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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Literary Transcript.)

THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN ON THE ST. CHARLES MOUNTAINS.

The green woods are aroused me, and the stream
A pleasant song is babbling heedless by;
And through the setting sun a mellow gleam
Round giant trees that rear their tops on high,
And seem as if to uphold the sky;
This mossy stone a pillow for my head,
Perchance a Nature's mark o'er forms that lie
"North scared flocks, which form a fitting bed
For one whose kindred hopes are resting with the dead.

Yet life is strong around me; every leaf
Is peopled with its airy myriads, and the ray
Which rests upon my brow, of joy and grief
Contains a mighty sun. Proud man, away!
Holds Earth no joys or woes but those, poor clay!
Through every blade, the hourly trampled flowers,
Through life, and change, and death, in those
Whose day
Is given and meted by creative powers
For ends, to God, perchance as great as spring
From ours.

We struggle through a dream,—a dream of life,
The troubled sleepers. Death alone can break;
And when at last, upon this scene of strife
We gaze from that calm shore where we awake,
How shall we smile at all the ills which shake
The eternal soul in Time's dull letters bound?
Or will Remembrance then her seat forsake,
And fabled Lethe's stream, no fable found,
Swamp darkly o'er the throne where once state
Memory crowned.

Alas! we know such knowledge is denied;
But if, when all is past, far hence, we can
Look o'er the awful gulph which shall divide
The state of mortal from immortal man,
If then unfolded all the mystic plan,
With scepter's sign, and seraph's judgment fan,
How shall we marvel at each act we scan,
And in each whirl of petty passion, join
Of such events the cause, as thro' creation through.

Even now the shades of those long ages gone,
Are haply stooping down, and gaze on me,—
The deep woods murmur with a solemn tone,
Like voices from the past eternally;
No shadowy forms my human ken may see,
My soul doth feel them round: the great, the good
Of old Athos's ages bending be
To hold dark converse in the heavy wood,
And bless with wordless joy my soul in solitude.

They tell of capture, we, like them, shall feel,
When all is known we long have craved to know;
When burst the mist away which now conceal
The mysteries of Heaven from man below;
When Fate, which seems too oft to work us woe,
And He who fate controls, shall then appear
Enrolled in love and mercy's glim'ring glow;
And, sunk with Death all sorrow, doubt, and fear,
Our Father's face shall shine, in good and glory clear.

A. G. L.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

(CONCLUDED.)

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot approached, every breath was held to listen. "No, no, no!" cried the mother again and again, with increasing anguish, "it is not the foot of my own bairn!"—while her keen gaze still remained riveted upon the door, and was not withdrawn nor the hope of despair relinquished till the individual entered, and with a silent and ominous shake of his head, betokened his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all were returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly; the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents; and the roaring of the mountain rivers gave a character of deeper gloom to their sepulchral silence; for they sa', each wraith in forebodings, listening to the storm; and no sounds were heard, save the groans of the mother, the weeping of her children, and the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maiden, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length the barking of the farm-dog announced foot steps at a distance. Every eye was raised to listen, every eye turned to the

door; but, before the tread was yet audible to the listeners, "O, it is only Peter's foot!" said the miserable mother, and, weeping, arose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed, as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck, "what is this come upon us at last?"

He cast an inquisitive glance around his dwelling, and a convulsive shiver passed over his manly frame, as his eye again fell on the vacant chair, which no one had ventured to occupy. Hour succeeded hour, but the company separated not; and low, sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbours," said Adam Bell, "the morn is a new day, and we will wait to see what it may bring forth; but, in the mean time, let us read a portion of the Devine word, and kneel together in prayer, that, whether or not the day dawn cause light to shine upon this singular bereavement, the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing on his wings, upon the hearts of this afflicted family, and upon the hearts of all present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands; and his friend, taking down the "Hallowed Bible," read the chapter wherein it is written—"It is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting;" and again the portion which says—"If it will for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no tidings of the lost son. After a solemn farewell, all the visitors, save Adam Bell and his daughter, returned every one to their own house; and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed their search among the hills and surrounding villages.

Days, weeks, months, and years, rolled on. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy calm; but their lost first-born was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had been discovered. The general belief was, that he had perished in the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived merely spoke of his death as a very extraordinary circumstance, remarking that "he was a wild, venturesome sort of lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliot still kept it in commemoration of the birth-day of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, sadness and silence characterized the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, and still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But, as the younger branches of the family advanced in years, the remembrance of their brother became less poignant. Christmas was with all around them a day of rejoicing, and they began to make merry with their friends; while their parents partook in their enjoyment with a smile, half of approval and half of sorrow.

Twelve years had passed away; Christmas had again come; it was the counterpart of its fatal predecessor. The hills had not yet cast off their summer verdure; the sun, although shorn of its heat, had lost none of its brightness or glory, and looked down upon the earth as though participating in its gladness; and the clear, blue sky was tranquil at the sea sleeping beneath the moon. Many visitors had again assembled at Marchlaw. The sons of Mr. Elliot and the young men of the party were assembled upon a level green near the house, amusing themselves with throwing the hammer and other Border games, while himself and the elder guests stood by as spectators, recounting the deeds of their youth. Johnson, the sheep-farmer, whom we have already mentioned, now a brawny and gigantic fellow of two and thirty, bore away in every game the palm from all competitors. More than once, as Peter beheld his sons defeated, he felt the spirit of youth glowing in his veins, and "Oh!" muttered he, in bitterness, "had my Thomas been spared to me, he would have thrown his hammer blood after the hammer, before he would have been beat by ever a Johnson in the country!"

While he thus soliloquized, and with difficulty restrained an impulse to compete with

the victor himself, a dark, foreign-looking, strong-built seaman, unceremoniously approached, and, with his arms folded, cast a look of contempt upon the boasting competitor. Every eye was turned with a scrutinizing glance upon the stranger. In height he could not exceed five foot nine, but his woin frame was the model of muscular strength; his features were open and manly, but deeply sunburnt and weather-beaten; his long, glossy, black hair, curled into ringlets by the breeze and the pillow, fell thickly over his temples and forehead; and whiskers of a similar hue, more conspicuous for size than elegance, gave a character of fierceness to a countenance otherwise possessing a striking impress of manly beauty. Without asking permission, he stepped forward, lifted the hammer, and swinging it around his head, uttered it upwards of five yards beyond Johnson's most successful throw. "Well done!" shouted the astonished spectators. The heart of Peter Elliot warmed within him, and he was hurrying forward to grasp the stranger by the hand, when the words gushed in his throat, "It was just such a throw as my Thomas would have made!—my own—my Thomas!" The tears burst into his eyes, and, without speaking, he turned back, and hurried towards the house to conceal his emotion.

