British Consul

THE MONTREAL COURIER.

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NATIONAL LOAN FUND
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OF LONDON.

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February 25. 63

CUTLERY.

THE Subscriber begs to announce, that he will dispose of the whole of his STOCK of SUPERIOR CUTLERY, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, JOINERS' TOOLS, Cast Steel Files, Rupture Bandages, Magic Razor Strops, with Metallic Hone, and a general assortment of HARDWARE, TEN PER CENT. LOWER than the same quality of articles can be purchased in this city.

WILLIAM WARREN,
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Sign of the Golden Scissors.

Montreal, Nov. 23, 1849. 23

MACHINE BELTING, STEAM PACKING, AND HOSE.

THE Subscribers having been recently appointed by the "Boston Belting Company" their AGENTS, for the SALE of their VULCANISED RUBBER FABRICS in CANADA, beg to offer the same to Steam-Boat Proprietors, Machinists, &c. The superiority of the STEAM PACKING, BELTING and HOSE, of the Company's make, over any other material for above purposes, being so well known, it is unnecessary to say anything in their favor. Certificates, signed by extensive consumers, attesting their superiority, can be seen on application to the Agents.

An assortment constantly on hand.

HIBBARD & Co.,
St. Paul Street, Montreal.

January 11. 44

WARRANTED SCYTHES.

1,000 DOZEN SCYTHES, MOORE'S Pattern, of the celebrated make of J. T. FARWELL & Co., each one warranted, will be received by the Undersigned on the opening of Navigation, and will be disposed of at Manufacturers' prices. These SCYTHES were introduced to the Canada Market last Season by the Subscribers, and *proved superior in quality and finish to any heretofore used.*

Lists of prices can be obtained on application to the Undersigned, Agents for the Makers.

HIBBARD & Co.,
St, Paul Street, Montreal.

January 11. 44

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FOR SALE by the Subscriber:
10 tons Boiler Plate, assorted, 3-16, 1-4, 5-16.

JOSEPH N. HALL,
Corner St. Gabriel and St. Paul Streets.

Jan. 25, 1850. 50

STOVE WAREHOUSE.

THE Subscriber begs to draw the attention of the Public to his very general assortment of STOVES, comprising all the latest improvements, as regards economy in Fuel, and Beauty of Design and Workmanship. There will be found

COOKING STOVES, of various patterns and sizes
COKE, COAL, and WOOD STOVES, for Halls and Passages, and
FANCY AIR-TIGHT PARLOUR and NURSERY STOVES, of every variety and description, with his usual supply of
DOUBLE and SINGLE STOVES, which he will Sell at very low prices.

JOSEPH N. HALL,
150, St. Paul Street,
Sign of the Stove.

October 26. 1

STOVES SELLING OFF AT VERY LOW PRICES.

MONTREAL and other Manufacture COOKING STOVES, with Trimmings
Double Stoves
Single do
Fancy Box do
Fancy Parlour and Hall Stoves
Coal and Coke Stoves

THRESHING MACHINES of different construction.

PATENT SCALES, for Counters, Warehouses and Hay Markets.

The Subscriber being desirous of reducing his Stock of the above articles, will Sell at lower prices than as good articles can be had elsewhere.

WILLIAM RODDEN,
101, St. Paul Street.

November 8. 9

ALEWIVES AND SALMON.—
Just Rec'd per "Ann" from Quebec:
Bbls. Alewives, 1st quality
Bbls. Salmon, 2d quality
For Sale by JAMES GORDON & Co.

December 7.

THE BETROTHAL;

OR,

HOW MR. QUINT WAS ENGAGED, AND AT LAST SUCCEEDED IN GETTING MARRIED.

Translated for the Evening Post.

1.

THE valley wherein Mr. Quint dwelt, and in the midst of which his estate lay, was certainly one of the most beautiful in the country. It was particularly so in spring, when red and white blossoms glittered on the trees; when flowers shone on the banks of the streams, in the laps of the meadows, and on the bosoms of the maidens. To the traveller, it appeared as if the valley kept an eternal holyday; and Homer's gods, of whom Ovid says more than he can answer for, would certainly have arranged their little love affairs there, if it had been known to them in their young days.

