

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 42.]

MONDAY, 27TH MAY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

BOARD AND LODGING.
FREE or FOUR GENTLEMEN can be accommodated comfortably and on rate terms, with Board and Lodgings, airy situation, outside St. John's Gate near at the Transcript Office. Quebec, 10th April, 1839.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
FO APARTMENTS neatly furnished, in a respectable private family, with a single gentleman. The neighbour of Hope Gate would be preferred. Address: stating terms, No. 29, Transcript Office, Quebec, 1st May.

NEW SHIP CHANDLERY ESTABLISHMENT.
THE Subscribers having entered into Co-partnership, intend carrying on the above business (in the premises lately occupied by S. Ashley & Son, St. Peter-street,) under the style and firm of Pinkerton & Oliver, A. H. PINKERTON, J. E. OLIVER. Quebec, 20th May.

THE business heretofore carried on by GEORGE HOWARD will from the 1st May, continued by the Subscribers, under the name of GEORGE HOWARD & SON, Shoemakers and Farris, St. Paul street, Quebec, 1st May.

THE subscribers will commence in their new establishment as well as the old in ways, where they will have on hand all of ready-made Implements of Husbandry, as Forks, Hoes, Axes, Spades, Ploughs, &c. &c. Horses shod in the best manner—Good Stabling for Sick Horses. They themselves that shall be able to every satisfaction; and as they wish to business on as short credit as possible, all who have been in the habit of putting off payment from time to time, will have to pay on the spot,—as times and prices will not vary more than three months credit. GEO. HOWARD & SON, Foot Hope Street. Quebec, 1st May.

THE Partnership existing under the Firm of SAUBIN & Co. is dissolved from this date. The business in future will be carried on by J. SAUBIN, who solicits a continuance of support he has at all times received, and hopes to give satisfaction to those who honor him with their patronage. Quebec, 9th Apr 1839.

TO LET,
THE principal part of a LARGE HOUSE, on the Esplanade, with every convenience. Apply at the Transcript Office, St. John Street, Quebec, May 4th, 1839.

TO LET.
A CONVENIENT and pleasantly-situated COTTAGE, near the Wharf at Beauport, lately in the occupation of M. HARRISON;

ALSO,
APARTMENTS suitable for a Family in a large House belonging to the Heirs of the E. GRAY, Esq., on the Beauport Road, about three miles from town. Apply on the premises to MRS. THE WIDOW RITCHIE. Quebec, 4th April, 1839.

TO BE LET.
From the First of May next, THE BREWERY WHARF at Pres-de-Ville, with the Buildings thereon.

ALSO,
The Wharf and Stores adjoining the south side of the river. The premises are both at present occupied by Mr. Alex. Hamilton. For terms apply to the undersigned. S. MACAULAY, Agent. Quebec, 20th Feb 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.

THE subscribers have received, per *Eleutheria* & *Royal Tar*, their usual supply of LONDON STATIONARY, Comprising a very general assortment;

ALSO, A FEW BOOKS, Among which are the following: THE Cabinet of Paintings, very elegant, Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, Scrap Books and Albums, various bindings, Miniature Classical Library, 62 vols. bound in silk, in a case, Bibles, Prayer Books, Testaments, and Church Services, in great variety.

W. COWAN & CO. St. Peter Street, Lower Town, and St. John Street, Upper Town. Quebec, 18th May, 1839.

SADDLERY.
THE subscriber has on hand, and offers for Sale, on liberal terms—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddles, Bridles, Whips, &c.; Harness made up in the latest style, and with fashionable mountings; and a good assortment of Travelling Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Also, Horse, Spoke and Water Brushes; Mane and Curry Combs; Rollers; Scurplings and Horse Clothing. Gentlemen in want of the above articles would do well to call and examine them. H. J. MANNING, Saddler. 55, St. John Street, near the Gate. 15th May.

FOR SALE,
AN UPRIGHT PIANO FORTE, in excellent order, belonging to a person having no further use for it. Can be seen any day between the hours of 2 and 6. Apply at the Transcript Office, St. John Street, Quebec, 4th May, 1839.

JOSEPH AULD, SADDLER.
IN returning thanks to the Public and Gentlemen of Quebec for the very liberal support he has received since he has commenced business, begs leave to inform them that he removed to the Shop lately occupied by Mr. Oliver, Saddler, Fabrique-street, who retires from that business, and who has so kindly recommended J. A. to his customers. J. A. will have on hand a more extensive assortment of goods in his line than formerly, which he will dispose of as reasonable as any in the trade. Hoping that by constant attention and punctuality to orders he will merit a continuance of that patronage he has so long enjoyed. 26th May.

PASSAGE FROM BELFAST.
PERSONS desirous of having their friends brought out from Belfast in Mr. Grainger's ships the ensuing spring, can have it done by paying the amount of passage to the undersigned. G. H. PARKER, Quebec, 14th Feb. 1839.

FOR SALE OR CHARTER.
THE splendid new copper-fastened Bark —, about 298 tons old measurement, will be fastened according to Lloyd's new Book. If not sold will accept a Charter to Liverpool or Belfast. Apply to EDWARD OLIVER, St. Roch. 4th April.

R. C. TODD, HERALD PAINTER,
No. 15, St. Nicholas Street.

THE COQUETTE.
BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Concluded.

The party who had entered, with St. Aubyn, immediately took seats; but he stood, transfixed to the spot where his eyes first caught the form of his mistress, in the coil of another. She saw not him. With laughing eyes, and cheeks flushed with exertion, she continued the measure of licence, her spirits mounting, as the music quickened, until she seemed to float round her partner, who freely availed himself of the favourable movement of the step, to draw her towards him, in momentary pressure. They, at length, sat down amidst the applauses of the company. St. Aubyn withed! He retired to a quarter of the room where he thought he should escape observation, and threw himself into a chair.

