

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. I. No. 5.]

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 27th JANUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

[For the Literary Transcript.]

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE LIEUT. WELLS,
OF THE 32nd Regiment.

Can studied arm or animated bust
Back to its mission call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dead,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death.

(GRAVE.)

Peace to thy gallant heart!—we less had grieved
Hadst thou but fallen before the battle brand;
But thus to fall! beneath a traitor's impious hand—
Thus to descend into the silent tomb,
In the young morn and April of thy years,
Was surely hard, and may excuse the tears
With which we now deplore thy hapless doom.
Peace to thy gallant heart! Whist valor's deeds
Shall stand recorded on the rolls of Fame
Thou shalt be well remembered, and thy name—
So long as B.Hom's generous bosoms bleed
For worth untimely snatched—serve as a spell
To bid our wandering thoughts on sun-bright glory
Dwell.

J. H. — N.

THE GUERRILLA,

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES,

[Concluded from our last.]

"Whither will you go?" said the Senor to the youth, as they sat the next morning at breakfast in the Senor's study. "You cannot remain here—you cannot remain in Burgos—you will follow your father to Madrid! I will supply you with the charges of your journey; and ample funds shall await you when you arrive there."

The youth made no reply; a deep melancholy was painted in his countenance, as he gazed vacantly in the Senor's face.

"Young man," resumed the Senor, "he is a false friend who, from motives of compassion, encourages hopes which he knows can never be realized. You have been brought up from childhood with my daughter, of whose sex it appears you were ignorant till last night. Her rank and yours forbid the continuance of that familiarity which has hitherto subsisted between you, and which might now lead to results which, from the most weighty reasons, my wishes are opposed. It must cease—cease here. I cannot permit you to speak to her, or even to see her!"

"Not speak to her! not see her again!" ejaculated the youth, striking his forehead with his hand, and starting from his seat.

"No!" said the Senor, calmly.

The youth frantically paced the chamber for a minute or two, then suddenly stopped short, and fixed his full eyes upon the Senor's face. The soul of deprecation was in that look; his colour wavered; his lips began to quiver; his respiration became short, difficult, and tremulous; the blood rushed all at once into his face, and a torrent of tears burst from his eyes, as he threw himself at the feet of the Senor.

"No!—no!—no!" was all he could utter, as he convulsively grasped the Senor's hand, which he raised at every interval to his lips; "No!—no!—no!"

The Senor was one of those inexplicable characters, who exhibit at one time the greatest sensibility, and at another, the greatest obtuseness of feeling. At a cause of sympathy, where no personal interest was opposed, he would melt as he did at the affecting interview between the Guerrilla youth and his supposed brother; but let that appeal interfere with his own inclinations, aims, resolves, he could be as callous as if his heart had never known the touch of truth, pity, or generosity. Coldly he contemplated the prostrate image of supplicating agony, that knelt before him. There was no effort, no struggle, no more than in a rock upon which water breaks, leaving it as it found it. "No!—no!—no!" in vain continued the youth, half suffocated with his sobs, and almost blind with weeping. The Senor calmly disengaged his hands, rose

—the youth still retaining his posture—approached the door, opened it, turned and paused for a moment or two with his hand upon the lock.

"I shall give directions for your immediate departure," said the Senor: "the cause of your disorder is too apparent. Hope is the nourisher of wishes; they droop, wither, and die when it is withdrawn. Within four days from this, my daughter will be espoused by a kinsman, whom I have fixed upon for her husband; you leave Burgos instantly!"

In a quarter of an hour, the youth was on his way to Madrid. The Senor sat alone in his saloon, his eyes constantly directed towards the door of his apartment: it opened—it presented to him the loveliest female form that had ever entered it, conducted by the Senor's principal female domestic. Expectation, uncertainly, were blended in the expression of her countenance; her eyes rested a moment on those of the Senor; then fell; and without lifting them again, she was led up to him. Her knees inclined to the ground, the Senor's arms prevented them from reaching it, and folded her to his breast.

"My child!"
"My father!"—was all that was uttered for several minutes. The lost, found daughter had been cautiously prepared for the interview.

Having given vent to their emotions, and the attendant having withdrawn, the father and the daughter now sat side by side. For a time she listened with interest to his account of the consternation and distraction which her sudden disappearance when a child had excited; of the various means which had been resorted to, but in vain, to effect her recovery; of the different conjectures which had been formed, as to the cause and manner of her abduction; and the quarter whither she had been conveyed—but gradually her attention slackened, and slackened until at last the Senor stopped, finding that he was pouring his communication into ears that took no note of it, while the now abstracted maid sat fixed in the attitude of listening. An expression of deep thought and anxiety spread itself over the countenance of the Senor as he sat contemplating the breathing statue before him.

A footstep was heard in the passage. It aroused her—she listened—it passed—she sighed and relapsed into her trance. Another footstep was heard—she was awake again—she listened—it was close to the door—the door opened—almost she arose from her seat—a domestic entered—she heaved a deeper sigh than before, and the spell of abstraction again came over her. The gloom of the Senor's countenance deepened; his brow became contracted; he frowned upon his new-found child; he felt his heart rising in his throat, but he bit his lip, and kept his emotions in.

"Come," said he at last, rising from his seat: "let me make you acquainted with your father's house, of which as yet you only know a room or two."

She rose mechanically and took the arm which he proffered. He conducted her through the various apartments of a very noble mansion; furniture, the most costly, was uncovered to solicit her admiration; the richest apparel was taken from costly wardrobes, and spread before her; cabinets were unlocked; jewels were withdrawn from their cases, and put into her hands or disposed here and there about her person, that she might view them in spacious mirrors; the history of this set and that set—the choice in the collection—was told to her; she saw, she heard, but she noted not—the impression of her senses vanished the moment the causes were withdrawn—once only was that interest, which makes impression permanent, excited—when she looked at the portrait of her mother. She stood before it unte—reverence scarce lifting its eye to the object it venerates and would look upon: she crossed her arms upon her breast—she dropped her eyes, half bowed, and raised them to the portrait again; a tear started and trickled. It was plain that the portrait was awakening other ideas besides that of the original—she slowly turned her face towards the Senor who

stood beside her—a want and a wistfulness were depicted in that face.

"You'll be kind to me," she said, and bursting into tears hid her face in the Senor's breast.

Dinner was announced: she eagerly took the Senor's hand, when he offered it to conduct her to the room where it was laid. She almost went before him, but she had scarcely entered the door and looked around, when she faltered as though she was about to drop. No one sat down to table but the Senor and her. One cover was laid before her, she tasted its contents, and no more. Another and another followed with the same result. Appetite was gone—nothing could provoke it. The dessert was as little honoured as the dinner. Wine was poured out for her: she touched the lip of the cup, but its contents went away untraced.

