

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. I.—No. 126.]

WEDNESDAY, 19th DECEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE TRANSCRIPT
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PRINTING OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS
EXECUTED WITH
Neatness and Dispatch,
AND ON MODERATE TERMS.

Poetry.

[FOR THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.]

BOADICEA.

A vision of old times!

Hark! the wild hunter-cry, the gathering cry,
The promise of a well-earned sure revenge,
Ringing through England's ancient forest-grounds,
—Whither so hastily, O warrior, hold I
‘To fight for Boadicea and our land!’
—Whither so hastily, O strapping rash!
‘To fight for Boadicea and our land!’
—Whither so hastily, O Druid old!
‘To fight for Boadicea and our land!’

Strange was the contrast of the great hosts.
On one side stood the Roman soldiery,
Perfect in arms, a firm and solid mass,
With lance and buckler glancing in the sun.
Opposed to them, a stern and dusky crowd
Covered the upland slope. Rude hunting spears,
And wicker shields, and scythed chariots,
Appeared among their host; but they themselves
Stood naked in their war-paint, all unclad,
Save the loose wolf-skin girt about their loins.
Deep silence came upon them, when their Queen
Arose to speak; but sorrowing and shame
Had quelled the utterance of her lion heart:
Twice rose her towering form, and twice again
She bent in silence; then, at last, one word,
One word, her passion-whisper came,—
‘Strike!’—and they struck.
Spear-point, and helm, and iron panoply
Went down before that rash of naked men:
Gleamed the blue eye, and breath came hot & thick,
And riley muscles leapt up from the arm.
Writhing and straining with a giant's grasp,
All martial order was outwrought of then;
All art and discipline was trodden down;
And as the surges roared some stately bark,
Whose ribs of oak and solid bolted frame
Seemed almost everlasting in their strength,
So the wild onset of these savages
Broke through the perished lines of Roman war.
It was no conquest but a slaughtering!
No strife, but a pursuit; no victory,
But an extermination of their foes.
Still the wild work went on; till, at the last,
A stalwart chiefman tossed his arid aloft,
And, standing thus, as if he felt a pride
In his strong beauty, with a trumpet voice,
Cried ‘Victory!’—and all the warriors,
And all the Druids and the sacred bards,
And women watching on the mountain tops,
And even the eternal hills themselves,
Caught up the sound, and gave back ‘Victory!’

Such was the massacre at Colchester.
But England has been fruitful in bold Queens:
—Phyllis, she who quelled her brother's foe;
—Ethelgiva then, who trod on Scotland's neck;
—Jane Grey, who earned the martyr's holy wreath;
—Elizabeth, the scourge of haughty Spain,
—With many such; and now Victoria
Comes, full of promise, to the throne of power.
O God of battles! let her empire be
Not over hands but hearts; let her keep down
The frantic efforts of the mob, (who strive
To mutilate our Constitution—ark.)
With glove of velvet, but with hand of iron;
Let her career of wise and sovereign glory
Be as a planet's calm and regular
Not as a comet's, scattering fear and awe.
And when her mighty power shall yield at last
To mightier death, let her down memory be
Established and consecrated with the stars.
Ead blessings of all time. Amen. Amen.

E. T. F.

Quebec, December 16th, 1838.

THE HERMIT OF SAINT MAURICE.

From the *Literary Garland.*

(Continued.)

While we slowly approached the village, I learned from my companion that, a short time previously, the Baron de Loridale had suddenly determined upon spending the summer months at the deserted Hall of his ancestors, and prompt in the execution of his designs, had arrived at the castle, accompanied by his son and daughter, without waiting for the necessary repairs.

The young lord, accompanied by his sister, desirous to escape the din of the workmen, as well as to enjoy the pleasure of a ride round their ancestral grounds, had risen early on the morning of the second day after their arrival, and had driven along the road that led towards the hamlet; on entering the forest the steed ridden by the youth, being suddenly startled, and springing on one side, threw his rider, and finding himself at liberty, started forward on the wings of terror,—the other followed. The sequel of the tale is told.

We had now reached within a few paces of the cottage, and the lady stood at the door, anxiously waiting for her brother's approach, and I felt all the loneliness of my own lot, when I saw her eagerly start forward to meet him, and sing herself into his arms.

Joy to meet wild him, she had last seen in such danger, had for a moment obscured her vision and she saw not the blood that stained his garments. When she did, she cried out, in a voice of anguish, ‘Thou art hurt, my brother. I have had dreadful fears, but they were forgotten when I looked on thee. Oh, hasten, and this kind woman will dress thy wounds, and tend thee with a mother's care as she has tended me.’

‘Nay, Clara,’ he answered, ‘I am not hurt, the blood-flowing from a few slight scratches, and mingling with the mire, hath given me the seeming of a wounded man. A single drop of pure water, for which I will trouble the goodness of your protectress, will remove all traces of my disaster. But how, my sister, didst thou escape unhurt?’