The valley is nine miles long, and in the form of an ovel, for it is about three miles wide, and encompassed by high mountains in whose bosom villages lie embowered, and whose summits are verdant with broad evergreens. Old feudal castles are perched on solitary cliffs, near the base of the mountain.

Lengthwise through this wonderful valley there rushes a wild stream, that often damages its banks in its ill-humour, and is the only peace-breaker that the villagers know. A main road leads alternately on both sides of the stream, creeping shyly along the skirts of the mountain, and only descending into the plain when a hamlet invites it to stop awhile.

Three bridges, spanning the stream, one in the midst, the others at the two ends of the vale, unite the banks and the inhabitants of either side.

The valley is now topographically described, and he who has seen it knows its name.

2.

I have already said that the estate of Mr. Quint lay in the midst of the valley.

Mr. Quint—to say something of *him*—was a young man, of twenty-eight years of age, who had lived here for twelve months; but before that the estate had belonged to his uncle.

Such ano her good man as Mr. Quint was nowhere to be found. If his neighbors had not seen him daily with their own eyes, they would have sworn that he lived any where but in the valley. He passed for very opulent and very wise; yet people said that his wisdom was of that sort which is neither seen nor heard.

In our opinion, he was the best man in the world; but the world was not altogether made for him, nor was he quite fitted to the world. He loved all his contemporaries, but avoided them; I do not think, however, from mere unsociability. He would willingly have made every one happy, yet he would not listen either to requests or thanks from any one, for the simple reason that he knew not how to demean himself without getting greviously embarrassed. Nothing was more disagreeable to him than fine airs, affected manners, and social artifice; his intercourse with those whom he knew well, was marked by undisguised and frank manners, combined with the utmost delicacy. All unmeaning civilities, empty compliments, and ceremonies, were even repugnant and disgusting in the highest degree. He had never yet been one of the company at a public dinner, went to no wedding feasts, and had been present at no christening but his own.

He avoided, and had an intense dread of all attention, and his new clothes he wore over lonely mountain paths, in the worst weather, to make them old the sooner. Though the author of several interesting works, he was so modest that even the pufffishers never learned his name. Hence, "*Menzel's Literary Spy*" has never torn aside the anonymous veil that concealed him. He is the writer of several excellent descriptions of character, in which the inmost springs of the human heart are unlocked; works which, by translation, have excited a sensation even among foreigners. And yet, of all judges of men, there was no one oftener deceived than Mr Quint, who avoided every one out of pure bashfulness and his disposition to solitude.

Mr. Quint lived on his beautiful estate like a hermit; he took care of house and field; poetized, betanized, drew, read old and new authors, and in this way was never alone though seldom among the living.

At the southern end of the vale lived his good friend Mr. Pyk, much like himself, unmarried as he was, though a widower possessed also of a single estate, that had been formerly an old knightly castle, with moats, loop-holes and towers. Mr. Pyk, a round little man, of a serene disposition, loved company, and was therefore always bustling about from village to town, particularly in the winter season, when time hung heavy on his hands. Mr. Pyk liked to talk about everything. It was easy to see that he indeed thought himself made for an orator. He was naturally very good-tempered, although he was always contriving law suits in order to plead in public. Once having won a suit that he thought unjust, he went laughingly to his adversary, returned, what really belonged to him, and paid the costs.

This action excited the attention of Mr. Quint. He soon found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mr. Pyk, and they were both in a short time intimate friends. Mr. Quint honored the rhetorical and hospitable acquirements of Mr. Pyk, and he Mr. Quint's learning. From that time on, not a week passed that one did not visit the other, and yet they lived more than four miles apart.

3.

The little promiscuous intercourse that Mr Quint had with mankind, had probably caused his awkardness in general society. Notwithstanding this, no one could deny that he was an agreeable man. A solitary life, and the happiness that springs from it, needs no praise, only it must be said, it makes one too reserved; but too much company, on the contrary, makes one quite diffuse and polite. Men in solitude resemble plants on the high Alps, which though, simple and without ornament, have substance and vigor.