Successively at every game the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him; when a messenger announced that several waited their arrival. Some of the guests were already seated, others entering; and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliot was Elizabeth Bell, still in the nuptial tie; but sorrow had passed over her features like a veil before the countenance of an angel. Johnson, crestfallen and out of humour at his defeat, seated himself by her side. An evil life, he had regarded Thomas Elliot, as a rival for her affections; and stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, he yet prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table; and still by his side, unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair of his first-born, wherein none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance.

"Hairs!" said he, "did none of ye ask the sailor to come up and take a bit o' quare with us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger entering; and the wind still blew from a new point if I destroy the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye are a stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is no meeting o' mirth-makers. But, I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome. Haste ye, ladies," he added to the servants; "some o' ye get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman indeed!" muttered Johnson, between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman; "this will do!" and, before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had taken himself carelessly into the hallowed, the venerated, the twelve-years unoccupied chair! The spirit of sacrifice uttering blasphemies from a pulpit, could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation, than did this filing of the vacant chair the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, Sir! excuse me, Sir!" said Peter, the words trembling upon his tongue. "but ye cannot—ye cannot sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "get out o' that! get out o' that!—take my chair!—take my chair in the house!—but dinna, dinna, sit there! It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death of my dear bairn; and to see it filled by another is a thing I cannot endure!"

"Sir! Sir!" continued the father, "ye have done it through ignorance, and we excuse ye. But that was my Thomas's seat.

Twelve years this very day—his birthday—perished, Heaven sends how! He went out from our sight, like the cloud that passes over the hills—never—never to return. And oh, Sir, spare a father's feelings! For to see it filled with the blood from my worthy son!"

"Give me your hand, my heartie!" exclaimed the seaman; "I revere, nay, I love it, I would die for your feelings! But Tom Elliot was my friend, and I cast anchor in this chair by special commission. I know that a sudden loss of joy is a bad thing; but, as I don't know how to preach a sermon afore telling you, all I have to say is—that Tom ain't dead."

"Not dead?" said Peter, grasping the hand of the stranger, and speaking with an eagerness that almost choked his utterance; "Oh, Sir! Sir! tell me now how low Tom Elliot ye say ayeing?—Is my ain Thomas ayeing?"

"Not dead, ye say?" cried Adam Elliot, hurrying towards him, and grasping his other hand; "not dead! and shall I see my bairn again? Oh! may the blessing of heaven, and the blessing of a unconquered mother, be upon the father of the glorious man!" But tell me—how is it possible I as ye would expect happiness here or hereafter, dinna, dinna deceive me?"

"Deceive you?" returned the stranger, grasping with impassioned earnestness the hand of his; "never! never! and all I can say is—Tom Elliot is aye and hearty."

"Aye, no?" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat; "he does not deceive us; here is trust in his countenance which respects a falsehood impossible; and she also appeared to move towards him, when Johnson threw his arm around her to withhold her."

"Dinna, dinna!" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "spare my feelings, ye say, or, spare me! I'm shawing daylight through your fingers in the turning of a name-spoke!" and, clasping the lovely girl in his arms, "Bless my pretty love! he cries, "don't you know your own Tom? Father, mother, don't you know me? Have you really forgot your own son? If twelve years have made some change on his face, his heart is sound as ever."

His sister, his mother, and his brothers, gazing around him, weeping, smiling, and asking unnumbered questions together. He threw his arms around the neck of each, and in answer to their inquiries, replied, "Well! well! there is some change to answer questions, but not to-day, not to-day!"

"No, my dear, and his mother," we'll ask you no questions—nobody shall ask ye any! I'll out how—how were ye turn away from us, my love? And, oh, my! where—where have ye been?"

"It is a long story, mother," said he, "and would take a week to tell it. But, however, to make a long story short, you remember when the smugglers were pursued, and wished to conceal their brandy in our house, my father prevented them; my left shoulder revenge. This day twelve years, I went out with the intention of meeting Elizabeth and my father, when I came upon a party of the gang concealed in Field's Hole. In a moment that a dozen pistols were held to my breast, and, lying my hands to my sides, they dragged me into the cavern. Here I had not been long then prisoner, when the snow, rolling down the mountains, almost totally blocked up its mouth. On the second night, they cut down the snow, and, hurrying me along with them, I was bound to a horse behind a sled, and before day-light found myself stowed, like a piece of old iron, in the hold of a smuggling cutter. Within a week I was shipped on board a Dutch man-of-war; and for six years was kept dogging about on different stations, till one day, having received orders to sail the vessel which was tight against the English Duke in Camperdown. To think of a fighting against my own flesh and blood, was worse than to be cut to pieces by a cat-o-nine-tails; and, under cover of the smoke of the first broadside, I sprang upon the gunwale, plunged into the sea, and swam for the English coast. Never, never shall I forget the moment when my feet first trod upon the deck of a British frigate!

fy nerves felt as firm as her oak, and my
 art free as the pennant that waved defiance
 over her mast-head. I was as active as any
 no during the battle; and, when it was over,
 nd I found myself again among my own
 country-men, and all speaking my own lan-
 guage, I fancied—may, hang it!—I almost
 believed, I should meet my father, my mother
 or my dear Bess, on board of the British frigate.
 I expected to see you all again in a
 few weeks at farthest; but, instead of return-
 ing to old England, before I was aware, I
 found it was helm about with us. As to writ-
 ing, I never had an opportunity but once.
 We were anchored before a French fort; a
 sacket was lying alongside ready to sail; I
 ad half a side written, and was scratching
 y head to think how I should come over
 writing about you, Bess, my love, when, as
 ad luck would have it, our lieutenant com-
 me, and says he, "Eliot," says he, "I
 now you like a little smart service; come,
 y lad, take the head oar, while we board
 some of those French bum-boats under the
 batteries!" I couldn't say no. We pulled
 shore, made a bonfire of one of their craft,
 and were setting fire to a second, when a
 leady shower of small-shot from the garrison
 cuttled our boat, killed our commanding off-
 cer with half of the crew, and I the few who
 were left of us, were made prisoners. It is
 ous bothing you by telling how we es-
 aped from French prison. We did escape;
 nd Tom will once more fill his vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish farther ac-
 quaintance with our friends, all we can say is,
 he new year was still young when Adam Bell
 stowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of
 Inchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant
 hair again occupied, and a namesake of the
 ird generation prattling on his knee.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

A better than these, and the best
 music under heaven, is the music of the hu-
 man voice. I doubt whether all voices are
 of capable of it, though there must be de-
 ficiency in it as in beauty. The tones of af-
 fection in all children are sweet, and we know
 of how much their unpleasantness in after
 life may be the effect of this, and consequent
 and the consequent habitual expression of
 discordant passions. But we do know that
 the voice of any human being becomes touch-
 ing by distress, and that, even on the coarse-
 minded and the low, religion, and the higher
 passions of the world have sometimes so
 wrought, that their eloquence was like the
 strong passages of an organ. I have been
 much about in the world, and with a boy's
 urest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensa-
 tions, have mingled for a time in every walk
 of life; yet never have I known man or wo-
 man, under the influence of any strong feel-
 ing that was not utterly degraded, whose
 voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur,
 or soften to cadences to which a harp might
 have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect
 instrument as it comes from the hand of its
 Maker, and, though its strings may relax
 with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse
 and neglect, it is always capable of being re-
 strung to its compass till its frame is shat-
 tered.

