

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 60.]

WEDNESDAY, 10th JULY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MISS HILL,

Organist of St. Patrick's Church in this city, begs to intimate to her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive pupils on the

PIANO, HARP, GUITAR,
THOROUGH BASS,

and *Violin and English Singing.*

It is the intention of Miss Hill to become a permanent resident in Quebec, those pupils who wish to be afforded an opportunity of studying under the first masters in the profession, who feel confident in being able to give entire satisfaction.—Terms known by application at her residence, No. 14, Saint John's Street, Grand Battery, Quebec, 14th June, 1839.

R. C. TODD,

HERALD PAINTER.

No. 16, St. Nicholas Street,

PAINTING

In Water Colours.

M^r. DELCOUR, No. 3, St. John Street, Upper Town, will take a few pupils for instruction in Painting Landscape in Water Colours. Quebec, 26th May, 1839.

J. JONES,

Engraver of Copper-Plate Printer, removed to No. 2, PALACE STREET, next door to the Albion Hotel. Quebec, 15th May, 1839.

Subscribers have received, per *Eleutheria* & Royal Tar, their usual supply of **ONDON STATIONARY,**

Comprising a very general assortment;

A FEW BOOKS,

Among which are the following:

THE Cabinet of Paintings, very elegant, Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, Scrap Books and Albums, various bindings, and various Classical Library, 62 vols. bound in silk, in a case, Prayers, Prayer Books, Testaments, and Church Services, in great variety.

W. COWAN & SON,

St. Peter Street, Lower Town.

St. John Street, Upper Town

J. E. H.

FUR AND CAP STORE.

F. FISCHBLATT, (from Prussia), respectfully announces to the inhabitants of Quebec, that he has opened a Store at No. 10, Fabrique Street, Upper Town, where he will constantly have on hand a large and extensive assortment of Furs and Hats and Military Caps, made up to the latest London and Parisian fashions. Fur and Cloth Caps altered to fashionable shapes at short notice. Quebec, 3rd July.

NEW

DRY GOODS STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have commenced business on the premises lately occupied by Mr. Hobbs, No. 12, St. John Street—where they have just received and opened for sale, an importation of *Seasonable Dry Goods,* comprising a choice and fashionable assortment, selected by one of the partners from the best markets in England and Scotland.

L. BALLINGALL & CO.

No. 12—NO SECOND PRICE. Quebec, 27th May, 1839.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received per *Eleutheria* and *Emmanuel*, their usual supplies of ENGLISH and other DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c., comprising every article generally required, either in Medical Practice, or family use.

ALSO—AN ASSORTMENT OF SURGEONS' INSTRUMENTS AND MATERIALS, MAW'S IMPROVED DOMESTIC INSTRUMENT, FAMILY MEDICINE CHESTS, &c.
With numerous other Articles.
MUSSON & SAVAGE,
Chemists, &c.
Quebec, 14th June.

FRESH LEECHES.

A LARGE supply of the GERMAN MEDICINAL LEECH, of large size and superior quality, just received, and for sale low, by **MUSSON & SAVAGE,** Chemists & Druggists. Quebec, 10th June, 1839.

SUPERIOR Arrow Root received direct from *St. Tom BERMUDA*.

ALSO—*A case of goods.*
COLOGNE WATER, Direct from the house of JEAN MARIE FARINA, Cologne; for sale by **BEGG & URQUHART,** St. John's Street. 14th June, 1839.

COLOGNE WATER. A CASE of the above direct from the Manufactory of JEAN MARIE FARINA, Cologne, just received and for sale by **MUSSON & SAVAGE,** Chemists, &c. 21st June.

FRESH SEEDS. Just received per late arrivals, a supply of **RED AND WHITE CLOVER SEEDS;** also, Turnips, Pease, Beans, &c. &c. of various kinds, and warranted of last year's growth. **BEGG & URQUHART,** 13 St. John Street, and 8 Notre Dame Street, Lower Town. Quebec, 1st June.

TURNIP SEEDS. THE Subscribers have received their usual supply of **YELLOW ABERDEEN, WHITE GLOBE, RED NORFOLK, EARLY STONE, MALTA, DUTCH, POMERANIAN,** And other kinds of Turnip Seeds. ALSO, **RED AND WHITE CLOVER.** **MUSSON & SAVAGE,** Quebec, 3th June, 1839.

PARTNERSHIP. THE Subscribers respectfully beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public in general, that the business heretofore conducted by **J. J. SIMS,** will, from this date, be carried on under the style and firm of **SIMS & BOWLES.**

They are now moving into those spacious new premises, corner of Hope Street. **J. J. SIMS,** **J. BOWLES, JUNIOR.** Apothecaries & Druggists, Upper Town Market Place.—1st May.

SCOTCH MOUNTAIN DEW. FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER.—**13 BELTOWN WHISKEY,** warranted 18 years old.

C. T. BROWN, IMPORTER, Corner of Rue de Fort, Upper Town. Quebec, 5th June, 1839.

I. C. B. ICE, in large or small quantities may be had at the **GERMAN HOTEL,** Notre Dame Street, Lower Town. Quebec 5th May, 1839.

THE PERVERSENESS OF WOMAN.

There is an old story, of a man, who had married a young lady, and who had a friend somewhat sceptical as to the obedient tendency of his wife's disposition, much to the dissatisfaction of the Benedick, who strongly asserted and warmly asseverated that his will was law, and that she never by any chance disobeyed any wish or injunction of his.

"Have you ever tried her temper in that respect?" said the friend: "have you ever desired her positively not to do any particular thing?" for that is my point, since you tell me she never refuses to do whatever you desire her to do."