It was natural that Mr. Quint and Mr. Pyk should be friends, though of dissimilar characters. Both had good and pure natures; and what differences there were gave a spice and a charm to their intercourse. Men of the same opinions, and the same disposition, are seldom very intimate. We are accustomed to prize that in others, which we do not possess ourselves. Therefore, the brunette generally gives the preference to the blonde, and the blonde to the dark-haired here. Mr. Quint had chestnut-brown hair, and could love a brunette just as properly as a blonde. Unfortunately the good man seemed to fear both.

Not one man in ten thinks of external things, such as dress, attitude, the swing of the hands, the nose, the walk, the movements of the feet and the tie of the hair. Mr. Quint would, therefore, have preferred the company of twenty men, (setting aside the dancing master,) to the company of a single well-educated young lady. He always feared becoming ludicrous, and so became embarrassed as soon as fate had condemned him to a quarter of an hour's conversation with young ladies. Besides, he had often remarked that the better he wished to appear, the stiffer and more formal he grew.

Long as he had known Mr. Pyk, he had never seen in his mansion any of the woman kind, excepting his housekeeper, his maids and Mr. Pyk's niece. This had not a little to do with his finding more pleasure in Mr. Pyk's old castle, than in the red houses, mostly of foreign make, in and about the valley.

He proposed to go once to Pyk's, the first Tuesday, if the weather should prove favourable.

4.

True, it was a warm Tuesday, but pleasant, sturdy pedestrians walked along the banks of the stream, through the changing scenes of a Swiss landscape. On both sides were old thickets, solitary mountains, surrounded by their full grazing herds; babbling mountain brooks with high table (dinner) and sitting herds; children playing; fathers, leaning and mothers knitting under the shadow of the overhanging roofs of their little dwellings.

Leading to the left from the stream toward the foot of a high mountain wall, a stony road ascended to the castle of Mr. Pyk, of which a square tower alone was visible through the undulating groves in the distance. Here the traveller found a refreshing coolness between green hillocks, and under the broad widespread branches of the chesnut and oak. In this romantic little nook Mr. Quint was wont generally to rest, for the way to the castle became rather steep. I know not how it was, but this time he was faithless to his old habit.

He was, therefore, the more tired, and the more heated, when he had reached the spacious lawn on the summit, just before the castle. Mr. Quint inferred that his friend must have had a great washing on that day, for the whole spot was woven over, to the right and left, with ropes, on which snow-white lin-n was flapping, so that a passage through it could hardly be effected.

Without much consideration, Mr. Quint found it agreeable to stretch himself, for a moment or so, in the soft grass, under the shade of a great table-cloth that was hanging from the rope above him. Thus, with his face turned toward earth, he dreamingly contemplated the landscape in the green. His fancy caused him to see hills and valleys, like those in one of Solomon Gessner's idyls. Lonely little beasts wandered in the shade of the broad spires of the grass-forest that rose as proud as eastern palm trees over the lovely moss bushes. Sometimes his eye followed the gnat, the bird of this unknown forest; and sometimes the industrious ant, that ran to the topmost point of a spire, overlooked the distant country and quickly returned. All of a sudden, Mr. Quint's contemplations were disturbed by a remarkable insect, that certainly was never designed to inhabit the landscape in the grass.

5.

No more than a span and a quarter from his nose, there appeared before him the two feet of some human form, that did horrible mischief in the quiet grass country. It must be owned, they were a pair of dainty feet. Mr. Quint looked upward, but the table-cloth hanging very low, it hid the person to whom the feet belonged.

Mr. Quint, whose present position was an agreeable one, remained in it quietly, and awaited the withdrawal of this novel apparition. In the mean time, his eyes examined, very unconcernedly, the form and attire of the feet. He found them very small, the stockings, snow-white, and the slippers, which were red leather, rather pretty and new. The little feet, he thought, could not possibly belong to any but a boy of from twelve to fifteen years old, or to a girl of from fifteen to twenty. This last supposition, if true, would have created a sorry predicament for Mr. Quint. He sunk down in great perplexity and doubt, therefore, as to who in the world could be possessor or possessoress of such delicate feet, since there were no youthful inmates in the ancient castle!