Men have seldom musical voices. Wheth-
 er it is that their passions are coarser, or that
 their life of caution and reserve shuts up the
 kindness from which it would spring, a pleas-
 ant masculine voice is one of the rarest gifts
 of our sex. Whenever you meet it, how-
 ever, it is always accompanied either by noble
 qualities, or by that peculiar capacity for
 understanding all character, which Goethe
 calls a "prementiment of the universe," and
 which enables its possessor, without a spark of
 generous nature himself, to know perfectly
 what it is in others, and to deceive the world
 by assuming all its accompaniments, and all
 its outward evidence. I speak now, and
 throughout these remarks, only of the conversa-
 tional tone. A man may sing never so well
 and still speak execrably; and I rarely have
 known a person who conversed musically, to
 sing even a tolerable song.

There is nothing like a sweet voice to win
 upon the confidence. It is the secret of the
 otherwise unaccountable success of some men
 in society. They never talk for more than
 one to hear, and to that one, if a woman, it is
 a most dangerous, because unsuspected spell;
 and every one knows how the voice softens
 instinctively with the knowledge that but one ear
 listens, and that it is addressed without
 witnesses to one who cannot stand aside from
 herself and separate the enchantment from his
 music. It is an insidious and beguiling pow-
 er; and I have seen men who, without any

pretensions to dignity or imposing address,
 would arrest attention the moment their voices
 were heard; and who, if they leaned over to
 murmur in a woman's ear, were certain of
 pleasing, though the remark were the very
 almost common-place of conversation.

A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman.
 I do not think I can describe it. It can be,
 and sometimes is, cultivated. It is not in-
 compatible with great vivacity, but it is often
 the gift of the quiet and unobtrusive. Loud-
 ness or rapidity of utterance is incompatible
 with it. It is low, but not guttural; delibe-
 rate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinct-
 ly heard, but they follow each other like drops
 of water from a fountain. It is like the coo-
 ing of a dove—not shrill, nor even clear, but
 uttered with the subdued and touching redun-
 dancy which every voice assumes in moments
 of deep feeling of tenderness. It is a glorious
 gift in woman. I should be won by it, more
 than by beauty—more even than by talent,
 were it possible to separate them. But I never
 heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak-
 minded woman. It is the organ of strong
 feeling, and of thoughts which have lain in
 the bosom till their sacredness almost bushes
 utterance. I remember listening, in the midst
 of a crowd, many years ago, to the voice of a
 girl—a mere child of sixteen summers—till I
 was bewildered. She was a pure, high-mind-
 ed, impassioned creature, without the least
 knowledge of the world, or her peculiar gift;
 but her own thoughts had wrought upon her
 like the hush of a sanctuary, and she spoke
 low, as if with an unconscious awe. I could
 never trace in her presence. My conscience
 seemed out of place, and my practised as-
 surance forsook me utterly. She is changed
 now. She has been admired, and found out
 her beauty, and the music of her tone is gone!
 She will recover it by and by, when the de-
 lirium of the world is over, and she begins to
 rely once more upon her own thoughts for
 company; but her extravagant spirits have
 broken over the thrilling trinity of childhood,
 and the charm is unbound.

There was a lady whom I used to meet
 when a boy, as I loitered to school with my
 satchel in the summer mornings, and of whom
 by and by, I came to dream, night and day,
 with a boy's impassioned and indefinite long-
 ing. She was a married woman, perhaps
 twenty years older than I, but very—very
 beautiful. She was like one's idea of a coun-
 tess—large, but perfectly light and graceful,
 and with an eye of inexpressible softness and
 languor. I was certain she had a low deli-
 cious tone, and, as she passed me in the street,
 I used to fancy how the words must linger
 and melt on that red lip, with its deep colour-
 ed and voluptuous fullness. Years after, when
 I had become a man, I was introduced to her.
 I made some passing remark, and with my
 boyish impression still floating in my mind,
 waited almost breathlessly for her answer.
 When she did speak I was perfectly electrified.
 Such a wonderful rapidity of utterance,
 such a volume of language, I never heard
 from the lips of a woman. My dream was
 over.

It was always a wonder to me, that the
 voice is so neglected in a fashionable educa-
 tion. There is a power in it over men, greater
 even than manner, for it is never suspected.
 Nothing repels like indifference, and indiffer-
 ence is a loud talker, to whom any body may
 listen, and whom, therefore, nobody cares to
 hear. But a low tone is redolent of the great
 secret of a woman's power—reliance! nothing
 wins like reliance. Be it in manner or tone,
 it is alike irresistible. I knew a woman who
 would captivate most men by simply leaning
 on their arm. It was the only thing she knew
 and she did that beautifully. It said more
 plainly than she could have spoken it, "I
 confide in you utterly;" and who, that had
 not been initiated, could resist such an appeal?
 There is something in words spoken softly,
 and meant for one's ear alone, which touches
 the heart like an enchantment. I never linger
 by a low voiced woman if she is not young.
 It indicates either a most childlike
 innocence and truth, or it is the practiced
 witchery of a woman of the world, who knows
 too well for me, the secret of her power.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—Mr. Henry Es-
 kine being one day in London, in company
 with the duchess of Gordon, asked her, "Are
 we never again to enjoy the honor and plea-
 sure of your grace's society at Edinburgh?"
 "Oh," said she, "Edinburgh is a vile dull
 place, I hate it!" "Nay," replied the
 gallant barister, "the sun might as well say
 this is a vile dark morning, I won't rise to-
 day."

ALPHABETICAL PUN.—Among Matthew's
 numerous puns is the following: A person
 speaking to a very deaf man, and getting an-
 gry at his not catching his meaning, says—
 "Why it is as plain as A B C." "Ay, sir,
 but I am D E F."

THE LIE.—At a court martial, a young
 Irish officer, when questioned whether he had
 not given the lie to a certain person, replied
 "No: I only said that either he or the col-
 onel had told a lie, and that I was sure it
 wasn't the colonel!"

Last Instance of Absence of Mind!—A lady
 a few days ago, being deeply enamoured of
 one of the "lads," wrote him a very pathet-
 ic epistle; folded it up and set out to the Post
 Office with it. Upon arriving at the office,
 an unfortunate slip of abstraction came over her,
 and she popped the letter back into her retic-
 ule and slid herself into the letter-box. She
 did not discover her mistake until the Post
 Master, before stamping her, asked if she was
 single.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

It is reported that two Greenlanders have
 given information to the Danish Government,
 that on the eastern coast of Greenland, it al-
 about 63 north, they found a heath stone, hav-
 ing on it an inscription, evidently of recent
 date—supposed to contain some information
 respecting the French brig of war *L'Elouise*,
 which left Iceland in August, 1833, on a
 voyage of discovery, and has never been heard
 of since.