Indeed I know not, save to the self-devotion of this gallant youth I owe my safety. My whole adventure is indistinct and dreamlike, from the moment when I saw thy fall, until revived by the generous care of these kindly cottagers.’

The young Baron was courteous in his acknowledgments for his sister's life; but she offered her thanks with a more kind, that it seemed to me as if the obligation were transferred to a result in the accident that had led to a result in the little looked for.

A messenger having been despatched to the castle informing the Baron of the accident, a carriage soon after drew up at the cottage door, and after partaking of such refreshments as the village commanded, the young nobles prepared to return to their father's anus.

Again the lady would have thanked me, but the words died unspoken on her lip, when her eye met the unconscious gaze of mine, and she gave me her hand in silence. The youth requested that I would visit at the castle, and receive his father's acknowledgments. I promised, and we parted.

Such is fate! I, the most wretched of the outcasts of humanity, had been led by the very goodness of my misanthropy, to save a being so beautiful and so pure. Life, then, was not altogether the useless burden I had deemed it. It was consecrated by the use to which it was applied by destiny, and I should no longer repine. What to me was the misery of life, if chequered by aught so blissful. I would be sad no more. Such were the thoughts with which my mind was busy, while the carriage slowly rolled from the cottage, and it seemed as if a ray of light had suddenly pierced the dungeon of my soul. Time hath taught me that first impressions were the safest, and that distrust should mingle with every draught of joy, if we would shun the bitter chalice of despair and woe. Of my departure I thought no more. Imagination dwelt with the maiden of Loridale, and it seemed an age, till the next day found me a loiterer in the Baron's hall,

awaiting admission into his presence; I felt awed by the reflections conjured up by the pomp and state which usurped, as if called thither by the magician's wand, the lately ruined scene.

Fancy was busy, and its pencil lined the Baron de Loridale as something above humanity. I was not of those who deemed that man was better because he was rich and powerful, but the father of the glorious girl I had yesterday looked on with so rapt a gaze, must be something beyond his race—that eye and brow could come of no common stock,—and then her form, it was such as a sculptor's dream of, when their master passion fires their waking or their sleeping thoughts. He—her site—must bear upon his front, the stamp of his nature's own nobility.

Fantastic and visionary dreams I—the poetical Baron—the descendant of a hundred ancestors, whose names were blazoned among the great of former times—was a miserable and decrepit being—palsied with the debauchery of wasted youth—a thing to spurn at, if met on the way-side—but, to be worshipped as the descendant of the ‘mighty dead,’ when seen among the trappings of their day of pride.

He rose at my entrance, and offering his hand, which I lightly touched, he tendered his acknowledgments, in a voice whose assumption of civility gave place as he proceeded, to its wonted pride.

‘Brave youth,’ he said, ‘father thanks thee for thy daughter's life, and for all thy friendly care; and the Baron de Loridale acknowledges the debt incurred to the preserver of the daughter of an honoured house. May he learn the name and lineage of the family which claims a boy so gallant for its pride.’

‘There was a strange feeling of dislike—a loathing for which I knew no cause—except upon me, while I looked upon the time-worn Baron, and as he proceeded with his cant about honor and lineage, I felt all the degradation of my birth, and answered bitterly, ‘I, my lord, have neither lineage nor family, nor is there a created being who claims blood akin to mine; the woman at whose breast I drank life would seem to own relationship with the child she bore to me. I am without name, save that I hold my sufferance, and the villagers call me Walter Milden.’

The Baron started and turned pale, as I believed, from owning an obligation to one of birth so mean, but recovering himself he said, ‘I am grieved that I have struck a chord that jars so rudely, yet would I ask, whence have you then derived that name?’

‘My sole companion from earliest remembrance, my nurse, is called Dame Budget Milden, and village courtesy hath added the name of Walter.’

The cheek of the Baron became of a yet more livid hue, and he staggered to his seat. I would have called assistance, but he motioned silence.

‘I am subject to fits of levity,’ he said; ‘but they are of short endurance, and I will speedily recover. Take this,’ he continued, while he took a purse from the table, ‘as it will be of use to one so friendless. I will see thee again when I am better.’

‘My lord, I thank thee,’ I replied proudly, ‘but I came not here to accept of alms. When next we meet, I trust that thou wilt have better learned to command thy feelings, nor thus wantonly insult even a wretch like me.’

The Baron's agitation increased, while I turned to take my leave, and a groan came from the deepest recess of his bosom, as the door slowly closed behind me.

Crossing the hall, I was met by the young lord, but as I was in no mood to receive his welcome, and hastily mentioning that his father was unwell, I hurried from the castle, and strode towards the hamlet. Approaching the outer wall, I heard the music of a woman's voice, and looking up, my eye caught the gaze of the Baron's daughter. I bowed lowly and passed on.

