

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 31.]

WEDNESDAY, 1st MAY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## NOTICE.

AN AGREEMENT having entered into between the Phoenix Fire Assurance Company of London, and that of the Metellus Glasgow, which provides for the cessation of the business of the latter, and the assumption of its risks by the former, we hereby announce the same to the public, and request that the Agents of Policies issued by us as Agents of the Metellus will apply to the Agents of the Phoenix in all things relating thereto.

(Signed) TREMAIN, WHITE & CO.

In consequence of the agreement referred to in the above advertisement, we beg to inform the holders of Policies of the Metellus Fire Company of Glasgow, that the Phoenix having assumed the risks of that Company in the Canada, they are ready to issue new Policies of the Phoenix, free of charge, for the unexpired term of those of the Metellus.

(Signed) GILLESPIE, MOFFAT, JAMIESON & Co. Agents for the Phoenix Fire Assurance Company for the Canadas.

R. C. TODD,  
HERALD PAINTER,  
No. 16, ST. NICHOLAS STREET,

## WINES.

GILLESPIE, JAMIESON & Co.  
HAVE FOR SALE,  
the following description of WINES, of a very superior quality:—

CHAMPAGNE, sparkling, } In cases of 3  
Claret, Laflite, Sauterne, } doz. each.  
Old Port, in pipes and hogsheds,  
Sherry, pale and brown, in butts, hhd's,  
and qr. casks,  
Madeira, in pipes and hhd's.  
Mascu, in hhd's.  
Quebec, 20th April, 1839.

## GARDEN SEEDS.

THE Subscribers beg to inform their customers and the public, that they have received their usual extensive assortment of English and American

GARDEN, FIELD & FLOWER SEEDS,

which they can WARRANT of the growth of 1838; detailed Catalogues of which can be obtained at their store.  
MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
Chemists & Druggists.  
Quebec, 12th April, 1839.

## QUEBEC BANK.

EXCHANGE on London bought and sold,  
NOAH FREDERICK,  
Cashier.  
Quebec, 27th Feb., 1839.

## FOR SALE,

By the Subscriber,

11, NOTRE-DAME STREET, LOWER TOWN.  
4 HHDS. Leaf Tobacco,  
80 Kegs superior Plug, 16ns and extra 16ns.  
150 Boxes Candles, long 6's & 8's.  
100 do. Soap, 60 lbs.  
120 do. do. 30 lbs.  
40 hhds. bottled Port and Sherry Wines,  
15 hhds. E. I. Madeira Wine, 3 doz. ea.  
15 hhds. Pot Barley's  
20 boxes Young Hyson Tea,  
40 chests Boher,  
20 chests Sugar,  
15 barrels Roasted Coffee,  
3 hhds. Mustard,  
2 cases Black Lead,  
250 reams Wrapping Paper,  
3 pipes 5 lbs. Cognac Brandy,  
102 casks Sherry Wine.  
JOHN FISHER.  
20th April.

THE highest price given for all kinds of OLD ROPE, by  
THOMAS COOK,  
Quebec, 26th January, 1839.

## Porter.

### THE NEGLECTED SUBALTERN.

A PARODY.

From the United Service Gazette.

I'll sing you now a right good song, made by a good old poet,  
Of a fine old British Subaltern whose pay was his estate;  
And who grumbles at "the Service" at a most tremendous rate,  
Because for his promotion he is made so long to wait,  
This fine old British Subaltern all of the olden time.

His room so small is hung around with many a map and plan  
Of sieges, storms, and battles, he had fought both boy and man;  
And every regulation sword, worn since the world began,  
And dresses of the nations of Bengal and Astracan;  
Like a fine old British Subaltern all of the olden time.

His room is open to a few each night when mess is o'er,  
'Gainst those who'll laugh at his old jokes he'll never close his door  
And none of his companions e'er have voted him a bore,  
But kindly laugh at tales they've heard a thousand times before,  
From this fine old British Subaltern all of the olden time.

And every year to town he goes to state his wretched case,  
And at Lord Fitzroy's levees, never fails to show his face;  
Nought has he got but promises, and time wears on apace,  
And still his name repeats in the old accustomed place,  
This fine old British Subaltern all of the olden time.