"Almeira!" said the Senor, as soon as they were left alone, "are you unhappy at having found your father?"

"No!" ejaculated the ingenuous girl, lifting her eyes and looking full in the Senor's face.

"Yet are you unhappy at something?" added the Senor, inquiringly: the girl was silent.

"Your new state of fatness, Almeira," resumed the Senor, "must give rise to new habits—new pursuits—new connections:" the Senor was going on, but observing that the colour was rapidly leaving the cheek of his auditor, he paused; and differently from what he had intended, at length went on: "Your happiness, Almeira, shall be the first care, as it is the first wish of your father."

The girl's eyes brightened up—the colour returned to her cheek—she started from her seat, throwing her arms round the neck of the Senor: whose countenance, instead of being irradiated like that of his child, now lowered with an expression of deep perplexity and trouble.

"Take your seat again, Almeira," said the Senor. The girl returned to her seat.

"Happiness, my child," said the Senor, "is the result of doing, not merely what we wish, but what we know to be wise and right. You must have no concealments from your father. Tell me, did you not expect to-day to meet with some one whom you have missed?"

A face and neck of scarlet formed the reply of the maid, as she sat with downcast eyes and hardly appeared to breathe.

"I know you did, Almeira," resumed the Senor, his countenance darkening; "but he has left this house."

A slight convulsive respiration was all that was uttered by the maid, but, where there was crimson before, there was now the hue of ashes.

"He has left Burgos," continued the Senor. She gasped.

"He must never return to it!" firmly added he.

The girl lay senseless on the floor.

The evening of the third day after the departure of the youth, the house of the Senor was lighted up for festivity; his doors, thrown upon for the reception of all who chose to enter, disclosed in the distance an illuminated garden. The company was of various descriptions, the costume such as pleased the fancy of the wearers; some came in masks and dominoes; some in fancy and some in plain dresses; group after group passed in. Numbers of the common class of people remained stationary in the street, sufficiently interested in watching the arrival of the visitors. Among them, and in the front, stood a young man enveloped in an ample cloak, with which, as well as with his hat that was pulled down over his eyes, he partly concealed his countenance.

"Can you tell me the meaning of this?" said he to one who stood by him.

"Don't you know?" abruptly demanded the other. "I thought every one in Burgos was acquainted with it. The Senor gives a feast to-night, in joy for having recovered his long-lost daughter, and in honour of her ap-

proaching nuptials, which are to take place to-morrow. Stand up," continued he, in a tone of slight impatience: "What ails you that you stagger so? are you drunk?"

"No," replied the first speaker—yet caught by the arm of his neighbour, evidently for support. It was the youth. After a day's journey and a half, he had turned, and, reckless of consequences, came back to Burgos. He had no life now but what was centred in a passion, whose root was as deep as the recollections of his boyhood. He thrilled with the thought of a thousand embraces and other acts of endearment, which, when they occurred, were received as welcome but merely customary things. His lips now clung in fancy to lips whose pressure he had but half returned—nay, often checked; he felt as if he could have parted with the whole store of his life's breath to feel now for one moment the sweet breath of those lips. He had arrived in Burgos that very evening about dusk; had taken up his quarters at the house of an old woman, who, perceiving by his attire, that he was a mountaineer—a trace had just been proclaimed between the Guerrillas and the inhabitants of Burgos—had called him to her, and asked him if he would undertake to convey a grandson of hers who was sickly into the mountains that night. He had consented, having begun to plan the wildest schemes for the abduction of the Senor's daughter; and providing himself with a cloak which would thoroughly conceal his figure, he hastened into the street where the Senor lived, and planted himself with the rest before the house.

"May be," said the man whom he had accosted, feeling that he leaned upon him from faintness: "May be you have not eaten to-day, and are exhausted with fasting. If so, yonder is food enough," continued he pointing to the Senor's door; "and nobody is prohibited from entering."

"Nobody!" echoed the youth, inquiringly.

"Nobody!" reiterated his neighbour, who scarcely missed the youth from his side when he saw him glide into the Senor's house.

In the hall the youth encountered the Senor—whom, however, masking, his face by a profound bow as he moved on, he contrived to pass without being discovered. He turned into the parlour; it was full, but the object whom he sought was not there; he mixed with the company that were amusing themselves with minstrelsy and dancing in the garden, but with no better success. He ascended to the library, but his searching eyes, that eagerly looked from side to side, examining every group, were unrewarded for their pains. He passed into the saloon, which was the most crowded; with no small difficulty he made his way to the head of the apartment, where a small space was kept clear, in the centre of which sat, upon something like a throne, a female of the most exquisite form, richly but simply attired. She was leaning back, displaying to full advantage the curve of a beautifully arched neck, her face quite turned away, in earnest conversation with an elderly woman, evidently of subordinate rank, who stood behind her. The youth gasped for breath. He felt a movement among those who were standing near him, as if to make way for some person who was approaching; he mechanically yielded, without once withdrawing his regards from the object upon whom he had first fixed them. The Senor entered the area, conducting a young cavalier by the hand.

"Almeira!" said he.

The queen of the festivities turned her head, and presented to the youth the face of the companion of his childhood and boyhood; but how enhanced in beauty, from the more congenial attire which its owner had assumed. The Senor presented the cavalier, who took and kissed the hand which, however, she did not offer. The youth moved his hand towards his sword, but checked himself, and drew his mantle closer about him.

"Who is that young cavalier?" with as much composure as he could command, inquired he of the person who stood next him.

"The intended husband of the Senor."

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

His hand moved towards his sword again, but again he checked himself.

The Senator whispered to his daughter—she rose. The cavalier presented his arm—she took it. They moved through the stately apartment, the company making way as they approached. The youth mechanically followed.

With what feelings did he contemplate the lovely form before him!—the graceful-falling shoulders!—the slender waist!—the fall-sweeping sweep of the downward portion of the figure!—the ankle that seemed made for ornament rather than support! all set off by the effect of female drapery. A thousand wild and maddening resolves passed in rapid, stormy succession through his mind; but they all settled into one—to die before her!—To reveal himself and die!

He turned for a moment to look for the Senator. He had stopped to converse with some friends. He followed the pair through the library, and down into the garden, withering at the looks of gratulation and delight that were cast upon them on every side as they passed. The mistle and dance were proceeding. Her companion conducted her to an arbour, and seated himself there beside her. The youth took his station at some distance, directly in front. The full blaze of the night displayed every feature as clear as if it were noonday. Her full dark eye sparkled—her cheek shone in her countenance—she had forgotten the companion of her youth—she was listening to him with whom the remainder of her life was to be passed?—What was life or the world to the deserted one?