Such then was my interview with the long descended Baron, and I felt sickened with its result, although I had expected nothing that should have rendered disappointment painful. True, the fancy sketch of the maiden's father had been a fantasy, but what mattered that I

me?—and his bearing had been less courteous and noble than I had reckoned on, but why should I heed that? Could it indeed be, that it was shame at holding converse with me, which caused the agitation that shook his frame. Could the contamination of another's crime so change the current of his gratitude, that he should forget it all? Was this not enough to wither up the spring of every kindly feeling, and make the fated wretch forget or curse humanity. Whatever blissful dreams there might have idly played upon my heart, were chased away ere they had found a lodgment there, and I again felt as I was wont to feel.

Some weeks elapsed, and no event occurred to alleviate the dull monotony of my weary life, until at length I was astonished to see a travelling carriage draw up at the door, and the young Baron de Loridale enter the cottage to bid me farewell, previous to his departure on a tour of pleasure among the northern mountains. He was desired to offer, on his father's behalf, whatever I might judge most valuable to the welfare of my future life, if it were my desire to leave the inactivity in which I had been fostered. My answer was, that I thanked them for all their kindness, but I desired nothing I could not command. He looked at me with a disappointed gaze, and reluctantly bade me fare well.

Clara was now alone. Her mother had long been dead, and her father was too much engaged with his own business to waste much of his time with her, and she was thrown upon her own resources for amusement. She often strolled forth among the oaks, or along the river's brink, into the wood-n shades, that skirted her father's wide domain.

Destiny led us to the same haunts, in the woods of Loridale, and they were those which were most lonely. She sought them, for she loved to look undisturbed upon the frowning precipices of nature, and I, because I could there batten in the deepest solitude on my own cheerless doom. At first, I sought not her presence, and she knew not that my eye saw all her wanderings. Familiar with every rock and tree, unobserved I was a guard to her while she gathered the wild flowers, and wove them into wreaths. A female attendant had followed for the first days she sought the forest, but as she became familiar with its devious paths, and secure from intrusion, she often walked forth alone, or with only a playful spaniel to gambol beside her.

But this could not endure forever. It was the morn of a beautiful day, and I had early sought my wonted haunts in the forest, but I roved further on, that my moody thoughts might not be chased away, even by the fair and gentle girl, and I lay down behind a jutting rock, to think over my own sad thoughts alone.

I was aroused from a reverie by the shrill bark of the dog, and starting up, Clara of Loridale stood before me. Timid and shrinking, she would have retired from my presence, but I hastily approached and craved forgiveness for the alarm my presence had given,—and ‘* * * that day I was the companion of her wanderings.’

Time sped on, and day after day, I was by the side of the Baron's daughter. We talked together, and her brother was the theme on which she loved to dwell, and I wished that I too had a sister to care for me. Once, indeed, I told the whole tale of my own misery, and she listened till the tears rolled over her fair cheeks—I would have forfeited earth or heaven to have kissed them off. Was it strange that I should love—madly love—a being so beautiful and so kind—one who listened to me, and did not chide—who was sad at my afflictions, and whispered that it was in my own power to make the world—myself—forget that which gnawed at my heart-strings.

Summer was advancing, and the time for her father's return was near at hand, when her lonely walks would cease. The sun was near his setting, and I walked beside her towards her home, when, crossing a shining brook, in which a few stones had been placed as a rude ford, the step shook, and Clara struggled. I was beside her, and my arm caught her as she fell.

From the Montreal Courier of Monday.

A few days ago letters were received from the neighbourhood of Caldwell's Manor, conveying reports that the Patriots and Sympathizers were mustering in large numbers along the frontier, at Champlain, Allureh, Swanton, St. Alban's, &c.; and yesterday the Commander-in-Chief received intelligence that a very strong force was assembled on the other side of the line opposite Missisquoi Bay. After this information reached town, Major M'Cord was sent off to Laprairie, St. Pierre, and Chambly, to order a portion of the troops stationed at those places to proceed in the direction of the points where attacks are supposed to be contemplated.

The four prisoners, Cardinal, Duquet, Lepailleur, and one of the Tibbets', sentenced to be hanged, were officially informed of their fate on Saturday afternoon. We have not been able to learn who they are to suffer, but have heard that it will be on Wednesday or Friday.

Goupe, one of the Breton exiles, was arrested a few days ago at St. Hyacinthe, and since brought into town. It is not, we hear, for any offence he has committed since his return, as it is said he wrote Sir John Colborne where he might be found, should the Government require any information from him respecting the future plans of his fellow-exiles, which he had opportunities of ascertaining while attending the meetings with them in the United States.

The greatest exertions are making in Buffalo, as well as Detroit, in favor of the traitors, and the frontier presses abound in the grossest misrepresentations of the affair at Windsor.

