

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

VOL. II.—No. 73.]

FRIDAY, 9TH AUGUST, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE OLD FARM GATE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There, where is the gate that once served to divide the sun-shaded lane from the dusty road side I like not this barrier gaily bedight, with its glittering latch and its trellis of white. 'Tis as if I own—yet, oh! dearer by far than the red-rusted hinge and the weather-wrapp'd bar.

There are fashion and form of a modernized date, but I'd rather have look'd on the old farm gate.

There was here where the urchins would gather to play the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day; where the stream running nigh and the hillocks of sand were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand;

There to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride on the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride; and the car of the victor or carriage of state never carried such hearts as the old farm gate.

There was here where the miller's son paced to and fro, when the moon was above and the glow-worms below;

There he pensively leaning, now twirling his stick, while the moments grew long, and his heart-throb grew quick;

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there, with church-going vestment and straggling comb'd hair?

Oh! he loved, and he had promised to wait for the one he adored, at the old farm gate.

There was here where the grey-headed gossips would meet, on the falling of markets or goodness of wheat,—on the field lying fallow, that t'other just bought,—on the favorite themes for discussion and thought, on the merits and faults of a neighbour just dead,—on the hopes of a couple about to be wed,—on the Parliament doings, the bill and debate, on the one all canvassed and weigh'd at the old farm gate.

There was over the gate I taught Pliacher to bound on the strength of a steed and the grace of a bound;

There he might nudge and the spaniel might swim, and some could leap e'er that postern like him—some Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trips, and the quickly-pulled wench branch served for a whip.

There of anging and tugging he'd stand for his right, and he'd climb on his back from the old farm gate.

There well to pass mortals where pleasure and fame come winging our moments and gliding our name;

There to me the joy and the freshness of mind; there away on some sport—the old gate slam'd behind—

There to listen to music, but none that could speak his tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak broke on my ear when the night had worn late, and the dear ones came home through the old farm gate.

There is the barrier, taking its place, and darkens a picture my soul long'd to trace, and to behold the rough staple and hasp, and the rails that my growing hand scarcely could grasp.

How strangely thy warm spirit grudges that of the commonest relic once linked to the heart, the brightest of love—the kindest fate—did not banish my love from the old farm gate.

## LAUGHABLE STORY.

The following is a laughable account of the scene which befel an American gentleman upon a visit to a lady in Paris to whom he had written letters of introduction. After relating a number of ludicrous and amusing mistakes which befel his entrance into the presence of the lady, he proceeds—

"The ordinary routine of a French dinner is a regular series of servants approaching each instant at our elbows, inviting us to one of a thousand different kinds of wine, and strings of names which I no more understood than I understood their composition. I did my *gaucheries*. Resolute to avoid further opportunities for displaying my present trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying out to every thing that was offered me, and eating with the most devoted attention, till my fair neighbour, tired with my stilted and her own, at length herself initiated a conversation by enquiring how I was with the opera. I was just raising a morsel of potatoe to my mouth, and in order to answer as quickly as possible, I hastily took it up, intending to swallow it as hastily as I could. It was as hot as burning lava, could I do! The lady's eyes were fix-

ed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in a flame. I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"Monsieur is ill! at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired; I could bear no more. My mouth was flaying; with intolerable pain; so quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to the utmost, and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condescended with me to my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, led me to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted; I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was complete; for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and he said wisely. The fates of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for mustard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *chouffleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion.

Would to heaven that the *chouffleur* had varied with it. But that remained sadly, and as I gazed despondingly on the large mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, although I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully on against the mountainous heap at its base, and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could! without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligibly enough to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even of expelling that which had gained an unwelcome admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate, having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in its turn, and a great proportion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate righted itself—as I raised my person and saw as I glanced my eye around the table that no one had noticed my disaster. I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liqueurs were served round. Meantime I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dared not carry it any longer in my hand; having first thrown a morsel of paper, to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance in seeking for his own hat to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was turning up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated in a terrific voice.

I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider—and blinding an eye of the lady, while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down her neck and bosom.

"Mon dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the astonished pair.

"Mon dieu!" was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

"Have you cut your hand?" inquired one.

"No! no!—the spider—monsieur is killing the spider."

"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished, the spray of the execrable vegetable had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief into my pocket; but its contents remained.

