

THE HERALD

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LETTER PRESS PRINTING

WILL BE PERFORMED AT THE HERALD OFFICE.

LOWER CANADA.

The Quarantine and Telegraph establishments are now discontinued. Capt. Reid, Commandant, and the other Officers of the station, with the troops and others, having arrived yesterday morning in the station schooner Amelia. Dr. Fortier, Health Officer, had arrived some time before.

In reverting to the use of the establishment, we cannot but think that, upon the whole, it was prudently renewed by the Government, on the law of last year having expired. It is an undoubted fact, that several vessels, on board of which a number of deaths by cholera had occurred during the passage, arrived at the station this summer; and we believe one or two deaths by the real Asiatic cholera, actually took place at the station about six weeks ago. It is indeed, very probable, that had not the strictest precautionary measures been taken, that disease, which has been pretty fatal in many of the large towns in Great Britain all last summer, while, in reality, the landing and cleanliness enforced among the emigrants, have been rather thought an advantage even by themselves; this saving them a much more expensive delay in Quebec, and permitting, as every one has remarked, their immediate departure on their route after reaching this port.

The duties of the establishment have been performed to the general satisfaction of the public, by those charged with them; and the telegraphs, conducted with useful accuracy and detail by Mr. Warr, have been an early source of intelligence to the trade.—[Nelson's Gaz.]

(Contd.)

Custom-House Quebec, 26th Oct. 1833.

Sir—We have the pleasure of transmitting for the information of the Board of Trade, an extract of the Act of 3d and 4th William IV, passed in the last Session of the Imperial Parliament relating to the Duties on Molasses and Coffee.

We have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient Servant, (Signed) H. J. Jessop, Colr. To William Finlay, Esqr. Chairman of the Board of Trade Quebec

3d & 4th Wm. Chap. 50, Sec. 4.

"Provided always, and be it further enacted, That from and after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, so much of an Act passed in the sixth year of the reign of George the Third, intitled, 'An Act for repealing certain Duties in the British Colonies and Plantations' granted by several Acts of Parliament, and also the Duties imposed by an Act made in the last Session of Parliament upon certain East India Goods exported from Great Britain, and for granting other Duties instead thereof; and for further encouraging, regulating, and securing several branches of the Trade of this Kingdom, and the British Dominion in America, as imposes a Duty on Coffee, the growth or produce of any British Colony or Plantation in America on importation thereof into any other such Colony or Plantation; and so much of another Act passed in the fourteenth year of the same reign, intitled, 'An Act to establish a fund towards further defraying the charges of the Administration of Justice, and support of the Civil Government within the Province of Quebec in America, as imposes any Duties on Molasses and Syrups imported or brought into Canada, shall be and the same are hereby repealed, any thing in this Act, or in any other Act or Acts to the contrary notwithstanding."

A True Copy.

(Signed) HENRY JESSOP, Collector.

A new school of medicine is about to be established in this city, under the direction of Doctors Nelson and Beaubien, to whom, we understand, Dr. Johnston, a native of this city, and shortly expected from Europe, will be added. Dr. Beaubien will lecture on Anatomy at half past nine, and Dr. Nelson on Physiology at eleven. The course will commence next Monday, and it would appear from the Minutes, that several pupils have already entered themselves upon the books of the lecturers. The courses delivered on similar subjects at McGill College, have hitherto been in the English language only, and we suppose those at the new institution will be for the instruction of the natives of the country, to whom the French language is more familiar. We are happy to record this among other marks of the improvement of the Province in the study of the liberal sciences. It is also a matter of some satisfaction to ourselves, to perceive that our native city is fast attaining the character, as it has the materials, of being a seat of learning.—We hope that it is yet destined to become the Athens of the British North American Provinces.—[Montreal Gazette.]

[DEFERRED ARTICLES]

On Saturday last, the City Bank commenced business by opening its office for the reception of notes for discount, and on Monday a very general distribution took place of so much of its funds as the Directors deemed prudent to lend. Yesterday afternoon, having commenced paying, the Five Dollar notes of the establishment began to show themselves about town.—Notes of lower denomination we have not yet seen.

