

of that disease which he feared, since his remedies failed of their effect, it was the power of medicine to cure.

In the mean time, the Council of Two met at irregular intervals, when Vincenzo reported progress, and Leonardo analyzed Vivaldi's nostrums, of which the page, by way of caution, occasionally brought him a sample acquired by a repetition of his ruse. The investigation in each case bore out the student's prediction, that the proportion of poison would be gradually augmented. The stripling, to whom the sight of Vivaldi, and the haridan his confederate, was an abomination, was impatient to play the game out as he termed it, and thus bring matters to a crisis, by denouncing the criminals. He was, however, continually restrained by his graver and more cautious companion, who counselled him to wait for an opportunity, which the chapter of accidents would at no distant day afford him, of striking a blow with effect.

Giulietta had borne what she rightly deemed her unnecessary confinement to her apartment for a reasonable, or as some would say unreasonable period, without a murmur, as well as without any perceptible diminution of her cheerfulness or good humour. At last, however, she began to grow impatient, to sigh for a canter on her grey palfrey, and for her accustomed drives, and we will not pledge ourselves, that her impatience was not increased by a desire to know whether a certain student in Palma looked as merry—shall we add, as handsome—as he was wont to be. That she had some curiosity on the subject it is to be inferred from the fact of her occasionally putting a careless question on the subject to her page.

Vincentio, however—it being no part of his policy in the present position of affairs to acknowledge any very close intimacy with the student—displayed a very remarkable, and to her extremely provoking, ignorance of this individual to whom her inquiry referred. "Was he a pale young man, with a snub nose, and red hair?" "No." "Then, perhaps, it was a pockmarked youth, who squinted most feloniously," and had a halt in his gait?" "Pshaw! how very stupid."

After a few more such guesses, as wide of the mark as he could cast them, he on a sudden recollected the party alluded to. "Oh, ha! ha!—he remembered now—yes—he had seen him once or twice lately—thought him not looking quite so well as of yore—studied hard—no doubt—poor devils! they were obliged to do so. For his part, he wondered the smell of the lamp did not poison them?"

The page spoke in jest; but alas! how many are there, whom the necessities of life, not less than the ardor of genius, condemn to inspire from the midnight lamp that poison which buries them to an early—and even in the case of the most gifted—to an unremem-bered grave!

It happened that the scene of the parting conference between the physician and nurse, had changed of late from the ante-room of the lady's chamber, to the armory of the palace, a large apartment hung round with ancient suits of mail, in which the ancestors of the marchese were wont to earn their laurels. The motive of this removal is of course to be found in a desire to avoid the presence of the page, who was accustomed to take his station in the said ante-room.

"Ursula," said Vivaldi one day as he closed the door of this armory on their conference—"I cannot account for this; there is a mystery which I passeth my art to fathom. This girl should have been on the verge of the grave by this time; and behold! she is as well as you or I."

"I am sure it is no fault of mine," replied the worthy confederate; "that she is not dead and buried, which that she may soon be I devoutly hope, for mine is a dull office, and albeit none of the safest."

"Pshaw!" remonstrated the other, "who can betray us, except those who are as deep in the matter as ourselves? Are you sure that the powder I gave you was duly administered?"

"I dropped it into every bottle with my own hands," was the reply.

"And saw the girl take it?" pursued the other.

"Every day with my own eyes," said Ursula, "because I would not trust that imp of a page who would have flung it out of the window perhaps to please his mistress—who, I can tell you, by the way, is growing as impatient as a wild bird in a cage."

"There are others, who are as impatient as she is, I trow," remarked Vivaldi dryly. "I have just had a pressing letter of inquiry from

the Marchese's sister, who thought it better to join her husband during the progress of our experiment, in which she urges me to despatch, but to which I can give no other reply than bidding her feed on hope, an ailment that has well nigh failed myself, for this girl has a constitution of iron. However, I must daily no longer—we will make short work of it—I will to-night provide you with a powder which will relieve you of your tender anxieties in a fortnight. In the mean time you had better peruse this letter, as it contains some instructions for your future guidance."