Two couriers, in the service of Prince Es-
 tershazy, arrived at Chandos House, on Satur-
 day, in charge of the magnificent coronation
 dresses to be worn by the Prince at the ap-
 proaching august ceremony. The diamonds
 in charge of the couriers were, it is said, of
 the value of £130,000.

On Sunday morning, the *George the Fourth*
 East Indian man, containing one of the largest
 cargoes of tea (amounting to 28,000 packages)
 ever known to be brought to England, in one
 ship, arrived off Sheerness. The ship's crew,
 including officers, amounts to the almost in-
 credible number of 110, whose wages for the
 voyage is estimated at something about £3000.

A most dreadful explosion occurred at the
 Kennal gunpowder mills, near Pentryn, on
 Thursday morning, the 10th of May. Five
 miles blew up in succession, and part of a roof
 was found a mile from the premises. There
 was only one man very seriously injured, and
 hopes are entertained of his recovery.

According to the returns to Colonel Sib-
 thorp's motion, the total amount of silver joes,
 or fourpenny pieces, which have issued out of
 the Mint, is £89,325, and the number of pieces
 5,359,500.

A fair will be held at Hyde Park, on occa-
 sion of the Coronation.

UPPER CANADA.

The *Waterwitch* has lately captured, on the
 coast of Africa, a Portuguese brig with 356,
 and a schooner with 272 slaves on board.

Andersson one of the Peel banditti has been
 acquitted. The Kingston Chronicle says that
 three of the Jury were for a verdict of guilty
 and quantify remarks that he did not think
 there had been "three honest men in Water-
 town." On the authority of the oracle at Lew-
 iston, however, it seems their honesty gave
 way before a feeling of vindictiveness on ac-
 count of the honour conferred on Sir Allan
 MacNay by the British Government. Not a
 pirate or "patriot" of the lot will be found
 guilty. We think both governments should
 drop the business and hang up their fiddles.
 That tries criminals or pretends to do it, and
 cannot find them guilty—this goes only a step
 farther and pardons them after they have been
 found guilty; and sometimes like the other,
 declines trying them altogether.

We learn from the *Kingston Herald* and
Kingston Chronicle, that at the Special Court
 for the trial of persons charged with High
 Treason, lately re-opened at Kingston, by the
 Hon. Mr. Justice McLean, the following per-
 sons were arraigned and tried:—Nelson G.
 Reynolds, Asa L. D. Lewis, Peter Lessge,
 Anson M. Day, Charles Lafor sine, Samuel
 Marsh, Peter Orr, Tobias W. Meyers. On
 Friday, the 7th, Reynolds was tried and ac-
 quitted, and on the next day, Lewis, Lafon-
 taine, Marsh, and Orr, were also tried and
 acquitted. The Jury, in the last mentioned
 cases, were shut up from Saturday night till
 Monday evening, when they came into Court
 with a verdict, finding they were not guilty.
 On Monday, Day was also tried and ac-
 quitted; and Lessge and Meyers were ad-

mitted to bail on their own recognizance, each
 in the sum of £500. In explanation of these
 wholesale acquittals, it is stated in the *Chro-
 nicle*, that the evidence adduced against the
 prisoners, was very deficient in that "connect-
 edness" of purpose, which was necessary to
 establish their criminal conduct; that material
 witnesses had contradicted themselves; and
 that the merciful intentions of Government, as
 exhibited in this Province, must have had a
 certain effect upon the kindly disposition of
 the jurors.—(Moore's Gazette.)

The Right Reverend Bishop M'Donnell, and
 Major General Sir James M'Donnell, K. C. B.
 arrived at Kingston, on the 11th instant, after
 spending a few days in Glengarry. On leav-
 ing his Highland friends in Glengarry, the
 Major General was escorted by upwards of
 one hundred gentlemen from that quarter as
 far as Dickinson's Landing. Nothing, it is
 said could surpass the handsome reception
 which he met with on his arrival at Lanca-
 ster.

The brigantine *John Dougall* arrived in port
 on 4th instant, from the head of Lake Erie,
 we are told she is to be laid up at Kingston for
 the present, owing to the great risk there
 exists in navigating the Lakes, especially
 Lake Erie. The *John Dougall* was chased
 by two piratical schooners, on her trip down,
 but owing to her superior sailing, she soon
 left them far behind.—Prescott Sentinel.

An Engineer Officer has just arrived from
 Kingston, to commence the erection of block
 houses &c., for the accommodation of Her
 Majesty's troops that may be stationed here,
 a measure highly necessary, and one that
 has been too long delayed.—*Id.*

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 17th JULY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, . . . June 3. New-York, . . . July 19.
 Liverpool, . . . June 2. Halifax, . . . June 30.
 Havre, . . . May 30. Toronto, . . . June 5.

New-York papers to the 12th instant were
 received this morning. The packet ship *Sully*,
 2nd June from Havre, arrived on the 11th
 instant.

The steamers *Canada* and *Charlevoix* arriv-
 ed from Montreal at an early hour this morn-
 ing by which the *Herald* and *Courier* of yes-
 terday were received. We have given a few
 extracts.

The Congress of the United States, as sur-
 mised on the 9th instant, and the New York
 papers contain lists of the Acts to which the
 President had affixed his signature. The
 only measure which we find on these lists,
 bearing any reference to the affairs of the
 British Colonies, is the following:

A provision has been made for indemnify-
 ing the State of Maine for expenses incurred in
 consequence of the imprisonment of Messrs.
 Greely and Baker, by the British authorities
 of New Brunswick.—*Gazette.*

His Excellency the Governor General ar-
 rived at Cornwall (U. C.) on the 10th inst.
 where he was well received. From a state-
 ment made by the Corwall Observers, it would
 appear that His Excellency, in answer to an
 address from the inhabitants of that place, ex-
 plicitly declared himself in favour of a Legisla-
 tive Union of the whole of the British North
 American Colonies.

From the Quebec Gazette of yesterday.

"Saturday evening July 14th
 There is nothing new here today. An
 extract of a private letter on the New-Recorn
 Register states that one of Bill Johnson's boats
 with two of his men in it, had been taken by
 the British.

"The Earl of Durham reached Prescott on
 Wednesday afternoon, in the Steamer Brock-
 ville, which was chartered to convey His
 Lordship and suite from the head of the Long
 Sault to Kingston. The Brockville made no
 stay at Prescott further than to take on board
 some firewood.

His Excellency Sir Charles Augustus Fitz-
 roy, the Lieutenant Governor of Prince Ed-
 ward's Island, it is said, is shortly expected
 at Quebec, on a visit to His Excellency the
 Governor General.