The engraving of the notes in question executed by Messrs. RAWDS, WRIGHT, HATCH & Co. of New York, and is a very beautiful specimen of the art. Where talent and skill of a very high order is employed in the execution of Bank bills, forgery becomes next to impossible. In the case of these now upon our table, both imitation and alteration seem to be precluded; the first by the beauty of engraving, the second, by the arrangement of the design—especially the figures.

The City Bank appears to us to have commenced well; we heard it hinted a day or two since that it should make the opening of an account of discounting, and the adoption of such a course, it appears to us, would have been unwise in the extreme. A character for liberality is of the highest importance to a new establishment, and by making the eligibility of paper the only rule of discount, business, as we before said, including deposit accounts, will ere long run upon the Bank.—[Daily Advertiser.]

We notice (says the Gazette) in a late London paper, the following advertisement, which may interest some of our Upper Canada subscribers and friends:—[It.]

Pursuant to a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, made in a cause "Farrar against Walker," the property of Thomas Kaye, the younger, late a Lieutenant in the 103d Regiment of Foot, deceased, (who died at Fort Erie, in Upper Canada, in August, 1814,) are forthwith to come in and prove their debts before the Right Hon. Robert Lord Henley, one of the Masters of the said Court, in Southampton building, Chancery-lane, London; or, in default thereof, they will be excluded the benefit of the said decree.

WALMSLEY, KEIGHTLEY PARKIN, Aug. 22, 1833. Plaintiff's Agents.

VARIETIES.

POPE GREGORY.

XVI.—Bishop England of South Carolina, in a letter published in the newspapers, thus describes the occupation and habits of the present Pope, whom the writer of "first impressions of Europe," in the "Mirror," calls "an indolent and good old man." [American.]

His ordinary hours of rising is about 4 o'clock in the morning, at all seasons of the year. He devoted to the most serious exercises, such as prayer, meditation, the celebration of the Mass, and spiritual reading, nearly the hours 4 to 7 o'clock, he commences his audiences of the Secretary of State, and other officers of the temporary governments of his states. In this laborious occupation several hours are daily consumed. He takes no breakfast; but occasionally a cup of coffee—or which beverage he is extremely fond—is brought to him as a refreshment.

When this duty is discharged by giving decisions and directions, either some of his own subjects are received upon business, or foreigners are presented—and the same time is occupied. His holiness has no fixed time for dinner, which is his only meal; but when the press of business obliges, he takes alone exceedingly plain and moderate repast. The estimate of expenses for this dinner, including wines, fruit, &c. would be too high at five dollars the week. After a short rest, and sometimes devoted to prayer, the holy father, walks for an hour or two in the gardens on which occasions some of the principal prelates, or secretaries of the several congregations for ecclesiastical affairs, foreign prelates, and others with whom he has business relating to the church. He is generally occupied with them till after 5 o'clock; not unfrequently till 9. His evening devotions must be attended to, previously to his retiring for the night.

The above order is indeed interfered with, by the necessity of his presiding at congregations of cardinals and prelates upon special and important extraordinary cases of ecclesiastical business, as also of his presiding at consistories, where the whole body of cardinals assemble to deliberate on some weighty affair, relating sometimes to the government of his States, sometimes to the general concerns of the Church: he is moreover required on solemn occasions to attend at the grand council of the Province, on the principal festivals; and some times, though seldom indeed, does he break from his laborious routine, in order to ride or walk a few miles into the country, to inhale a more pure air, and to unbind a mind drawn to its utmost pitch, by such close application to the most important concerns of millions for this world, and of myriads for the next. This is, indeed, but a slight indulgence for one who in his sixtieth year is pressed upon so heavily by the concerns of time, and the concerns of eternity! Occasionally, when the weather will not permit his excursion or his walk in the garden, the father of the faithful might be found viewing, at his moments of relaxation, those glorious productions of nature and art with which the magnificent galleries of the Vatican are filled. No one surely would reproach him for such occupation of a moment; thus given to restore the elasticity of his mind; unless, perhaps we might be able to resuscitate the man who was scandalized at discovering St. John, the Evangelist, occupied with a hawk, as the companion and object of his mental relaxation.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE—