Under such circumstances, a cold-blooded philosopher might be pardoned a little curiosity.—But the thought of its possibly being a young lady, frightened the good Quint almost out of his wits. He resolved, as there was yet time, to extricate himself without delay from the dilemma. He therefore raised the fore finger of his right hand, drew the table-cloth a little aside, ducked his head, squinted sideways, and saw—unhappy discovery!—saw the hem of an apron of red-striped linen, and the skirt of some woman's fine calico gown.

Trembling with mingled fear and awe, he drew back the audacious forefinger. Though entirely prepared for any event, this glance had thrown him into a dreadful embarrassment. Here he lay, for the first time, at the feet of a young woman; for, according to the observations that had been made on the stockings, slippers, gown and apron hem, they must belong to that class of tender beings. Nothing was wanting now to increase his desperate distress but that mocking bird, Mr. Pyk, with his rhetoric.

In this critical state he had to determine whether he would get up or continue quietly on the ground. The first term of the alternative was not by any means without danger. The beautiful stranger might be startled by the sudden appearance of an unknown man; then it would be come necessary for him to say something polite about his posture, and about the new acquaintance,—ah no!. Heaven knows what!—and he must clear himself too of all suspicion in some dexterous manner! But where should he find thoughts and words for all this without committing some blunder against *le bon ton*? No one could have had less tact in such a case than Mr. Quint. Consequently he resolved to refrain as long as possible from any motion, in order if possible to remain undiscovered.

But the undeserved anger of fate was not yet satisfied. He began all at once to feel a slight inclination to sneeze, that grew stronger every moment. Now Mr. Quint had taken up the old healthy practice of sneezing with right good will, but if he did so then he would infallibly be lost. All-powerful nature would be unavoidably his betrayer! Who could withstand her? What a shock to the poor girl, if a man, till then undiscovered, should suddenly discharge at her feet a tremendous volley of imitation from his nose! And what a disadvantageous position for poor Mr. Quint, supposing he had raised himself and begun his before mentioned apologies, to have a thundering sneeze interrupt him!

While Mr. Quint pondered with growing anxiety on his desperate situation, following irresolutely with his eyes the pretty morocco-slippers, a new and strange incident happened, fortunately, before any open outbreak in his intractable nervous membranes.

6.

The two little feet, as often mentioned, set themselves unexpectedly in lively motion. They tripped first sideways, then backwards and forwards—now nearer to the table cloth, now raised on the toes, and so performed many inexplicable movements. Mr. Quint thereupon inferred that the unknown could not reach the top of the cord on which the table-cloth was hung and fastened with wooden clamps. He was not wrong. The wavering forked poles, which upheld the rope at certain distances, were rather high. The unknown, however, extremely pertinacious, as ladies are apt to be, would not forego her purpose until she jumped and reached the top of the pole with her hands, when she lost her balance, and poles, cords, clothes, all reeled and fell. Mr. Quint would rather have seen the fall of heaven—for the table-cloth fell upon over him, and also with the table cloth, in a direct line, the unknown charmer.

Merciless destiny!—with what words shall I paint the confusion of the shy good man? He laid there without sense or motion. He had scarcely presence of mind enough to hold himself passive under this unlooked for burthen, or even to feign sleepout of politeness, that the unknown lady might be spared all embarrassment in her critical position.

He could hardly have chosen a better line of conduct, had not that same impertinent nose played him a trick, without the least respect to his circumstances. It had held in long enough, and now began to roar with its utmost capacity.

The disappointed slipper-wearer had indeed perceived that another unfortunate must be buried under the table-cloth; but when she heard the hearty sneeze, she thought she had broken some arm or leg certainly.

With a loud scream, she sprang up, and with trembling hand, lifted the table-cloth from Mr. Quint, who raising himself from under it, became fiery red in the face, and almost speechless.

"Pardon me!" said he, stammering, and would have taken off his hat, respectfully to the beautiful girl, who had hitherto been in equal embarrassment, but his hand grasped nothing in the air, for the hat had lay under the table-cloth.

"Pardon me," stammered he, "I just laid down and then in the grass, for—I am horribly—ah! ah!—"

"You have suffered no harm?" inquired she, blushing, and scarcely daring to look at him.

"Not very—, have not suffered, but—" she interrupted he, painfully, in a stammering voice.

"He would willingly have said more, but the little nose spoke. All efforts to be conversing agreeably with the young lady were fruitless. The

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