The Harrisburgh riot is not, by the latest accounts, so hot, though the length of blood-drawing yet. A large militia force, which had arrived from Philadelphia, would, it was believed, have the effect of restoring public order, and preventing more serious consequences for the present.

From Correspondence of the Quebec Exchange, received this morning.

Montreal, Monday, 3, P. M.—A gentleman, who left Kingston on Friday last has arrived in town. A warrant had been received that morning by the Sheriff of the District for the execution of Woodrufe and warrants were hourly expected for the execution of three others, the whole who at that period had been tried.

The court-martial in this city resumed its proceedings this morning. The trial of Huot, the Commissary General of the Napierville rebels, is now before them, and the evidence for the Crown will, it is expected, last the whole day.—The Judges, Messrs. O'Sullivan, Gale, and Pike, and the Solicitor General, are engaged in the private chambers, hearing the motion of Mr. A. P. Hart. It is not, however, generally believed that he will be successful.

Two Companies of the 65th Regt. left town this morning, in sleighs, for Chambly. One Company only of this Regt. now remains in Quebec.

A Company of Royal Artillery, under command of Lieut. Broughton, is under orders to move upwards, and is expected to leave in a few days.

The investigation of the Court-Martial, assembled at the Citadel, into the circumstances of the escape of Thieller and Dods', has resulted in the conviction of the sergeant and two of the privates who were placed on at them, who have been found guilty of conniving at their escape. The sentence is death; but we believe, as is usual in such cases, it will have to be submitted to the Horse Guards before being carried into execution.

We learn that Captain Gillespie's Company (No. 10.) of Quebec Light Infantry, unanimously agreed, last night after drill, to give a day's pay for the relief of the widows and orphans of the Lacolle and Odeltown Volunteers who fell in the engagement of the 4th November last.

London, October 25th.—Part of the Earl of Durham's domestic servants arrived on Friday from Quebec. They brought with them a portion of the baggage.

Cleveland House, St. James's, is fitting up for the reception of Lord Durham and family next month.

The Sirius steamer had nearly foundered on her passage to St. Petersburg, the northern sea having washed away her fore-cabin, whilst the water was two feet in her hold; fortunately for the passengers she got safe into Copenhagen.

From the Montreal Correspondence of the Quebec Mercury.

"Authentic accounts were received here today, that Colonel Prince had executed, by sentence of drum-head Court Martial, four of the brigands taken at the affair near Windsor. —Other accounts not so well authenticated, mention that the pirates have mustered so strong at Detroit as totally to have overcome the military and civil force of the city; and to have taken uncontrolled possession of the Arsenal, &c.

The sentence of the Court Martial lately sitting here, has to-day been ratified by His Excellency Sir John Colborne. Ten of the prisoners have been found guilty, and two acquitted—of the ten, four are ordered for execution, and six are recommended for commutation of punishment to transportation. I have not been able to ascertain in the names of the parties under sentence of death. The Court Martial resumes its sittings on Monday morning."

From the Correspondence of the Quebec Gazette.

Montreal, Thursday evening, Dec. 13. "Several of the prisoners that were arrested at the commencement of the troubles, have been discharged. Among them are John Donaghey and Docteur Vallie and Perrault.

"On Tuesday eight prisoners accused on oath before the Coroner's Inquest, on the body of the late Mr. Walker at Lafortne, of being concerned in that barbarous murder, were brought into town and safely lodged in jail."

Montreal, Friday evening, Dec. 14th. "The Court Martial sat a short time this forenoon.

"I believe the greater part of those arrested on suspicion in the city, at the commencement of the troubles have been discharged from jail. Chas. Mondelet, L. M. Vizer, Desriviers, Berthelot, Lafontaine, D. Chapin, and Ducher, of St. Estienne, are among the number."

NAVY.—Her M. Ships Cornwallis and Malabar, arrived at Bermuda on the 15th November, from Halifax; and H. M. S. Racheuse, from New York.

H. M. Steamship Medea, arrived at Halifax on the 4th Dec. from Quebec and Pictou.

H. M. S. Hercules had arrived at Barbadoes with the 52nd Regt. from Gibraltar, and was to sail from Barbadoes for Halifax about the 20th of November, with the 36th Regiment.

CHRISTMAS CAKES!

THE Subscribers beg respectfully to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Quebec and its vicinity, that they will have on hand a large assortment of CONFECTIONARY and CAKES, plain and ornamented, of the best description, suitable for CHRISTMAS. Any orders left them will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to. Scotch Marmalade for Sale.

SCOTT & M'CONKEY. Quebec, 19th December, 1838.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,

- No. 11, Notre Dame Street,
60 BARRELS AMERICAN APPLES,
 20 Baskets E. Cheese,
 40 Barrels Superfine Flour,
 40 Barrels Bottled Wines,
 100 Boxes Candles,
 100 Boxes Soap,
 30 Boxes Pipes,
 50 Boxes and 50 half Boxes Raisins,
 20 Barrels Roasted Coffee,
 20 Barrels Pot Barley.

