

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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SATURDAY, 15th DECEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE HERMIT OF SAINT MAURICE.

From the Literary Garland.

It may be now about a doz n years since, in the course of a random ramble through Lower Canada, we found ourselves stemming the waters of the St. Maurice, towards the Falls of Shawingang, whither we were led, as well by the renown of their romantic beauty, as by a desire to learn something of a mysterious being, who had come thence, none knew whence, and had gone, none knew whither. His history was unknown, save that he was fed by the charity of the Indian hunters, who left him a share of their sylvan spoil at the door of his cell, and that his wanderings ever began with night, when his maniac shrieks were heard mingling with the hoarse thunder of the whelming waters.

Leaving the canoe at some distance, and following our Indian guide, we soon reached a spot from which the Falls formed the principal feature, but our anxiety became more intense as we neared the hermit's haunt, and we rested not until, desiring our guide to lead on, we followed him to the cave of the recluse.

Evening was approaching, and the summer heat was lightly tempered by the life-giving breeze that sprung up as the sun gradually sank from his burning throne and his departing beam, mingling with the dashing spray, formed it into beautiful and fantastic shapes—the richer only that their rain was brief.

A ravine, formed on two giant rocks, near the centre fall, between a rude path to the hermit's cave. It had originally been a small fissure formed by some shock of nature, and had been fashioned by the industry of the recluse into a habitable shape. In one corner, a heap of ashes told that here his fire had been, and a few rude implements lay beside the hearth, as if they had been used for some culinary purpose—perhaps to broil the venison left at his porch by the Indian hunters, who revered him, while they shrank from all communion with him, even as he had shrank from them.

The cell contained nothing to tell whether its late lonely occupant was alive or dead—a staff, indeed, leaned against the wall, and a cap, of a fashion which had once been military, hung over the entrance, but dust and cobwebs too plainly told that they had been untouched for years. In looking upon these traces that the cell had been, at one time, tenanted by one who must have dwelt among civilized men, we sank into a train of melancholy reflections, from which we were aroused by a cry of surprise from the Indian. He had found a narrow passage from the inner side of the cave, over which a web of moss was suspended, and had penetrated into an inner cell, where an unexpected scene met his gaze, and caused the cry that startled us—we immediately followed, and the whole mystery of the hermit's disappearance was unravelled.

The cell was lighted by a torch kindled by the Indian, and disclosed a fleshless figure lying on the floor, beside what seemed an open grave, dug, it might have been, by his own hands, for it seemed as if he had died in a vain attempt to reach it, that he might there sleep the sleep of death, after a life of misery.

On the cavern floor, lay a half open scroll, towards which the head of the skeleton was turned, as if the last look of the maniac had been fixed upon the sad record of his unhappy fate. We took it up, and leaving the Indian to gather the crumbling remnants into the open grave, we crept with a feeling of terror, to the outer cell.

Here, amid the roar of the cataract, with the traces of the victim before us, we read his melancholy tale—melancholy indeed, the tale of one, the very playmate of utter wretchedness—the victim of a crime so dreadful, that all unconscious as he was, it shook his reason from its throne, and left remembrance but another name for woe.

There is no doubt, that surrounding circumstances lent an interest to the tale, such as it will not possess, when perused by others, but in the hope that it may meet the eye of some one not altogether unacquainted with the circumstances, we subjoin

## THE SCROLL.

"Not was not General thus by nature sent" Byron.

Nameless, and with a dishonoured lineage, a child of lawless passion, I have been, from the cradle, predestined to a life of unrequited misery—thruout, it may have been, with one brief bright spot—Oh! how my brain whirls when memory again kindles that deceitful ray. Taught from infancy to look upon myself as an outcast one—deserted by a mother, who finished for the offspring of her shame, and consigned to the keeping of an unmanly and hireling nurse, my childhood was unblest with the sunshine of woman's smile, or the kindly influence of a mother's love. Nourished amid the jeers of the less-mis-rable children of honest wretchedness, with no monitor save my own uncheck'd passions, without restraint, save that imposed by a woman's capricious lash, which, while it lacerated my back, left upon my mind traces a thousand times more indelible—could the germ of woe and crime have found a fitter soil! With every stripe, my soul drank deeper of the cup of hate for my kind, and I longed for the strength of manhood, that I might wreak my vengeance upon all who had ever thwarted my slightest wish.

As I emerged from childhood, my limbs attained a vigour beyond my years, and the taunts of my boyish tyrants were hushed, in fear of my revenge. Reckless of all danger, nought could check the fury with which I set at all, who dared oppose my will. I grew in years, and bating on my degraded fate, I learned to hate the Father I had never seen, and to curse the mother whose utter selfishness had left her child to suffer the meed of punishment which was her due. Had either crossed my path, the world had rung with a tale of blood, that would have taught the young to shudder, and the old to bless themselves that they had no son like me.

Yet even I, the wretched and miserable outcast, brooding over the bar that crossed my path, blighting all anticipation of an honoured name, had long dreams of a happy world, in which I might ever dwell. Dreams, vain dreams, they were, and I soon learned enough of the world's reality, to know that it was a mart of wickedness, and glighted with hypocrisy and crime—the wretch lordling it over his fellows, rising to power upon the ruin of myrads a hundred times more worthy than himself.

Years crept along with a snail like pace, and I wondered, though I inquired not, wherefore the old crone, who had been my childhood's nurse, kept me in ill-health, while all around were tony with the daily drudgery which won for them a miserable exist-ence. I asked not of my parents, nor whether they knew aught of me, nor did she ever say that to them she owed the funds applied to her support and mine.

