

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

OL. II.—No. 41.]

SATURDAY, 25TH MAY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ERR'S STEEL PENS.

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

ALSO,

Rogers' 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.

Subscribers have received, per *Eleutheria*
& *Royal Tur*, 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,
Books and Albums, various bindings,
ature Classical Library, 62 vols. bound in
ilk, in a case,
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 Gentle-
men's Saddles, Bridles, Whips, &c.; Har-
made up in the latest style, and with fash-
ionable mountings; a good assortment of Tra-
ging Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags.
Saddles, Horse, Spoke and Water Brushes;
e and Curry Combs; Rollers; Surcingles;
Horse Clothing.

gentlemen in want of the above articles
will do well to call and examine them.

H. J. MANNING, Saddler.

55, St. John Street, near the Gate.
Quebec, 4th May, 1839.

FOR SALE,

AN UPRIGHT PIANO FORTE, in ex-
cellent order, belonging to a person hav-
ing to 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.

returning thanks to the Public and Gen-
tlemen of Quebec for the very liberal sup-
ply he has received since he has commenced
business, begs to inform them that he re-
turns to the Shop lately occupied by Mr. Ollivier,
Saddler, Fairbairn-street, who retires from
business, and who has so kindly recom-
mended J. A. to his customers.

J. A. will have on hand a more extensive
assortment of goods in his line than formerly,
and he will dispose of as reasonable as any
other trade. Hoping that by constant atten-
tion and punctuality to orders he will merit a
continuance of that patronage he has so long
enjoyed.

May.

PASSAGE FROM BELFAST.

PERSONS desirous of having their
trunks, boxes, or other articles, brought out from Belfast in
Stranger's ships the ensuing spring, can
do so by paying the amount of passage
and undersigned.

G. H. PARKE,

Quebec, 14th Feby. 1839.

FOR SALE OR CHARTER.

A splendid new copper-fastened
Bark, about 298 tons old
arrangement, will be fastened according to
order, and sold as a new Bark.

not sold will accept a Charter to Liver-
pool or Belfast. Apply to

EDWARD OLIVER.

St. Roch. April.

R. C. TODD,

ENRAGED PAINTER,

No. 16, St. Nicholas Street,

THE COQUETTE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"I will not marry yet," was her reply—her
face half averted from the kneeling figure be-
side her, whom still she suffered to retain her
hand—whose arm still encircled her waist, un-
forbidden. "I will not marry yet;" and love
was in the tone of the very accents that with-
held the boon of love, or deferred the bestowal
of it.

St. Aubyn was a young man of moderate
fortune; accomplished, unsophisticated, of
quick sensibilities. A student, and fond of re-
tirement, he had selected for his summer resi-
dence a small fishing hamlet, on the romantic
coast of Devonshire; where, between his books
and the sea-shore, along which he loved to
ramble, his time passed anything but heavily.
Here he had resided about a month, when the
little community received an addition, in a
young lady and her mother, who joined it for
the purpose of a temporary residence; and St.
Aubyn stepped back, in surprise, when, issuing
one morning from the cabin in which he lodg-
ed, he beheld two females, in the attire, and
with the air, of fashion—the one leaning upon
the arm of the other—approaching the humble
portal whence he had just emerged. He bowed,
however, and passed on.

He had scarcely more than glanced at the
strangers; but, transient as was his survey of
them, he saw that one of them was an invalid
—the younger. "How touching is the lan-
guage which indignation casts over beauty!"
exclaimed St. Aubyn to himself. "Her health
would improve the loveliness of that face, but
the interest which now invests it would vanish.
No visitation," he continued, "but late hours
and crowded rooms have sent her hither—for I
prophecy she comes to make some stay. Sid-
mouth would be change of scene, not change of
occupation!" He was right. St. Aubyn re-
turned from his ramble earlier than was his
custom. His thoughts that day, were in the
hamlet, and yet upon the shore. He ap-
proached his lodging with something like the
emotions of expectation and suspense. He
looked at his landlady, on entering, as if he
expected her to communicate something; and
was disappointed when she merely returned the
ordinary response to his salutation. He
entered his apartment, dispirited, and threw
himself into a chair near the window, the
sash of which he threw up, as if he wanted
air. For the first time, he felt the oppression
of loneliness. "They have not come to stay,"
said he to himself, and absolutely with a sigh
—and no wonder! In an assembly, a lovely,
graceful, and delicate woman, beheld for the
first time, would have exacted from him only
the ordinary tribute which beauty shares with
beauty; but in a remote little hamlet, uninhab-
ited by beings as rude as their neighbours, the
sea and the rocks, such a vision could hardly
come, and vanish, without leaving a strong
impression upon the beholder. St. Aubyn sat
abstracted, chagrined—mortified.

