

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

[H.]

FRIDAY, 18TH OCTOBER, 1839.

[No. 103

PROUDLEY'S LAWRENCE HOTEL,

Corner of Front Street, Lower Town.

The Subscriber begs respectfully to return thanks to his friends and the public for past and to assure them that no care or exertion shall be spared to render this Establishment deserving of the decided preference has hitherto been given to it. The house has just undergone a very important addition, and now contains very superior accommodations for the accommodation and convalescence. The situation is convenient and commanding a view of the river and shipping, the port, unsurpassed in Quebec, the table of this hotel will always be provided with the best market afford; and the wines and liquors will be found of the choicest qualities.

H. PROUDLEY,
Dec. 29th May, 1839.

LONDON STATIONARY, PLAIN AND FANCY.

The Subscribers have received supplies of the following articles of PLAIN and FANCY STATIONARY, viz:—

Writing Papers.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Drawing Papers.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Blue and Red—Whitman's superfine laid paper, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow and Red. Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain; and Note Paper, coloured; black edged black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

W. W. COWAN & SON.

THE WARMTH OF AFFECTION.

A floweret lay sleeping,
A dew drop came peeping,
And charmed with the form of the delicate blossom;
"My touch," said the drop,
"Is bright leaves will open,
And then I shall fall in its soft fragrant bosom."

A while it lay glancing,
When a moon-beam came dancing,
And seeing the rose-bud still sweetly reposing,
"This is mine," said the beam,
"With my smiles pretty gleam,
To hasten the time of its soft leaves unfolding."

A zephyr came gliding,
It heard the two chiding,
And thus it addressed them—"Ah! vain are you trying:
For the sweet breathing tone
That the floweret will own—
The blossom of beauty will wake but to sighing."

But the flower still lay dreaming,
Till the sun rose up beaming,
And then waking it answered—"False suitors be hold me:
Your touch, smile, and breath,
Has: the coldness of death,
The warmth of affection alone can unfold me."

The heart is that flower,
With coldness its dower,
And it slumbers in darkness; 'neath earthly care
Break it.
Till a Sun from above,
Pours on it his love,
And the power of his beam, alone can awake it.

THE BELLMANSHIP.

A TRUE STORY.

But here, before entering on this disagreeable portion of my task, I cannot forbear venting a few sighs over the uncertainty of friendship. A chain that it has taken years to rivet, may be pulled in fifty pieces by a few syllables—in that respect resembling the knot which jinglers tie upon a handkerchief, apparently strong enough to hang the most determined and fattest of suicides, but which, by being simply blown upon, untwines itself in an instant, and leaves not a vestige of its having ever been tied. Oh juggler's knot! oh friendship! (not to continue the interjections, and say) oh love! you ought all three to be ashamed of yourselves, and not be blown aside by a few puffs of wind, whether those puffs are mere inarticulate blowings, such as those with which, in my impatient youth, I used to cool my pudding, or form themselves into words and syllable men's names. Who could have thought that a friendship of twenty years could have been dissolved by such a very inconsiderable event as the election of John Tapps to the bellmanship of Buzzeleton? Yet, so it was; and the volcano that smouldered in the bosom of Mr. Padden was blown up to explosive heat, and astounded our peaceful town with a prodigious eruption, in the manner I now proceed to relate.

On the evening of Tuesday, our amiable friend Bob waited impatiently for the return of his father, when that gentleman at last made his appearance, looking somewhat discomfited by the defeat of his candidate.

"Ha!" said the tender-hearted Robert, "I knew how it would be! I see by your face Hicks has won."

"By no means, Robert, he has been defeated; but remember, Robert, the word, ha, is a very ungentlemanly—very ungentlemanly. I never say ha!"

"What! Tapps made bellman? Never heard of such thing; but no wonder, old Simpkins'n has it all his own way. We must all yield, I s'pose, and be called whatever names he likes to call us."

"Calling names is very ungentlemanly; I never call names. Who calls any body names?"

"Why, old Simpkins'n to be sure. He laid'em on pretty thick. I've heard all about it, though I wasn't there."

"Do you allude to any thing he said to-day?"

"To be sure I do; and every day, I s'pose. When one has such a tidy little stock of nicknames, I s'pose he don't grudge 'em to his friends."

"Do you mean to say Mr. Sir Simpkinson was so ungentlemanly, so very ungentlemanly, as to insinuate any personal allusion to me?"

"Don't! Who do you think he meant by all that rignarole about parabolas, and hallucinations, and tiger's eyes? Your eyes, you know, father, are nothing to boast of; but, if I were in your shoes, I would let nobody talk of tiger's eyes—be hanged if I would." And with this magnificent declaration, Mr. Robert swung out of the room. And now, oh reader! begin the correspondence.

No. 1.
"Mr. Padden sends compliments to Mr. Simpkinson—would feel obliged by explanation of following passage in Mr. S.'s speech of yesterday, viz. "Cringe to prevaricated hallucination, and bend at shrine of deaf logistigated parabola, and yield submission to an anatomized hyperbole." Also, farther on, what was Mr. S.'s intention in allusion to tiger's eyes? An early answer will be an obligation."

"High St., Wednesday 12th."