I grew towards manhood, and my unhappiness—my grief with my growth and strengthened with my strength. Pride whispered that even to feed life from the gift of hands so hated, with unextinguishable hate, was degradation unworthy of my nature, and I yearned for self independence, and to be discovered from almost the only link that bound me to my kind. I cared not what the means were, which might dishonour me from human intercourse. Though my hand was yet unstamped, my heart was ripe for guilt, no matter, how dark its hue. There were, indeed, times, when the gloom of my soul was less dense, and my wishes turned to a scene where I might rise to power, if it were but to shame the guilty beings, who had left me to the temptation of passions fierce and unmanageable as their own.

Our cottage was situated on the skirt of one of the poorest villages on the sea-coast of England. The country around was generally of a sterile character, with nothing to recommend it to the wanderer in search of scenic beauty.

The village site was in the centre of a low plain, that scarcely rose above the level of the sea, but at a short distance, on the eastern side, a natural forest of considerable magnitude covered the commencement of a chain of rocks which looked towards the ocean. Though

the forest, and turned off towards the village, a narrow but deep brook, found its way to the sea, and a carriage road led under the shade of the trees from the hamlet to a castle of Lorraine—the manor house, as it was more generally termed—a huge pile, that had stood for many years untenanted, save when occasionally visited by a tyranic steward on behalf of a careless lord.

The castle was gradually becoming a pile of ruins, and its solitary and decaying turrets, were a charm for me, beyond what it could have possessed had it been robed in all its grandeur, when a every tower was manned by the willing seals of its feudal lord. I heard a voice in the rank grass that cinked its pathways, which seemed to say, that like myself it was forgotten and unrequited for by all who should have had an interest in its fate. Here, when sleep could not be wooed to my flinty couch, I often wandered whole nights among the ruins of its once splendid arches, and morning often broke, while I yet lingered spirit-like, among the moss-crowned battlements. It was a fit place for one like me, who had no companionship with my kind, and who shrank from all human fellowship, with a disgust so marked, that the villagers were wont to speak of me as the "man of gloom."

Spring, for the twentieth time, since I had inhabited that dreary spot, was robing the earth in her emerald mantles and the desire for change became daily stronger within me. I had for some days forsaken the castle, and wandered far into the forest, brooding over my future destiny, and striving to form some scheme for my guidance, when I became a habitant of the unknown world; but ignorant as I was, of the way of man, I but involved myself in deeper doubt, and the evening of the third day saw me without settled purpose, save that when the sun again set I would be far away from my childhood's haunts.

I had gone with whom I ever held converse, and my resolution was locked in my own breast. Feverish and restless, I could not sleep, and long ere dawn I rose, and sought my way through the forest towards the deserted castle. I had butted, and morning was breaking when I reached its outer walls. I started to find that it was no longer lonely—carriages drove under the dilapidated archways, and busy sounds were issuing from its precincts in every direction: grooms were busy with their master's steeds, preparing them for the road, and the sounds of histerious laughter sickened me as I gazed on the unwatched for change.

I turned away with a disappointed feeling, to find that the solitude of the scene was broken, and a new impetus was given to my determination to leave my home and my country forever. I turned to the river side, and walked towards the village.

And I should look upon these peaceful though unblest scenes no more! Could it be, that for this a sigh came from my heaving breast? Was it possible that man could regret what he never loved. It was indeed so—there is a link that binds even the most miserable to his native land—aye, though his heart may never have felt the vibration of one pleasant or happy string. With such feelings was my breast filled, and I felt less wretched, even in my sadness, than I had done for years, as I sat down on the river's brink, to muse over these newly awakened feelings. Presently, the stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, and two steeds appeared rushing forward with a wild and furious rapidity. One already had lost its rider, and a lady, clinging to the mane of the other, seemed as if she would be dashed among the shelving rocks at every bound. On, however, they came—horse and rider borne irresistibly onwards—there was naught to check the fury of their heedless career. Terror was written on the beautiful countenance of the rider, and only mechanically she clung to the saddle—for all consciousness seemed to have deserted her. A moment had scarcely passed and the steeds neared the water's edge, and startled at its appearance, the one on which the lady rode, made a sudden pause, and his rider was flung far over his head, into the deep, deep pool. The whole scene had been enacted with a rapidity so

dreadful, that I could only gaze in stupid wonder, to see the empire of silence disturbed by an event so new, and I was aroused from my stupor, only by the death-like shriek of the lady, as she sunk into the opening waters.

I know not wherefore it was that I, who had "so sympathically with breathing flesh"—who was wont to luxuriate in thought of human woe—should have obeyed the spur of a generous impulse. But so it was—a moment after I dashed the wave aside, and my arm circled the form of the sinking maiden. To me the water was as a native element, and I bore her to the beach, as readily and with as much care as a mother nurses her sleeping child. But even there, it seemed as if the effort had been made too late. Breathless and insensible, no sign of animation glased from the fair countenance on which I gazed, with an admiration intense and painful, its death like pallor. Beautiful being! while looking upon thy prostrate form, my soul drank in its first thought of human purity. He had been indeed a demon, who could have looked at the and thought of sin! Be still, my heart! my hour is not yet come—I would be calm awhile, to think over, with unannoyed brain, the thrilling feelings which that form awoke.