The steamer *British America* yesterday
 proceeded on a pleasure trip to Grasse Isle
 and round the Island of Orleans. The day
 was fine and the number of passengers on
 board very great.

The first sitting of the Commissioners for the Summary Trial of Small Causes will be held to-morrow.

Fatal Accident.—On Saturday night about 10 o'clock a small boat, with six men on board, was met by the Steamers *Christine* and *Canada*, when nearly abreast of each other, opposite to St. Augustin; and in attempting to pass between them, the boat was struck by the *Christine's* paddle wheel and upset. The steamer's boat was immediately lewared and every exertion made to save the unfortunate individuals, and three of them were rescued, the remainder were drowned. The names of the men who were lost were Hoderick, Darric, and Pettclair; and we regret to learn that Hoderick has left a wife and seven young children.—The men saved were Latose, Barvean and Richard.

There has been a falling out among the political prisoners who were brought from Upper Canada and are now confined in the Cape. General Sutherland has addressed a long petition to Capt. Chisholm complaining of the conduct of Theller, who, it appears, does not treat the General with that respect which he considers due to his rank. The General wishes to be removed from the other prisoners whom he characterizes in no very flattering terms, and one of whom, except Theller, he says, he never saw before his introduction to them at Toronto. He gives a portion of Theller's history, derived from himself, from which it appears that Theller has served in both the British Army and Navy; and if Sutherland's statement is to be believed, he is a much more abandoned character than even Sutherland himself.

Some lines which appeared in our last "on the Arrival of the Earl of Durham at Montreal, by W. F. Hawley," were copied from the Montreal Herald. That they were not "credited" to that paper was entirely an unintentional omission.

The steamers *Canada* and *Charlevoix* started together from Quebec on Saturday evening at eight o'clock, for the purpose, it is said, of testing the speed of the respective boats, by a race to this city. The *Canada* arrived here yesterday at half-past two o'clock, having performed the run from Quebec in eighteen hours, against a strong head wind, and with the disadvantage of a near tide. The *Charlevoix* got into port at 6 o'clock, having, we understand, been detained for two or three hours endeavouring to save the passengers in a canoe which was unfortunately run down by her off Cap-rouge—and three of them, we regret to learn, were drowned.—*Courier of yesterday.*

DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.—Last evening, between seven and eight o'clock, a man named Martel, one of the new City Police, while loitering about the wharf in a state of intoxication, was provoked by some boys, at whom he threw a large stone, which missing them, struck with great violence the head of a child of Mr. Serafino Giraldi, then in his nurse's arms, passing at the time. It is stated that the child is not mortally, although very seriously wounded. Martel was immediately arrested, and committed on the instant to Jail by Dr. Arnoldi, J. P., who happened to be on the spot.—*Id.*

On Saturday morning there was a fire at the house of the Hon. E. Mondelet, in Dalhousie Square, which was soon extinguished. A party of the 71st and 24th Regts. were in attendance.—*Id.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT.
MR. EDITOR.—Amongst the many measures of reform contemplated by the Earl of Durham it is gratifying to learn that at last the Province stands some chance of having Registry Offices, which it so much requires. In a new country like this, where capital is so much wanted to develop its resources, it is a matter of astonishment that some similar measure has not been adopted years ago. Human energy here has been paralyzed for the last half century, merely from the absence of capital, and yet so vast and ample are the resources of the country, that industry and enterprise can even now afford to give an exorbitant rate of interest for the loan of money, rather than do without it; besides, the benefit which would result from the establishment of Registry Offices in the Province, would not only be felt here, but would be attended with great advantages in England; capitalists there would then embark their money in the province with security at 6 per cent. per annum,

whereas, now, millions remain unemployed or, if placed out at interest only yield from 2 to 3 per cent. Upon property in the province, Registry Offices would immediately operate a magical effect, for the introduction of capital into the country would raise the value of property as high, as the want of it had before depressed its value. If the present administration therefore, only accomplish this measure and purge those Augean stables of corruption, our courts of justice, it will do more for the permanent interest of this country than all the previous administrations taken together have effected from the period of the conquest.

TIMINGS.

INTERESTING SCENE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.
 Toronto, 2nd June, 1838.

Present, Mr. Alderman Useful.
 Billy Kimpton, a waggish looking and respectable old gentleman, considerably upwards of fifty, with a queer green coat cut round to the belly, light linen vestibles, embroidered waistcoat, and wearing a cone, was brought up in charge of Sergt. McCann and two of the new Police, for having endeavoured to pass off certain articles made by Bulwer, Turtle & Co. as being of his own manufacture. The examination of Billy excited a lively interest, and occasioned some laughter. Mr. "Public Opinion," a barrister of great eminence, conducted the examination on behalf of the constitutional party, who considered themselves as greatly aggrieved by Billy's attempting to sell false wares.

EXAMINATION.

Question.—What's your name?
Answer.—Billy Kimpton.
Q.—Are you now the editor of the *Camillus*?
A.—N-o-o. Y-e-s, Yes.
Q.—How long have you been such editor?
A.—Sixteen years, not counting the last six weeks.

Q.—What politics have you generally professed?
A.—Sometimes Whig—sometimes Tory.

Q.—Are the editorial articles that have appeared in the *Camillus* entirely your own?
A.—To the best of my recollection, they may possibly have been so.

Q.—To the best of your recollection, they may possibly have been so;—no equivocation, Mr. Kimpton, if you please. Do you mean to say that the article upon the "Privy Council," which recently appeared in your paper was your own?
A.—I don't think I am bound to answer this question. I appeal to the honorable Alderman, to know whether I am so bound.

Mr. Alderman Useful, after consulting certain authorities, declared that the question was such that answer could not be refused.
Q.—Did you write that article?
A.—No, I didn't, then.
Q.—Who did?
A.—Aye?
Q.—Who did?
A.—I don't know.
Q.—On your oath, do you say that you don't know?
A.—I do know, but I don't want to blab.

Mr. Alderman Useful.—Sir, you must blab, as you call it, or I'll commit you.
A.—It's d—d hard I should be obliged to give up the author of that article.

Q.—I desire your immediate answer.
A.—Well, then, it was a gentleman.
Q.—What's his name?
A.—Bulwer.

Mr. Alderman Useful.—What did you say?
A.—Bulwer.
Q.—What, Edward Lytton Bulwer?
A.—No, Charley Little Bulwer.

Q.—Where's he from?
A.—England.
Q.—What part of England?
A.—Don't know, but believe he has a close connexion in Derbyshire.

Q.—How came you to pass off that article as your own? Why, didn't you put "communicated" at bottom?
A.—Because I was told it would make it more interesting.

Q.—Were you paid for the insertion?
A.—I was offered a penny a-line, but I would not take payment that way.

Q.—Why?
A.—Because I was told that the *Camillus* containing the article would be sent *via* Derbyshire to London, and be copied into the Morning Chronicle, and eventually be the making of my fortune.