On Wednesday morning, at an early hour, the dead body of a colored man was found stretched upon the sidewalk of Franklin, near Orange street. A coroner's inquest was summoned, but as no one could identify the deceased, and no cause discerned, other than such as might be presumed from rags and apparent destitution, a verdict was returned that the deceased came to his death from causes unknown. The body was then, as usual in such cases, conveyed to the dead

house, to be identified and claimed by his friends, if any should appear. In a short time afterwards a passer by recognized the corps as that of the son of an old colored man named Aaron Wood, residing near the corner of Pearl and Oak streets. The latter repaired to the scene, and beheld with an aching heart, the remains of a graceless son, who, though estranged from his family, was still dear to his soul. As the last act of paternal love, he caused his remains to be removed to his own dwelling, closed the windows, procured a mahogany coffin in which the deceased was placed, with all the solemn drapery of decent sepulture. An acquaintance calling at the house and learning the sad news, assured the sorrowing father and weeping family that their tears might be spared, for that the old man's son was alive, and that he had seen him the day before in perfectly good health. They were incredulous, but he went forth and ere long returned, bringing with him the hale, bearty, veritable prodigal. The joy and amazement of the father and family may be conceived, but got expressed. The body of the stranger was re-conveyed to the dead house, and interred in the Potter's field, and the body retained—impressed, we may hope, with the strong evidence the case afforded of the deep abiding feeling of parental regard, and induced by a sense of gratitude, if from no higher motive, to change his course of life from vice to virtue.—[Com. Advertiser.]

A KRAVE AND A FOOL.—Two or three weeks ago a man applied at a Boarding house for lodgings, stating, that he was a planter from the South. He had noticed a young lady at the window, and it was not long before he became acquainted with her, that, though possessed of a great wealth he was destitute of a partner, and that it was the glimpse he caught of her person which induced him to take lodgings there. He said a slight acquaintance had confirmed his favorable impressions; and although he was somewhat advanced, yet if she would consent to be his bride, he would do what he could to compensate for the loss of his property, and make her as happy as his own efforts and his ample possessions would enable him to do. The young lady, though under another obligation, deemed this an opportunity too good to be lost. The courtship commenced on Friday and the wedding took place on Tuesday. The bridegroom was but indifferently attired; had with him only a few articles in his baggage, and the bride pointed him up his shortcomings, and ridiculing suit. That however was a matter of small importance with a gentleman whose character rested on much more stable foundation. The bride's clothes and every thing else would be ready, and the wedding, the being "at home," which was fixed a few evenings ahead. Before that time arrived however, he told his blooming wife one morning that he had a strange dream of eight days, for a reference; for an examination of his dream, and he would let her know another had lost a leg, and one or two were otherwise injured.—[Brighton Paper.]

A pen which belonged to the poet Schiller has been presented with much ceremony to the library of Treves, by his son, M. Ernest Schiller, Counsellor of Justice in that town. The pen was found lying upon the MSS. of an unfinished work, and is supposed to be the last which Schiller ever made use of. There were two other pens found in the poet's writing-desk; of these the eldest son of Schiller is in possession of one, and the other has been presented to the King of Bavaria.

King Leopold presented to the Archbishop of Malines, on the occasion of the recent baptism, a magnificent gold snuff box, set with diamonds, and ornamented with the arms of the young Prince. The box is said to have cost about 40,000 francs.

The speculation for taking an English company of actors to Germany is not totally abandoned. We were informed that Messrs. Knowles, Keen, Benson, Hill, and F. Vining, with Miss Ellen Tree, have signified their intention of joining the company to visit the Rhine, for a period of three weeks, for the trip. Messrs. B. L. L. and Dance, are the proprietors of the scheme to enlighten Germany.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.

THE PROPHECY.

By a vain prophecy.—[Henry the Eighth.]

It was the morning of the montem. Eton was a scene of the busiest preparation.—Clavering was senior college, and was therefore to be the chief actor in the pageant of the day. Morley his friend and cousin, was to be one of the runners; for which he had provided a splendid fancy dress, that bid fair to eclipse every other in the procession. At the appointed hour, the merry collegers met in the hall, and the runners set upon their usual expedition of authorized robbery, stopping every passenger from the prince to the bargeman, and demanding salt, an Etonian synonyme for money, under pain of summary castigation.