Unskilled in the ways of woman, I knew not what would win the struggling spirit back to its beautiful tenement. I shrieked for aid, but there was none near; and I recited for answer only the echoes of my own wild cry. Distractedly I raised her inanimate form from the earth, and wrapping her dripping garments around her, as if endowed with superhuman strength, I rushed towards the village, nor rested till my lovely burden was laid on a lowly bed in the cottage of my aged guardian—her, when an hour before, I had determined to leave for ever, without a word of kindness or farewell. I besought her, with an eagerness at which she laughed, to save the life of the fragile creature at whose side I knelt. She obeyed my will, and I watched with a throbbing heart, till success began to crown her efforts; and I could have best her when I saw returning life colour the pallid cheek of the stranger maiden.

As consciousness became stronger, her eye wandered over the unfamiliar objects that lay scattered around her, until it met the gaze that mine fixed on her, when a gleam of recollection seemed to pierce the clouds that overcast her memory, and she cried in a voice whose tremour spoke her heart's anxiety.

"Albert, my brother! where, oh! where is he?"

For the first time, a thought of the unmastered steel crossed my memory, and exclaiming "I will seek him," I darted from the cottage, along the line by which I had seen their heedless advance.

My search was not long in vain; I had not proceeded far, when I met a youth covered with blood and mire, dragging himself along the rugged path. He seemed toil-worn and wearied, and with difficulty staggered onwards; but there was an air about him which shewed that he was no villager, and I at once saw that it was the brother for whom she asked. Anticipating the enquiries he would have made, I hastened to inform him that the lady-rider had escaped, with no severe injury than the alarm had caused, and for the present remained in a neighbouring cottage, towards which I instantly supported his tottering steps.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

## LOVE-LETTERS.

Love-letters—Here's a theme! In the first place let every one beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad. Few genuine ones are to be had for love and none for money. Finely wrought commentaries, an epigrammatic style, or any thing that looks like great care and study, is a sure proof of hives—that rogue is thinking of the girl's money. Raptures and complaints, sprinkled with something stolen from Ovid or Moore, and crow-quilled on the best gilt-edged, are enough to startle any considerate young lady. Folks cannot be too cautious. There is another sort of love writing, much in vogue in this our philopvic age, down-right profanation, taking upon itself to

prove that Cupid has found out a new cut to the heart; namely, by sending his arrows first through the brain—it makes me wince to think of it. Such letters are treatises on pre-natal history. These sedate persons, who generally wear flannel night-caps because the head should be kept warm, and Angola socks for winter wear because the damp is so bad for the feet—these mock-aerobic geniuses, I say, absolutely assert, there can be no true love except what is founded on the qualities of the mind. At first, as they argue, it must be no more than simple esteem, and ripened into a softer feeling, by a similarity of taste, and a congeniality of sentiment in matters of religion and morality it happily attains at length, to something of the value of—a plain gold ring and the parson's blessing. A very comfortable doctrine for those with whom it is impossible to fall in love. Just as if Romeo and Juliet ever thought of more than one sentiment in each other's breast; and their love was truer than metaphysics. I must quit such a subject; flesh and blood can't bear it. Now for a hint at what is more to the purpose. It is no such difficult matter to distinguish between truth and hypocrisy in these affairs, as some people imagine. For the benefit of the rising generation, here are a few infallible signs of an unfeigned passion. Let them always bear in mind that obscurity is the grand point. There ought to be so restless a confusion in the lover, that far from his being necessary his mistress should find his letter intelligible, he should be, after an hours respite, incapable of explaining his own meaning; it is quite sufficient if he thought he understood himself at the time. If thou art guilty of the drowsiness of reason, "there is no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune." This is a general rule, and as the style is inimitable, there can be no fear of deception. Any attempt, though a flurried one, at sense or connection of sentences, is fatal. Again, a constant interchange of the sublime and the pathetic is indispensable; together with certain usual epithets of endearment, in endless repetition; and here and there, a lively idea of dying. To uninterested persons such effusions may appear insipid, and probably silly, but their opinion is of no importance. In fact to the parties themselves, if they ever happen to fall out of love, they will certainly be as little amusing as a physician's prescriptions to his patient just happily recovered from a fever. Let not my readers, fair ones I mean, imagine I entertain any disrespectful notions of love, or that my temper is soured by a parcel of billets-doux returned on my hands. All my intention is to show that the young blooming god ought not to expose himself on black and white.

**TALKBEARING.**—Keener than the assassin's dagger, deleterious as the poisoned bowl, are the baneful effects of an uncurbed disposition for talkbearing. The noble few who conscientiously avoid "talkbearing, backbiting, and spreading evil reports," merit and out in the approbation of the wise and good; and happy would it be for the community at large, if the number of these could be augmented. The ladies have it greatly in their power to discourage or abate this propensity to distraction, either in their own or our sex; and as the helpless female is often a sufferer by the indulgence of this unprincipled conduct, it becomes an imperious duty in them to make common cause with one accord to discourage it. Never let the soft lip of beautiful woman unclose to utter a tale of injurious tattle, or her affectionate bosom be the depository for the dark whisperings of evil report. Let her spurn with high-souled dignity the misdeed who would pollute her ear with the fallacious or follies of another, and thus do her part towards banishing from society this pest of social life.

**EXTRACT.**  
It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the wall; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

UPPER CANADA.

We stop the Press to announce that we have just received intelligence that the Brigands, to the number of about 400 or 500 crossed on the 23<sup>rd</sup> inst. from Detroit to Windsor, about a 24<sup>th</sup> and a half above Sandwich, and directly

opposite the former place, in a steamboat, where they landed, and under the direction of their officers formed. They were immediately attacked by Col. Prince, at the head of the brave militia, and after a short engagement they were thrown into confusion, and with the exception of a few who escaped to the American shore, were driven into the woods. There were killed of the pirates 25, and none of the gallant militia.

