor fellow! I did
not know that his wife was a precisian—I do
not employ the term in a religious sense.—
The first hint I received of her had from the first
Mr. S., who, removing my hat from the first
peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My
wife is a little particular in these matters; the
first peg is for my hat, the second is for Wil-
liam's, the third for Tom's, and you can re-
serve the fourth, if you please for your own;
and, you know, do not like to have their ar-
rangements interfered with." I promised to
do my best to recollect the order of precedence
with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs
impressed with an awful veneration for a lady
who had contrived to impose so rigid a dis-
cipline on a man, formerly a most disorderly of
mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her fa-
vour by the most studious observance of her
wishes. I might as well have determined to
be Emperor of China? Before the week was
at an end I was a lost man. I always reckon
myself tolerably tidy, never leaving more than
half of my clothes on the floor of my dressing-
room, nor more than a dozen books about my
apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour.
I do not lose more than a dozen of handker-
chiefs in a month; nor... more than a quar-
ter of an hour's hunt or my hat or gloves
whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found
all this was but as dust in the balance. The
first time I sat down to dinner I made a hor-
rible blunder; for, in my haste to help my
friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a
little out of its place, thereby deranging the
said his zagonal order in which the said dis-

es were arranged. I discovered my mishap
on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar
offence. Secondly, I sat out the evening
with the cushion a full finger's breadth be-
hind the cane-work of my chair; and what is worse,
I do not know that I should have been aware
of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's
feelings had not, at length, overpowered every
other consideration, and at last burst forth with,
"Excuse me, Mr. —, but do play put your
cushion straight; it always me beyond mea-
sure to see it otherwise." My third offence
was displacing the candlesticks from its cen-
tral position between the brazier-stand from its cen-
tral position between the candlesticks. My
fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perus-
ing on the piano-forte, its proper place being
a table in the middle of the room, on which
all books in present use were ordered to re-
pose. My fifth,—out in snuff I should never
have done, were I to enumerate every sepa-
rate enormity of which I was guilty. My
friend S.'s drawing-room had as good a right
to exhibit a placard of "Steel traps and spring
guns" as any park I am acquainted with. In
one place you were in danger of having your
legs snapt off, and in another your nose. There
never was a house so atrociously neat; every
chair and table knew its duty; the very chin-
ney ornaments had been "trained up in the
way they should go," and woe to the unlucky
wight who should make them "depart from
it." Even those "chartered libertines," the
children and dogs, were taught to be as de-
vout and hypocritical as the matronly tabby
cat herself, who sat with her fore feet together
and her tail curved round her as exactly as if
she had been worked in an ut-razz, instead of
being a living mouset. It was the utmost
stretch of my friend's marital authority to get
his favourite spaniel admitted to the honors of
the parlour; and even this privilege is only
granted in his master's presence. If Carlo
attempts to pop his untidy brown nose into
the room when S. is from home, he sets off
directly with as much consciousness in his
ears and tail, as if he had been convicted of a
larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the
application of the broomstick. As to the
children, heaven help them! I believe that
they look forward to their evening visit to
the drawing-room with much the same sort of
feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mo-
ther, or, I should rather say, not that she
means to be so; but she has taken it into her
head, that "preach and forgive too" is the
way to bring up children; and that as young
people have sometimes their memories, it is
necessary to put them verbally in mind of
their duties.
"From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve."
So it is with her servants; if one of them
leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for
a second, she hears of it for a month after-
wards. I wonder how they endure it! I
sometimes thought that, from long practice,
they do not heed it; as a friend of mine who
lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me
he does not hear the infernal noise of the
coaches and carts in the front of his house,
nor of a contending brazier, with hammers of
a moment's peace to husband, children, or
the worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows
a moment's peace to husband, children, or
but such jewels are too costly for every day
wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his
heart, and would be content to exchange
half-a-dozen of his wife's tormenting good
qualities for the sake of being allowed a little
common-place repose.
I never shall forget the delight I felt on
entering my own house, after entering her
thralldom for two months. I absolutely re-
velled in disorder, and gloried in my littles.
I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another;
pushed all the chairs into the middle of the
room, and narrowly escaped kicking my
faithful Christopher for offering to put it in
order again. That cursed "spirit of order!"
I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to S.—
For my own part, I do so exercise the phrase,
that if I were a Member of the House of
Commons, and the order of the day were cal-
led for, I should make it a rule to walk out.—
Since my return home, I have positively pro-
hibited the use of the word in my house, and
nearly quarrelled me for the last ten years, be-
cause he has a rascally shopman, who will
persist in a snuffing at my door, (I hear him
now from my parlour window.) "Any order
this morning?" Confound the fellow! that
is his knock. I will go out and offer him
half-a-crown to change his phrase! When
at school,
"Order is heaven's first law."
used to be our round-text copy; but were I

