

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

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MONDAY, 14th OCTOBER, 1839.

[No. 101

## MISS HILL,

Daughter of the Rev. Father's Church in this city,  
DEGS to intimate to her friends and the  
public, that she is prepared to receive  
pupils on the

**FRANCO, GERM, GUYANAR,  
Turkish, Italian and English Singing.**

As it is the intention of Miss Hill to become  
permanent resident in Quebec, those pupils  
trusting to her will be afforded an opportunity  
being thoroughly instructed in either or all  
the above branches; and from having received  
instruction under the first masters in  
profession, she feels confident in being able  
to give entire satisfaction.— Terms known by  
application at her residence, No. 14, Saint  
George's Street, Grand Battery,  
Quebec, 17th June, 1839.

## LONDON STATIONARY, PLAIN AND FANCY.

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

**Writing Papers.**  
Satin and Pot.—Whitman's superfine laid  
and glazé, highly glazed; do. do. do. gilt; yellow  
wove Pot and Foolscap.  
Satin and Note Papers.—Fine and superfine  
laid and small, thick laid, blue wove Pot;  
and superfine large and small thin laid yellow  
blue wove Pots; superfine wove glazed  
and Pot; superfine laid yellow and blue wove  
Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and  
Satin Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain  
Satin and Note Paper, coloured; black edged  
black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety  
of plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

**Drawing Papers  
AND DRAWING MATERIALS.**  
Whitman's finest Drawing Paper, all sizes; colour-  
Crayon Paper; London and Bristol Draw-  
Boards, coloured and plain, of 2, 3, 4 sheets in  
colour; Drawing Boards; Ackerman's Colours;  
Colour Boxes, of 6, 12, and 18 cakes; Jewel-  
like Colour Boxes; and Brockman & Lang-  
ley's Drawing Pencils; Chalk Pencils, coloured  
and plain; Pottery Pens and Stumps for  
black; Camel Hair Pencils; Flat Brushes, in  
various sizes; Indian Ink; Transfer Varnish;  
Rice Paper, coloured and plain; Tracing  
Paper; Cases of Mathematical Instruments, of  
several qualities; a great variety of Elementary  
Writing Books, Paper Machines, Miniature  
Inks.

**Cards, and Card Cases, &c.**  
Gilt, black edged, black bordered, embossed  
highly glazed Visiting Cards, of different  
desks; perforated, embossed, and fancy coloured  
do. do. do. embossed, and plain Cards; Visiting  
and Conversation Cards; Pocket Books,  
Note Cases, assorted.

**Inks, and Ink Stands, &c.**  
Cases of ebony Inkstands; plain and fancy Ink  
stands; Pewter Ink Stands; Pocket Ink Bottles;  
Black and Red Ink, Patent Screw Top Ink  
Bottles; Kaxine or Auctioneer Inkstands; Gold  
Silver Ink; Cramb's Pocket Inkstands.

**Miscellaneous.**  
Silver, and imitation Gold Paper; Mo-  
rocco, Coloured, and Fancy Papers; Tissue Pa-  
per, coloured and plain; elegantly finished Al-  
bum and Scrap Books; Memorandum Books,  
and gilt; black, red and fancy coloured  
Wax; Morocco and plain Leather Pock-  
et-books with or without steel clasps; embossed  
plain Portfolios; patent eye-pointed Pencil  
Cases; Silver do. of Albatross Leads for replen-  
ishing; do.; Desk Knives; Pink Tape, different  
widths; Prepared Parchment, different sizes  
of the finest quality; Riddle's universal Pen-  
nib; Gold Borders, and Gold Paper Orna-  
ments; Plain and elegant Steel Boxes; Rodger's  
Ink; Papers and Taper Stands; Screen  
Inks; Music Paper, in quires and in books;  
Paper coloured and embossed, of various  
patterns; Toy Books, of all descriptions; Black  
Pencils, of different qualities; Slates and  
Pencils; India Rubber, patent and common;  
and bone Paper Cutters; Rulers, Wax  
Stamps; alabaster and bronzed Letter  
Moulds.

**Blank Books.**  
Leger and Journal, Day Books,  
Check Books, Rule Memorandum Books,  
Books, &c.  
Books made to order.  
of Exchanges in books; Merchants' Tariff  
Books, various kinds, Swan Quills, Italian  
Inks, &c.

W. COWAN & SON.

## Portrait.

### CARPE DIEM.

"An ink-flower is written on its stem."  
OLD SERTON.

Life is but a flower,  
And beauty but its bloom,  
Why not enjoy the fleeting hour,  
Ere it bears us to the tomb?  
If fame is but a bubble,  
And glory but a sound,  
Why not enjoy the pleasures now,  
That life neglected round?  
If woman smiles and leaves us,  
To bow at lucre's shrine,  
Spurn the cold heart that cheats us,  
And quaff the generous wine;  
The fairest and the brightest,  
As dreams must pass away;  
Others will rise, in beauty's pride,  
To reign their fleeting day,  
Then here's to wine and woman,  
The matron and the belle,  
To love and mirth and music,  
So vive la Bagatelle!