Q.—Have you reason to believe that other editors have been tampered with?
A.—To be sure; why, one has recently

been named Secretary of a Board, and others, seeing how the wind blows, and how the "ready" is to be got, are thinking seriously of sending in their adhesion to the supreme Government.

Mr. Alderman Useful, a worthy man and steady Constitutionalist, with evident feelings of indignation, desired that the prisoner should be remanded until Tuesday next for further examination.—(Communicated.)

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

ARRIVED.
 July 16th.
 Brig Donegal, Hodgson, 12th May, Cadiz, Leaycraft & Co, salt,
 Ship Cove, Taylor, 28th May, Hull, Symes & Ross, Ballast,
 Ship Hibernia, Fowler, 26th May, Cowes, Pembertons, government stores,—123 passengers.

CLEARED.

July 14th.
 Ship Chapman, Christie, London, Chapman & Co,
 Ship John Bentley, Robertson, Liverpool, Matland & Co,
 Ship Jessie, Ford, Liverpool, Gilmour & Co, Bark Caroline, Robinson, Londonderry, Pembertons,
 Bark Andromeda, Brown, Liverpool, Sharples & Co,
 Bark Broom, Gray, Port Glasgow, Gilmour & Co,
 Bark Trusty, Berriam, London, Atkinson
 Ship Fagus, Lamb, Dublin, T. Frosie & Co,
 Brig Tagus, Smith, Lundestland, Symes & Ross,
 Albion, Rye, for Caraqueite, and on a Trading voyage on the coast of New Brunswick and Gaspe, with Provisions, Liquors, &c. &c.—S. Chalifour.

16th.
 Brig England, Byers, Stockton, Anderson & Co,
 Brig Lion, Nicholson, Sunderland, Symes & Ross,
 Ship British King, Rattray, Liverpool, Rodgers, Dean & Co,
 Halifax, June 30.—Arrived—Bark Osprey, Burrows, Port Morant, 22 days—rum sugar, and coffee to J. & M. Tobin, bound to London, was here down 19th inst. in a gale from N. in lat. 38, lon. 60, was obliged to cut away the main and mizen masts.

PASSENGERS.

In the *Hibernia*, from Cowes, Mrs. (Doctor) Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Finney, Mr. Wilson, Doctor Hill, Major Edgeworth and lady, Mr. John Barrain and brother, Mr. Slack and servant, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Faithful.
 Among the passengers who sailed from New York, on the 10th inst. in the packet ship *Sanson*, from London, are Lieut. Col. Loring and Capt. Smith.
 Lieut. Col. Horton and Capt. Cuthbert, both of the 15th Regiment, sailed on the 30th ult. in the packet ship *England* for Liverpool.

LETTER BAGS AT THE QUEBEC EXCHANGE.
 For Liverpool—the Wilson, Volger. To close to-morrow, at 7 P. M.
 For Sligo—the Andrew Nugent, Crangle. To close to-morrow, at 2 P. M.
 For Dublin—the Hope, Harmer.
 For Greenock—the Atlantic, Hardenbrock.

MARRIED.

At Quebec, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Sewell, Mr. Henry Norris, to Ann, third and youngest daughter of the late Frederik East, Esq. Naval Officer, at Quebec.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

24, Fabrique Street, Upper Town, Quebec.

J. JAMIESON

REGS respectfully to inform his Subscribers and the public in general, that he has made a considerable addition to his Library. It at present contains the whole of Sir Walter Scott's Works; the Novels and Romances of Cooper (the American Novelist), Maryarrat, Bulwer, D'Israeli, the Misses Porter, Smollet, &c., the Pickwick Papers, and upwards of 500 others, b. various authors; a considerable portion of History, Biography, Voyages, Travels, &c.

TERMS:

Per Quarter, 4s. 6d.
 Per Month, 1s. 6d.
 For casual readers, per vol. 6s. 2d.
 Being one half cheaper than any other Library.
 * * * Drawings lent out to copy.
 Quebec, 18th July, 1838.

AUCTIONS.

EXTENSIVE FURNITURE SALE, WITHOUT RESERVE.

ON MONDAY next, the 16th instant, and following Days, at the house of Sir JOHN CALDWELL, St. Peter Street, next door to the Montreal Bank—

153 PACKAGES OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of the greatest variety and most splendid assortment ever offered for public sale in Quebec,—now landing from the Lord Broughams and Vaux.

Sale each day, at ONE o'clock.
 E.P. Conditions—CASH on delivery.
 N. B.—The furniture will be on show two days previous to the Sale, and Catalogues will be ready and sent round on Wednesday.
 B. COLE, A. & B.
 Quebec, 9th July, 1838.

LANDING EX ST. GEORGE, PRIME, & PRIME SEED FLOUR.

Kafer, Mills Pastry, Superfine and Fine Flour. FOR SALE BY HUGH MURRAY. Quebec, 10th July, 1838.

FOR SALE.

JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBER, No. 11, Notre Dame Street.
20 BASKETS ENGLISH CHEESE, 70 cases Superior London Butter, 70 doz. Leith Ale, 150 boxes Liverpool Candles, 300 boxes Soap, 8 hhds. Lord Sugar, 20 boxes Pipes, 40 barrels Roused Coffee, 20 qr casks Superior Sherry Wine; &c. &c.
 Port, Madeira, Claret, & P. Teneriff, &c., in wood and bottle;
 Teas—Hyson, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Twanlay, Hyson Skin, Congou, and Bohea.
 JOHN FISHER.
 Quebec, 3rd July, 1838.

NOW LANDING, AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER:—

30 HHDS. VERY FINE GENÈVA, 27 hhds. Cognac Brandy, 500 kegs London White and Spanish Brown Paint.
LEMESURIER, TILSTONE & CO.
 St. Peter Street, 5th July, 1838.

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE, BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:—

100 CASES BARTON & GUEST'S CHOICE CLARET,—Carose, Louville, and Saint Julien,
 50 cases Sparkling Silery Champagne,—Cuneet Brand,
 25 cases Old Cognac Brandy;
 ALSO,
 Port, Madeira, Sherry and Marsala, in wood and bottles; Brandy; French White Wine Virginia; Corks; Wine Bottles; Window Glass, assorted sizes; Crute Glass; Palms; Spoons; 9-16, 11-16 & 5-8 Chains.
LEMESURIER, TILSTONE & CO.

MADEIRA WINE.

A FEW CASKS Howard, March & Co's Madeira Wine,—price £70 per pipe of 110 gallons,—for Sale by JOHN GORDON & CO. Quebec, May 31, 1838. St. Paul Street.