The opening of a window, in a cabin oppo-
site, roused him. The sash was thrown up
by a white arm, shining through a sleeve of
muslin, thin as gauze. Presently, a dimpled
elbow reposed upon the sill; and a check of
pensive sweetness sank upon a hand, so small,
so white, that it seemed to have been modelled
for no other office than to pillow such a
burden. A thrill ran through St. Aubyn,
quivering him into wakeful life.

How the hand talks! What passion, thought
and sentiment are in it! What tongues are
the fingers! Oh! the things that the hands
which St. Aubyn sat watching, discoursed to
him, as it changed its posture—now with
the palm, now with the back, kissing its own
owner's cheek—now extending one finger upon
the marbled, ample temple—now entwining
itself with one jetty curl and another
—now passed over the arched brow fore-
head—now lowered, and languidly drooping
from the window-frame, upon which the arm
to which it belonged lay motionless—then raised
again, with slow and waving motion, till
it closed with the cheek that half met it, then
gradually crossed over the bosom that seemed
to breathe with a sigh as it passed, and pressed

to the heart—then clasped with its beautiful
fellow, and carried to the back of the head,
the full elastic arms swelling and whitening,
as they contracted!

St. Aubyn gazed on entranced. Hitherto,
the cheek alone of the fair invalid had been
presented to him, but now her head turned:
her eyes met his and dropped,—she rose and
withdrew.

Only glimpses of her did St. Aubyn catch
again, that evening,—but they were frequent.
A hand—an elbow—the point of her shoulder
—once or twice her figure, flitting backwards
and forwards, as she passed up and down the
apartment. Dusk fell; still he remained at
his post. Was it a guitar that he heard? It
was but awakened as the first tone of an Eo-
lian harp, which you hold your breath to hear.
Her hand was on the strings; one chord at
length she struck full; another succeeded—
and another. Then all was silence, for a
time. St. Aubyn still remained at the win-
dow,—nor in vain. The music woke again,
as fairly soft as before; and a voice—soft as
music, but oh! far sweeter—awoke, along
with it. She was singing, but he could hear
nothing except the strain; and yet he heard
enough to tell him that it was the theme of ten-
derness, though sung by fits, that rather seem-
ed to help than mar the passionate mode. The
stars shone out; the moon, in her last quarter,
half completed, showed her bright crescent
clear though setting; the folds of a white
drapery shone dimly through the still open
casement. Did the weary approach, to look
out and gaze upon the fair knight? No.
The sash was pulled down; the string and
the voice were hushed; the interesting
minstrel had retired. St. Aubyn retired too;
but, though his head was upon the pillow, not
a moment of that night were his vision and
his ear withdrawn from the open window.

It was broad day before forgetfulness cast
her spell over the excited spirits of St. Aubyn,
nor was it broken till high noon. He arose,
emerged from his chamber, and took an an-
xious survey of the habitation opposite. The
room appeared empty. He partook of a slight
repast; and sallied out, made his way to the
shore. He had not proceeded far, when, turn-
ing a point, he beheld the elder female, about
a hundred yards in advance of him, standing
still, and looking anxiously upwards towards
the cliff. He followed what appeared to be
the direction of her eyes, and saw the young-
er, half way up, reclining upon her side. Some-
thing appeared to be amiss. He quickened his
pace; and, joining the former, learned, from
her, that her daughter, attempting to reach
the top of the cliff, had incautiously trenched
and, unaccustomed to look from a height, was
prevented by terror from proceeding or des-
cending; that, from the same cause, she had
slipped down several feet; and that she, her-
self, durst not attempt to go to her assistance.
St. Aubyn had heard enough; he bounded up
the steep. As he approached the fair one, mo-
destly half overcame terror, and she made a
slight effort to repair the disorder into which
her dress had been thrown by the accident.
St. Aubyn assisted to complete what she effect-
ed but imperfectly; he encouraged her, raised
her, and propping her fair form with his own,
led her, step by step, down to the beach again.
Nor, when she was in perfect safety, did he
withdrew his assistance,—nor did she decline
it; though, as apprehension subsided, confu-
sion rose, colouring her pale cheek to crimson,
at the recollection of the plight in which she
had been found. Her ankle was slightly sprain-
ed, she said, having turned under her, when
she slipped. What was this, if not a warrant
for the proffer of an arm? At all events, St.
Aubyn constructed it as such, and escorted the
fair stranger, leaning upon him, back to her
lodgings. From that moment, a close intimacy
commenced. They were constantly together,
sometimes accompanied by the mother,—more
frequently, and at last wholly alone. Con-
tinuing in solitude, between the sexes and in
the midst of romantic scenery, where there is
no impediment, no distaste on either side, is al-
most sure to awaken and to foster love. St.
Aubyn loved. The looks, the actions, all but
the tongue of Amelia assured him that his pas-

