

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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WEDNESDAY, 30th OCTOBER, 1839.

[No. 108.]

LONDON STATIONARY,

THE Subscribers have received supplies of the following articles of **PLAIN** and **ANCY STATIONARY**, viz:—

Writing Papers.
 Superior and Fine—Whitman's superior laid Foolscap, handily glazed; do. do. do. gilt yellow wove Post and Foolscap.
 Superior and Extra Fine—Fine laid superior large and small, thick laid, blue wove Post; fine and superior large and small thin laid yellow and blue wove Post; superior wove glazed and gilt Post; superior laid yellow and blue wove Note Paper, gilt and plain; extra Stain Post and Note Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain Letter and Note Paper, coloured; black edged and black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety of plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Drawing Papers
 AND DRAWING MATERIALS.
 The finest Drawing Paper, all sizes; coloured Crayon Paper; London and Bristol Drawing Boards, coloured and plain, of 2, 3, 4 sheets in thickness; Drawing Books; Ackermann's Colours and Colour Boxes, of 6, 12, and 18 cakes; Javelle's Colour Boxes; and Brockman's London's Drawing Pencils; Chalk Pencils, coloured Crayon Pencils, Portcrayons and Stumps for talk; Camel Hair Pencils; Flat Brushes, in hair, for varnishing; Indian Ink; Transfer Varnish; Blue Paper, coloured and plain; Tracing Paper; Cases of Mathematical Instruments, of every quality; a great variety of Elementary Drawing Books, Paper Machos, Miniature frames.

Cards, and Card Cases, &c.
 Gilt, black edged, black bordered, embossed, and highly glazed Visiting Cards, of different thicknesses, perforated, embossed, and fancy coloured; gilt, in, embossed, and iron Card Cases; Saying and Conversation Cards; Pocket Books, and Note Cases, assorted.

Inks, and Ink Stands, &c.
 Variety of ebony Inkstands; plain and fancy Inkstands; Pewter Ink Stands; Pocket Ink Bottles; Black and Red Ink, Patent Screw Top Inkstands; Exercise or Amusement Inkstands; Gold Silver Ink; Corbin's Pocket Inkstands.

Blotting Papers.
 Silver, and imitation Gold Paper; Monaco, Coloured, and Fancy Papers; Tissue Paper, coloured and plain; elegantly finished; Absorbent and Scrap Books; Memorandum Books, in gilt and black, red and fancy coloured; Blue Wax; Morocco and plain Leather Pockets; Books with or without steel clasps; embossed plain Portfolios; pattern overprinted Portfolios; Silver do. of Albat; Leads for replenishing do.; Desk Knives; Pink Tape, different widths; Prepared Parchment, different sizes of the finest quality; Riddle's universal Penholders; Gold Holders, and Gold Paper Ornaments; Plain and elegant Snuff Boxes; Rodger's knives; Tapers and Taper Stands; Screen Slides; Music Paper, in quires and in books; Gilt paper coloured and embossed, of various kinds; Toy Books, of all descriptions; Black Pencils, of different qualities; Slates and Penholders; India Rubber, patent and common; and base Paper Cutters; Rulers, Wax Stamps; alabaster and bronzed Letter Lights.

Blank Books.
 Binding of Ledger Journals, Day Books, Check Books, Ruled Memorandum Books, Books, &c.
 Blank Books made to order.
 Exchange in nooks; Merchants Tariff Pens, various kinds; Swan Quills, Italian boxes.

W. COWAN & SON.

SURGEON DENTIST.
 SPOONER, partner of Dr. W. Spooner, having arrived in Quebec, profess his personal services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Quebec and its vicinity.
 Will be found constantly at the Albion Room No. 13. Hours from 9 to 12, and 2 to 5 o'clock.
 Well furnished with superb Mineral Tooth Brushes and Powder, &c.
 16th Sep. 1839.

A. PARROTT,
 Plumber and Gas Fitter,
 REMOVED to No. 19, Mountain Street, opposite Mr. Neilson's Book Store, where he will be happy to receive all kinds of work in his line.
 8th May

Porty.

AUGUSTUS BROOM.

Time—In a Park of Flowers
 In a parlour gay the summer day,
 With bust and port pressed,
 Augustus Broom a young undergraduate,
 Lay down to take some rest;
 When Agnes sweet, his darling bride,
 Came in and sat down by his side,
 And said, "my dear, your Nancy's here!"
 He with a scarce reply,
 "What, asleep?" said she, "and as yet but three
 Weeks since we two were wed!
 I thought of a walk, on at least some talk,
 To give me some attention pray,
 And let not Nancy have to say,
 That when she has dressed and done her best,
 Her pains are thrown away."
 Nay, since you will be sewing still,
 I know what I shall do.
 Those whiskers fair, beyond compare,
 I'll clip a curl or two.
 I know you love these passing well,
 And would not part for a kingdom sell.
 But will serve you right for this shameful sight,
 And be a joke to tell."
 The deed was done, and she thought 'twas fun,
 For hair can grow again;
 But when Broom did feel the soft hard steel,
 He started on amain.
 "My dear," he cried, with a frantic roar,
 And quickly of both whiskers fore,
 "It is too bad—you would make me read—
 They cost me two pound four!"

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER.