ALSO,
 Leith Ale, Clives, Cinnamon, Rice, Pepper, Pickles, Sauces, Sperm Candles, Maccaroni, Isinglass, Currants, Ink, Mustard, Cognac Brandy, Holland Gin, &c.
 JOHN FISHER.
 19th December, 1838.

SALE OF FURS.

GEO. HANN begs leave to inform the Public, that he intends disposing of his extensive Stock of FURS, consisting of—
 MUFFS,
 TIPPETS,
 BOAS,
 CAPS, &c.
 On THURSDAY, the 20th December.
 They will be sold without reserve, for Cash only.
 Quebec, Dec. 15th, 1838.

VISITING CARDS.

VISITING CARDS
 PRINTED
 In a Superior Manner.

VISITING CARD PLATES
 Engraved and Plated.

PLAIN, GILT, AND ENAMELLED CARDS,
 &c. &c.

FOR SALE, BY
 W. Cowan & Son,
 13, JOHN STREET.

FOR SALE.

BY THE SUBSCRIBER—
130 BOXES ENGLISH SOAP,
 50 do. Candles
 30 Barrels Apples (Faneuse),
 5 Boxes Sweet Spiced Zealand Chocolate,

—ALSO—
 Muscated, Valencia, and Soltana Raisins,
 Zante Currants, Almonds, Spanish Capes,
 Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels, Nutmegs,
 Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, Maccaroni, Vermacilli, Sperm Candles and Candle Ornaments, French Olives, Wix's Mustard Pickles and Sauces, &c. &c.
 W. LECHEMINANT,
 No. 1, Fabrique Street.
 15th Dec.

JUST PUBLISHED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

THE QUEBEC CALENDAR

FOR 1839.

BESIDES the usual matter, it contains the remarkable events connected with the Rebellion of 1837-8; the Civil and Military Register, Courts of Justice, Public and other Offices, Arrival and Departure of Mails at the Quebec Post Office, Terms of Courts of Justice, Eclipses, Movable Feasts, &c.

W. COWAN & SON,
 13, St John Street,
 Quebec, 3rd Dec. 1838.

QUEBEC BANK.

NOTICE.—A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of three per cent. on the amount of the capital stock, has been declared, and the same will be payable at the Bank, on or after WEDNESDAY, the 2nd of January next.

By order of the Board,
 NOAH FREER, CASHIER
 Quebec, 30th Novr. 1838.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY BARRELS SUPERFINE FLOUR, (W. & C. Land Mills).
 LEAYCRAFT, DUNSCOMB & CO.
 29th Novr.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:

- SIX HUNDRED MINOTS PEAS,**
 50 cwt. Ship Biscuit,
 30 lbs. Boston Crackers,
 50 kegs Butter,
 30 casks Salad Oil,
 40 casks Hull Cement,
 Green and Blue Paint.
 CREELMAN & LEPPER.

SUPERIOR BOTTLED SODA WATER,
 MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY
 MUSSON & SAVAGE.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS & PHENIX BITTERS,
 FOR SALE BY
 MUSSON & SAVAGE.

SWAIM'S CELEBRATED PANACA,
 FOR SALE BY
 MUSSON & SAVAGE.
 Chemists and Druggists.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received per "Eleutheria" from London, their supplies of the above; consisting of every medicine in present use.

ALSO,
 FROM ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES,
 Their usual full supply of
GENUINE PATENT MEDICINES.
 DYE STUFFS,
 LECCHES, &c. &c.
 MUSSON & SAVAGE.
 Chemists & Druggists.

FINE PICKLED OYSTERS.

THE Subscriber has for Sale, a small quantity of Pickled Oysters, of a very superior description.
 R. DEVERRY,
 13th December, 1838. Coillard Street.

FRESH OYSTERS

FOR SALE, by the Barrel, or any quantity to suit purchasers, at No. 14, St. Paul Street, next to Mr. Morison's buildings, by
 CAPT. PICOT.

GREEN LINE OF STAGES.



PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE undersigned respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have begun running their

GREEN LINE OF STAGES,

BETWEEN QUEBEC AND MONTREAL, and hope that their care and experience will merit them a portion of public encouragement. As they have made arrangements with persons fully competent and deserving of confidence, the distance will be run in two days. The Stages will leave Quebec and Montreal every Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday, at Six o'clock precisely, and will stop at Three-Rivers, at the house of Mme. Ostrom, and at Berthier, at the house of Mr. Fis. Harois. Covered carriages will also be in readiness to leave at any time, to meet public convenience. Parcels will be forwarded at low rates.

MICHEL GAUVIN, Quebec.
 TIMOTHEE MARCOTTE, Montreal.
 Quebec, 13th Decr. 1838.