On their landing at Windsor, they burnt the British Steamer Thames and Barracks occupied by the Militia, in which we regret to say, there were two of the Militia burned. We are also informed that Assistant Surgeon Hume who is attached to the Staff, supposing the Brigands were a portion of our Militia rode up to them and was immediately killed, and his legs and arms broken after he was dead. We have also heard that General Brady conducted himself in a highly creditable manner.—He pursued the Brigands in an armed Steamer, and fired upon them several times. One or two shot passed through the pirate Steamer.

The writs which have this again put our soil by their presence were at the latest intelligence closely passed not only by the Regulars and militia, but by almost every individual in that portion of the country. Among the killed, or among the same prisoners taken, was, we are informed, a member of the Legislature of Michigan.

We have just been informed from a source which we deem to be authentic, that among the prisoners taken at Prescott, is a son of the Governor of Illinois, and a son of the Naval Officer of the United States in command at Sackett's Harbor. The Governor of Illinois, we understand, crossed over to Kingston and made a demand on the part of the United States for his son. Even a sight of him was, of course, promptly refused by the Authorities at Kingston.

If this information be not true, we beg the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser to think it a mistake of our informant, and not a lie of ours.—Toronto Patriot.

Amid the universal excitement of the day, there is nothing more prominently deserving the admiration of the community, than the steadfast loyalty, spirit, and exemplary conduct evinced by our brave Indian fellow-subjects. To a man, they may be said to have pressed forward in defence of our common country and Government; not waiting to be drafted or coerced for bounty, but, in every sense of the word, Volunteers.

Last Friday night, a party of the mounted volunteers of Pickering and Whitby, in this district brought up and safely lodged under Mr. Kidd's protection, a parcel of the last winter's rebels, from the most disaffected part of Pickering, amongst whom is a son of Peter Matthews, (whose execution seems to have produced but little other impression in his own family than to make them worse).—Toronto Patriot.

We perceive that the incorrect version of the *Hanover Gazette*, relative to Donald Cameron, has gone the round of the press. Mr. Cameron was released on Sunday night, the magistrates being satisfied that he was guilty of no treasonable intentions. We learn that, owing to pecuniary circumstances, his mind had become much unsettled, and holding ultra-radical opinions in politics, he had associated with persons of doubtful loyalty, who had brought him into an excited state. He left this place for Dundas on Monday last, and put up at Mr. Bamberger's Inn. In the course of that night, he so far yielded to his morbid feeling as to make an attempt upon his life. Some persons, lodging in an adjoining room, and hearing a noise, as of something falling upon the floor, were induced to enter his apartment, when they found the unfortunate gentleman wallowing in his blood, with his throat severely cut. We are informed that there are hopes of his recovery.—Hamilton Journal

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 15<sup>th</sup> DEC. 1838.

LATEST DATES.

Table with 4 columns: From London, Nov. 3; From Liverpool, Nov. 7; From Paris, Nov. 1; From New York, Dec. 6; From Halifax, Nov. 24; From Toronto, Dec. 4

Files of English papers to the 4<sup>th</sup> Nov. are received by the Liverpool packet ship *Sheffield*. They contain no news of importance which has not been anticipated by the papers brought by the steam-ship *Liverpool*.

Intelligence from Upper Canada reached town yesterday, that about 400 brigands crossed at

Sandwich, that they had been attacked by the volunteer force under the command of Colonel Prince, and the regulars stationed at that place; that nine of the brigands were killed and twenty-five taken prisoners, and that the remainder fled to the woods, but pursued by the 31<sup>st</sup> regt, which it was believed would be able to cut them all off. Some particulars of this affair, extracted from the *Toronto Patriot*, will be found in another column.

The steam-ship *Liverpool* left New-York on the morning of the 7<sup>th</sup> inst. Among the passengers are Mr. Charles Baller and Mr. and Mrs. Turton.

An Ordinance has been passed by the Special Council to authorize the Governor or Administrator of the Government to appoint Assistant Judges for the Courts of King's Bench in the Districts of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, in case of sickness, necessary absence, or suspension from office, of any of the several Judges.

The Hon. James Stuart, Chief Justice of the Province, arrived in town, from Montreal, on Thursday evening and Mr. Attorney General Odely, yesterday morning. The Hon. D. Daly, Secretary of the Province, is also returned from Montreal.

Judge Valliers has received a letter from the Civil Secretary requiring him to furnish his reasons for the course pursued by him in the recent *habeas corpus* case at Three-Rivers.

It is confidently stated in town, that owing to the blandness, or something worse, of His Majesty's Law Officers, the ordinance appointing the Court Martial is illegal, and the traitors will again be discharged unpunished.

The Commissioners appointed to examine into the causes of fires in the city of New-York have published a report, which states that thirty-two fires occurred there between the 3<sup>rd</sup> of August and 30<sup>th</sup> of October last.—Amount insured, \$92,952.—amount paid, \$30,091.—amount of property destroyed, but not insured, \$19,910. Seven of these fires originated from design; four from causes unknown; four from portable furnaces; three from loco-loco matches; two from the careless use of lighted candles; and the rest from various causes.

The *Toronto Patriot* of the 7<sup>th</sup> inst. contains the following intelligence, derived, it says from an authentic source:—

Three Regiments of the line, another Brigade of the Guard, a Regiment of Rifles, a dismounted Cavalry Corps, Artillery, and a Rocket Brigade, are all to be at Halifax this winter and overland it is said they are to come here.