As Morley was traversing a retired road, on his return from a most profitable predatory excursion, he observed a very extraordinary figure standing in the centre of the path. He appeared to be a man upwards of fifty, upon whose brow, however, suffering rather than years seemed to have indented many deep lines, which imparted to his countenance an expression of sternness, though by no means repulsive. His dark, prominent, and full of fire, showing that in spite of wrinkles, which traversed his forehead in broad and clearly defined ridges, the spirit was yet unsubdued by the great conqueror Time; and that though he had passed into the yellow leaf, his faculties were still green. His hair was short, thick, and grizzled; his eyebrows exceedingly bushy and prominent, while the flowing beard which almost covered his expansive chest, was nearly white, except that portion of it which grew high upon the cheek and upper lip. This was quite black, and blending with the exuberant growth beneath his chin, gave him an appearance, though by no means repulsive, yet somewhat approaching to the superhuman. He had evidently been handsome.

The wreck of beauty was indeed upon his lineaments, but they were nevertheless noble in ruins. Though the hand of time had begun to crumble the fabric, still the grandeur of the present was enhanced by associations of the past. The stranger's figure was tall, and of fine proportions. He wore a sort of tunic, confined by a thin silk girdle, which showed it to great advantage. It was evident that he affected singularity, and he certainly had attained his object. Upon his head he had an address hussar cap, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of purple cloth, edged with tarnished silver. His hose were of grey cotton, carefully gartered with white ribbons, and he was shod with a short hussar which reached just above the ankle.—He seemed fully to have subscribed to the court fool's maxim, that "motive's the only fear." Though, however, there was something fantastic in his dress, it was by no means unbecoming. There was an odd sort of elegance about it, which arose perhaps more from the fine symmetry of the figure which it covered, than from any harmonious combination of the colours which it composed it. Morley remembered to have heard, that a person had been frequently seen in the neighbourhood who was supposed to be mad, and who it now occurred to him precisely answered to the description of the figure before him. He nevertheless advanced boldly towards the stranger, and demanded salt.

"Salt! what mean you?"

"Doney!"

"Go to the rich."

"We exact from poor and rich alike."

"Ezart! thou art then both publican and sinner."

"Come wilt thou depute thy tribute?" And he extended the mouth of a richly embroidered bag. "Let me beg, venerable sir, that I may not be detained."

"Beg! Thou art too fine for a beggar; thy liverly betrays thy calling. I should have taken thee for some knave's serving man, who had robbed a theatre to apparel thee; but that I am more charitably disposed to think thou art some ape's serving monkey."

The blood rushed to Morley's cheek in a torrent. "I tell thee again thou art too fine for a beggar. Go to—go to—silly dog!"

"I beg not, but exact."

"And suppose I should refuse thy demand—thou art not a very formidable assailant."

"Then force should compel it." The stranger smiled scornfully. "Come, disburse a sixpence will purchase your security from any further molestation. We take nothing but copper."

"If a sixpence could be divided into intangible atoms, I'd rather blow them to the winds than give thee one. Fix upon your clasp. You rob—ay, you may from a great flea would be better dealt with, than say it at all risks, and in good current English,—you rob in order to make a gentleman of your school-fellow, and purchase an honourable title with the fruits of knavery."

"I am a young man. He will be a serpent in your path, and sting the hand that fosters him. Take heed, I say; he will repay thy legalized larceny in his behalf."

"Morley was staggered, and of which our very reluctant to avow, and of which our very conscience make us feel ashamed. Morley tried to shake off the impression which had so suddenly overcast his spirits, but no appeal to his better sense could overcome its influence. He felt unaccountably depressed; nevertheless, affecting to laugh at the ominous prediction, with a smiling countenance, but a throbbing heart, he said to his mysterious interlocutor, in a tone of assumed pomposity, "How long hast thou been a prophet, sage sir? I cry thee mercy; I thought the season of prophecy had gone by. Art thou another Cornelius Agrippa, or a male Mother Shipton, whose vaticinations, like the sybil leaves, contained prophecies that never came to pass, except when some kind soul was sootish enough to do a silly thing, merely for the sake of realizing the prophecy. Nay, tell me, thou modern Archimago, canst thou really look behind the curtain of the present, down the dark vista of the future, and tell of things to be?"

"Thou art beside thyself," said the Roman learning hath made thee mad."