The aged female he had remarked in the saloon approached. She rose instantly and met her before she reached the arbour. They whispered and separated. She resumed her seat, her countenance brighter than before.

"They have been speaking about her approaching nuptials," sighed the youth to himself. "She will be a bride to-morrow!"

The cavalier now addressed her. She bowed. He rose and hastily left the arbour. The youth thought that this was the time. He stood before her, his hand upon his dagger. He was about to breathe the well-known name, but it was unnecessary. She knew him enveloped as he was, and uttered a half-suppressed shriek. Her violent effort, however, she instantly recovered herself.

"Fly to the mountains!" she said, as rapidly as she could articulate. "I shall meet thee there to-morrow!"

"Fly!" she reiterated. "Living or dead I will be thine!—He returns! Fly—as you love me, fly!"

He looked in the direction whither the cavalier had departed. He was returning, carrying a basket of fruit, and followed by the Senator. The youth bent one gaze upon her, such as she had never received from him before. He saw that it penetrated her soul. She answered it, pressing her hand upon her heart. He darted into a group that stood near; gradually, but as fast as he could, withdrew from the garden, and quitted the house, his soul in a ferment with feelings which he could not define, but which were transported compared to those which he had experienced but a few minutes before.

"Where is your grandson?" he eagerly inquired of his hostess as he entered.

"He will be here at midnight, of which it only wants an hour. In the mean time you can take some refreshment."

He sat down to the first repast he had tasted with relish for the last three days. He ate heartily, and washed down the viands with an ample draught of excellent wine. The dame did not play the niggard to her grandson's guide. He inquired the time. It wanted yet half an hour of midnight. He became restless.

"Are you positive," said he, "that your grandson will be here?"

"Positive," she replied.

At length the church clock struck the hour, and at the last stroke a knock came to the door. He flew to open it. Two mules were without, upon one of which was mounted his expected fellow-traveller. He sprang upon the back of the other, and they set off.

Engrossed with his own reflections, the youth did not interchange a syllable with his companion. The lovely, stately form of the Senator's daughter was ever before him, but contemplated with his feelings far different from those with which he had followed it in the saloon. He dwelt with wonder on its fair stature—its rich outline—its bewildering symmetry! He became lost in a trance of delicious meditation, unconscious that he was

following the charge whom he had undertaken to conduct. They had now reached the mountains. The breath of his native air first recalled him to himself. It was gray dawn. He was several paces in the rear of his companion. He rode up to him.

"To what part of the mountains would you go?" inquired he.

"Blessed Virgin!" ejaculated the other, suddenly drawing the bridle. The youth did the same; sprang from the animal that carried him, and clasped the Senator's daughter in his arms, returned to her boy's disguise. His neck felt the clasp which it had often felt before, but never as now;—the lips printed kisses where they had before passively received them, nor was their pressure unreturned.

The aged female in the saloon and garden had been the nurse of the Senator's daughter—had received her from the Senator when she had swooned in the dining-room, and leaped from her the cause. Feeling that the daughter's life must fall a sacrifice, if she was forced to comply with the Senator's wishes, she planned the escape, and effected it, determining to follow, and end her days with one, whom, an infant, she had nourished in her bosom.

"You are mine!" exultingly exclaimed the youth, as he sprang again into his saddle. The trampling of horses was heard close behind them! They looked back,—they were pursued. They endeavoured, by urging their mules to the top of their speed, to escape, but they were overtaken. He vainly attempted resistance; he was disarmed, bound, and in a state of distraction conducted with the Senator's daughter back again to Burgos.

"I shall give him his life," said the Senator; "but he shall see her married before his face."

The priest was summoned,—the bridegroom was ready. The Senator's daughter was led drooping into the room, supported by two domestics. The priest proceeded as he was directed, but no response could extricate or threaten induce the maid to give.

"I will answer for her," said the Senator.

"It is murder!" shrieked the youth, and with a convulsive effort of his arms, burst the doors by which they were constrained, and darting forwards, clasped the maiden madly to his breast; the maiden, roused by the action, clung wildly to him!

"Separate them!" vociferated the Senator.

The attendants endeavoured to obey him, but in vain. The hands of the pair were clasped with the strong tenacious hold that is sometimes taken in the agony of violent death.

"Kill him!" cried the Senator.

"Forbear!" commanded a voice of thunder, as the Guerilla strode into the room. "Forbear! He is your nephew, and I am your elder brother."

The Guerilla—if such we may call him—had in his youth fallen desperately in love with the daughter of a noble family: She was destined to take the veil. She renounced his passion, and during her novitiate eloped with him from her convent. He carried her into the mountains, and buried himself with her there. They were excommunicated. She bore him a son, and died shortly afterwards. To secure to that son restoration to his paternal possessions, the father had stolen the Senator's daughter, whose sex, for various reasons, was carefully concealed till the last.

The death of the Senator's son, whom the Guerilla had in vain attempted to rescue, and who revealed his name to the Guerilla, and penned with his dying hand, for his father, a relation of what had happened, presented an opportunity for carrying into effect the plan which the Guerilla had long in contemplation. He repaired to Burgos, confident of security in the double hold which he had upon the Senator; when the events which we have narrated in the commencement took place. Encouraged by the paper which the youth, upon arriving at Burgos, presented to him, he had repaired to Madrid, obtained complete enfranchisement from the disabilities under which he lay, and returned in time to succour his son and his niece, who that very morning were united.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

London, December 5.

Miss Burdett Coutts made her entree into fashionable life on Sunday last in the parks, in the late Duchess of St. Alban's landau and four grays, with outriders.

The late Duchess of St. Alban's left Miss A. Burdett £1,800,000. The weight of this enormous sum, in gold, reckoning sixty sovereigns to the pound, is 13 tons, 7 cwt., 3 qrs., 12 lbs., and would require 107 men to carry it,

supposing that each of them carried 289 lbs., (equivalent to the weight of a sack of flour).

An officer in the Dublin garrison, has advertised for a wife, and acknowledges he has no property, but can't think of taking a partner under £10,000.

Last week a beautiful ancient marble statue of Pomena, in excellent preservation, was found near Winchester, by one of the excavators on the Southampton railroad.

The Sultan Mahmood, being persuaded that the habit of lying stretched on sofas makes his subjects lazy, orders that chains shall be used in all apartments in future.

In the Sheriff's Court London on Thursday, a verdict with £21 damages was given against a Mr. Villiers, his wife having mutilated some volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica which had been lent to her by a friend, by taking out several plates.