ON SALE, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

UPPER CANADA PASTRY FLOUR, OR FLOUR, warranted.
 E.P. This last article will be sold very cheap.
 Just arrived.—A beautiful assortment of STRAW BONNETS; very fashionable (Italy Tuscan and split straw, the newest shapes).
 A Consignment of Single and Double-barrelled GUNS, all proved and warranted the best ever imported into Canada; to be sold at reduced prices. Iron bound cases very clean and well made, having contained silk Goods, Cashmere and Thibet Wool Shawls. They will be sold cheap.
 2 boxes White and Black Wadding,
 4 boxes Pasteboard,
 R. McLIMONT.
 Quebec, 6th July, 1838.

FOR SALE, BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:—

SIX HUNDRED MINO'S PEAS, 50 cases Ship Biscuit, 20 barrels Boston Crackers, 60 kegs Butter, 30 cases Salad Oil, 40 casks Hull Cement, Green and Blue Paint.
CREELMAN & IFFER
 31st May, 1838. Hunt's Y

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC AUTUMN RACES-1838.

Under the Patronage of
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.
MONDAY, the 3rd, & TUESDAY, the 4th
SEPTEMBER, 1838.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER.

Her Majesty's Plate of Fifty Guineas.
Entrance, Five Pounds: heats two miles and a distance. Open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada, that never won a match, plate or sweepstakes. Weights—three years old, 8 st. 2 lb.; four yrs. 9 st. 3 lb.; five yrs. 9 st. 9 lb.; six yrs. and aged, 10 st.

Ladies' Purse.
Entrance Five Dollars, to which the Stewards will add — Dollars. Race for all horses—Weight for age—aged horses, 10 st. 7 lb. Each year and/or allowed 7 lb. Mile-heats, starting from the distance. Gentlemen riders.

Trial Stakes.
Five Dollars entrance, to which the Stewards will add — Dollars. For all horses bred in the Canadas, which have never won a race in Quebec, Montreal, or Three-Rivers.—Weight for age—four yrs. 8 st. 7 lb.; five yrs. 9 st.; 6 yrs. and aged, 9 st. 7 lb. Heats once round the course and a distance.

Scurry Stakes.
Five Dollars entrance, to which the Stewards will add — Dollars. Catch weights. One third of a mile. Gentlemen riders. Winner to be sold for £10.

Bonnet Rouge Stakes of — Dollars.
Entrance One Dollar. For all horses proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards to be of thorough Canadian blood. One mile, starting from the distance post. Militant riders.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, 4th SEPTEMBER.

Hurdle Race.
Four Dollars entrance, to which the Stewards will add — Dollars. Free for all horses. One heat of two miles, starting from the distance. Gentlemen riders. Weight, 11 st.

His Excellency's Cup, value £100.
Entrance Ten Dollars. For all horses bona fide the property of Her Majesty's subjects residing in the Canadas, and in their possession for one calendar month previous to these races. Once round the course, and a distance. Gentlemen riders. To close and name on the 3rd August. Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards—to be shown on the course at two, P. M. on the 27th August, and weights declared on the following day. Ten horses to start, or no race. Winner to be sold for one hundred sovereigns.

Quebec Stakes.
Five Pounds entrance, to which the Stewards will add — Pounds. Free for all horses; second horse to save his entrance. Weights as in the Trial Stakes. Two mile heats, starting from the distance. A winner of one race to carry 7 lb., and of two races 14 lb. extra. Three horses to start, or no race.

Garrison Plate of — Pounds.
Entrance Five Dollars: For all horses bona fide the property of Officers of the Army, one month previous to the races. Weight as in the Trial Stakes. The winner of any race to carry 7 lb. extra. Mile heats, starting from the distance. Gentlemen riders.

Beaten Plate.
Entrance Five Dollars, to which the Stewards will add — Dollars. Heats once round the course, and a distance. To be handicapped by the Stewards.

ORDER OF RUNNING.

FIRST DAY:—Queen's Plate—Ladies' Purse and Trial Stakes, alternate heats,—Scurry Stakes,—Bonnet Rouge Stakes.—
SECOND DAY:—Hurdle Race,—His Excellency's Cup,—Quebec Stakes and Garrison Plate, alternate heats,—Beaten Plate.

N. B.—The Rules and Regulations of these Races may be had at T. CARV & Co.'s Printing Office.
None but subscribers of Five Dollars to enter a horse.
No public money given for a walk over.
Horses to be entered for the first day's races one o'clock on Monday, at Payne's stable.

Admission Tickets to the Stand House, Half-a-Dollar each, to be had at the Printing Office of Messrs. T. CARV & Co. and at the Stand.

All carriages admitted on the course to pay a quarter of a dollar each day. Horses, seven pence halfpenny.
Hours of starting—One o'clock each day.
It is particularly requested that no dogs be brought upon the Course.

STEWARDS.

Captain Lord Clarence Paget, R. N.
Colonel Hon. C. Gore, C. K. H.
Lieut.-Colonel Greenwood, G. G.
Captain Hon. R. E. Boyle, C. G.
Captain Hon. F. W. Villiers, A. D. C.
Captain Tylden, R. A.
Hon. George Pemberton,
W. H. St. Land, Esquire,
W. K. McCord, Esquire,
C. D. Leary, Esquire,
Lieut.-Colonel Gazy,
J. C. Fisher, Esquire and Secretary.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY GARLAND, A Monthly Magazine, TO BE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

WHILE so many publications of a political character find a liberal support in public indulgence and generosity, it scarce will not be deemed presumptuous to hope that one of a purely literary nature may find a corresponding degree of favor and encouragement;—leading, as it would, to form a species of relaxation from the tedious of political speculation, and to relieve, in a trifling degree, some of the hours which might otherwise be burdened with care.

In this hope, it is proposed, by an Amateur in Literary Horticulture, to devote a few leisure hours to the cultivation of the nearly unbroken ground of Canadian Literature, fearing not that a field so fertile for the labour expended in reclaiming it. He does not scruple to confess, that the flowers with which the literary garden will, for a time, be decked, will be principally culled and borrowed from the parterres of more productive climes;—but, as such only will be selected as can be so cultivated as to form a bouquet as fully as in their native soil, while, by planting in native hearts the germ of honorable emulation, they may assist in fasturing into strength a growth of native flowers as rich and luxuriant as the most beautiful of their foreign rivals.

With this view, it is proposed to issue, monthly, a Magazine corresponding to the above title, containing the usual variety of poetry and prose, of latest and the most valuable, historical and political, with occasionally a more liberal or philosophical treatise, which, by blending instruction with amusement, will render the Magazine a fit companion for the study as well as the draw-room;—for the latter of which, the work will consist of forty-eight royal octavo pages, and will be printed on good paper, with elegant new type, and in as fine a style as it is possible to attain. The price is fixed at Three Dollars a year to city subscribers—postage being, as matter of course, added to those who favour us with orders from the country. The first number will be issued as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers have been obtained to guarantee a reimbursement of the funds expended in the mechanical part of the undertaking.