"Who think you, now the happy man?" said one of the group of gentlemen who stood within a few paces of him. "Why, who, if not Singleton?" replied another; "he has waltzed himself into her heart. This is the twentieth time I have seen her dance with him."

"Oh! another will waltz him out of her heart!" interposed a third; "she is an incorrigible coquette, from first to last." Here the party separated. St. Aubyn scarcely knowing what he did, after sitting abstracted for a few minutes, rose, and passed out of the hall-room. He descended the staircase, with the intention of quitting the house; but the supper-room had been just thrown open, and the press carried him in. Nor was he allowed to stop until he had reached the head of the table. Every seat but two, close to where he stood, was occupied. "By your leave sir!" said a voice behind him. He stepped back; and the waltzer led his mistress to one of them, and placed himself beside her. St. Aubyn would have retreated—but could not without incommoding the company, who hemmed him in. Amelia drew her gloves from the white arms they little anticipated by covering—the waltzer assisting her, and transferring them to the custody of his bosom. His eyes explored the table in quest of the viands, which, one after another, he recommended to her; until she made a selection. He filled a wine-glass with sparkling Burgundy, and presented it to her; then crowned a goblet, till the liquid almost overtopped the brim—breathed her name over it, in a sigh—and quaffed it off to the bottom, at a draught. He leaned his cheek to her's, till the neighbours almost touched. He whispered her—and she replied in whispers. He passed his arm over the back of her chair, partly supplanting it in the office of supporting her shoulders. He pressed so close to her, that it would have been the same had both been sitting in one seat. She was either unconscious of the familiar vicinity, or she permitted it. The whispering continued; the word "marriage" was uttered—repeated—repeated again. St. Aubyn heard her distinctly reply, "I will not marry yet;" as she rose, and, turning, they met face to face!

"St. Aubyn!" she involuntarily exclaimed. St. Aubyn spoke not, save with his eyes, which he kept fixed steadfastly upon her. "When did you arrive?" she inquired hurriedly, and in extreme confusion. "This evening," replied St. Aubyn, without removing his eyes. "When did you join our party?" "While you were waltzing," returned St. Aubyn, with a smile. "And how long have you been standing here?" "Since supper commenced; I made way for your partner to hand you to that seat, and place himself beside you."

"You have not supped! sit down, and I will help you." "No!" said St. Aubyn, shaking his head, and smiling again. "My mother has not seen you yet! Come and speak to her." "No! I have not a moment to spare. I leave town immediately." "When?"

"To-night!—Farewell!" said he, turning to go.

"You surely are not going yet?" earnestly interposed Amelia. "I must not stay," emphatically rejoined St. Aubyn. "For one object alone I came to town. That is finally disposed of. The necessity for my departure is imperative. Remember me to your mother. Good night!" he added, moving towards the door.

"Have you been well!" she inquired, almost tremulously. He continued his progress as fast as the throng permitted him—affecting not to hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon his arm, and stopped him. "You surely are not well now," she said in a tone of solicitude.

"No," he replied, passing on till he reached the door. "St. Aubyn!" she exclaimed, heedless of those who surrounded her, "stay a little longer!—an hour—half an hour—the quarter of an hour."

St. Aubyn stopped; and turning, looked upon her, with an expression so tender, yet so stern, that she half shrank as she met his gaze. "Not a moment!" he replied; "I should be only a clog upon your pasture. I do not waltz!"—Then snatched her hand—raised it to his lips—kissed it—and dropping it, hurried down the staircase, and departed.

Amelia, at once perceived the awkwardness of her situation, recovered her self-possession, and with well-dissembled mirth, affected to laugh. "A poor 'mattock," she exclaimed, "who a lipity, notwithstanding his extravagant aberrations of mind. He is innocent, in his madness. But come, let us forget him!"

The dance was resumed. She was the queen of the mirthful hour that shone, surpassing all. She laughed, she rallied, she challenged, she outdid herself—her spirits towering the more, the more the revel waned. Party after party dropped off; still she kept it up till she was left utterly alone—and then she rushed to her chamber, and cast herself upon a couch—dissolved in tears.

She loved St. Aubyn. Vanity had been touched before—but never sentiment, till she visited the little fishing hamlet, on the coast of Devonshire. At first, she could not persuade herself that St. Aubyn would not return;—but a month set that point perfectly at rest. She drooped. Society, amusement, nothing could rouse her into her former self. Her partner in the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with him again. She decline the honour; his visits were discouraged. Her mother anxiously watched the depression of spirits that had taken possession of her, and seemed daily to increase. The winter passed without improvement—the spring. Summer set in; bloom and fruit returned—but cheer was a stranger to her heart. Change of scene was recommended. She was asked to make choice of the place whether she would go—she replied, with a sigh, "to the little fishing hamlet."

She and her mother arrived there early on Sunday morning, and reoccupied the identical lodging which they had taken before. The landlady, a kind-hearted creature, expressed her surprise and sorrow at the altered appearance of her young lodger.

"Ah, the young gentleman would be sorry to see this—though he has had his turn of sickness too; but he is now quite recovered." "Mr. St. Aubyn," breathlessly inquired Amelia.

"Yes," replied the landlady, "that same handsome, kind young gentleman." "Merciful heaven! is he here?" she vehemently demanded.

"He is, my lady," returned the landlady. "Mother!"—she exclaimed, as she turned upon the latter a look, in which pleasure was parted, for the first time since the momentous night of the ball.—"Where does he lodge?" "In the same place. He came back about a month after he left," added the landlady.

"Poor young gentleman!" she continued, "we all thought he had come here to die amongst us—so pale, so melancholy. He would