There is a question before the Court of Exchequer on a demurrer, which raises a point whether, under the 57 George III. cap 99, (in which it is enacted that no clergyman shall trade for gain, nor buy nor sell to sell again,) a clergyman can hold shares in a banking company. This will open a variety of other similar matters. The decision of the court will, therefore, be of great importance to clergyman generally.

In an article in Fraser's Magazine, it is stated that Mr. Moat, of the pill farm of Morris and Co., is settled at New York; that he has agents in most of the principal towns of the Union, for the sale of Morrison's pills; and that his profits, which yearly exceed 25,000 dollars, enable him to sport a handsome English carriage and four.

A very respectable meeting, called by circular, was held at Clarendon Rooms, at Liverpool, on the 2nd Dec., Dr. Reynolds in the chair; at which it was determined to form a society in that town, for the purpose of collecting statistical facts.

Mr. Charles Dickens, author of the "Pickwick Papers," has received most liberal offers from Mr. Macready to write for Covent Garden, but we are informed that they have been declined. Mr. C. Dickens is now, doubtless, too deeply engaged in his present and forthcoming undertaking to be able to devote the necessary time to a dramatic performance, especially of such length and importance as Macready wished him to furnish. It is confidently said that £500 down, together with contingent advantages, were promised by the manager for a comedy in five acts.

UNITED STATES.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, of January 16.

THE PATRIOT ARMY DISBANDED.—THE BARCELONA.—Night before last the so-called Patriot Army on Navy Island, evacuated that position, crossing in their boats to Grand Island, surrendering their arms to the United States authorities, and disbanding their forces. The cannon belonging to the State, were returned in a scow to Schlosser, and on the way with all the men on board, came near going over the Falls. She had fallen far down the current, and the men had given up the case as hopeless, when a gale from the North-west sprang up, and by the aid of their blankets, waded them on shore.

The British Flag was yesterday morning hoisted on Navy Island.

The Barcelona went down to Schlosser yesterday morning. Three armed British schooners, upon the supposition that she was there to bring up the munitions of war of the disbanded army, were stationed below Black Rock, to intercept her, with orders to hail her, and upon her refusing to lay to and be searched, fire upon her.

We understand that the proper representations having been made to the British Commandant by General Scott, she came up early this morning without molestation, to Black Rock Dam, where she now lies. We trust that this vexatious war, so far as the Navy Island men are concerned, is ended, and that no measures will be taken to reconcentrate the disbanded forces.

The disbanding of the force at Navy Island has furnished an opportunity for ascertaining the number who where there assembled. They mustered in all 510, who were enrolled. Beside these there were something like 150 supernumeraries. According to the veracious accounts published in the Rochester Democrat, and other papers nearer home, there should not have been less than 1500 or 2000 men on the island, all sworn to victory or death."

Gen. Van Rensselaer, of the late Patriot Army at Navy Island, was arrested last night by one of the U. S. Deputy Marshals, and

herated on giving bail for his appearance at the next session of the United States Circuit Court.

The bail taken was Mr. Van R.'s own recognizance in the sum of 3000 dollars, with Dr. E. Johnson, Geo. P. Barker, and H. K. Smith, Esquires, in the additional sum of 1000 dollars each.

The U. S. Revenue cutter, which lay at Erie, was cut out of the ice at that place, and arrived here last night, in accordance with an order to that effect from the Secretary of the Treasury. The lake is still open, and in line order for navigation.

We yesterday announced the evacuation of Navy Island, but the warlike movements upon our frontier do not seem to have ceased in consequence. It was yesterday rumored that two British vessels well armed, were lying in American waters, in the neighborhood of Black Rock, and Governor Marcy and General Scott immediately repaired to the Rock. They found the vessels there, but so near the line as to render it difficult to say whether they were in American or British waters. One of General Scott's aids boarded the vessel, and the officer professed most anxiety to keep out of American jurisdiction, and agreed to remove nearer to the Canada side. Judge Barker, the collector, also boarded the vessel, and upon enquiring the object of stationing them there, the officers informed him that they had no hostile intentions to the American government or people, but that their orders "were to fire upon the steamboat Barcelona," should she attempt to pass up from Whitehaven, where she was lying at the time, without submitting to a search for rebels and the arms belonging to the Navy Islanders. Judge Barker informed them that such an act would be illegal and resented by our government, to which he received for reply—"such were their orders."

The Barcelona came up this morning as far as Black Rock Dam, without molestation; but the schooners are still there, and show no disposition to remove.—[Buffalo Journal.]

The New Orleans Bove of the 4th inst. states that a large quantity of specie was sold on the 3d at only 2 per cent. premium. The packet ship Susquehanna, so often chased by a "long black looking schooner," has arrived at Philadelphia from Liverpool. She was cheered by the people at the wharves.

The Cincinnati Post of the 10th inst. says,—"The steam-boat Home arrived at the landing place there about 9 o'clock, from Louisville. She had been at the wharf but a very few minutes, when a boiler burst, and scalded seven, one fatally. The sufferers all belonged to the boat; four were blown overboard, but recovered."

UPPER CANADA.

Kingston, Jan. 20th.—The Niagara Reporter of the 15th gives the following important intelligence:

"Doncombe and his crew have been defeated once more, and driven from the Island opposite Amherstburg, of which he had taken possession. We understand that one of his men was killed, 8 wounded, and 12 prisoners. Two pieces of artillery, 400 stand of arms, and an armed schooner, were taken by Col. Askin and his brave militia. It was said that previous to their defeat they had made a descent on Amherstburg, and succeeded in burning part of the village; but they were speedily repulsed by the loyalists.

"Navy Island is abandoned by the mis-sant Gen. Van Rensselaer. It is occupied by a party of the 24th Regiment. The banditti left their impregnable fortress last night, taking with them all their artillery, arms, and munitions, &c. Only one man was found on the Island, who presented a white flag, and of course taken prisoner. 12 pieces of artillery were landed in the course of the night at Schlosser; but there is yet no account of the route taken by the fugitives."

(From the Kingston Chronicle, of the 20th.)

The principal intelligence received by the steamer St. George, is that Lount and his secretary, Sergeant Hayes, were lodged in the Toronto jail a few days since, after undergoing examination before the proper authorities.

It is reported that Gen. Scott is determined to preserve the strictest neutrality, and to enforce the laws as far as in his power.

Toronto, January 17.—The Hon. A. N. Mc Nabb was received in the House of Assembly on his return from the Niagara frontier, on Monday last by acclamation. He has again gone to the frontier.