Then let us hope that this old Sub. may be promoted yet,  
Tho' in these days a Company's no easy thing to get;  
That by ill luck and cold neglect he'll cease to be a bore,  
And read of his promotion in the very next Gazette!  
Like a fine old British Subaltern all of the olden time.

### THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

A STORY OF WARK CASTLE.

From Wilson's Tales of the Borders.

(Concluded.)

In a few days Edward left Wark, leaving behind him a powerful garrison for the defence of the Castle, but he had left it desolate to poor Madeline, for he had taken to accompany him on his invasion of France her betrothed husband and her brother. That brother whom she had met but three days before she had not seen from childhood,—nor was she certain that he lived,—for he had been a soldier from his boyhood, and his life had been spent in the camp and foreign wars, while she had been nurtured under the protection of the Countess of Salisbury.

It was about seven years after the events we have alluded to had occurred, that Edward, covered with all the fame of a conqueror, if not the advantages of conquest, returned to England. During his victories and the din of war, however, he had not forgotten the beauty of his fair cousin, whose glances had bewildered him at Wark Castle; and now when he returned, his admiration was renewed, and she appeared as the first favorite of his Court. He had provided a royal banquet for the nobles and the knights who had distinguished themselves during the French wars. A thousand lights blazed in the noble hall,—martial music pealed around,—and hundreds of the brightest eyes in England looked love and delight. The fairest and the noblest in the land thronged the assembly. Jewels sparkled, and studded the gorgeous apparel of the crowd. In the midst of the hall walked the gay and courtly monarch with the fair Joan of Salisbury resting on his arm. They spoke of their first meeting at Wark, of the siege and the tournament, and

again they whispered, and hands were pressed, and looks exchanged, and while they walked together a blue garter decked with gold, pearls, and precious stones, and which with a golden buckle had fastened the sandal of the fair Joan round and entangled among her feet. The Countess blushed, and the monarch with the easy unembarrassment and politeness of a practiced gallant, stooped to fasten the unfortunate ribbon. As the nobles beheld the sovereign kneel with the foot of the fair Countess on his knee, a hardly suppressed smile ran through the assembly. But observing the smile upon the face of his robes, the monarch, rose proudly, and with the garter in his hand exclaimed, "Honi soit qui mal y pense!"—Shame to him who thinks ill of it! and buckling the garter round his left knee, he added,—"be this the order of St. George!—and the proudest monarchs and most valiant knights in Christendom shall be proud to be honored with the emblem of thy garter fair coz."

Scarce, however, had the royal banquet closed, when the voice of lamentation was heard in every house, though the mourners went not about the streets, for the living feared to follow death breathed upon the land,—he stretched out his wings and covered it,—at his breath the land sickened, beneath the shadow of his wings the people perished. The green fields became as a wilderness, and death and desolation reigned in the market places. About the streets moved cavalcades of the dead, the hearse of the nobles and the car of the citizen, and the dead bodies of the poor were picked up upon the streets! The churchyards rose as hills, and fields were turned up for the dead! The husband fled from his dying wife, the mother feared to kiss her own child, and the bridegroom turned in terror from her who was to have been his bride upon the morn. There was no cry heard but—"The Dead!—the Dead!" The Plague walked in silence, sweeping its millions from the earth, laughing at the noisy slaughter of the sword, making kings to tremble and trampling upon conquerors as dust.

Such was the state of London when Sir William Montague and Sir John Aubrey arrived from France. In every street they met the long trains of the dead being borne to their grave, but the living had deserted them, and if they met an occasional passenger, fear and paleness were upon his face. They hurried along the streets, in silence, for each would have concealed his thoughts from the other; but the thoughts of both were of Madeline, and the one trembled lest he should find his betrothed, the other his sister with the dead! They proceeded to the house of the Duchess of Salisbury, but they were told that she had fled to seek a place of refuge from the destroying glance of the pestilence. From the domestics, however, they learned that Madeline had ceased to be the companion of the Duchess, but they were also directed where they would find her with a friend in the city—if she yet lived! But, added their informants, they had heard, that in the street which they named, the inhabitants died faster than the living could bury them. When the haughty Joan became the acknowledged favorite of the King, she was no longer a meet friend or protector to the gentle Madeline, and the latter had taken up her residence in the house of a merchant, who in his youth had fought by her father's side, and where if she enjoyed not the splendour and the luxuries of wealth, neither was she clothed with the trappings of shame.