doomed to transcribe the sentiment an-
nounced my days of adolescence, I should take
the liberty of suggesting the new reading
of—
"Order is hell's first law,"
for I feel satisfied that Satan himself is a par-
ticular gentleman.—*Literary Magnet.*

UGLINESS.

Perhaps no lady was ever more reconciled
to positive ugliness in her own person than
the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the
Regent d'Orléans, the mother of the Regent
d'Orléans, who governed France during the
minority of Louis XV. Thus she speaks of
her own appearance and manner:—"From
my earliest years I was aware how unam-
ply my appearance was, and did not see that
people should look at me attentively. I never
paid any attention to dress, because diamonds
and dress were sure to attract attention. On
great days my husband used to make me rouge,
which I did greatly against my will, as I hate
every thing that incommodes me. One day I
made the Countess de Sausons laugh heartily.
She asked me why I never turned my head
whenever I passed before a mirror—because I had
body else did? I answered, because I had
too much self-love to bear the sight of my
own ugliness! I must have been very ugly
in my youth. I had no sort of features; with
intelligent twinkling eyes, a stout snub nose,
and long thick lips, the whole of my physiog-
ny was far from attractive. My face was large,
with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and
stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of
person. Except for the goodness of my dis-
position, no one would have endured me. It
was impossible to discover anything like in-
telligence in my eyes, except with a micro-
scope. Perhaps there was not on the face of
the earth such another pair of ugly hands as
mine. The king often told me so, and set
me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure
of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be
always the next to laugh at it. He suc-
ceeded very well, though I must confess it
furnished me with a good stock of materials
for laughter.

DREAMING.

Many of the phenomena of dreaming are
very obscure and difficult to be accounted for.
This interesting branch of mental philosophy is
too generally neglected. Men commonly
will not think twice on a subject, whose ap-
parently insupportable anomalies occasioned
them, at first thought, perplexity and disap-
pointment. Who can tell what parts of the
human body are exercised in dreaming? Why
do we sometimes, but not always, dream?—
In short, why do we dream at all?
At midnight, into a bedchamber, where
all is silent except the ticking of a watch; I
gently draw aside the dusky drapery of the
bed, and there is disclosed to me the figure of
a man—pale, motionless, motionless—closely
hugged in the embraces of death's mimic—in
a world asleep. I examine him more nar-
rowly; it is evident that his senses—those in-
lets to the understanding—are closed; and
consequently, can convey to the mind no in-
formation from without. I touch him rather
roughly; but he is insensible of the contact.
I whisper—I speak loudly; he hears me not.
The light of my candle flares on his eye-ball,
through the half-opened lid; but his powers
of vision are not roused into exertion. His
powers of smell are not excited on exposure
to fragrant, or even stimulating odours; and
though, of course, the expedient would be ra-
ther difficult, I may fairly infer, that his or-
gans of taste, for a while, forego their opera-
tions. I gaze on this strange figure—a man
cut off, *pro tempore*, from all intercourse with
the external world—a substantial abstraction;
and may I not well be amazed, when, on
suddenly awakening the subject of my specu-
lations, he peevishly exclaims, "Why did you
you disturb me? I have been dreaming
gloriously! You have plucked me from a
paradisaical scene of fruits, flowers, and gold-
en sun-light—fragrant odours, bewildering
melody—from throngs of playful sylphs and
hours?—why did you wake me?" I do in-
sist upon it, that this circumstance—dreaming—
affords a very powerful evidence of the
soul's immortality, and capacity for a separate
existence.—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE STAGE AND THE PIERAGE.