R. C. TODD,

Herald Painter,
 No. 16, St. NICHOLAS STREET.

OLD TYPE.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS: the undermentioned fonts of OLD TYPE, viz:—

- 532 lbs. Long Primer,
- 500 lbs. Small Pica,
- 140 lbs. Brevier,
- 130 lbs. Great Primer,
- 133 lbs. Double Pica,
- 145 lbs. Double English,
- 303 lbs. Canon 5 & 8 line letter,
- 107 lbs. 16 line letter.

The whole weighing about 2115 lbs.—will be sold very low for cash.

W. COWAN & SON.
 19th Dec. 1838.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have just received a large supply of the following celebrated Medicines, viz:

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA,
 HAY'S LINIMENT for Piles, Rheumatism, &c.
 HEADACHE REMEDY.

ALSO, A fresh supply of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS.

BEGG & URQUHART,
 13, St. John Street, and
 8, Notre Dame St., L. T.
 5th October.

BUSTS OF THE QUEEN.

AT the request of several friends, a mould has been made from a true likeness of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, just arrived from Liverpool; and a few BUSTS are now finished and for sale at the stores of
 M'KENZIE & BOWLES,
 St. John Street.

ALSO, A handsome PEDESTAL, which will answer either for this or other figures to stand on.
 Quebec, 2nd October, 1838

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.
 Quebec, 25th Novr. 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

HATE-LETTERS.

Hate-letters—These, whether expressed in reproaches or threats, contempt or indignation, are wonderfully energetic. Of all passions, anger is the most eloquent. It is easier to say a cruel thing than to do one. Milton's devils talk better than his angels. It is more difficult for love to express itself in words, because it has so much to say; while hate can utter its heart-full in a breath, and afterwards expand on the strength of its own inspiration. An angry man, and a good one at the same time, always writes more bitterly than he would have spoken; it is, at this sight, seems unaccountable, as the comparatively slow motions of the pen must give more time for reflection; but I am convinced the cause of this excess arises from having a blank piece of paper before him instead of a human countenance, which letter must be very bad indeed not to awaken some remorse. The greatest protest on to write a hate-letter is in answer to a treacherous friend, who still addresses you throughout in the kindest manner, with a "My dear sir," at the beginning, and ends with a "Yours most sincerely." In this case, it may be excusable to dip your pen in gall; but will that do any good? On the contrary, it is more noble, more manly, to pay respect even to the ashes of friendship.

MERCHANTS' LETTERS.

To make short work, I divide merchants into two classes—the trade and the flummery. Here is a specimen of the first—
 "Gentlemen. Yours 9th received." Contents noted. Arrived, Jenny Saunders. She cleared the custom-house yesterday. Her hams not yet landed. Hope they are in good condition. Enclosed last price-current. Since which a spirit in the ram market. Wines, best, run off quickly. Lead heavy. Copper very dull. Tin plates look lively. Much done in tallow. Wax sick on hand. Feathers, goose, are down. Skins do not get off. Great demand for hemp by the government. Coffee, very good, this morning, with sundry parcels of sugar, eagerly sought after. Our exchange, one half, has fallen. Money scarce, and therefore great difficulty with bills. Bristles rising. We are, gentlemen," &c.

The other style is "Tollous as a king," and I cannot find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship. It generally contains advice of a bill being drawn, and begs a non-major, this—"Honour to acknowledge your esteemed favour—have the honour to transmit—valued on your respected house in favour of our esteemed and valued friend—in doubting of your respected house will favour us by duly honouring—and, with the most perfect esteem and respect, we have the honour to be," &c.

What a blessed invention is the post, whether twopenny, general, or foreign! It carries off, by a thousand invisible channels, like the system of underground drainage, half the disorders of the human heart. Let every one write down his worst, instead of putting it into practice. A spiteful scrawl cannot well do much harm in the world; while on the other hand, a sheet of paper full of kindness does infinite good to all parties. One of this last description lately fell into my hands, from a cook at Canterbury to her old uncle. She enclosed, kind soul! a two pound note, saved from her quarter's wages; said a thousand affectionate things, and, after wishing him many happy days, she—"what think you?—she quoted Shakespeare!—"May you guess and you feel up our monument." Thompson's Seasons, lying on the window-seat of a cottage has been pronounced a sufficient evidence of the poet's fame; but what is that compared to being quoted by a Canterbury cook?

DISADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A COLONY.—The worst of a colony is, sir, there is no field for ambition, no room for talents, no reward for distinguished exertions. It is a rich country for a poor man, and a poor country for a rich one. There is no prominent upper class of society here, or anywhere else in America.—There are rich men, headstrong men, agreeable men, liberal men, and good men, but very few gentlemen. The breed isn't pure; it is not kept long enough distinct to refine, to obtain the distinctive marks, to become generic says Sam Slick, who in more places than one has spoken a true word in jest.