With anxious steps the betrothed husband and the brother hastened to the dwelling of the merchant. They reached it.  
"Doth Madeline Aubrey reside here?" inquired they in the same breath. "Does she live?—Does she live?"  
"She doth reside here," answered the citizen, "and the Saints be praised, good Madeline hath escaped with my whole house, and I believe it is for her sake, though she feareth no more the breath of the pestilence, than though it were healthsome as the summer breeze bearing the fragrance of the May-thorn. But believe ye would speak with her gentle-

men—ye may step in good Sirs, and wait till she return."

"Her brother started back.  
"Gracious Heaven! can my Madeline be abroad at a time like this?" exclaimed Sir William, "whenever men tremble to meet each other, and the hands of friends convey contagion! Can ye inform us, good man, where we shall find her?"

"Nay, that I cannot," answered he, "for as I have told ye, sweet Madeline feareth not the plague, but walketh abroad as though it existed not; and now doubtless she is soothing the afflicted or handing a cup of water to the dying stranger, whom his own kindred have fled from and forsaken when the evil came upon him. But as ye seem acquainted with her will not ye tarry till she comes?"

They gazed towards each other with horror and with fear, yet in the midst of their apprehensions and dismay, each admired the more than courage of her of whom Joan Plantagenet had said that she had more wisdom of head than boldness of heart. They entered the house, and they sat down together in silence. Slowly, wearily the moments passed on, each strengthening anxiety, each pregnant with agony.

"She may never return!" groaned Sir William, "for the healthy have been smitten down upon the streets; and the wretched hirelings who make a harvest of death, have borne to the same grave the dying with the dead!"

At length a light footstep was heard upon the stairs. They started to their feet. The door opened, and Madeline, more beautiful than ever they had beheld her, stood before them.

"My own!—my Madeline!" cried Sir William hastening to meet her.

"My sister!" exclaimed her brother.  
Her head rested on the bosom of those she loved, and in the rapture of the moment the pestilence and the desolation that reigned around were forgotten. At length the danger to which she had exposed herself recurring to his mind—

"Let us flee from this horrid charnel-house dearest," said Sir William, "to where our bridal may not be mingled with sighs of woe, and where the pestilence pursueth not its victims. Come, my own—my betrothed—my Madeline—let us haste away."

"Wherefore would my William fly?" said she, and a smile of joy and of confidence played upon her lips; "have ye not defied death from the sword and the spear, and braved it as it sped with the swift flying arrow, and would ye turn and flee from the pestilence, which worketh only what the sword performs, and what chivalry requires as a sacrifice to the madness of woman's folly? But whether would ye flee to escape it? Be it south or north it is there, and east or west it is there also. If we flee from the pestilence, would ye flee also from the eye of him who sends it?"

Again they urged her to leave the city, and again she endeavored to smile but it died languidly on her lip—the rose on her cheek withered, and her mild eyes in a moment became dim. She sank her head upon the bosom of her lover, and her hand rested on the shoulder of her brother. The contagion had entered her heart. A darkening spot gathered upon her fair cheek—it was the shadow of the finger of death!—the seal of eternity!

"My Madeline!" cried Sir William—  
"merciful Heaven!—spare her!—spare her!"  
"O my sister!" exclaimed her brother—  
"have I hastened to my native land but to behold these die?"

She feebly pressed their hands in hers—  
"Leave me! leave me loved ones!—my William!—my brother!—flee from me!—there is death in the touch of your Madeline!—We shall meet again!"

The plague-spot darkened on her cheek, and in a few hours Madeline Aubrey was numbered with its victims.

The foundation stone of the new Houses of Parliament, will be laid in the month of June next, with grand masonic honours, by Her Majesty in person, and in presence of the members of both Houses of Parliament.