

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

VOL. II.—No. 46.]

WEDNESDAY, 5TH JUNE 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NEW GOODS.

WHITING.

40 CASKS on board the *Emmanuel* from London, for sale by GIBB & SHAW.

1st June.

SUPERFINE CLOTHS.

TWO CASES Superfine West of England CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, received per *Royal Tar*, for sale, low for cash or approved credit.

ALSO,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS.

J. C. HART,
Sault au Steilot street, opposite the Quebec Bank.

Quebec, 27th May, 1839.

JAMAICA RUM, LIME JUICE, GINGER, &c.

FOR Sale by the subscribers, the cargo of the brig *Greyhound*, just arrived from Jamaica, consisting of

Rum, Sugar, Lime Juice, GINGER and PIMENTO.

Apply to

LESLIE, STUART & CO.

25th May.

FOR SALE.

Just Received, ex "*Cornhill Castle*," FROM GREENOCK.

15 PIPES AND 5 HHDS. MARTEL'S BRANDY;

AND ON HAND,
271 bbls. Indian Corn Meal.

EBENEZER BAIRD.

Quebec, 18th May, 1839.

LONDON HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c.

FOR SALE AT THE STORE OF

HORATIO CARWELL,

No. 4, Fabrique Street,

A SMALL selection, assorted prices, Gentlemen's Black and Grey BEAVER HATS, made to order, of the newest shapes.

ALSO:

Three trunks Gentlemen's Dress Pumps; Wellington Cloth and Leather and Clarence Dress Boots, made of the best materials and of the most fashionable make.

10th April, 1839.

PERRY'S STEEL PENS.

JUST RECEIVED, a lot of the above, of superior quality;

ALSO,

Rodgers' Penknives,
Riddle's Pen and Pencil Holders.

W. COWAN & SON,

St. Peter Street, Lower Town, and
St. John Street, Upper Town.

Quebec, 18th May, 1839.

GIBB & SHAW

Now offer for sale.

TEN Pipes and Hhds. Martell & Hennessy's Cognac,

2 Pipes very superior Cognac,

4 Hhds. do. Hollands,

10 Pipes Spanish Brandy, 1 (7) 1,

10 Puns. Hamburgh Rum, 1 (7) 1,

100 do. Whiskey, 2 (7) 5, and 1 (7) 1,

3 Pipes Blandy's superior Madeira,

1 do. Blackburne's do. do.

10 Hhds. refined Sugar,

20 Tierces Bright Muscovado Sugar,

30 Bbls. do. do. do.

20 Chests and Baskets Salad Oil,

10 Baskets Double Gloster and Berkeley Cheese,

100 Boxes London Wax Wick, Sperm and Wax Candles,

12 Bales Soft Shell Almonds.

—ALSO—

Champagne, Claret, Hock, Sauterne, Madeira, Port, Pale and Brown Sherries, Pale and Dark Cognac of the very best qualities, in wood and bottle, and a very general assortment of Groceries.

Lower Town, 20th May.

NEW GOODS.

HORATIO CARWELL,

4, Fabrique Street.

HAS JUST OPENED AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF CHILDREN'S, MAIDS' AND LADIES' STRAW BONNETS, RECEIVED BY ELEUTHERIA, FROM LONDON.

18th May.

W. LECHEMINANT,

No. 1, Fabrique Street, Upper Town,

HAS JUST RECEIVED:—

10 BOXES ORANGES,

10 bbls. Borosa APPLES.

FOR SALE,

FIFTY Cases London mixed PICKLES, of superior quality, just received.

E. HOOPER & CO.

Hunt's Wharf,
Quebec, 29th May, 1839.

FRESH SEEDS.

Just received per late arrivals, a supply of RED AND WHITE CLOVER SEEDS, —Also, Turnips, Pease, Beans, &c. &c. of various kinds, and warranted of last year's growth.