The subjoined account of the execution of Von Schoutz, the leader of the American brigands, is taken from the *Kingston Chronicle*:—

The Warrant for the execution of this person arrived in town on Wednesday evening last, from the Seat of Government, addressed to the Sheriff of the Midland District. On Thursday, the prisoner was removed from Fort Henry to the common jail, and from thence at 8 o'clock this morning, he was taken to the place of execution, and there hanged.

The following letter is the only document left by Von Schoutz, which is considered of any interest to the Canadian public:—

(Copy.) Kingston Jail, Dec. 7, 1838. When you get this letter, I am no more. I have been informed that my execution will take place to-morrow. May God forgive them who brought me to this untimely death. I have made up my mind, and I forgive them. To-day I have been promised a Lawyer, to draw up my Will. I have appointed you my Executor of said Will. I wrote to you in my former letter about my body. If the British Government permit it, I wish it may be delivered to you to be buried on your farm. I have no time to write long to you, because I have great need of communicating with my Creator, and prepare for his presence. The time has been very short that has been allowed. My last wish to the Americans is, that they will not think of revenging my death. Let no further blood be shed; and, believe me for what I have seen, that all the stories that were told about the sufferings of the Canadian people were untrue. Give my love to your sister, and tell her I think on her as my mother. God reward her for all her kindness. I further beg you to take care of W. Johnson, so that the

may find an honourable bread. Farewell, my dear friend; God bless and protect you. (Signed) S. VON SCHOUTZ.

To Warren Green, Esq., Salina, State of New York, U. S. We understand that the Sheriff has received warrants for the execution of Abbey and George, colonel and paymaster of the brigands, which was to take place on Wednesday.

The Prescott *Standard* states that the Yankee officers who were captured, to the number of five or six, have been convicted, and will be executed immediately. The trials will not be got through before the 1<sup>st</sup> January. It is probable that some fifteen or twenty will be hung and the remainder transported.

The following is from a Harrisburgh paper of the 5<sup>th</sup> December:—

"The mob have actual possession of the Capitol of Pennsylvania, and it is impossible for the Legislature to meet, or the business in the department of Government to proceed.

"At the hour of half-past two o'clock this afternoon, as appointed for the meeting of the House, the Speaker-deputed Mr. Spackman to adjourn the House till to-morrow, when he seized Mr. S. and forced him to retire, when they all rushed out, and he was barely enabled to escape without injury. In the scuffle, the doors were broken, and the hall was otherwise mutilated.

"The mob have now possession of the town and mob law reigns supreme. The officers of the law make no attempt to put down the disgraceful scene.

"No life is safe—but the state authorities, we understand, have taken all the measures possible, under the circumstances, for the preservation of life and property."

In addition to these disagreeable occurrences Mr. Price, the United States District Attorney has left New York in the Liverpool steamer, rather in a suspicious way, having resigned his office, by a letter, apparently admitting, that he is a defaulter. Nine hundred thousand dollars are talked of with the interest, which would have been paid to the late Collector Swartout's defalcation, gives no very favorable idea of republican purity.—Gazette.

To the Editor of the Transcript.

Sir—Permit me, respectfully, to give it as my opinion, that a Newspaper cannot confer a greater favour on Society, than in taken cognizance of those acts of individuals which are at variance with their general reputation, and inconsistent with the duties which a good citizen owes to the State—for public opinion thus rightly directed, will be a "terror to evil doers and a praise to those who do well." Now, Sir, if in times of public excitement, (if not of jeopordy) when we authorities who are confessedly best capable of judging, declare by their acts, that the cooperation of the loyal is required;—if, say, when the testimony of blood cries aloud to cure the infidelity of the man who cries, "peace, peace, when there is no peace"—there are those, who, bearing a good name, shew that this declared danger of the State is disregarded by their callous and stony hearts, is it not the duty of those who are aware of the rock of offence to apprise the public of its existence? "I can give a local habitation and a name" to it, in the person of a man, who, while wishing to make his loyalty appear pre-eminent, discountenances, thwarts, and prevents others, over whom circumstances have given him influence, of enrolling themselves in the ranks of the Loyal Volunteers, who have, unlike such as he, resigned "the pleasing, anxious being" of business, have forsaken the "warm precincts" of the comfortable house, and disinterestedly shouldered the musket, despite the blustering railing of rude Bores, and cut rebellion in the bud. I now give this warning to all whom it may concern, that the culpable may reform, and so save me the pain, which I certainly will take, if requisite, of directing public attention more particularly to him who plays such a double faced part. Let not this man think that he can with impunity act the part of the dog in the manger, or that extrinsic circumstances will palliate the offence which is found in his conduct *infrinically*.

The old moral says— "Some men will be true to their own private ends, Though false to sound principles country's friends; The chief thing is thought of, and that's their own profit."

Which must be secured—whatever comes of it? but such will not escape, if they persevere, the provoked scrutiny of

Crimon.

Quebec, Decr. 13<sup>th</sup>, 1838.

Carriage C. New Lond Silvery Con St. Michas Woodfield Spencer C Wolfe's C. 'Ance de Cape Cove Diamond J Pres-de-V Town Wh Lorchester Clare Poin Newport C Montmore Pointe Le St. Charle Patton's C Bladlow C Etchemin New Live Ditto

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STOCK OF LUMBER IN THE PORT OF QUEBEC—11th DECEMBER, 1838.

With a Comparative Statement for the last five Years.