LOWER CANADA.

From the Montreal Herald of Tuesday.

PANIQUE AU DISCOUNT.—The "loyal" directors of the Banque du Peuple are drawing in all the five dollar notes they can get a hold of, because Papineau's head is on them, and they have ordered a new plate for notes of the same value, which, report says, are to have engraved on them the head of Lord Gosford, who is now called, as Papineau used to be, "l'homme du peuple." They will find the one head is as much as a discount as the other. They are also drawing in the copper currency they issued with the Canadian star and cap of liberty on it.

We understand that during last week a great many Canadian families have left town under the apprehension that the Americans are expected to attack this city so soon as the ice is strong enough to bear the transportation of field pieces. Although the idea in itself is supremely absurd, it shows how much "the wish is father to the thought."

A fire broke out yesterday morning about one o'clock at the extreme end of the Beccol suburb, but as the house was of wood, it was burnt to the ground before any engine was on the spot. We have had very few fires of late; we suppose people are too busy with their fires to have time to set fire to their houses.

We understand that His Excellency the Governor in Chief has given directions to the different Civil Departments to make every exertion to bring to a close such business now before them, as can be speedily terminated, with a view of relinquishing the administration of the Government to Sir John Colborne, and to depart, without delay, for England, in obedience to Her Majesty's commands.

It is said that Mr. Walcott, Civil Secretary, will accompany His Excellency.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 27th JANUARY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, --- Dec. 9. New-York, --- Jan. 19
Liverpool, --- Dec. 8. Halifax, --- Jan. 13
Havre, --- Dec. 7. Toronto, --- Jan. 18

This morning's mail does not furnish any thing of importance.

It is said that a Queen's messenger has arrived at New-York, bringing the definite answer of the British to the American Government on the North-East boundary question. The nature of the answer has not yet transpired.

The news of the evacuation of Navy Island by the rebels is confirmed. Some particulars respecting their subsequent movements are given in the American papers, extracts of which will be found in another column. It appears certain that on arriving on the American shore, the rebels delivered up to the authorities the arms of which they had obtained unlawful possession, and disbanded themselves. It is now ascertained that the number of "enrolled" rebels on the island, which had been magnified into thousands, did not exceed 510.

Colonel Sir George Arthur the new Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, was to sail from Liverpool in the 16th December packet-ship for New-York, and is therefore daily expected to arrive in Upper Canada. His family will accompany him.

We understand that Lord Gosford's occupation will be gone at the end of the present month, before which time his successor, Sir John Colborne, will arrive in Quebec, to assume the government.

On Sunday morning last Montreal was visited by an inundation, caused by the rising of the river, which continued to increase until Tuesday evening. The flood was greater than any which has been witnessed since 1787, and the destruction of property has been very considerable, amounting to several thousand pounds, consisting principally in flour, grain, ashes, sugar, salt, and some cattle. A large portion of the city and suburbs adjacent to the river were covered with water varying from two to eight feet in depth; and the inhabitants were obliged to abandon their dwellings or confine themselves to the upper stories. The streets were traversed with canoes, which were constantly in motion. The steam-boat Princess Victoria and two other vessels were removed from off the stocks, and sustained more or less injury.

On Tuesday the water was completely covered with ice, which will add to the injury sustained much trouble and difficulty in getting the goods out of the cellars, &c. The Montreal Herald gives the following as the names of the principal sufferers:—Messrs. Tobin & Munison, Mittleberger, McIntosh & Co., Carter & Cowan, Thomas Cringan & Co., C. & S. McDonald, W. S. Phillips, D. W. Eager, and Latham. To these, says the Courier, may be added a great many more. Messrs. Cunningham & Buchanan, among them. 300 barrels of ashes are under water in the inspection store. The heaviest loss, however, falls upon the poor, great numbers of whom have their houses literally blocked up with ice. A meeting of the citizens of Montreal took place on Wednesday, to take into consideration the means of relieving the suffering population of the inundated districts.

Considerable damage was done at Lapararie by the rising of the river; and a house and barn a few miles below the village were carried away by the ice.

"WHERE WILL THEY BE IN THE SPRING."
The Quebec Gazette of last night gives the following as the *locute* of some of the "leaders and Generals" of the late rebellion, who have betaken themselves to the land in which they have long seen so much to "enjoy." The recital of Lord Gosford gives us reason to hope that the spirit of "conciliation" will never be carried so far as to lead them to find any thing to "enjoy" on this side the line.

Mr. Speaker PAPINEAU, at Washington.
Gen. Brown, in gaol, at Middlebury, Vermont.
Dr. O'Callaghan, M. P. P. lecturing between New York and Saratoga.
Dr. Cole, M. P. P., at Burlington.
John Ryan, State of Maine.
MacKenzie, and Van Ransselaer, under ball at Buffalo.

Gibson, M.P.P. of Upper Canada, in the vicinity.

The following is from the Toronto Palladium of the 17th instant:—

That most treacherous and insidious rebel of them all, John Rolph, is paralyzing the town of the State of New York, like a false prophet, or only soothsayer, teaching doctrines adverse to every principle of truth, honour, and justice; but which lie in the ears of the unthinking—and seduce them to his present purpose, that of gaining a living, such as it is.

It is not certain what has become of Duncombe. The following appears in the Buffalo Patriot:—

"It is reported that Dr. Duncombe's horse has been found tied to a tree about 100 miles from Chatham, in which situation, from appearances he had been two or three days. From this it is inferred that Duncombe himself has met his end."
Of Gibson we know nothing except that his seat in the House of Assembly was declared vacant on Monday last; and a new writ for the First Riding of this County ordered.

QUEBEC CURLING CLUB.

The Anniversary Dinner of this truly Scottish Society took place last night at Mr. SCHUEP's, Globe Hotel. The company assembled shortly after six o'clock. The table was supplied with every delicacy, arranged in elegant style, and the wines were of the rarest and choicest description, reflecting great credit on Mr. Schuep. The chair was taken by William Patton, Esquire, the President of the Club, and A. H. Young, Esquire, acted as Vice-President. The following toasts were given in the course of the evening:—

The Queen—God bless her.
(Three times three and one cheer more.)
The Royal Family.
The Army and Navy.
The day and all who honour it.
Song, by L. Douglas,—*The Girl that loves a Sailor.*

Our Guests.
Mr. Kemble returned thanks.
Song, by Major Sewell,—*Hey for the life of a Soldier.*
The customs of the Club.
Song, by Mr. Gibson.