BEGG & URQUHART,

13 St. John Street, and
St. Notre Dame Street,
Quebec, 1st June, 1839.

FOR SALE,

SUPERIOR PLUG TOBACCO, small 16's Sweet Malaga Wine, London Starch, Ground Ginger, Licorice, Bunch Raisins in half boxes and gr. do., superior Salad Oil, Champagne of various celebrated brands,—Spirits Turpentine, White Paint and Corks.

HENDERSONS & CO.

Hunt's Wharf.
Quebec, 1st June, 1839.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE:

150 KEGS Plug Tobacco,

30 boxes Honey dew & Ladies' twist,

20 hogsheds American Leaf do.,

22,000 real Havannah Cigars,

75 barrels Port Wine,

50 puncheons Grenada Rum,

40 barrels roasted Coffee,

20 do. Java do.,

450 boxes Bush Muscatel Raisins,

60 boxes Nouchong Tea,

50 catty boxes Hyson do.,

150 doz. Corn Brooms,

50 do. do. Dusters,

10 bales White Wax,

25 barrels Spirits Turpentine,

100 boxes Lemon Syrup.

—ALSO,—

Prime and Prime Mess Pork, Lard, Pease Oatmeal, Flour, Upper Canada Whiskey, Hemp and Canary Seed, Walnuts, Pickles, Candles, Pepper, Ginger, Oils, &c.

JOHN YOUNG.

18th May.

NOW LANDING,

From the "*Niger*," direct from Bordeaux,

AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER:

200 BASKETS Best Salad Oil,

16 hhd. Olive Oil,

7 hales Wine Corks,

5 hhd. best Cognac Brandy,

20 do. Vin de Graves,

30 do. St. Julien Claret,

50 cases Laiton Claret, 1834, very choice,

25 do. Laiton do do do do do,

25 do. Chateau Margaux do do do,

50 do. Sauterne, 1831,

50 do. Barsac, 1831,

10 do. superior Saut-erne, 1834,

50 do. St. Julien, 1833,

50 do. old Cognac Brandy.

LEMESURIER, TILSTONE & CO.

Quebec, 22d May 1839.

FOR SALE,

TWO HUNDRED Barrels of American

PITCH.

R. PENISTON.

Quebec, 2d March, 1839.

Porter.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

BY ELISA COOK.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! flink but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will lighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure that the world holds no treasure so rare;

Then the frown of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The week-searing teardrops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him,
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

THE LADY OF BUSTA.

A TALE.

About ninety years ago, Busta in Shetland was the property and residence of a gentleman named Gifford, in whose family history some incidents of a remarkable character took place. The wife of Mr. Gifford, usually designated Lady Busta, was a woman of vigorous mind, and of a temperament uncommonly proud and imperious, as the events to be related will sufficiently show. Lady Busta had borne to her husband four sons and several daughters. The eldest of these sons, John Gifford, had reached the age of twenty-five, at the period to which our narrative refers. Some years before that period, a new inmate had been added to the house of Busta, in the person of Barbara Pitcairn, the daughter of an old and dear friend of the Giffords, and who had recently been left an orphan. Barbara had sprung up, in the course of the two or three years spent at Busta, into a lovely and a blooming woman.

One day in the pleasant month of May, Lady Busta entered the sitting room in the mansion of Busta, where Barbara Pitcairn was seated alone bending over her work. A storm was on the lady's brow, as the orphan girl recognized at a glance; and when she recognized it, she trembled. "Know you, Barbara Pitcairn," were Lady Busta's first words, as she seated herself opposite the object she addressed, "know you the pleasant news I have heard to-day?" "I know not indeed, madam," said Barbara, attempting to smile, though she could not help shrinking under the stern gaze which Lady Busta fixed upon her. "I have heard, then," continued the lady, "that the heir of our house and name, John Gifford, has formed an attachment without my consent, and one unworthy of himself and his family." "Can it be, my lady?" said Barbara, timidly, hearing rather than seeing—for her eyes were fixed on her work—that a reply was expected from her. "It can be, and is so I am told," continued Lady Busta. "But mark me, Barbara Pitcairn—and you, I know, converse oft with John Gifford, and may tell him this—mark me, when I say, that before I saw the heir of our house degrade himself by a mean alliance, I would prefer to have him stretched a corpse at my feet!" These words made her auditor shudder; but the lady went on, her voice rising into accents of sterner passion as she spoke—"Ay, girl, though these breasts gave him food, I would sooner see his comely body lifeless—bloody—disfigured before me, than see him disgrace the name he bears! My lady my words, Barbara Pitcairn?" The young lady raised her eyes to the speaker's face as these last sentences were uttered, but dropped them again instantly, with an involuntary shudder at the expression which Lady Busta's countenance wore. The latter then, as if her mission was sped, rose slowly, and left the room.