sion was returned. Her health had improved
rapidly; the autumn was far advanced, and the
evenings and nights were growing chill. The
mother and daughter now talked of returning
to town; a day was fixed for their departure;
and, on the eve of that day, St. Aubyn threw
himself at the feet of the lovely girl, and im-
plored her to bless him with her hand. Yet,
though she did not deny that he had interested
her—though her eyes and her cheek attested
it—though she suffered him to draw her
towards him, by the tenure of her graceful
waist—still was her reply,—"I will not marry
yet."

St. Aubyn did not require to ask if his visit
would be permitted in town—he was invited
to renew them there. An excursion to Paris
however, on a matter of pressing necessity, respec-
ting the affairs of a friend, prevented his
return for a month. At the expiration of that
time, he found himself in London; with a
throbbing heart, repaired to the habitation of
his mistress, on the very evening of his arrival.
The house was lighted up;—there was a ball.
He was scarcely dressed for a party; yet he
could not overcome his impatience to behold
again the heroine of the little fishing hamlet.
He rang, at the same moment when a knot of
other visitors came to the door; and entering
along with them, was ushered into a ball-
room, the footman hurriedly announcing the
names of the several parties. The dance was
proceeding. It was the whirling waltz—

The dance of contact else,

Forbid! abandoning to the free hand
The sacred waist; while face to face—that breath
Doth kiss with breath, and eye embraceth eye—
Your traced coil relaxing, straightening,—round
And round, in wavy measure, you entwine
Circle with circle—till the swimming brain
And panting heart, in swoony lapse, give o'er!
It was the waltz, and the couple consisted of a
man of the town and—Amelia!

To be continued.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Wives wanted.—Three bachelors of Shebo-
yon, Wisconsin Territory, have advertised for
wives.—Here is their advertisement: "The
subscribers take this method of making their
wishes known to the single ladies of Wiscon-
sin. The reason for advertising for wives is,
because there is a scarcity of single ladies here-
about. We want those who understand all
kinds of housewifery; rather tall than short;
rather slim than thick set; of good form and
features; neat turned ankle and small feet,
and not to exceed eighteen years of age. Any
wishing to obtain a husband, will please ad-
dress us through the post office at Shebo-
yon. Address N. B. who is not over 22 years of age;
M. W. who is not over 27 years; and A. D.
who is not over 22 years of age.

Chca.—The Salem (Mass.) Gazette speaks
of an itinerant preacher now laboring in that
neighborhood, who holds forth at a cent a mi-
nute.

A Topper.—Mr. Vanhorn, a Dutch merchant,
drank a certain number of bottles of port daily,
and upon reckoning upon the number he had
drank during 23 years, it amounted to 35,686
bottles, or 59 pipes of red port.

A Temperance Movement.—In Pennsylva-
nia, the licenses to tavern keepers are granted
on petition by the counties. It is stated with
commendation in a Lancaster paper, that the
courts of York and Adams counties have lately
adopted a rule that if any licensed tavern keep-
er in either of these counties, shall sell ardent
spirits, to a person of known intemperate habits,
so as to impair his usefulness or make him
troublesome to others, such act, on the part of
the tavern keeper, shall be held to be sufficient
cause, at all times thereafter, for refusing again
to license. This rule takes effect in York on
the 1st, and in Adams on the 15th of June
next.

Not Bad.—The Baltimore Sun says; A pho-
nologist at Gettysburg, Pa, has discovered
three new humps. He calls them *Brassfuti-*
liveness, Softcapability and Walkincom-
poctiveness.