Sir John Colborne, Commander of the Forces.
(Three times three and one cheer more.)
Song,—"See the Conquering Hero comes."
Sir Francis Good Head.
(Three times three and one cheer more.)
Song, by Mr. James Burns,—*The Pilot that weathered the storm.*
Col. McNab and the gallant Militia of Upper Canada.
(Three times three and one cheer more.)
Song, by L. Douglas,—*Will Watch.*
Sir John Harvey and the Militia of New Brunswick.
(Three times three, and one cheer more.)
Song,—*Hearts of Oak.*

Col. Wedderburn, and the Veterans of St. Charles.
Song,—*March to the Battle Field.*
Col. Baird, and the Quebec Volunteers.

Col. Rowan, and the Garrison of Quebec.
Song, by Mr. Gibson.

Major Sewell, and the Quebec Light Infantry, who so nobly came forward in the hour of need.
(Three times three and one cheer more.)

Major Sewell, on behalf of the Quebec Light Infantry, returned thanks in an appropriate speech.

Our worthy President—Wm. Patton, Esquire.
Mr. Patton returned thanks.
Song,—by Mr. Burns,—*A famous man was Robin Hood.*
By Major Sewell,—The Quebec Curling Club, (With all the honours.)

The Chairman returned thanks.
Song, by Major Sewell,—*Our country and our duty.*
By Mr. Anderson,—Our absent members, a salute to them.

From the Chair.—*Curlew's Wives, Curlew's Sweethearts, and the Wives and Sweethearts of our Guests.*
Song, by Mr. James Burns,—*Green grow the Rushes O!*
From the Chair.—The Vice-President—A. H. Young, Esquire.

The Vice-President returned thanks.
Several other volunteered toasts were given; and about "the witching hour of night," the company separated, well pleased with the delightful manner in which the evening had been spent, and regretting that twelve long months must elapse ere they could again celebrate the anniversary of the Quebec Curling Club.

A fire broke out on Tuesday night, in a house situated in Champlain Street, belonging to Mr. James Hunt, and occupied by Mr. Williams as a boarding house. From the fierceness with which the fire at first raged, and the narrowness of the street in which it occurred, apprehensions were entertained the destruction of property to a great extent was inevitable. By the prompt and active exertions of the citizens, however, the flames were prevented from extending beyond the building in which they broke out. Much credit is due to Capt. Gillespie's Company of Rifles (No. 4.) who immediately on the alarm of fire being given, repaired to the spot with the Alliance engine, and were mainly instrumental in preventing the extension of the fire. Mr. Hunt's house was insured at the Quebec Fire Office for 4200; but Mr. Williams had no insurance on his furniture, most of which was destroyed. A volunteer guard was under arms during the greater part of the night, to protect the property saved.

The house of Mr. Picard, tavern-keeper, in the Lower Town Market, was broken into on Thursday night, and nine dollars in cash abstracted from the till. The thieves effected an entrance by forcing down the shutter of a glass door, and unbolting it from the inside.

THE ARMY.

On Wednesday, shortly after one P.M., the company of the Royal Artillery under command of Major Pringle, which had been expected since Sunday, arrived in this city from New Brunswick. The crossing from Pointe Levi was effected in admirable style, the canoes having simultaneously reached the landing place. On disembarking, the Artillerists proved by their appearance that they were something more than fair-weather soldiers, the effects of their fatiguing journey being manifest on nothing but their countenances, which, of course, stood in need of pipe-clay, and no one would have suspected that the brave men just arrived from New Brunswick had been more than four or five days out of barracks. The Volunteer Artillery was marched down to receive the newly arrived company, and "did the honours" in exceedingly good style. We understand that Major Pringle's company will move upwards in a few days.

The light company of the 24th Regt. with Capt. Hammond, Lieut. Burke, and Ensign Harvey, arrived in this garrison from Halifax, on Thursday last, about two o'clock. They were received, on landing, by the unpaid Volunteers, with the Band of the 66th Regt., and escorted by them to the Jesuits' Barracks. After the 34th had entered the barracks, the Volunteers, numbering about five hundred, continued their march through some of the principal streets of the city. The grenadier company of the 34th, with Capt. Byron and Lieut. Goodenough, arrived here yesterday afternoon.

PASSENGERS.

In the packed ship Europe, sailed from New York for Liverpool,—Charles Langevin, Esq. lady and servant, Quebec Miss R. Ware, A. Buchanan, Hugh Ross, James Playfair and W. Robins, of Canada.

IF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT is published every Tuesday and Saturday morning; Price, One Penny. Subscriptions will be received by the year, half-year, or quarterly, at the rate of Ten Shillings per annum.

As the moderate price at which THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT is published is calculated to ensure it a very wide circulation, it will afford a desirable medium for advertising.

Subscriptions, advertisements and communications are received at the Office, No. 24, St. Peter Street. Subscription lists are also left at the Exchange Reading Room and at Mr. Neilson's Book-store.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The lines with which we have been favored by "R. G." and "A. G. L." are unavoidably deferred to our next publication.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, aged 68, Mr. Michel Moreau, master mason, long known as a respectable citizen of Quebec.

L. V. C.

THE COMMITTEE will meet on MONDAY EVENING next, the 29th inst. at EIGHT o'clock precisely.

Quebec, 27th January, 1838.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTE, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY.

Carving, Turning, Designing, Mould 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, 28th January, 1838.

NEW CONFECTIONARY STORE.

THE Subscribers in returning thanks to their friends and the public at large, for the liberal support they have received since they commenced business, most respectfully intimate that they have a large assortment of CONFECTIONARY and CAKES, of the best quality.

SCOTT & M'CONKEY,
No. 39, St. John Street,
Quebec, 27th January, 1838.

JOSHUA HOBROUGH,

TAILOR,
No. 3, HOPE 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 vicinage, and by the public in general, avails himself of the present moment, to return them his most heartfelt thanks; and at the same time he assures them, that no efforts 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 gentry and the public at large, that he has received his Fall Supply, consisting of—Beaukin Cloth (superior to any in town,) Pilot Cloths, Buckskins, Cassimeres, &c. suitable to the season; and he is ready to receive and execute all orders on the lowest terms for cash.
Quebec, 15th January 1838.

SAMUEL TOZER,

BUTCHER,
STALL No. 1, UPPER TOWN MARKET,

BEGS respectfully to return thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support he has hitherto received; and takes this opportunity of informing them that he has always on hand Corned Rounds of Beef, Briskets, &c. also Mutton for Saddles and Haunches, all of the very best quality
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 TOZER, Upper Town Market.
Quebec, 13th January, 1838

RUSSIA ERMINE CLOAK.

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

POETRY.