"No!" said the affectionate husband; "I never have found occasion to desire her not to do anything, but—"
"That's it!" the old woman says," cried the friend, "for the obedience is proved by negatives; tell her not to do any particular thing, give her no particular reason why, and see if she does not do it."

"Ridiculous," says the husband.
"Try!" said the friend.
"Well," replied the husband, "agreed! we are both going away for the day; what proof shall I put her to? what shall I tell her not to do? may she not play her harp? must she not sing, or draw? or, in fact, tell me what you want me to prohibit her doing, and I stake my life she does it not."

"Oh, no!" said the friend, "drawing and singing, and playing the harp, are things she might abstain from without a murmur, or, what is more essential to the affair, a wonder; because she has sung, and played, and drawn a thousand times; it is an injunction not to do something she has never done before—for instance, tell her when we go, not to climb some particular hill, for particular reasons which you do not choose to give her; or, by way of carrying the principle out to its fullest extent, warn her not to attempt to ride on the dog's back."

"Neptune's back!" said the husband.
"Yes," replied the friend, "on the back of this most valued Newfoundland dog, the bravest and faithfullest of his breed."

"Ride on a dog's back!" exclaimed Benedick, "how can you be so absurd?—as if—"
"Ah! there it is," said the friend, "as if—now, take my word for it, if you issue the injunction, without giving her any reason, Harriet will break it."

The most incredulous of men rejoiced at the idea, which he maliciously ridiculed, and resolved upon trying the experiment in order to establish his Harriet's superiority of mind, and his friend's exceeding silliness.

He parted from his Harriet, and with tenderness she clung round his shoulder, as he said in quitting her,
"Harriet, dearest, we have seldom been separate: since our marriage—I shall be back soon—take care of yourself, love—but, just attend to one thing I am going to say, dear; don't try to ride upon Neptune's back while we are away."

"What?" said the laughing Harriet, "ride upon Neptune—ha, ha, ha! what an odd idea!—is that all you warn me against?—why, what a ridiculous notion! why should you tell me that? What nonsense!"
"That, my dear," said the husband, "is a secret; all I beg of you is, not to ride upon Neptune."

"Ride upon Neptune!" repeated the lady, and she laughed again, and they parted.

When Benedick and his friend returned to dinner, the laughing Harriet did not as usual present herself to receive them; there was a sort of gloom pervading the house; the footman who opened the door looked dull; the butler who came into the hall looked as white as his waistcoat; the lady's own maid rushed down stairs, evidently to prevent a scene.

"Where is your mistress?" said Benedick.
"Up stairs, sir," said the maid, "there is nothing the matter, sir—nothing in the world, sir—only my mistress had a fall—quite a little fall on the walk in the flower garden—and has cut her face the least bit in the world, sir; all will be well to-morrow."
"A fall?" said Benedick.

"Humph!" said the friend.

And up-stairs ran the anxious husband.
"What has happened?" exclaimed he, catching her to his heart, and seeing her beautiful countenance a little marred—how did this happen?"

Harriet cried and hid her face.
The explanation never came altogether clearly before the friend of the family; but the accident was generally thought to have arisen from Harriet's having endeavoured to take a ride on Neptune's back.

A DEATH SCENE.

One of the most interesting works of the day has just appeared in England. It is from the pen of Captain Chamier, and is entitled, "Jack Adams, or the Mutineer." The old story of the Beauty is well known; but the whole affair retouched, and by such a writer as must possess intense interest, especially for the younger members of society. The work has not yet appeared in this country, but we learn that it is now in the press of Messrs. Carey and Hart. We submit a passage descriptive of a native murdering her husband, for yielding her up to one of the British seamen.

"It is the poison doing its work; sit down and die like a man, without a murmur. You have seen your prisoners leave the world with all the torture you could invent, and yet never complain; do as they have done—die without a groan."

"Save me! save me, Obara! I would yet live to free you."

"Never! I would not accept freedom from such hands as yours. You would not dare to meet the white man in single combat, and no one shall murder my husband as he sleeps. You do not tremble; here, drink again—Wah! afraid of death! Listen. When I first consented to marry you, against the wishes and advice of my friends, did I not run the hazard of their displeasure? You know how sacred we hold our duty to our parents. I disobeyed their wishes for you; by you I was decoyed aboard that hated ship which left us here, far from home and from my parents. To whom had I to cling but to you? On whom had I to rely but you? With you I could have shared all the dangers, all slavery. What happened? A woman died; the white man, Williams, wanted another wife; we were then superior in number to those men who have stolen us. I was fixed upon as the victim; the others were ready to join and to assist us in a struggle against slavery and shame. The man who should have stabbed me rather than have sacrificed me, and stood across my body ready to let his spirit loose with mine to roam over the lake of the big waters, at the very first show of resistance deserted his wife, his companion, ran to the woods, and left her to the white man. We follow the brave. When you were brave I followed you. Slavery has broken your spirit, withered your courage, degraded your mind. I am too proud to be the wife of a slave, or to remember he was ever my husband. I gave you the poison—die!"

Whether, in the hurry to mix these herbs, Obara had plucked those less powerful than she intended, is uncertain; but the first shiver of the weapon had passed away or returned in a lesser and lesser degree, until Talaloo felt his strength returning, and hoped yet to avoid his fate, and show the woman now before him that he was capable of revenging on Williams the insult he had received.

"I am better, he said, and will not yet die. The insult you have received I will avenge, and together we may again return to our homes."

"Never! the deed is done and cannot be undone. I have to choose between the brave and the coward. I will never return to you—never regard you with affection—your doom is fixed; the hand which gave the consent of the wife, now offers you the poison—drink, I say!"

Talaloo took the bottle, and as he pretended to lift it to his lips, let it fall, and shivered it to pieces. "So let our animosities end," he