A. L. M.  
Montreal, August, 1839.

## THE BELLMANSHIP.

A TRUE STORY.  
CHAPTER I.

"The course of true love never did run  
smooth." Didn't it? Let any man look round  
him for a single moment, and he will see how  
unfounded and absurd is this observation of  
Mr. William Shakespeare. Pray, what was  
there to hinder the equable flow of the true  
love of your neighbor, Mr. Bibbs, and his fat  
wife? Was there any objection on the part  
of parents!—any trouble from rivals!—or even  
any delay about pin-money and settlement?  
Not a vestige of any of these things. In the  
course of the accustomed number of months  
they were fairly and legally married, without  
a single ripple on the stream of their courtship,  
and have been a pattern-couple, without quar-  
rels, disagreements, or misunderstandings of  
any kind whatever, for twenty or thirty years.  
But you say, perhaps, their love is not true  
love. Isn't it? I grant he wrote no sonnets;  
she never thought of suicide; he never men-  
tioned a dagger to her in his life; and I have  
no reason to believe that she, even at her first  
ball, considered Mr. Bibbs an angel. But their  
love was true enough for all that—a good,  
solid, substantial love, fitted for all weathers,  
ballasted with a good deal of plain sense, and  
not without a glance of affectionate regard to  
the comforts of a well-spread table, easy-hung  
four-wheeled carriage, & a pretty little income  
of eight or nine hundred a-year. This is my  
definition of true love. If you prefer Shake-  
spere's account of it, and consider no love  
worth having that it not accompanied with  
woes and accidents, quarrels among friends,  
and other accessories, I beg to say you have  
not made such use of your powers of observa-  
tion as you ought to have done, or you would  
have found out long ago that such loves as  
these are never lasting. And this, I take it,  
is the reason that authors of novels generally  
close their stories with a description of the  
wedding. If they continued their labors, how  
different would be the scene! Waverley and  
Rose Bradwardine flying to Boulogne for debt;  
Henry Morton and Edith Bellenden separated  
from incompatibility of temper; not to men-  
tion the celebrated divorce case before the House  
of Lords, Reginald v. Cyril Thornton! If  
will no person of an enquiring turn of mind  
give us a posthumal account of all the heroes  
and heroines who have excited our interest  
so intensely? It would put a good deal of  
romance to flight, and teach us the great and  
useful lesson, that people may be just as hap-  
pily married in the good old-fashioned way—  
bridemaids, marriage favors, and wedding cake  
—as if they nearly broke their necks jumping  
out of up-stairs windows, and hurrying off to  
Greta Green. But, mercy upon us; we have  
got into such a prodigious passion with love

matches, and sighing, and dying, that we  
have forgotten the main object with which we  
were on this paper, which was to give notice to  
the reader that, in this eventful history he  
finds difficulties in the way of the hero  
and the heroine, or is to imagine that those  
difficulties prove that their love was one whit  
more sincere than if all had gone as smoothly  
as a marriage bell; from the first agony of popping  
the question to the last extremity of putting  
on the ring. No—it certainly did so happen  
that in this one particular instance the course  
of true love was occasionally somewhat rough;  
but it by no means follows that the roughness  
was the cause of the love being true, or that  
the truth of the love was the cause of the  
course of it being rough. So much for Shake-  
spere—and now for John Plantagenet Simp-  
kinson.

The labors of the Statistical Society, I sup-  
pose, have left very few people in ignorance  
that ours is a borough town, though the in-  
habitants have not the inestimable privilege of  
having each other on principles of the purest  
patriotism once every three or four years, when  
some soaring squire or plethoric manufacturer  
is ambitious of a seat in Parliament; by which  
periphrasis I would have it understood, that  
we return no member, albeit we have a mayor  
and corporation, a town-hall and locked-up  
house, and other visible signs of corporate  
dignity.