[The following manly and truly English song, by Barry Cornwall, is founded on a superstitious notion common among sailors, that the shark will follow a vessel on board which any person is about to die, until the body is consigned to the deep. The music is by Phillips, and is most spirited, and excellently adapted to the words. If we meet the encouragement we hope for, it may possibly be in our power occasionally to give the music as well as the words of a few of the new songs brought out in Europe, which, though very popular at home, are long in finding their way to Canada.]

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how manly we ride along the sea,
The morning is all sunshine, the wind is blowing free;
The billows are all sparkling and bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins the blood is running bright.
All nature knows our triumph: strange birds around us sweep,
Strange things come up to look at us, the masters of the deep;
In our wake, like any servant, follows even the bold shark—
Oh! proud must be our Admiral of such a bonny bark.
Oh! proud must be our Admiral,—though he is pale to-day,
Of twice five hundred iron men, who all his nod obey.
Who've fought for him and conquered, and won with sweat and gore,
Nobility which he shall have when'er we touch the shore.
Oh! would I were our Admiral, to order with a word—
To lose a dozen drops of blood, and straight stand up a Lord;
I'd shout to yonder shark there, which follows in our lee,
"Some day I'll make thee carry me like lightning through the sea."
Our Admiral grew paler and paler as we flew,
Still talked to his officers, and smiled upon his crew;
And he looked up to the heavens, and he looked down on the sea,
And at last he saw the creature that was following in our lee.
He shook—'twas but an instant,—for speedily the tide
Ran crimson to his heart, until all chances be denied.
It threw boldness on his forehead, and gave firmness to his breath,
And he looked like some grim warrior new risen up from death.
That night a horrid whisper fell upon us where we lay,
And we knew our fine old Admiral was changing into clay;
And we heard the wash of waters, though nothing could we see,
But a foamy splash and plunge amid the billows on our lee.
Till dawn we watched the body in its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset it was along into the deep;
And never from that moment, save one shudder through the sea,
Saw we or heard the creature that had followed in our lee.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LOVE'S MEMORIES.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you love remember,
And there's pansies, that's for thought."
No—we may strive to deceive ourselves as much as we please—we may endeavour to harden our hearts into profridity, and pamper our senses into vice—but one touch of true nature shivers the delusion into atoms in an instant: one flash of passionate recollection makes the soul writhe under its influence, and floods the eyes with gushing tears, from a spritz which, do we what we may, will never become dry.
First Love?—No. None but romantic boys and maiden misses ever talk of such frippery. Scarcely a man indeed can lay his finger upon what actually was his first love. He was in love at fifteen, at twelve, at eight: which merits the name of his first love? He has been in love with his sisters play-fellow, and his schoolmaster's daughter, and his washer-woman's niece: were any of these his first love? Is it the precocious gallantry of the archin in his mother's drawing-room; or the novel reading, coqueting sentiment of the

boy at his first school; that is to be called by that title, which is supposed to denominate all that is fervent and fresh and passionate and pure—first love? It is sheer nonsense to talk of it. No, it is not the first love, but the love the great passion of our existence—the one chapter of our hearts' history—the date to which we refer every thing—from which we count every thing—which is never absent from our mind, and yet which we shrink from contemplating—it is this, which truly is what first love is vainly fabled—it is this from which now we strive madly to escape, to which now we revert with entrancing fondness; it is this, which has burnt in upon our heart its brand, and which, be it for good, or be it for evil, never can be effaced.

It is tolls to say, we never can love but once; the truth is, we never can love but once thus. Like the rind of Aonon, it swallows all minor attachments; but they have existed nevertheless. And afterwards? Alas! we may rush into the thick of the world; we may seek women, and excite our senses, and inflame our imaginations, till we almost think we love again; but there are moments when we are alone, when the thoughts of other days are revived by something which strikes upon the eye, or the ear, by something we stumble upon in a book, or by the unaided and spontaneous act of memory itself, when we find how poor, how rapid, how false are all the factitious feelings we have been fostering within us: the sudden pang shoots across the brain; the choking sensation fixes on the throat; the ache which precedes tears is felt behind our eyes, and we grind our teeth in agony as we "lift up our voice and weep aloud."

Oh it is at such moments that we feel the vanity, the folly, the wickedness of the excitements we seek at ordinary times so ardently! What is the feverish heat produced by these mental dreams in comparison with the fine generous glow of early passion? What are these excites forced in the hot bed of society when thus brought in contrast with the fresh and fragrant flowers of unassisted nature? We feel all their worthlessness.

Better, better indeed, are such hours when they recur. Yet who would resign the memory of that bitter? Who would resign that heart throbs, though it shakes the whole frame to agony? When a man fully finally to rest, if any man ever can do so, the feelings spilling from that love, he becomes at once pale, jaundiced—not misanthropic, but worse—indifferent to all mankind, inaccessible to all emotions. This is not the calm of peacefulness; it is the cold, frozen, stone-like calm of indifference. Rather would I have the keen heart-ache, and the flash of anguish, which such recollections shoot across the soul, than that such recollections should exist, and yet leave me without any emotion.

There are few persons, in whom, after the first flush of youth is passed, some firm unshakable of this kind does not exist; differing, indeed vastly, in point of intensity, as the countless varieties of circumstance and disposition may occasion; but still there is some one great chord, which, when touched, overpowers all other tones of feeling; some master tint, whose hue is ever outbreaking through the whole picture of life. I have often thought, when in society, if I were furnished with a talisman, by which to strike upon this chord, to call into view this colour in every bosom, what an infinite variety of human passion would be displayed!—what a strong contrast, in many instances, between the outer husk and the kernel within! And, indeed, any one, whose eye has been alive and perception keen, to the characteristics which occasionally break through the unity of even the smallest demagogue, must have seen the flash of intense recollection called forth by circumstances, trivial perhaps in themselves, but sufficiently indicative of the nature of the feeling, to which they give rise. We see the calm cold eye flash with burning light; we see the countenance, on which an habitual sneer has fixed itself, mantle for a moment, with an expression of the softest tenderness; we see a deep shade cover the brightest countenance with gloom; the master chord has been struck, the one great feeling has been touched!

Love?—Yes! it is this, which as it is happy or unfortunate gives the colour to our life. And easier would it be to wash the hue from the Ethiope's skin, than that complexion—be it brilliant, be it gloomy, from our hearts. It is the prevailing thread, running through the whole woof of our existence; at every turn it reappears, and we carry it with us to the last.