"It is well, boy; thou art a cunning simpleton, but a noble would have perception enough to discover how poorly that smirk and dippant wagging of the tongue hides the treacher within. There's lie written upon thy face; 'tis marked as legibly as toward upon thy heart; for while the sun assumes the smile of incredulity, which is unblushingly contradicted by the pallid cheek and quivering lip, the throbs of apprehension disturbs the other." Morley was struck dumb. He felt this to be too true, and his awe of the stranger increased. The latter continued—"Remember, I have warned thee. Thou art young, and hast not yet tasted the bitterns of disappointment. Have'st wrong them out. They are prepared for thy speedy quaffing, and they shall be as 'the gall of asps' within thee. Again, I bid thee beware of Clavering.—Farewell!"

He was about to depart, when Morley, impelled by a superstitious excitement, which he had never before felt, but could not now be denied, exclaimed—

"Let me see thy palm." He took Morley's hand, and after having attentively surveyed it for several moments, said, in a

tone of most painful and almost appalling solemnity, "Thou wilt not count the midnight hour of thy thirty-fourth birthday; death will take thee with the bloom upon thy cheek—the worm will feed daintily upon—but we must all die; what matters it when?"

Saying this, he slowly turned, slightly bent his head, and left the astounded Morley almost transfixed to the spot. A sudden thrill passed through his whole frame. His brain began to whirl, and his heart to sicken. It passed, however, in a few moments, but was succeeded by a depression which felt like a paralysis upon his hither-brought spirit. He was ashamed of his want of energy, still he found it impossible to baffle the despondency which was stealing upon him. He felt as if he was about to be the victim of some indefinable visitation. He was conscious, it is true of the utter absurdity of such an apprehension, yet he could not still it; he could not get rid of the awful impression which the words, and especially the last words, of the stranger had left upon him. It seemed as if his inmost soul had been laid bare to the view of that mysterious man, for he was evidently acquainted with the emotion which his warning had excited within him, and which Morley used his best endeavours to disguise.

"Is it possible," he thought, "that I can have any thing to dread from Clavering? We have been reared together. We have been attached from infancy, and he has never wronged me. Why then should I suspect him? It were unjust—nay it were base to question his integrity or to doubt his love."

Morley was extremely distressed, and joined his companions in no very enviable frame of mind. It was some days before he entirely recovered his spirits; and even when he had recovered them, the recollection of that mysterious being who had cast such a dark shadow before his future path, would frequently intrude to perplex and disquiet him. He had no absolute faith in the gift of vaticination. In all appeals to his reason upon this question, the answer was brief and unequivocal. Nevertheless, whatever might be the suggestions of his reason to the contrary, he could not, against the direct bias of his feelings, shake off the impression so emphatically forced upon his mind, by the prophetic caution which he had received to beware of Clavering. Time and a change of scene, however, at length weakened in his mind, the freshness of his strange event; and the remembrance of it eventually became no longer painful.

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had been abandoned and heartlessly abandoned, a poor, but amiable girl in the neighbourhood. This Morley knew; yet such is the force of that happy liberality of principle inculcated among the better sort, though his when in status pupillari at those great foundations of learning, our public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to engender a thought, that such a trifling accident could be the cause of his friend's friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling towards himself; and, in spite of the stranger's warning, treated him, as he had ever done, with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and then his degree, which his character at college had been an thing but unblemished. He had acquired some unequivocal propensities, and had been suspected of some very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university. This was not unknown to Morley; and occasional warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted within him to be staggered by what might, after all, be nothing more than a whimsical caution, the mere chance ebullition of madness. Shortly, however, after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were at the best doubtful, and Morley was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man, who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Morley, however, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had long felt a very sincere attachment, because some few unimposed deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof. His eyes, however, were unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his kinsman's character. To Morley's consternation, Clavering was suddenly taken up on a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount, and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but though not indeed without a very narrow escape, honourably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty, and executed.

For a considerable period after this tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Morley's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to be beware of Clavering; and by neglecting the warning, his life had been placed in jeopardy. He remembered the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birthday. He was now scarcely three and twenty, but even years seemed so short a term of life, when he had a strong desire of life, that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its termination so rapidly. In spite of himself he could not bring his mind to feel, though he could easily bring his reason to admit, the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance, because such divine communications have long since ceased to be made; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak—that it was superstitious, but he could not control it. It was a sort of mental calculator, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehensions substantiated into a reality. He became so extremely depressed, that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her anxiety, she fully stated to her the cause of his un-