"Nearly are allied,
And thine partitions do the two divide."
The famous Earl of Peterborough, the hero
of the war of the succession in Spain, married
in or about the year 1713, the celebrated
Anastasia Robinson, a songstress.

Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord
Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquess
of Powis, and only daughter of James, first
Earl of Waidegrave, took, "for better for
worse," on the 31st of January, 1739, John
Beard, Esq., of the Theatre Royal, Covent
Garden.

Charles, the third Duke of Bolton, married,
secondly, in 1701, Miss Fenton, the original
Poly in *The Beggar's Opera*. It is said
that, on his marriage once threatening a separate
maintenance, she knelt down and sang—"Oh!
pander well!" in a style so tenderly persua-
sive, that he had not the heart to fulfil his in-
tention.

Lady Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of the
Earl of Abingdon, married Signor Gallini,
one of the *corps de ballet* at the King's Thea-
tre. The date of the marriage is not
known.

In 1764, Lady Susanah-Sarah-Louisa
Stanger, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester,
married William O'Brien, of Hunsford,
Dorsetshire, Esq., a favourite concubine on
the London boards, and a contemporary of
Garrique, Jossop, and Barry.

The Countess of Derby, the Noble Earl's
second wife, who died in 1829, was a Miss
Fenton, of the Cork Theatre.

The late Earl of Craven married, 13th Decem-
ber, 1807, Miss Branton, a popular ac-
tress, of Covent Garden Theatre, and mother
of the present Earl of Craven, born 18th July,
1809.

The Beggar's Opera now put another cor-
omet on the bows of another Poly; Mary
Catherine Epton, called also Poly Epton, in
1813 became the wife of Lord Anson, ne-
phew of the late Baron Thurlow, nominated
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain in
1778. His Lordship dying unmarried, he
was succeeded by his nephew, Edward How-
ell Thurlow, Esq., as second Baron, who
married Miss Norton, by whom, who died in
1830, he had issue Edward Thomas, the pre-
sent peer, and two other sons.

Lord William Lennox espoused Miss Pen-
ton (now the celebrated Miss Wood), which
marriage was dissolved by the laws of Scot-
land in 1830.

The Earl of Harrington, 7th of April, 1831,
married the fascinating Maria Foote, and has
one son, Lord Petreham.

The late Duchess of St. Albans was Miss
Mellon, of the Finsbury Theatre, who was
married to and subsequently became the wife
of Thomas Coutts, Esq., an eminent popu-
lar banker, when she married the present
Duke of St. Albans, June 10th, 1827. Her
Grace, like indeed all the fortunate wives and
heroines whom we have been enumerating,
had the good sense not to forget her freckles
hours on the stage; and, as an instance, it
may be mentioned that, on passing through
Macclesfield a few years ago, she visited the
site of a barn theatre (long since demolished),
and pointed out to one of her attendants the
humile dwelling in which she had once lodg-
ed. She also, on this occasion, afforded an
example of that charitable disposition which
prevails to an eminent degree, among players,
by presenting a handsome souvenir to an old
and decayed performer, who had often per-
formed with her before a Macclesfield au-
dience.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND
SATURDAY MORNING, BY
THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE,
At the Office, No. 24, St. Peter Street, (opposite to
R. Daulton's Grocer.)