Time may soften its influence, and render its recurrence upon the mind less frequent; but there are moments when it will be heard; there are seasons when like the mighty dream, it breaks down all the dikes and dams, that worldly intercourse has raised to keep it out, and it rushes at once into its ancient channel. The days of our early feelings do not indeed rise upon us unbroken and entire; we look through the mist of years, and it is only their more salient, and towering parts, that the eye of memory can reach. These are the landmarks of our way through life; they never sink beneath the horizon. And it is very much from this cause that such recollections are always of an agitating nature. It is to those circumstances of delight and of pain which have moved us the most strongly, that we look. The gentler feelings, which have existed during the course of our attachment, are now lost to view; or, at the most, are blended into one indistinct and shadowy mass. But the higher and fiercer emotions, those of death and intensity remain. Every accident of time, place, and circumstance, which relates to them is gathered in the heart, or rather has nestled there of itself. How minutely, how vividly, do some passages of our existence burn, as they are, beneath a heap of past years, dwell in our minds! They seem recent as yesterday; every whispered word, every tone, look, and gesture, are remembered with an accuracy, which is startlingly contrasted with the fading of more ordinarily occurrences. Distance vanishes—time is as nothing—these things remain fresh and real as at the first moment. Alas! it gives the heart, when the truth recurs, that they are only memory's illusion!

Love?—Can I seek, by rousing the heart again to make it forget the storms which have formerly passed over it? Can I hope that it can ever feel what it has felt, or, be what it has been, the glow of the ardour of passion, the soft delicious thrill of tenderness, the engrossing devotion of every word, action, feeling, thought to one object; can I know these again? No, not as I have known them—that is impossible.

"STOP MY PAPER."

Of all the silly, silly, short sighted, ridiculous phrases, this, as it is frequently used, is the most idle and unmeaning. We are called an infant nation, and truly we often individually conduct ourselves like children. We have a certain class of subscribers who take the Mirror, and profess to like its contents, till, by-and-by, an opinion meets their sagacity? Turn to their nearest companion with a passing comment upon the error they think they have detected?—or direct a brief communication to the editor, begging to dissent therefrom in the same pages where the article which dispensed them has appeared? No. Get into a passion, and, as if you knew, stamp and swear, and instantly, before the man has time to cool on their lip, write a letter, commencing with—"Stop my paper!" If we say rents are exorbitantly high and landlords should be too generous to take advantage of an accidental circumstance—around comes a broad hat and gold-headed cane with—"Sir, stop my paper!" Does an actor receive a bit of advice? The green-room is too hot to hold him, till relieved by those reverential words—"stop my paper!" If we ever praise one, some envious rival struts gloomily in, with—"Sir if you please, stop my paper!" We dare not hope to navigate the ocean with steamboats, but our paper is "stopped" by a ship captain. Our doctor nearly left us the other day, because a correspondent had praised an enemy of your college?—and we expect a strict facing" in the office presently, on account of something which we understand somebody has said against some law suit, in we do not remember what court. But all these affairs were out-done yesterday by the following:—We were sitting in our elbow chair, ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice—when a little withered Frenchman, with a cowhide as long as himself, and twice as heavy, rushed into our presence. "Sair?" as he stopped to breathe. "Well, Sair?" "Monieur?" he stopped again to take breath. "Diable Monsieur!" and he flourished his instrument about his head. "Really, my friend," said we, smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, "when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be the master of our own leisure." "No, Sair; I have come to homeship you wis dis cow hide!" We took a pistol from a drawer, cocked it and aimed it at his head. "Pardon, Sair," said

the Frenchman, "I will first give you some little explanation. Monsieur, if you have writ dis article!" We looked it over, and acknowledged ourselves the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvement in railroads, and estimating that this mode of travelling would one day supersede every other. "You have writ dat in your paper?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, den, Sair—stop you dem papier! I have five quarante-neuf ans. I have devoted all my life to ride de balloon! I shall look to find every one wis his little balloon—to ride horse lack to de air—to go round de world in one summer, and make me rich like Monsieur Astain vis de big hotel. Well, Monsieur, now you put piece in you dem papier to say dat de railroad, Monsieur, de little railroad supersede—vins supersede,—dat is what you say—supersede everything else, Monsieur, legar, I have de honor to inform you dat de railroad nevair supersede de balloon; and also, Monsieur—ventreben: stop you dem papier!"—(New York Mirror.)

INSECTS.—Many spiders, moths and beetles, counterfeit death when in danger, and no torture will make them show signs of life while the danger continues. Gossamer consists of the fine threads of the fine spider covered with dew. The flea, grasshopper, and locust jump two hundred times their own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man. An ant's nest consists of males and females, who have wings; and also of neuters. The females enjoy the same pre-eminence as among bees; but the manners of ants are more varied; and system, order, and end mark all their varied reasonings and labour. They have long and tenacious memories, know each other, and distinguish any stranger. They carry on systematic wars, and practice, all the arts of attack and defence. Man himself is not more savage in war; but they are citizen soldiers, and not hired and trained for butchery and murder. They also practice slavery, making slaves of whom they overcome. They keep asses as men keep cows, for the juice which they yield. Their nests are formed at pleasure, and their eggs of various forms. In Brazil they are almost masters of the country, and in Africa not less formidable. There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays two hundred and fifty eggs. Bees, beetles, dragon flies, gnats, spiders, etc. have been observed to have minute Acari, or mites on their bodies.

THE BRAIN.—The brain of a new born infant weighs about ten ounces; that of an adult generally three pounds and a half. Apothecaries' weight, frequently a little less. But if the mind of an adult has been long devoted to thought—if he has been engaged in a constant study, his brain is usually increased beyond this weight. The brain of Byron, for instance, is said to have weighed four pounds and a half; and that of the illustrious Cuvier, four pounds three ounces and a half. The size of this organ increases from the time of birth till manhood, remains stationary from this period until old age, and then diminishes in bulk and weight.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

In submitting a new paper to the judgment of the public, it becomes a duty incumbent on the conductors to state what are the objects contemplated in its publication.

Briefly then,—the design of this paper will be to yield instruction and amusement to the domestic and social circle. It will contain choice extracts from the latest European and American periodicals,—selections from new, popular and entertaining works of the most celebrated authors, and other interesting literary and scientific publications.

The news of the day, compressed into as small a compass as possible, yet sufficiently comprehensive to convey a just and general knowledge of the principal political and miscellaneous events, will also be given.

Its columns will at all times be open to receive such communications as are adapted to the character of the work; and the friends of talent and taste existing in Quebec, will be happy to contribute to the value of our publication will be enhanced by frequent contributions.

The publication in this city of such a paper as he one now proposed has by many been long considered a desideratum; and the kindly disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipation that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement and success.

Quebec, 6th December, 1837.

THOMAS J. DONOCHUE, PRINTER.