	Oak Timber	Elm Timber	Ash Timber	Birch Timber	White Pine Timber	Red Pine Timber	Standard Staves	W. O. Pine Staves	P. O. Pine Staves	Barrel W. O. Staves	Ash Staves	Pine Deals Stand.	1 1/2 & 2 Deals Stand.	Inch Plank	Ash Oars	Hand-spikes	Lath wood Crds	Mat-Pine	Spars	
Carouge Cove	.....	.....	.....	.....	1368	96611	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	17000	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
New London Cove	2278	.....	264	.....	1556	170521	0.4.0.19	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Sillery Cove	10114	3312	1289	1502	199027	408770	117.3.3.27	110.5.2.18	4.6.0.4	186.6.1.3	.....	58807	1250	5050	.....	1680	90	.....	200	
St. Michael's Cove	91929	3514	2567	2016	193754	221748	902.3.2.20	346.0.2.17	3.0.3.24	30.1.1.1	.....	39682	6811	10219	.....	2141	31	.....	14	
Woodfield Harbour	19373	339	65	6119	49916	103183	46.8.3.29	82.7.3.5	6.3.3.4	248.3.0.16	1.3.1.22	27240	.....	1888	.....	544	.....	.....	38	
Spencer Cove	7230	1932	2000	45	27935	196509	26.3.2.19	.....	.....	.....	.....	63059	1486	1816	.....	.....	63	.....	120	
Wolfe's Cove	45009	32366	3511	3747	100646	333439	101.8.3.28	202.5.2.23	43.9.0.24	.....	.....	21798	7121	.....	279	2500	7500	100	589	
L'Ance des Meis	521	.....	.....	.....	107560	228641	24.8.0.20	42.6.2.30	0.4.0.12	37.2.0.12	.....	20521	.....	6155	2300	.....	2500	13000	.....	.....
Cape Cove	1638	581	1000	1171	52609	26231	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	80000	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Diamond Harbour	5000	.....	.....	.....	23500	30000	6.6.0.0	20.0.0.0	.....	.....	.....	19334	5987	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Pres-de-Ville	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	25093	75879	34650	.....	.....	136	.....	.....	
Town Wharves	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Barchester Beach	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Hare Point	4504	521	810	.....	61540	49384	10.0.2.24	40.8.2.25	7.4.2.0	.....	.....	.....	.....	4500	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Beaufort Cove	108037	12739	.....	.....	273008	146128	188.0.1.14	155.1.2.10	10.2.3.4	51.4.3.2	0.3.2.28	3207	.....	.....	.....	1080	.....	.....	.....	
Montenottery	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	35300	39738	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Pointe Levi	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	19751	47440	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
St. Charles Cove	2950	1000	.....	.....	72030	98050	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	25146	.....	.....	.....	157	.....	.....	11	
Patton's Cove	23360	7722	627	.....	25465	311352	12.4.0.14	73.4.2.27	.....	.....	.....	74313	19802	770	.....	239	5	.....	.....	
Hallow Cove	12500	20000	1440	3675	64050	81000	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	29890	8535	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Etchemin	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	9000	66900	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
New Liverpool	33950	731	86	14163	38325	148767	6.2.3.22	63.4.2.16	.....	.....	.....	62366	22726	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
Ditto	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	50000	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	

**FOR SALE,**  
BY THE SUBSCRIBER—  
**130 BOXES ENGLISH SOAP,**  
50 lb. Candles,  
30 Barrels Apples (Fair case),  
5 Boxes Sweet Spice Zealand Chocolate,  
—ALSO—  
Muscatel, Valencia, and Sultan's Raisins,  
Zante Currants, Almonds, Spanish Grapes,  
Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels, Nutmegs,  
Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, Maccaroni, Ver-  
macelli, Speron Candles and Candle Orna-  
ments, French Olives, Wicks's Mustard  
Pickles and Sauces, &c. &c.  
W. LECHÉMINANT,  
No. 1, Fabrique Street.  
15th Dec.

**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. Frs. Harnois. 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.  
TIMOTHÉE MARCOTTE, Montreal.  
Quebec, 12th Decr. 1838.

**FINE PICKLED OYSTERS.**  
THE Subscriber has for Sale, a small quantity of Pickled Oysters, of a very superior description.  
R. DEVERRY,  
12th December, 1838. Councillor.

**FRESH OYSTERS**  
FOR SALE, by the Barrel, or any quantity to suit purchasers, at No. 14, St. Paul Street, next to Mr. Morrison's buildings, by  
CAPT. PICOT.  
14th December, 1838

**VISITING CARDS.**

**VISITING CARDS**  
PRINTED  
In a Superior Manner.  
**VISITING CARD PLATES**  
Engraved and Gilded.  
**PLAIN, GILT, AND ENAMELLED CARDS,**  
OF ALL SIZES.  
FOR SALE, BY  
W. Cowan & Son,  
13, JOHN STREET.

**THE LITERARY GARLAND,**  
A Monthly Magazine,  
PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL.

MR. R. JAMESON, Upper Town Market, is Agent in this city for the above Publication. Copies of the December No. may be had at Mr. J's, and at Messrs. COWAN & SON'S Book Store, St. John Street.  
Quebec, 12th December, 1838.

**FURNISHED APARTMENTS.**  
WANTED, by two Gentlemen, Furnished Apartments, to consist of one sitting room, and two bed rooms, in the Upper Town. Address stating situation, terms, &c. to A. A. MESSRS. LEVEY & CO. St. John Street.  
Quebec, 4th 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, (Weldland Mills.)  
LEAYCRAFT, DUNSCOMB & CO.  
22th Novr.