No. 2.
"Sir,—In allusion to the document forwarded to me by the hand of Bob, your son, touching certain impressions detained in my speech of yesterday, on the subject of Tapp's elevation to the bellmanship of this highly civilized and indigineous community, I beg to demand on what grounds you impute the sensibility of my remarks, and repudiate, with disgust and obduracy, the language and contorted epithets which you charge me with having employed. Sir, in the sacred discharge of a duty, I scorn the most venerable asseverations, and cast to the adobe-wind every consideration but the high and paramount necessity of holding equal the balance between justice and iniquity! Yes, this course I have been my maximum; and this course I mean to pursue, undeteriorated from the right path by all the eccentricities of decorum, and all the sinuities of acumen. With this explanation, which I hope will be deemed satisfactory, I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

J. SIMPKINSON.

No. 3.
"Mr. Padden again sends compliments to Mr. Simpkinson, and wishes a direct answer. Did you, sir, mean to call me a parabola, &c. &c. So no more at present, but remains"

No. 4.
"Sir,—I stand on my right as a public man. I throw myself before the tribunal of my country, and assert the privilege of a speaker, on a great public occasion, to say what he chooses, without being called upon for his meaning. Sir, oratory would be at an end, if its best prerogative were trampled under foot. To no one will I be answerable but to my own conscience; that minutiae, whose voice I never obey; and therefore, sir, in this concatenation of affairs, and refusing this allegorical mode of questioning, I decline telling whether I meant to designate you as a parabola or not. With these sentiments, I inscribe myself your humble servant,

J. SIMPKINSON."

No. 5.
"Sir,—I must say your conduct is very ungentlemanly—very ungentlemanly indeed; and I must decline the honor of your society at dinner on Friday. Also, your son Plantagenet need not renew his correspondence with my daughter, especially as he has frequently neglected to pay the post. So no more, but remains your humble servant,

J. PADDEN."

Friday came—no dinner-party. Saturday came—no letter from young Plantagenet: Bob looking pleased as Punch, Mary drooping and distressed; the two old men fidgety, and London, in the bleared eyes of the young lover, a desolate wilderness; and all owing to Tapp's election to the bellmanship. What great events from trivial causes spring!

It was two months after these melancholy events—that is to say, when August had first fortively begun to dip his brush into the pallet of November, and had already tinged the leaves of the elm walk of Buzzeleton with the faintest possible tinge of yellow—on the twentieth day of August, 1837, a young lady was taking a disconsolate walk by the side of our beautiful river—pretty foot, plump figure, gentle eyes,—by George! it could be nobody else but Mary Padden! And Mary Padden it was. Not far from her, but sulkily stalking along on the outer row of trees, was the illustrious mob. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mary looked disconsolate. The Yahoo, as if for the convenience of any of the passers-by, who were not entirely deaf, took care, by retaining his distant position, to force the conversation into a very audible pitch—a conversation, by-the-bye, in which he bore the principal part, Mary's portion of it being extremely monosyllabic.

"Why, Mary you are certainly the unluckiest gal I ever saw. Taddy is a deuce eight worse than Dr. Darrell. He's to be married, they say, next week."

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

VanAmburgh, the lion tamer, proceeds to St. Petersburg, when his engagement shall have expired in Paris. The treaty was signed on Monday between him and a secretary of the Russian Embassy. Van Amburgh is to receive in St. Petersburg 1,500 rubles per night. The Emperor will pay part of the expense out of his own private funds.

The Liverpool brings out sixty cases of figured silks, each valued at £1,000—a total of £60,000.

On the 10th ultimo, a man named Romain, was convicted by the Court of Assizes for the Indre et Loire, of the murder of a family named "Dolau, at Riffe, near Tours, consisting of the husband, wife, and daughter.

A young girl has been condemned to death by the Court of Assizes of the Haut Rhin, (France) for the murder of her father and two brothers.

The powder mill of Figau & Wilks, at Dartford, on the 9th ult., blew up, killing five of the workmen.

A baker's daughter, named Moyes, aged 23, threw herself from the gallery of the Monument in London, on the 11th Sept. She was killed on the spot. A coroner's inquest was held on the body; verdict, "Insanity, caused by disappointed love."

A fire occurred at Constantinople on the 12th August, which destroyed 3,007 houses. The number of live lost is stated at thirty. It originated in the carelessness of a woman cooking fish; and would have been vastly more destructive but for the aid of the Prince de Joinville and the French sailors.

SPLENDID BOOKS

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND WILL SELL FOR CASH THE UNDERMENTIONED

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WORKS,

FINDEN'S TABLEAU of the Affections, a series of Picturesque Illustrations of the womanly virtues.—1839.

GEMS OF BEAUTY, displayed in a series of 12 highly finished engravings of Spanish subjects, by the first Artists.—1839.

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL for 1839, edited by Leitch Ritchie.

FINDEN'S PORTS AND HARBOURS, Watering Places, Fishing Villages and other picturesque objects on the English Coast.

THE RIVERS OF FRANCE, from drawings by Turner.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS, or London in the nineteenth century, from drawings by T. H. Sheppard.

THE GALLERY OF MODERN BRITISH ARTISTS, consisting of series of engravings from Works of the most eminent Artists.

W. COWAN & SON.
19th June.