On the 25th day of December, in the year 1835, three taps were lightly struck on the fourth floor door of a house on the Meigsere quay at Paris, one of those tall and ugly tenements that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grinning buffoons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside of the door to which they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat and to throw a piece of embroidery on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely, however, that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an expected visit or an unexpected one, will by and by appear; but in the first place, it is necessary to tell what the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in one yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half-pay captain of the empire, such as that class of personages became, to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm hearted; retaining the mustache of the soldier, and all the soldier's habits, among which drinking and smoking held so prominent a place as to swallow almost his pension; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly; and enormously proud of various scars and cuts, and certain of the shape of crosses of honor, huddled sabres, and riddled uniforms; spending in telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominos, all the time that was not taken up in drinking and smoking; such was Pierre Bertrand, and such was his way of life. For his family, Pierre had, properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of paternity upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had an offspring of his own. On the field of battle, a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arm; and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child, a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage; and it chanced that this step, when he took it only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Marie. But the veteran bore up bravely and did his duty nobly by both his children. To the boy, Jules, he contrived to give a good education, and six months before the period of his story—six months in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-

three years of age, had completed a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of the Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe, Marie was then 18, and as pretty a blue-eyed, merry-faced maiden as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as a sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marionettes," as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first case. About the feelings of the parties he had never thought much, and in truth, they had given him no cause for any uneasiness on this score.

One day immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, old Bertrand was seated in his lofty but not amicable, smoking seditiously and intemperately, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the post mark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus:

"Sir, I hasten to announce to you the demise of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin German, the proprietor of the foundry here. He has left a fortune valued at million of francs. No direct heir presenting himself to you reverses the sum of 500,000 francs, half of the whole succession, and which we have deputed to that branch of the deceased's relative. Of course you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights."

This epistle was before the signature of a provincial justice of the peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for five minutes and then broke out by way of thankfulness, into a few of his conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand nouns, one or two hundred pieces of cannon, and a proportionate quality of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs," at length cried he; "Marie, my girl read—read this. Read, my darling! five hundred thousand francs! Yes, units, hundreds, thousands, hundreds of thousands! Ah! right, Marie my girl! Hurrah for the Emperor! Hurrah!"

All was indeed right in the end. Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. But the collateral relations had taken advantage of his absence from the spot, and had prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five consciences at some few thousand francs a piece. In short, it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the by, in addition to twenty thousand received from the other side, made the affair a yet all proved true to the old fox. The necessary documents however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the recipient of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and rogues must have been at work, and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the cause came on before the provincial court of B—. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unwearied, for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience.—She knew not the issue on the evening of the 25th day of December, 1835.—It was then that she heard three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and started from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause then Jules?" said she at length. "No, Marie, it is gained; you are rich," was the reply. The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed—"Gained!

What then means this—this—?" Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid farewell. You will be wealthy and happy! Yes, I go, but you will think of me sometimes, will you not?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment starting and exclaiming, Jules went up to him, and placing a wadded pocket book in his hands, said, "My dear friend, justice has been done so what care are five hundred bank notes of 1000 francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage which fell to you, and which I received, as authorized by you? Bertrand looked at the papers, which Jules displayed to him; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears; and finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about?" cried he. "Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment? Won't you answer me? Marie! Jules! By the thunder there is something here—Marie, girl, tell me, why do you weep?"

The veteran's daughter made a desperate effort to compose herself.—"He is going away father," said she; "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, and cares so no more since we have become rich." After this effort Marie laid her head on her father's shoulder and wept more than ever.

"I hope, Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimpering means." "My father," replied Jules, "will put this right!" "You depart—ah, well—how long will you be away?" was Pierre's answer. "A long time, father," said the young man, "a long time—forever, perhaps! You have outlived me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be no more a charge to you! I leave Paris—Marie, you are insane!" returned the old soldier. "Quit Paris! and at this moment above all others, when you have won a cause that will ring in the courts! It is folly and I don't comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise."

Marie gently raised her head, and cast on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself softened by its influence.

"Yes, continued Bertrand, I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time too, only I thought I could bestow on you nothing but the penial; but you shall now have the setting along with it, my lad! It went do you any harm, will it, to have twenty-five thousand livres a year to keep you going! Come it is settled. Embrace him, Marie; I am pleased with him. Come and let us be off directly to a notary!"

"My father it is impossible!" cried Jules, in accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible! Already do my friends, the court, all Paris, declare that my labors, my journeying, have all been for this money! Oh, Marie! pardon me—I love you!—yes, I love you to idolatry! But were you now to be my wife, all men would put the finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatched at the rich heiress—snatched at her as soon as she had become so, and ere she could have an opportunity of seeing other suitors, more worthy of her condition, at her feet! Oh, why did I gain this cause?"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain when Bertrand, who had in the mean time taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause by thus addressing him. "It is, then, this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy!—It is this bundle of stuff," continued he holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents your wedding my little girl? Ah, well, young man, I admire your delicacy. But I will not be less generous than you!" So speaking, old Pierre turned to the window and, with all the force of a vigorous arm, sent the valuable pocket-book far into the deep and muddy waters of the Seine!

Bertrand then turned from the window and showing one single bank note to the astonish-