**MADEIRA WINE.**  
FEW CASES Howard, March & Co.'s  
A MADEIRA WINE—price £70 per pipe of 110 gallons—for sale by  
JOHN GORDON & CO.  
St. Paul Street.  
Quebec, 6th, 1838.

**FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER.**

A FEW barrels superfine Flour, (Weldland Canal Mills.) Ship, Pilot, Cabin and Navy Biscuit, Crackers and Water Biscuit.  
A. GLASS,  
1, St. Peter St.  
Quebec, 15th October, 1838.

**DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.**

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received per "Eleuthera" 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,  
LEECHES, &c. &c.  
MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
Chemists & Druggists.  
Quebec, Nov. 10th, 1838.

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

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

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

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:  
SIX HUNDRED MINOTS PEAS,  
50 cwt. Ship Biscuit,  
20 bbls. Boston Crackers,  
50 kegs Butter,  
30 casks Salad Oil,  
40 casks Hull Cement,  
Green and Blue Paint.  
CREELMAN & LEPPER.

**MAISH'S CARAWAY CANDY.**  
TO those who are afflicted with Flatulency, Spasms, Wind in the Stomach, and other similar disorders, it will be found an invaluable specific. It also writes the most agreeable confection with the most stimulating stomach medicines.  
Sold in boxes at 1s. 8d. each.  
Testimonials of the above Medicines to be seen at the stores of  
BEGG & URQUHART.  
Quebec, 24th November, 1838.

**VICTORIA HOUSE.**

(RUE SOUS-LE-FORT—QUEBEC.)  
GEORGE ARNOLD, PROPRIETOR,  
IS now open for the reception of visitors. The situation and accommodation of the premises combine advantages unequalled by any similar establishment in Quebec, and unsurpassed in the Canada. The arrangements have been made under the immediate superintendance of the proprietor, and as the business will be conducted by himself personally, every attention will be ensured to those who may favor him with their visits. To those gentlemen in particular who are connected with the business of the port, the situation of the premises, in the direct vicinity of the Steam-Boat Wharves, and Custom House, offers great advantages; and to the public in general, the arrangements of the establishment are such as to present every convenience. On the ground floor are an extensive, Saloon and Reading Room. On the first floor are two spacious rooms, which by means of folding doors between, may, whenever required, be converted into one magnificent apartment of 70 feet by 32 feet, and 15 feet high; a dimension which renders it most eligible place for meetings, &c. The numerous apartments contained in the three upper stories are fitted up for the accommodation of families and individuals. A spacious gallery on the roof commands a splendid view of the harbour of Quebec and the surrounding country.  
The Wines and other liquors of the establishment will be of the first order; refreshments of all kinds may be had throughout the day; and it will be the study of the proprietor in providing for his guests to combine moderate charge, and superior accommodation.  
GEO. ARNOLD.  
Quebec, 23d June, 1838.

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

**BUSTS OF QUEEN.**  
AT the request of several friends, a mould has been made from the 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, 1839

**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; Janned 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 just received, and for sale

MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
Chemists

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, superior flavour and good strength, 41 Casks do. 5 Hhds. Fair Sugar. 258 Quarter Boxes very superior Cuba Cigars.

WM. PRICE & CO.

Quebec, 17th Oct. 1838.

**W. LECHÉMINANT,**

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. do.
- 85 tins Kamaorassa Butter,
- 50 do. Sardines, (very fine.)
- 12 barrels fresh Hickory Nuts,

—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.

**MUSSON & SAVAGE,**

HAVE JUST received from London, a very CHOICE ASSORTMENT of

**PERFUMERY,**

Consisting of a variety of French & English Essences, Macassar and other Oils, Bear's Grease, &c. Trotters and other Dentifrices, White and Brown Windsor Soap, Transparent Shaving Cakes, Eau de Cologne, &c.

—ALSO—

Superior Hair Brushes, Do. Hair and Nail Brushes, with other articles too numerous to mention.

Quebec, 15th Nov. 1838.

**SADDLERY, HARNESS,**

Trunk and Whip Establishment.

THE Subscriber is ready to execute orders for Double, Single, or Tandem HARNESS, in the latest style, and on moderate terms.

—ALSO—

Horse Clothing, Portmanteaus, and Valises.

H. J. MANNING.

No. 53, St. John Street.

November 6th.

**GROCERY STORE.**

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business, most respectfully intimates that he has constantly on hand a choice assortment of Wines, Spirituous Liquors, Groceries, &c. all of the best quality.

JOHN JOHNSTON,

Corner of the Upper Town Market Place Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits' 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, Water Colors, and without locks, Water Colours and Hair Pencils, superior Drawing Pencils, Drawing Paper and Card Paper, Stumps, Chalk, Indian Rubber, Pencil-Crayons, embossed Music Paper, Music Pens, Visiting Cards, plain, gilt and enamelled, Pink Sancers, Thermometers, Chinese Japaned Tea Caddies, Screen Handles, Slates, Inkwells, Patent India Rubber, Office Lead Pencils, Bond's and Reeves's and Sout's Making Ink, Screw Top Inks, Red Tape, Coloured Straps for Albums, large and small Pocket Inkstands, rough Drawing Pencils, Westwood Inkstands, Bookbinders Gold Leaf Chess Men and Backgammon Boards of different sizes, carved Wood Seals, Metallic Memorandum Books, Playing Cards, Pencil Rulers, Superior India Ink, fine Hair Pencils for Artists, do. for Writing, Card Board, embossed Cards of all sizes—Bliss Letter Fils, Memorandum Books, with and without clasps, Blank Account Books of various sizes, printed Receipt Books, Bills of Exchange, single and in books, Skitch Books, Magnum Bonum Steel Pens, Album Titles cold, Letter Paper, &c., &c.