For some minutes after she was gone, Barbara sat motionless as marble, and with its hue upon her features. When she awoke from the stupor into which she had fallen, it was only to enter upon a state of more acute suffering. Her work fell at her feet, and she

wrung her hands bitterly. "The evil day, then, has come at last," was her thought. "Heaven help the destitute, and those who have no home!" For a time Barbara could do nothing but repeat to herself such expressions as these, while her tears fell fast. "Yet can it be possible," thought she, "as she became more composed, that Lady Busta should have discovered all! Would she not have driven the object who offended her from her doors! And yet why should I deceive myself?" continued she, relapsing into her grief; "how can it be concealed long, even if yet unknown! How can it! No; something must be done instantly. I must see John immediately, ere this threatened storm breaks and involves us in ruin." Barbara hastily arose as she spoke, dried the traces of her tears from her countenance, and gathered her work into its place. She then prepared her attire for a walk abroad.

Our story requires that we should follow the young lady whither she went. Not far from the house of Busta was a roe, or a n of the sea, of considerable extent, being about a mile in breadth, and running into the land for several miles. To the shore of this sheet of water Barbara took her way, and walked out of sight of the family mansion, where she sat herself down on the grass. This day was a pleasant one of early summer, and at another time the orphan girl might have found pleasure in contemplating the smooth surface of a sea which rarely held a placid mood; but now her heart was too much occupied with other thoughts to enjoy the beauties of nature. Her eye and her mind were fixed on the angle of the hill, by the foot of which she had taken up her station. Not had she waited long before the object for which she looked, appeared.

A young man, in a hunter's dress, with a dog by his side, and a gun on his arm, came round the end of the hill, and advanced towards her. In a few minutes the pair were folded in an embrace, which proved that John Gifford and Barbara Pitcairn were lovers—at least.

John heard from the young lady's lips the language which his mother had used respecting his formation of an attachment to her station, and the narrator's tears again flowed as she repeated the words. Though concerned to hear what had passed, the heir of Busta was also irritated by the unfeeling expressions of his mother. "She has governed all as she wished," said he, "but affections are not to be ruled. Nor have I placed mine on an unworthy object, but on one who by birth and in every thing else but wealth, is mine equal—indeed, of whom I am unworthy." Such words as these were soothing to the ear of Barbara, but her alarm was too great to be quickly or easily removed. "She can only suspect an attachment between us, dearest Barbara," said Gifford; "but long ere her anger can go further, I will have taken steps with my kind father's help, to make it harmless." "There is more in it than suspicion, John," was Barbara's reply; "she has discovered—or been informed of something." "Suspicion, dearest, is all, believe me," said the young man; "our confidants are all true, and I bear the written tokens of our affection ever in my bosom—close to my heart. See here, love," said he, showing the corners of a few papers in the situation he spoke of. The converse of the pair continued for some time longer. At its close, Barbara, with her heart partially lightened of its load, took the path homewards, while John remained behind for a space, in order that jealousy might not be further awakened by their return together.

On the day following these occurrences, John Gifford and two of his brothers, William and Hay, with their cousin John Firkin, a young clergyman, lately made assistant to his father, the minister of a neighbouring parish, left Busta house to cross the roe already mentioned in order to spend the day with a gentleman on the opposite side. Barbara, from her window saw them take boat on the roe. Her heart communed with her lover even in this separation. A motion made by him with his handkerchief was answered by her in the same way; and, though unperceived by others, the signal gave joy to them. John's youngest brother James did not go with the rest by boat,