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Poetry.

TRYING TO PLEASE EVERY BODY.

HINTS TO EDITORS.

One reader cries, your strain's too grave,
Too much morality you have,
Too much about religion;
Give us some witch and wizard tales
Of slip-shod ghosts with fins and scales,
And feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings, and princes, and lords,
Of border wars and goblin hordes
That used to live in hovels.

No, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded low-sick stuff,
To cease the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news
Of Russians, Turks, the Poles, or Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
Of festive scraps of Latin;
The grocer fain would learn the price
Of tea and sugar, fruit and rice;
The draper, silk and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A riddle or a riddle;
Some wish for parliamentary news,
And some, perhaps of wiser views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gait his gender quill,
And scrawl against the paper:
Of all the literary foals,
Heeds in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the greatest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled-up variety,
Variety in all things—
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed (I only give the hint)
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of gear, I rain,
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses, fire, or troubles;
And other answers, full as wise,
'd rather have the fall and rise
Of shares in joint-stock bubbles.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a favorite dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should confute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofly or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
So brother editors, pursue
The path that seems the best to you,
And let the grabbers grumble.

THE MAID OF PADUA:

OR, — THE COUNCIL OF TWO.

By W. H. Murray.

(Concluded.)

The student made no immediate rejoinder to this remark, but seemed lost for some moments in profound meditation upon the startling intelligence which had been communicated to him. At last he said, "Reluctant as I am to believe that there is three persons in Padua base and wicked enough to entertain so diabolical a project, I confess there is that in what you have told me which have given me cause for uneasiness, if not for suspicion. Yet what to do in the matter passes my poor judgment to decide. Do you, however, keep your own counsel, until this mystery be further developed, in order to which do you procure two phials of the mixture this evening; deliver one to the nurse as usual, and secreting the other on your person; and you have much less dexterity than I give you credit for, if, when you are about to perform your office of Esculapian cup-bearer, you cannot exchange the bottles, and giving your lady the contents of the concealed bottle, secure for me that which had been previously in custody of the nurse. Will you undertake to do this?"

"That will I," was the answer, "though the eyes of Argus were upon me the while."

The Council of Two adjourned their sitting until the following evening, and having arranged to meet at the same hour, they proceeded on his errand to the apothecary, and thence returned to the palace of the marchese whose anxiety at the situation of his only child it is impossible to describe, aggravated as were his apprehensions by the singular and distressing effects of the potion which had been given the day previous. It was accordingly with the utmost impatience that he waited for the arrival of Vivaldi on the following morning. The learned physician, however, listened to an account of the effects produced by the medicine with great complacency; assured the marchese that they were precisely those which he expected and desired, and that if the course adopted were persevered in, he should not have the slightest doubt of the result being every thing that he could wish. During this conference, Vinzento was waiting in the anteroom of Giietta's chamber, out of which the nurse followed the physician on his taking leave, probably for the purpose of some communication on the subject of their patient, with which, however, the presence of the page appeared to interfere. The looks exchanged by the worthy pair tended to confirm him in his opinion as to the existence of a confederacy, whether for good or for evil, and he resolved to be more than ever on the alert.

As on the preceding day, Vinzento was summoned to administer the unwelcome dose to his lovely mistress, in whom he was greatly shocked to perceive an alteration, which, prepared for it as he was in some manner, he could not have supposed would have occurred in so brief a space. A moment's thought, however, on the important part which he hoped it would not prove to be a tragedy—restored his self-possession. The duplicate bottle was concealed in his sleeve, and with a nerve and hardihood scarcely to be looked for at his years, but which, nevertheless, was essential to the success of his manœuvre, he effected the exchange at the very moment that he was staring the nurse full in the face. This piece of audacity he subsequently justified by alleging that if he had turned from her during the operation, he could not have been sure that it had not been watched while the attempt at concealment, would, in itself, have excited suspicion.

Giietta turned from the nascent mixture with a shudder, occasioned by a recollection of the effects of the first she had taken; but encouraged by her favourite page, who ventured to hint that the same consequences might not result, she swallowed the draught, observing, as she did so, that there was a slight difference in the taste, which she thought not quite so

disagreeable as that of the former one. This remark was not heard by the nurse, who was engaged at the window of the apartment, and Vinzento was not sorry that it had escaped her.

Punctually at the hour of nine was our trusty page at the door of Leonardo, to whom he delivered the phial, the contents of which had been intended for his mistress. The liquor in it was perfectly transparent, and to all appearance in the same state as he had received it from the apothecary. Our student having extracted the cork, put the bottle to his lips, and then replaced it on the table before him. He then rose, and taking from the cupboard a small mahogany cabinet of exquisite workmanship and curiously inlaid, he opened it with a key which, suspended round his neck by a ribbon, had been concealed beneath his vest.

"This," said he to the page, "was presented to me by a celebrated German chemist, to whom it lay in his way to render some slight service. It is a collection of what we call technical terms and re-agents, and consists of some very rare and costly drugs."

As he spoke, he took from the cabinet a small bottle, which he contained a single drop into the phial already mentioned. He then, with much attention, and apparent anxiety, watched the effect for some minutes, but it was so unaccountable, the transparency of the liquid remaining undisturbed.