"What a monster it must have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel position. "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment I felt some one touch me; and turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable, which had bedaubed and shipped down till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sacré! bête! sacré!" the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the doors. Suddenly there was a pause; a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats—and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustaches, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

I staid no longer; but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a "fiacre," and arrived safely home, heartily resolving, that to my latest hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

## LONDON CORRESPONDENCE TRAVELLED.

From our London Correspondent.—No. 5. London, July 12, 1839.

As the "Queen" did not sail as per advertisement, I am enabled contrary to my expectations, to forward you a letter filled full of the most delightful reading, gleaned from the Court Journal, which was loaned to my wife by Miss Julia DeClout, a nursery maid in the family of Sir Crapper Stirrup, a retired saddler, living at Pentonville.

But before I oblige your numerous readers with one syllable of foreign news, I must claim the privilege of making a few moral observations.

TRUTH I consider a very desirable ingredient even in the letters of a London correspondent; and although some modern philoso-

phers may esteem a matter of fact well enough in an oath, or a heavy, lumbering scientific discourse, but quite out of place, in an agreeable, light, and merely instructive evening paper, I must, even at the risk of being considered dull and prosy, confine myself to what, if I do not know it to be true, at least bears some resemblance to the truth; for even in matters of scandal, where great freedom is allowed as well as in *gourmanderie*, a *bonne bouche* should never be so highly seasoned as to prevent a mere mortal threat from swallowing it; and as in eating a made dish we must necessarily have great confidence in the cook, so in reading trumpery letters—if we have not confidence in the writer, half the pleasure, or more, which the perusal gives, is destroyed; and as we should mistrust a cook who had been convicted of poisoning his dishes, so we could never enjoy the facts of a correspondent who had been convicted of un-conscionable bouncing. I trust these remarks will not be thought at all impertinent; for I consider them very necessary as an explanation of the unusual course I had taken in my letters, of confining my remarks wholly to subjects on which I am well informed.

In my next I shall devote my whole time and talent in slandering the Queen, which I presume will be highly gratifying to your readers, as I understand the Americans take a great interest in Her Majesty, from the fact of her being a lovely young lady, born a Princess, educated for a throne, and called by the dispensations of Providence to rule over the most powerful and enlightened nation of Europe, while yet in her teens. I shall take peculiar pride in doing this through the medium of your paper, because I could not do it in my own country without subjecting myself to a situation in the pillory, and that, you must be aware, is by no means a gratifying appointment to a gentleman of education and refined principles, because the unhandsome custom prevails of saluting those gentlemen, who may chance to be so circumstanced, with added eggs and other disagreeable missiles.

The information which I gave you in my last, respecting the cotton market and the Bank, you will perceive, has been fully confirmed by subsequent advices. Among the passengers by the Queen, I am told by a porter in the employ of the British and American Transportation Company, is the celebrated Junius, author of some very clever letters. Lady Flora Hastings is at last dead. Her father was, or is, Governor General of Calcutta. Her ladyship died of a white swelling, caused by a severe blow which the youthful Queen of these realms inflicted with her own hands. Immediately on hearing of the death of poor Lady Flora, whom I knew intimately, her Majesty called for Lord Melbourne, and danced a Scotch reel with the premier. Miss Davys, the Duchess of Kent, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, very properly refused to join in the revelry, but the Baroness Lehzen and Lady Normanby played "off she goes" on the court piano. This I know to be a fact. The Queen Dowerer is very pious and very much beloved; stayed at the Opera last Saturday night until 2 o'clock in the morning.

Ducrow and Duverney are both engaged for the Bowery; they will leave here in August.—Bunn is used up. The grand lama in the Zoological Gardens was yesterday morning safely delivered of twins; the sensation it has caused in the fashionable world is immense; there were thirteen shillings and three pence taken at the collector's gate, the day on which the event occurred. Mr. Webster receives considerable attention.—I have not yet called upon him, but my Lord Brougham has very kindly taken him to see the lions in the Tower, and he has also loaned the learned Senator his favorite wig to wear at Court. The Queen told the Marchioness of Mincing Lane she invited Mr. Peel to her soirée she would scratch her eyes out; comment is unnecessary. The Grand Duke was not at all gratified with his visit to England, and I have it from good authority, that the Emperor, his father, intends to demand from the British Government the money which his son lost one night at Crookton.

As foreign news has become very essential