THE MILLER AND THE FOOL.—A miller, who attempted to be witty at the expense of a non compos mentis, accosted him with, "John, people say that you are a fool." To this John replied, "I don't know that I am, sir. I know some things, sir, and some things I don't know,

sir.—"Well, John, what do you know?"—"I know that millers always have fat pigs, sir."—"And what don't you know?"—"I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."

We hurry through life, fearful, as it would seem, of looking back, lest we should be turned like Let's wife, into pillars of salt. And alas! if we did look back, very often we should see nothing but the blackened and smouldering ruins of our sires, the smoking Sodom and Gomorrah of the heart.

THE MIND.—A mind, even if not naturally vigorous, may receive from the aid of good principles the strength which nature has denied to it, and may be enabled to act with judgment and decision on every point which can be balanced in the scales of right and wrong.

Were a being of perfect virtue to walk the earth, it is doubtful whether he would be of the same practical use as one who possessed the usual alloy of good and evil. Without vanity, how little would be attempted! Without pride, how few would resist temptation!

SADDLERY.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his Friends and the public generally that he has received per Joseph, a large assortment of goods in his line, among which are—
 Whips of all sorts and patterns Japanned Steel, Portable Box, and other Spurs, Harness Mountings of the latest patterns, Hussar and Hunting Saddles, Horse Clothing, Blanket Rugs, Patent and Harness Leather, &c., &c. All of which he offers for sale on very moderate terms. Also, Portmanteaus, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

J. E. OLIVER,
2, Fabrique Street.

13th October.

SUPERIOR INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF THE ABOVE, A just received, and for sale
 BUSSON & SAVAGE,
Chevists
 Quebec, 6th Oct. 1838.

POTATOES.

FOR SALE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS,
 3000 BUSHELS excellent Montreal Potatoes, just arrived on board the barge "Favorite," at Hunt's Wharf.
 Apply on board or to
 CREELMAN & LEPPER,
10th November.

TURNIPS.

FROM 1 to 3000 Bushels Superior TURNIPS, Red, White, and Yellow, for Sale at 1s. 3d. per Bushel, delivered in any part of the town. Apply to
 SAMUEL TOZER,
No. 1, Upper Town Market.
 Quebec, 15th November.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS

Per Brig "Robert," from Jamaica,
 81 PUNCHEONS Jamaica Rum, super-
 41 Casks, 109 flavour and good
 5 Hds. Fair Sugar, 109 strengths.
 258 Quarter Boxes very superior "Cuba"
 Cigars.
 WM. PRICE & CO.
 Quebec, 17th Oct. 1838.

W. LECHEMINANT,

No. 1, FABRIQUE STREET,
 HAS JUST RECEIVED, and offers for Sale,
 20 hampers Double Gloucester Cheese,
 2 cases Brick do. do.
 1 ton American do.
 85 tinnets Kainouraska Butter,
 50 do. Sardines, (very fine,)
 12 barrels fresh Hickory Tins,
 —ALSO—
 Blackburn's superior Madeira Wine, in Wood and Bottle, with his usual assortment of Liquors & Groceries. Any article bought at his establishment, returnable, (within a reasonable time,) if not approved of.
 12th Nov.

MADEIRA WINE.

A FEW CASKS Howard, March & Co.'s MADEIRA WINE—price £70 per pipe of 110 gallons—for sale by
 JOHN GORDON & CO.
 St. Paul Street.
 Quebec, May, 1838.

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 "Lion's" Barracks.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND OFFER FOR SALE,

THEIR supply of Stationery, consisting of superior Writing Papers of various sizes, Quills, Steel Pens, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Lead Pencils, Ink, Ink Powder, Inkstands, Blank Books, Memorandum Books, Paper Cases, with and without locks, Water Colours and Hair Pencils, superior Drawing Pencils, Drawing Paper and Card Paper, Stumps, Chalk, Indian Rubber, Paste-Crayons, embossed Music Paper, Music Pens, Visiting Cards, plain, gilt and enamelled, Pink Suncres, Thermometers, Chinese Japanned Tea Caddies, Screen Handles, Slates, Inkwells, Patent India Rubber, Office Lead Pencils, Bond, and Reeves & Co.'s Marking Ink, Screw Top Inks, Red Tapes, Coloured Scraps for Albums, large and small Paper, Inkstands, rough Drawing Paper, Westwood Inkstands, Bookbinders Gold Leaf Chinese Men and Backgammon Boards of different sizes, carved Wood Snobs, Metallic Memorandum Books, Playing Cards, Pencil Rulers, Superior India Ink, fine Hair Pencils for Artists, do. for Writing, Card Boards, embossed Cards of all sizes—Brass Letter Files, Memorandum Books, with and without clasps, Blank Account Books of various sizes, printed Receipt Books, Bills of Exchange, single and in books, Sketch Books, Magnum Bonum Steel Pens, Album Titles cold, Letter Paper, &c., &c.