No payments will be expected before the appearance of the ninth number, between which period and the publication of the twelfth, it is confidently anticipated that all subscriptions will be cheerfully paid. Should the hope of the publisher of the success of the undertaking be realized, it is intended to enlarge and beautify the work with Music, Engravings, &c., so as to render it unsurpassed by any American publication.

The Magazine will be printed and published by the undersigned, at Montreal, by whom all letters and orders, postage paid, will be attended to with gratitude and punctuality.

JOHN LOVELL,
Montreal, 18th June, 1838.

BEGG & URQUHART.
BEG to intimate to the public that they have opened and stocked with Fresh Medicines, of the finest quality, that Shop

No. 8, Notre Dame Street, Lower Town, (formerly occupied by the late Dr. ROBERTS), where they intend carrying on the business of

CHEMISTS and DRUGGISTS in all its branches, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

THEY HAVE FOR SALE—
Very superior Stoughton Bitters,
Black, Red, and Copying Inks,
Ship Medicine Chests, complete,
Soda Water and Lemonade from the Fountain and in Bottles.
M. F. Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters.
Quebec 17th May, 1838.

H. CARWELL,
REMOVED from Palace Street to Fabrique Street opposite the Upper Town Market.
Quebec, 8th May, 1838.

FASHIONABLE GOODS.

THE subscribers beg to inform the public that they have received a splendid assortment of FASHIONABLE GOODS of every description, including Straw and Damask Bonnets of the latest shape, which with the newest Gazar Ribbons, they will be prepared to show on Saturday. The other Goods are now preparing, and will be ready for sale early next week.

R. SYMES & Co.
Who have also an assortment of Gentlemen's best and most fashionable BEAVER HATS.
May 17, 1838.

Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters.

THE subscribers have just received a fresh supply of the above.
BEGG & URQUHART,
Agents.

Quebec, 5th May, 1838.

MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers, general Agents for Morison's Pills, have appointed WILLIAM WHITTAKER, Sub-Agent for the Upper Town, No. 27, St. John Street.

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. SARG, Clerk of the Stamp Office, Superior Court 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 before the public is to deduce therefrom the following powerful argument in favour of Mr. Morison's system, and in which the public attention is directed, namely, that it was only by trying an innocuous purgative medicine to such an extent, that the truth of the Hygeian system could possibly have been established. It is clear that all the medical men in England, or the world, put together, have not tried a system of vegetable purgation to the extent and in manner prescribed by the Hygeian. How, therefore, can they count on individuality, know any thing about the extent of its properties.

THE GEORGE INN.

H. PORTER respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he has opened a House of Public Entertainment, at the corner of the Cal-de-Paris near the Market Place, Lower Town, where every attention will be paid to those who may favor him with their support.—Hearding and lodging on reasonable terms.—N. B. Good Stabling.

BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.

MRS MARTYN (formerly Leighton) respectfully announces the Public that she intends to open a Boarding Establishment in the House formerly occupied by Sir John Caldwell, St. Peter Street, Lower Town, and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of Public favour.
The Stabling attached to the above premises to let.

T. COWAN,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
El. Baule Street, Upper Town.

HAS on hand a choice Assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's BOOTS AND SHOES made by first-rate workmen.
Orders executed on the shortest notice.
Quebec, 5th June, 1838.

WILLIAM BURKE,

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
No. 15, Fabrique Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public that he has received from London a choice assortment of articles in his line, among which are Black Buck antecurried Goat Skins, of a superior quality, for Gentlemen's Summer Boots, which will be made-up in the first style—and on the shortest notice.
Quebec, 31st May, 1838.

FOR SALE.

AN EXCELLENT ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK by Parkinson & Frohman, London; a True Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPSON'S METER, at

MARTYN'S
Chronometer Maker, &c. &c.
St. Peter Street, 3rd Jun.

BRITISH AND ITALIAN MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES, for Sale by

RICHARDSON BROWNE,
Hope Street.
Quebec, 8th May 1838.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE.

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

JOHN JOHNSTON,
Corner of the Upper-Town Market Place,
Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits' Baracks

T. RICKABY,
CABINET MAKER, UPHOLSTERER,
And Undertaker.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 36, St. John Street, Salturb, the house formerly occupied by Mr. Allan, boot and shoe-maker, where he hopes by strict attention and moderate charges, to merit and receive a continuance of the liberal support he has hitherto received.
Orders furnished on the shortest notice.
Quebec, 25th May, 1838.

SCOTT MARMALADE.

JUST RECEIVED.—A NEW CASE NEW MARMALADE, in the jar.
SCOTT & MCCONKEY,
Quebec May 31, 1838. Confectioners.

JAMES HOSSACK,

CONFECTIONER,
20, CHAMPLAIN STREET, LOWER TOWN.

GRATEFULLY for past favors, begs leave to call the attention of his Patrons and the Public to his Stock of Confectionery, &c. which he at present has on hand, and which, for variety, flavour and quality cannot be surpassed.
He would particularly recommend the following:
LOZENGES—Peppermint, Clove, Cayenne, Ginger, Bath and Lemon;
CONFECTYONS—Almond Comfits, Coriander, Caraway Seed, &c.
ANDIES—Crystallized, Horned, Acidulated, Barley Sugar, &c.
ICE-CREAMS—Jellies, Jams, Marmalade,
SODA WATER, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, Lemon Syrup, in bottle—CHIFFY.
WEDDING CAKES—Plain and Ornamented; Fresh Cakes of all kinds always on hand.
CHERRY, Wine and Water Biscuits, &c. &c. in barrel.
Orders from the country carefully attended to.
Quebec, 31st May, 1838.

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 Confectionery as usual.
SCOTT & MCCONKEY,
Quebec, 1st May, 1838.

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD.

WHEREAS WILLIAM COATES, of the City of Quebec, late First Teller, of the Branch of the Montreal Bank, established at Quebec, stands charged with feloniously stealing, in the month of February last, from the Office of the said Bank of Quebec, a large quantity of notes of the Montreal Bank, amounting in the whole to nearly Ten Thousand Pounds currency; and whereas the said William Coates hath been committed to the common jail of the District of Quebec, to take his trial for the said offence, and whereas the greater part of the said Notes so stolen, as aforesaid, has not been found or traced.—Notice is hereby given, that the above reward of

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

currency, will be paid to any person or persons who shall give information by which the whole of the said stolen property shall be recovered, and a proportionate part of the above Reward according to amount which may be so found and recovered upon application to the undersigned at the office of the said Bank, in St. Peter Street, in the City of Quebec.

A. SIMPSON, Cashier.

N. B.—The Notes stolen are principally Notes of 100 dollars, 50 dollars and 20 dollars each, of the Montreal Bank, payable at Quebec.

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 Cured Hams of Best, Briskets, &c. &c. also, Mutton for Sausages and Hamchees, all of the very best quality.
Quebec, 13th January, 1838.

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THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, BY
THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE,
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Hunt's Wharf