Cast your eye, dear reader! "through the  
dim vista of departed years," and it is highly  
probable, if you look sharp, you will see a  
youthful couple seated under the elm-trees at  
the west-end of the flourishing town of Buz-  
zleton, on the fourth day of June, eighteen  
hundred and thirty-seven. I cannot take it  
upon me positively to affirm that the lady was  
"beautiful exceedingly," or that she had the  
slightest appearance of being a native of a  
far country; for it was impossible to sup-  
pose for a moment that these bright, cherry-  
looking lips, rosy-colored cheeks, and mild  
happy blue eyes, belonged, by possibility, to  
any one but a nice modest English girl of  
eighteen or nineteen. Nor would it be safe to  
declaim the reader into an improper sympathy  
with the hero, by hinting that he had the  
slightest resemblance to those "whiskered  
pandours and those fierce hussars," who make  
such a tremendous sensation in novels of fash-  
ionable life. No one could ever have fancied  
him a Hungarian magnate, or Polish prince,  
or even a German Baron; for the fat county  
of Suffolk was visible in every feature of the  
object of my description. A brown surtout with  
black buttons, thrown loosely back, showed a  
considerable extent of a fancy-colored waist-  
coat, for the interesting individual—but why  
keep up a vain mystery, which this accomplish-  
ed reader has penetrated long ago?—it was  
Simpkinson, junior, himself—in short, John  
Plants, or, as I should call him, John  
Simpkinson, sitting *à tête*  
with Mary Padden—for the interesting indi-  
vidual—as I was going to say when this  
parenthesis interrupted me—rejoiced in a vast  
expanse of chest, of which he was a little con-  
ceited; though candour at the same time com-  
pels me to admit, that the ample "breath and  
verge enough," which was so becoming, and  
indeed heroic, as revealed by the aforesaid  
fancy-colored waistcoat, extended itself con-  
siderably below the point at which it ought to  
have grown "fine by degrees, and beautifully  
less," and constituted altogether a stout,  
square-built young man, with every appear-  
ance of health and strength, but none of that  
stiff-necked noodleism which the French people  
and English milliners call an *air distingué*.  
You will perhaps ask why this jolly, good-  
humored looking young gentleman had such a  
magnificent name as Plantagenet; but I sub-  
mit that that is a question more properly di-  
rected to his godfathers and godmothers than  
to me; but at the same time, if you merely  
ask for information, and with no sinister inten-  
tion, I will only mention to you that his father  
was the most eloquent man in our parish, and  
rejoiced in long words. Now, as Plantagenet  
is a name, you will observe, of four syllables,  
whereas Stubbs is only of one, you will at once  
see a *prima facie* reason why the royal denomi-  
nation was preferred, and the name of the

maternal uncle—Mr. Stubbs, the opulent  
brewer in Chesham—for this occasion reject-  
ed. This is my opinion; but of course you are  
at liberty to devise any other reason for it that  
may be more agreeable to yourself.

We are not to suppose that the couple I have  
now introduced to you sat silent all this time,  
merely because I have not yet given you any  
account of their conversation; for it is a cir-  
cumstance well known to our whole town that  
Miss Padden had a total aversion to the absurd  
doctrines of the Pythagoreans, so far as their  
silence was concerned, and in fact lost no op-  
portunity of practising the divine faculty of  
speech. She spoke very well and prettily, and  
there there can be no doubt that such beautiful  
lips and interesting blue eyes would have made  
very inferior language pass off for eloquence,  
at all events in the opinion of Mr. Simpkin-  
son, junior.

"So you are going off to-morrow, Taddy?"  
(And here, oh reader, in another parenthesis,  
let me call your attention to the endearing  
diminutive "Taddy"—short for Plantagenet!  
To what vile uses may I come, Ho-  
ratio?)

"Ye," said Taddy, with a mournful shake  
of the head.

"Oh it must be such a pretty place that  
London, with Hyde Park and Almack's, and  
Westminster Abbey, and Madame Tussaud.  
How I envy you all the sights! Ain't you  
happy, Taddy?"

"No," replied the youth, "I would rather  
stay at Buzzleton, and near you, Polly."

"Your servant, Mister Plantagenet," said  
the young lady, gently withdrawing her hand  
from the clasp of the sentimental swain—but  
whether from coquetry, or propriety, or to pre-  
serve a new white kid glove, I will not un-  
dertake to determine—"I wasn't fishing for a  
compliment, I assure you."

"But it is no compliment, Polly—it is only  
the truth; and why shouldn't I be sorry to  
leave Buzzleton? There will be no nice walks  
like this, nor listening to your songs, nor talk-  
ing of who's to happen."

"When?" interrupted Miss Padden.  
"Why, when your father and mine think  
we are sensible. Now, don't pretend, Polly—  
for this is our last day together, and I want to  
hear you tell me again seriously and solemnly  
that you will keep constant for the two years,  
and marry me at the end."

"Shall we be sensible then, Taddy?" en-  
quired the lady, looking archly at the earnest  
face of her admirer.

"Father says so," was the reply, and in a  
tone that showed that that awful authority  
would have secured Mr. Plantagenet's credence  
to a still more wonderful event.

"We ought to be much obliged to our fathers,"  
said the young lady, "for guaranteeing such  
a reformation; but, indeed, Taddy, the  
chance of changing your mind is all on your  
side. You will see such designing people at  
Almack's and Vauxhall, and—"

"Never trouble yourself about designing  
people, dear Polly; write to me every week,  
and if am to come down every half year for  
three weeks, we shall do almost as well as if  
we met."

"And you will write faithfully, and think  
of me always?" said Mary, in a voice from  
which all liveliness had disappeared.

Mr. Plantagenet Simpkinson again laid his  
hand upon the pretty little white kid glove,  
which this time was not withdrawn, and look-  
ing in the sweet blue eyes which I have  
already mentioned, said—

"Won't I?—that's all."

Miss Padden seemed quite as satisfied with  
this declaration as if it had been made in  
words of fire upon the bended knee; and I do  
not feel myself at liberty to give any account  
of what was said on either side for at least ten  
minutes. At the end of that time an individ-  
ual was seen walking towards them at the  
other extremity of the alley.

"Here's that horrid boy, Bob," said Mary,  
looking somewhat displeased.

"Infernal troublesome fool!" muttered  
Mr. Plantagenet, "I should like to kick him  
into the river."

(To be continued.)