Having thus spoken he quitted the apartment, leaving Ursula with the letter in her hand, which she forthwith proceeded to peruse, but was suddenly arrested by hearing her name pronounced solemnly by a voice proceeding from some invisible person in the room. She looked in the direction whence she supposed it to issue, when suddenly a somewhat diminutive figure, armed cap a pie, stepped down from a pedestal and moved towards her with a stately step. Ursula remained fixed by terror to the spot. The figure continued to advance; but when within a few yards of the nurse, the lance by some accident got between the legs of the warrior, and he came to the ground with a tremendous crash; while his helmet, being loosened by the shock, rolled across the room to the feet of Ursula.

"I thought I should make a mess of it," exclaimed Vincenzo, for it was he who had thus attempted a touch of the supernatural; "but no matter," picking up his lance, and at the same time the letter which he had dropped in—err! fright, "it is not so bad."

"I'll teach you to play your tricks upon me, mischief-maker!" exclaimed the virago, recovering her senses, and pointing them her tongue, "we will see back that matter instantly!"

"Nay, I may not do that, for I have a conscience for it," said the boy, who, having thrust himself of his iron incumbent, turned the key in the door and confidingly entered, "said sternly and solemnly, "Ursula, the contents of your and your confederate's letter have long been no secret to me, as you will soon believe when I tell you that it is to my interference you owe their defeat. I am ready to show you the evidence which your conference with Ursula had this day afforded me to demonstrate you to be a traitor; but were it not for your own safety, I would not do so. I am sure you will be glad to know the contents of your and your confederate's letter, and I will not do so, unless you will promise to be as true to me as I shall be to you. There is the door of the ante-room, and if you think it an immediate confession of your guilt, you may make better terms with me than you will by awaiting the fiat of a court of law. The choice is yours. There is but one way to escape before you, and that leads to the dungeon."

Ursula followed the stripling's advice, and made a full confession of her guilt, accusing the instigator, the marchese's sister, and her accomplice Vivaldi, who was instantly arrested, tried, condemned, and some successful attempts at a similar atrocity having been proved against him was executed. The marchese's sister was, happily for her, and for his peace of mind, beyond the reach of the law; and Ursula, spared the capital part of the punishment due to her offence, inasmuch as her evidence had been essential to the conviction of Vivaldi, was banished for life.

"And now my father," said Giulietta when the first bustle of the discovery was over, and they had devoutly given thanks to Heaven for their deliverance, "will you not send for the noble student who has been the instrument of our preservation?"

"No, my daughter," said the marchese, "certainly not—it is our duty to go to him."

Accordingly the student, unconscious of the explosion of the plot, was sitting quietly in his humble chamber, when he heard a tap at the door, which, before he could rise, was thrown open, and he found himself almost smothered in the embrace of two individuals, whom the suddenness of their entrance and the imperfect light prevented him from immediately recognising. Nor when he did recognize them, was his confusion in any way diminished.

In reply to the thanks with which he was literally overwhelmed, he blushed, stammered out a disclaimer of any merit in the whole affair, and, in short, as he afterwards confessed to Vincenzo, "made a very particular ass of himself."

"Sir," said the marchese, when the ebullition had in some degree subsided, and, the two visitors having appropriated the only chairs in the room, Leonardo had deposited himself on a deal box, "you have been the instrument of preserving to me a treasure for which I would have gladly sacrificed rank, wealth—all that the world prizes—therefore all that I have is yours."

Leonardo wished it was, because he would have taken his daughter and thrown him back the rest; but he could not say so, and therefore remained silent.

The marchese could not, as the phrase is, find his daughter at him; but lest the student should suspect him of any reservation in his offer, he continued, "I hear you are of good family, but were yours the lineage of a beggar, you should share alike my fortune and my affections," and turned at the same time an appealing look to his daughter for a confirmation of his sentiments. The young lady, of course, looked extremely bewitching, and acknowledged that "they could never do enough for their benefactor, their more than a friend."

Leonardo protested in his turn that he had done nothing whatever to entitle him to their gratitude—that to spend a life in the service of one so amiable, and so forth, would be a privilege to which the highest noble in the land might aspire.