The Sacred Sacrament, being a new edition of the Testament, folio size, illustrated, elegant; bound in Turkey morocco.

The Book of Common Prayer, with lessons and Testament, in 1 vol.—illuminated edition, elegantly bound.

The Book of Common Prayer, with plates, neatly bound.

Dr. Do. with lessons and Testament, small edition, with lock.

Pocket Bibles, Companion to the Altar, &c. The Album of Flowers, &c. very elegant. Scrap Books and Albums of various sizes. A few fine Engravings.

—ALSO—
 Bibles and Prayer Books, School Books, French, English, Hebrew and Latin, Woodbridge and Olney's Atlas and Geography, Huntington's Geography and Atlas, and Davenport's Gazetteer.

W. COWAN & SON,
13, John's Street.

13th October.

RECENTLY RECEIVED AND FOR SALE, S. ALMON, in hardwood Tierces and Barrels.

Dry Codfish; and Cod and Seal Oil, in Barrels.
 EBENEZER BAIRD.
 Quebec, 6th Oct. 1838.

MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

NOTICE.
 THE Subscribers, general agents for Morison's Pills, have appointed William Whittaker, Sub-Agent for the Upper Town, No. 27, St. John Street.

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

The object in placing the foregoing powerful argument in favour of Mr. Morison's system, and to which the public attention is directed, namely, that it was only by trying an innocuous purgative medicine to such an extent that the truth of the Hygeian system could possibly have been established. It is clear that all the medical men in England, or the world, put together, have not tried a system of vegetable purgation to the extent and in manner prescribed by the Hygeians. How, therefore, can they (much less individually) know any thing about the extent of its properties.

FOR SALE.

THIRTEEN Hogheads superior U.C. Leaf Tobacco,
 100 Catty Boxes Young Hyson
 10 Chests Souchong
 10 Half Chests do.
 2 Boxes Pouchong
 Teas.
 ... ALSO ...
 Pock-Mess, Prime Mess and Prime.
 And daily expected,
 16 Hhds. Gallipoli Oil.
 HENDERSONS & CO.
 27th October. St. Peter Street.

J. HOBBOUGH,
 MERCHANT TAILOR,
 BEGS leave to announce to his friends that he has received his

FALL SUPPLY OF GOODS,
 consisting of 4 hats and Vestings of the finest descriptions and newest fashions.

... ALSO ...
 Pilot and Buckskin Cloth, for Winter Top Coats, which he will make up according to order, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.
 General Wolfe, corner of Palace and St. John Streets, Sept. 20th.

NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE

No. 62, ST. JOHN STREET.
 THE Subscribers most respectfully intimate to their friends and the public at large, that they have always on hand a choice assortment of Fresh Cakes and Confectionery, as usual.
 SCOTT & M'CONKEY,
 Quebec, 1st May, 1838.

NEW GROCERY STORE,

CORNER OF PALACE & JOHN STREETS.
 H. J. JAMESON,

RESPECTFULLY announces that he has commenced business in the above house, where he has on hand a choice selection of WINES and other LIQUORS, TEAS, SUGAR, COFFEE, and all other articles usually connected in his line, and will dispose of them for the lowest possible profit, and by a strict attention to all orders which he may be favoured with, he trusts to merit a share of public patronage.
 N. B.—For Sale, at very reduced prices, 38 dozen of superior London Particular O.L.P. and O. L. P. T., warranted eleven years in bottle.
 Quebec, Sept. 1838.

FURS.

W. ASHTON & Co.
 3, MOUNTAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO PRESCOTT GATE.

HAVE MANUFACTURED throughout the summer, and now offer for sale a stock of

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S FURS,
 which for neatness of style and quality of materials they feel proud to offer for competition.

Their having for some years past secured, during the summer season, probably the best Hat Trade in the Province, enables them to undersell any house depending on the winter trade for twelve months' support; this, together with the advantages they have over every other furriers in this city by importing their own materials direct, are the only hints they think necessary to drop.

All description of Furs made to order, and returnable if not approved of.

In repaying any article, or altering it to the present fashion, W. A. & Co. pledge themselves that their charges will be on the most moderate scale, and will forfeit the value of any article when promised to be done at a certain time, in which there may be a single hour's want of punctuality.

NO SECOND PRICE.
 Quebec, 20th Sept. 1838.

CHAMPAGNE, CHABLIS, AND BURGUNDY WINES.

THE Subscriber having been appointed by Messrs. DAWDOTT & CHEVALER, of Tonnere, Agent for the sale of their WINES in this City, invites the attention of the public to a consignment just received.
 JOHN YOUNG,
 St. Peter Street.
 Quebec, 2nd Oct. 1838.