The student shook his head, and resumed again to his cabinet, whence he drew another small bottle, staining a powder, of which he took a few grains on the point of his penknife, and dropped them into the medicine. The effect of this experiment was not immediately discernible, but after the lapse perhaps of two minutes, the liquor in the phial became slightly clouded, and in the course of another minute the transparency was utterly gone.

A slight exclamation escaped Leonardo at this stage of the experiment, but it was no more than continuing to watch the process with intense anxiety as before. Another minute elapsed, probably a shorter space, for time flows heavily while we are looking eagerly for a result, and the capacity of the liquid diminished, and shortly afterwards, the transparency was restored, with the exception of a whitish sediment, which extended about the sixth part of an inch from the bottom of the phial.

"You are right, boy," exclaimed the student at the close of his test; "there is life play here!"

"And my poor mistress is murdered," returned the page with a cry of horror.

"Not yet, at any rate," replied Leonardo; but if she is not murdered, the failure will not be at the door of Vivaldi."

"I will denounce him instantly to the marchese," said the youth in an agony of indignation and grief, at the same time seizing his cap.

"You will do no such thing, Vinzento," responded the student; "because you will bring yourself into the awkward predicament of making a charge which you have no means of substantiating even in *foro conscientis*, much less in a Court of Justice. I see—or I greatly wrong Vivaldi—the game he is playing—which is to destroy life by degrees; so that when death occurs it should seem to be the consequence of disease, and not the result of conspiracy, which it is hard to conceive even the devils in hell could form against so fair and amiable a being. The powder which you perceive forms a sediment in that bottle is a deadly poison, and administered even in that minute quantity, would in the end, as surely destroy life as the pistol or the dagger. Nevertheless, it is sometimes used medicinally; and were you to denounce Vivaldi at this early stage of his plot he would justify himself upon that ground."

"But in the meantime," inquired Vinzento somewhat indignantly, "is my poor young lady to be sacrificed to these fiends in the guise of humanity?"

"Not if I can prevent it," replied Leonardo, "as with God's blessing and your help, I yet trust to do. You say she had taken but one dose of this devil's dixer?" he continued.

"But one," was the answer. "The evil ends with the temporary inconvenience to which it subjected her. Nature will soon regain her balance, and our care must be for the future."

Thus speaking he again resorted to his cabinet, and opening another division in it, drew forth a bottle nearly full of powder, which he remarked, as he displaced the stopper, was as precious as gold; but he added, "Were it my heart's blood, the preservation of this lovely girl would consecrate the sacrifice."

He then delivered the bottle to Vinzento, and with it taken from a small drawer of the cabinet, a series of forty minute silver cups, one within another, forming what is technically called, a nest of measures, of course of different capacity.

"This powder," continued the student, "is in itself perfectly innocent, of which," he added, filling the largest cup with a portion of it, and placing it on his tongue, "be this the proof. It has, however, the qualifications of counteracting many mineral poisons, and especially that to which Vivaldi has had recourse. Now with the dexterity which enabled you to substitute one phial for another, you will be at no loss to drop a portion of this powder into the cup from which the fair Giietta takes the draught. The portion will then be as innocuous as that which you administered to her this morning, and thus she will recover in spite of the physician—and that is saying something in most cases, and a great deal in this."

"But which," asked the page, "of all these measures, am I to use?"

"Begin," replied Leonardo, "with the smallest, then use the next, and so on—increasing the quantity every day; for I doubt not that when Vivaldi perceives that his medicine fails of its desired object, he will go on adding to the portion of the pernicious ingredient in each successive dose. Now," added the student, "can I trust you to do all this?"

"As implicitly," responded the page, "as you would one whose own life depended on his fulfilling your instructions to the letter."

"Then to your work," said Leonardo; which may God prosper, and thus shall we foil the conspirators with their own weapons." The dumviver council then separated.

On the following day the physician repeated his call at the place, when he was met by the marchese, who, his eyes sparkling with joy the while, announced to him a material improvement in his daughter. Vivaldi, with an expression of satisfaction on his lip, which however was belied by the perplexity of his looks, proceeded to the apartment of Giietta, whom he found to his surprise, if not to his delight, he greatly in much better spirits, and certainly bearing the appearance of improved bodily health.

The first question propounded by the doctor was whether the last draught had produced effects similar to those which followed the former one, and on being answered by the patient in the negative, a cloud passed over his countenance; and shaking his head, he expressed his disappointment, as well as his fears, that matters were not going on as he could wish."

He took his leave, followed by the nurse into the anti-chamber, where, as usual, was the indefatigable page, looking as stolid and stupid as his naturally handsome and intelligent features would allow him to do. His quick eye however, was upon them the instant that they were removed from him, and he perceived Vivaldi direct a look of inquiry at the nurse, which the latter answered by an affirmative gesture.

Thus matters went on for some time; the doctor becoming every day more and more mystified, and prognosticating the worst consequences from the disappearance of the symptoms which followed the first draught and the patient declaring that she did not care a rush for what the doctor said, for she felt that she was every day getting better, and referred to the returning roses on her fair cheeks as evidence of the fact.

Vivaldi said nothing to her, but by way of damping the marchese's exultation on the occasion, hinted at "hectic bloom," as indicative