"You have met Giulietta before," said the marchese—high feelings of honor prevented you from availing yourself of opportunities which a less delicate mind would have eagerly seized—I will save you the trouble of a confession.—You made a confident of a friend who betrayed you to me; so now, if you will have my daughter take her."

Leonardo was as a man in a dream, and was about to pinch himself by way of ascertaining if he was awake. At last he exclaimed, "Nay, my good lord, now you are jesting with me."

"I was never more in earnest in my life!" exclaimed the marchese; "and as we shall henceforth have but one roof over our heads, we will go home at once to supper."

Reader! need I tell you the rest? I think not.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.—The origin of the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's" is not generally known. In ale-houses, where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrear; "Nay, my good lord, now you are jesting with me." "I was never more in earnest in my life!" exclaimed the marchese; "and as we shall henceforth have but one roof over our heads, we will go home at once to supper." Reader! need I tell you the rest? I think not.

NOT SO BAD AS EXPECTED.—In the melo-drama of the *Caravan*, a dog named Carlo played a principal character. Dignum, the singer, was also in the same piece. One evening the latter went up to Sheridan, and with a grave face informed him that he had some bad news to relate. Sheridan eagerly inquired what it was, to which Dignum answered, that he felt himself so hoarse as to be unable to get through the songs. Sheridan, seizing him by the hands, rejoined, "My friend, you have relieved my mind of a weight; I thought the dog had been taken ill."

SAD MISTAKE.—The parish of Wilmslow, in England, was thrown recently into a terrible consternation, by the circulation of a report, in the *North Cheshire Reformer*, that their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Morris, had been advocating in Stockport, and urging the inhabitants to petition for a taxation on yives! The whole village was in an uproar. The females held a consultation, at which the wives said that if such a tax was levied it would create family quarrels, and the maids justly argued that the chances of marriage would be fearfully im-paired. After which they came to a resolution to proceed to Mr. Morris's house. Mr. Mor. is was apprised by one of his friends of the predicament in which he had placed himself. When he saw the maids and matrons approaching his house, his fears were excited, and securing himself by locks and bolts against the injured fair, he went up stairs and endeavoured to appease their wrath by a speech from a chamber window, in which he laid the blame on the printer for his carelessness in making a misprint. The ladies not knowing anything about a misprint, separated, and, as they would do when they were as- suring him on his way to Stockport.—The misprint was wives for slaves!

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, 18th FEB. 1833

Table with 4 columns: From London, From Liverpool, From Paris, From New York. Includes dates and prices for various goods.

No New-York nor Upper Canada mail was received to-day.

It is stated in several papers that the day of sailing of the steam-ship *Liverpool* had been deferred to the 15th January; and it is even thought by many that she would not sail till after the *Great Western*.

The Legislature of Upper Canada is summoned to meet for the despatch of business on the 27th inst.

The rumour of the loyalists of the Missis-sippi frontier having crossed the lines, and re-qualified on the American sympathisers is without any foundation.

A new line of packets, says the New-York Journal of Commerce, to run between Liver- pool and New-York, is advertised in the English papers, to start on the 1st, 8th, 16th, and 24th of each month. The ships named are—*American, Chesapeake, Texas, Van Buren, Jackson, British Nelson, Roman, Union, North Star*. These ships are from 700 to 1020 tons each. The *Chesapeake* was to sail Jan. 1st.

An adjourned meeting of the citizens of Phi- adelphia was to take place on the 6th Feb- ruary, to receive the report of the Committee on the subject of the establishment of steam- ships between that city and a port in Great Britain.

The following is from the Washington cor- respondence of the New York Express:—

Mr. Clay presented a memorial to-day from Dr. E. A. Theller, the man who took part in the Canadian rebellion and who escaped from the citadel of Quebec, last Autumn. He calls upon the Congress to decide whether or not he is an American citizen. As proof that he is, he says that he was duly naturalized and has long lived in the United States. As proof that he is not, he says that he was arraigned in Can- ada and charged with treason, and that a British Judge in Canada, in one of Her Majesty's Courts, decided that because he was born in Ireland and found in Canada, he had ever been a British subject. Mr. Clay having briefly stated the import of the petition, remarked, in ef- fect, that he would not now call in question the right of Great Britain to condemn and punish for treason any individual found in rebellion against her authorities within her territory.