The Sacred Souvenir, being a new edition of the Testament, folio size, illustrated, elegantly 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.

Do. 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 Daventry's Gazetteer.

W. COWAN & SON,

13, John's Street.

15th October.

**RECENTLY RECEIVED AND FOR SALE**

BY 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 Whitaker, Sub-Agent for the Upper Town, No. 27, St. John Street.

LEGGE & 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 Hygieic 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 Hygeic. How, therefore, can they (much less individually) know any thing about the extent of its properties.

**FOR SALE.**

THIRTEEN Hogsheads superior U.C. Leaf Tobacco,  
100 Catty Boxes Young Hyson Tea,  
10 Chests Souchong }  
10 Half Chests do. }  
2 Boxes Pouchong }  
.....ALSO.....  
Pork—Mess, Prime Mess and Prime. And daily expected,  
16 Hhds. Gallipoli Oil.

HENDERSONS & CO.

25th October.

St. Peter Street.

**J. HOBROUGH, MERCHANT TAILOR,**

BEGS leave to announce to his friends that he has received his

FALL SUPPLY OF GOODS, consisting of Cloths 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. 52, ST. JOHN STREET.

THE Subscribers most respectfully intimate to their friends and the public at large, that they have always on hand a choice assortment of Fresh Cakes and Confectionary, as usual.

SCOTT & 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. F., warranted eleven years in bottle.

Quebec, Sept. 1838.

**FURS.**

W. ASHTON & Co.

3, MOUNTAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO PRESPECT 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 furrier 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 repeating 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.

DR. BRANDETH requests a perusal of the following article:—

**LIFE AND DEATH,**

Every thing has two distinct principles to its nature; one

THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE

THE OTHER

THE PRINCIPLE OF DEATH.

So long as the principal of Life predominates, Health is enjoyed. When the principle

of Death, Sickness takes place. How is this accounted for?

By the principle of Death, I mean the principle of decomposition or decay, which is each hour going on in the human frame from the hour of birth, to that of our final exit. While the natural outlets—the pores—the bowels—and all other discharges of the body, discharge those decayed particles as fast as they are generated, we are in a state of health; we are free from the presence of the disease.

When, from breathing an impure atmosphere, living in a vicinity of swamps, or where we are in the constant habit of coming in contact with bad winds—effluvia arising from obnoxious accumulations of animal or vegetable bodies in a state of putridity, being infected from a living body under the influence of disease in a malignant state; or sedentary occupations; or, in short, any cause which promotes decomposition faster than the stomach and bowels and the other excretories can remove, naturally; we are then in a state of disease. An illness the cause which produces this state of the body remain, and nothing is done to drive the accumulated and accumulating impurities out of the body, the principle of death or decomposition, will become paramount, and the last glimmering of life departs from the once animated clay.

How then, shall we contract these death dispensing influences? How?

PURGE!—Yes—I say Purge! The magic in that word shall yet be understood, if this hand or brain can accomplish so mighty an expedition. Yes, purged be that pain in the head, the back, the bowels, the foot, the stomach, the side, the throat. Does it arise from internal or external cause,—I still say purge!—For know this self-evident truth, that pain cannot exist, save by the presence of some impurity—some deposit of decomposed particles upon the organ or part where the pain is seated. And purging discharges this impurity by the bowels, and continuing the practice daily will cure every complication of disease; and will prevent any one from becoming seriously indisposed; even when in a constant contact with the most malignant fevers, which cannot by possibility seriously affect the body, if we are continually careful to preserve it in a pure state, by frequent and effectual purgation. Hippocrates says, "Purgation expels what must be expelled, and patients find relief; if, on the contrary, they are tormented by purgation, it is a proof there are yet matters which must be expelled."

The subscriber of this has resided in every variety of climate, and by always purging on the first appearance of sickness, has enjoyed for the last ten years, uninterrupted health. For we may call such the state of a man who never sick more than 6 or 8 hours, about the time it takes to secure the effect of a purgative. The purgative I make use of is my grandfather's pills, and they are, to my certain knowledge, the most judiciously balanced purgative in existence. I have used them for 8 months daily, in doses of from 2 to 16 pills per day, to satisfy myself as to their innocency. It therefore, cannot be doubted. It is my opinion, that any person, be he ever so prostrated by disease, provided he is capable of taking exercise at all, may lengthen his life to 60 years, by continuing to assist his natural functions with the BRANDETH VEGETABLE PILLS. Death never can take place until the Principle of Decomposition puts out the lamp of life. And that would seldom be before 60 or 70 years, was this principle of purgation always resorted to on the first appearance of sickness.

In the hope that these remarks may be of some service, I am the public's obedient servant,

D. BRANDETH, M. D.

Great caution is required to procure the genuine Brandeth Pills.

Druggists and Chemists are never in any place appointed Agents by Dr. B. All his authorized Agents have an engraved certificate of agency signed by himself; unless this certificate can be shown, do not purchase. This caution is absolutely necessary to guard the public against spurious Pills.

**DR. BRANDETH'S PILLS**

CAN BE OBTAINED GENUINE OF

FREDERICK WYSE,

No. 3, Palace Street, Upper Town,

Foot of Mountain Street, Lower Town.

Who is the only authorized Agent for Quebec.

Quebec, 29th Sept. 1838.