The *Toronto Patriot* says that warrants have been sent to the London District for the execution of three of the Brigands, viz: Co- nelius Cunningham, a Colonel; Amos Peely, a Major; and Joshua D. Doan, one of the pi- ratical party; and an officer in Dr. Duns- combe's rebel army in 1837, for whose ap- prehension a reward was offered by Sir Francis Bond Head.

A warrant was received by the Sheriff of Kingston for the execution, on the 12th in- stant, of one of the Prescott gang named Lewis who is said to have been concerned in the plun- dering and burning of the steamboat *Sir Robert Peel*.

COURT MARTIAL.—In the Court of King's Bench at Montreal, on Saturday last, His Honor the Chief Justice pronounced a judg- ment on the motion made by Mr. A. P. Hart for a Writ of Prohibition, rejecting the applica- tion, on the ground that that tribunal had no control over the Court Martial.

The evidence for the Crown, in the case of Perrigo and others, before the Court Martial, was closed on Saturday, and the prisoners are allowed until this morning to prepare their defence.

A melancholy accident occurred yesterday morning in the River St. Lawrence, opposite to the town, by which a number of lives were lost. We have not learned any particulars beyond those given in the *Mercury*, which we subjoin:—

FATAL ACCIDENT.—SIXTEEN LIVES LOST.— Yesterday morning, a double canoe containing twenty-two or twenty-three persons was upset by the ice in the river and sixteen persons have met their death from drowning.

From the particulars of this disastrous event which we have as yet been able to collect, it appears, that the canoe in question belonged to

Chabot and was piloted by a man named... represented to be an inept... the boat was... the water, and... ed. Among these... Mr. Michel Roy, of Town Market, his... a Mr. Faucher, an Irish... three men who had the... sions.—Among those... from Halifax with the... from Nicolet with the... along the north shore;... saved, described by the... tanned" on American... cal state as "the Hotel... been severely injured... the conductor of the... saved.

The Court of King's... on Monday last, on the... Arlywin, on behalf of Te... the motion v... Chief Justice holding... Charles H. formed part... this Province, still that... of the 1st Victoria did... Council from suspendi... Act.—The Hon. Mr. J... from the Hon. and learn... that the Act 31 Charles... Criminal Law of the... contrary, held that it di... opinion that the motion...

The proceeds of the... funds of the Female Or... derstand, amount to £3...

The New Orleans... ten dollars for the car... Toronto Patriot.

The Yankees on the... recently made prize... that he is the chap who... other notables. We b... friendly neighbors; it... the whole of the execu... of their companions, w... promised their lives, on... citing as Jack Ketch as... men are both Yankees... be—set one to see to... Whig.

ST. PATRICK... The General Quarter... trick's Society, prepar... took place at the Albion... 8th instant.

G. H. PARKER, Esq... The Report of the Ma... been read and adopted, t... the election of Officers f... following was reported as...

Hon. D. DALY, Pr... G. H. PARKER, Esq... Hon. GEO. PEMBERTON... Committee of

Messrs. ALLEY, R. N... Bowen, Burke, Barrett, Brown, Buchanan, Cannon, Cullen, Caldwell, Colfer, Hon. Mr. Cochran, Mr. Downes,

Physi... Drs. Grassett, Re... P. L. WELLS, J. P. B... C. J. ALLEY

On motion of Mr. King... nald, it was—Resolved, meeting are disp and are... President and Vice-Presi... performed their differ... On motion of Mr. Cull... non, it was—Resolved, T... Lawler, Esqr, for the m... formed his duties as Tre... On motion of Mr. Ro... O'Meara, it was—Resol... this meeting he given to J... tal, talent and activity... the formation of the Soci... Secretary, and that he s... the confidence, and resp... The Meeting then adjp...