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A LESSON FOR COQUETTES.

"We have a visitor to-day," said Lord Pallister to his niece, the lovely Elizabeth Pallister, who was on a visit for a week to her right uncle.

"Who is it?" said the lady, "a lady or gentleman?"

"A gentleman, Mr. Jones."

"And who is Mr. Jones—is it Bumper Jones, or the renowned Tom?"

"But we will save his lordship the trouble of describing who Mr. Jones was. He was simply Mr. Jones, of Pierrefield, in the county of Suffolk. Now this description is very short, but it is quite sufficient to describe Mr. Jones. It is evident he was not of very ancient gentility—he had been so, he would have been Mr. Jones of Pierrefield Hall, or Pierrefield Manor; he was not a retired merchant, or he would have been Mr. Jones of Pierrefield House; he was not a retired shopkeeper, or, in his case, would have been denominated with the eulphonic name of Rose Villa, or Bellevue Cottage, or 14-rented Lodge. But Mr. Jones's house was a very good house, it stood on a lawn only one hundred yards from the road-side, and the entrance-gate was suspended between massive stone piers, surmounted with round balls. I is, therefore, evident that its owner was a man of a small independent fortune, and that he was a gentleman by two or three despatches. Now, Mr. Jones was a bachelor, his age twenty-five, his education such as he could obtain at a celebrated, endowed school in the neighbourhood; he was eminently handsome, but could not pretend to great abilities; he was good-natured and well-disposed, and a special favourite of Lord Pallister."

Now, Miss Pallister, being a wit, was a little bit of a coquette—just sufficient of evil in her disposition to prevent her being an angel, but she was a very charming lady. She therefore dealt of with herself the course she should pursue towards Mr. Jones, whether she should dash the poor squire by her satire, astonish him by her wit, or fascinate him by her coquetry, and finally determined to be ruled by circumstances. Accordingly, after having been introduced to our squire, Miss Pallister occupied the five minutes which usually intervene between the completion of the toilet and the serving of dinner in surveying the fortress she meant to attack. "Not at all distinguished in his appearance," was her first thought, "but the man is decidedly handsome," her second.

People may talk of their appreciation of intellectual gifts, but there are few who are indifferent to personal beauty; and when Mr. Jones led the lady to the dining-room, he was favoured with the sweetest of smiles, and during dinner, and until she retired to the drawing-room, she had directed the full battery of her charms and graces against the heart of Mr. Jones. She was witty without ill-nature, and vivacious without being rude; but when she was alone she confessed to herself that in all appearance her labour had been thrown away. Jones had listened to her conversation, but he had not expressed and did not seem to feel, any great admiration of either her wit or her beauty; but his polite replies and accommodating alternatives were given with a degree of good-humoured non-chalance, that convinced Miss Pallister, to her great mortification, that she had failed in her attack on the heart. "A mere country squire to be thus invulnerable to charms which have driven half the fashionable world mad," thought she, "it is wonderful!" and Miss Pallister was not vain in so thinking—it was a fact. "The man is not a fool either, and the fellow is handsome." She coloured, and thought alone, as this idea a second time occurred. She, the star, or rather the sun of fashion, was not surely losing her own heart without obtaining another in exchange. "How! it was ridiculous, but this did not prevent her, when the party re-assembled, from renewing her attack, and she again failed; for Jones, from the effects of good wine and Miss Pallister's encouragement, had become rather talkative, and to her surprise he talked remarkably well; for, though not brilliant, he had good sense, had read a great deal and had a good memory. The evening soon passed away, and the lady, on reviewing the events of the

day, was mortified to confess that, not only she made no impression on Mr. Jones, but she began to suspect that her own heart was not invulnerable; she recollected that she had listened with pleasure to Jones's disquisition on the Ptolemaick kings, she who had verily listened for two minutes together to anybody—it was ominous.

The intercourse between the parties became daily of a more particular description, and Miss Pallister was delighted to find that she had subdued the stubborn heart of Jones. How she would tease him when he had been once brought to confession. But to bring about this confession was more difficult than the lady expected. If she gave him encouragement in the presence of her uncle, Jones would follow her lead briskly enough; but alone he was grave, frigid, and polite—but, alas! not loving. Now this was exactly the contrary of what Miss Pallister wished: she had no objection to coquette, but she had a great aversion to being found out. She knew that her uncle would not allow her to make a fool of any man, and if Jones were to make a declaration in consequence of any public coquetry, she must either at once accept him or incur that nobleman's serious displeasure; and she was always uneasy if any difference took place with that relative, to whom she was sincerely attached.

But all things come to a close; so did Miss Pallister's visit to her uncle—and Mr. Jones had neither made a declaration nor seemed inclined to do so; and, left alone in her carriage as it bore her to London, her reflections were none of the most pleasant. She felt that, in playing the game of coquetry, she had not only failed in her object, but had lost her heart—and doubts and fears possessed her breast, that perhaps Jones, disgusted with her conduct, might direct his attention elsewhere—and she burst into tears at the thought.

Now, Lord Pallister had seen the game his niece was playing, and was pretty well aware of the state of her heart, and it rejoiced him that her affections had fallen where they had; but he laughed heartily at the thought, that a mere country squire like Jones should so completely outmanœuvre a practised coquette like his niece. "Jones likes the girl," said his lordship to himself, "and he shall have her, but let her suffer a little; and she shall be did. Letters from his sister-in-law described his niece as not well, pale, out of spirits. "So," said his lordship, "she is in love at last, is she. I must give her another chance, I suppose."

Lord Pallister's next letters mentioned incipient symptoms of gout, and the affectionate niece soon arrived to nurse him, but he was shocked to perceive that she looked horribly ill. "Poor thing," thought he, "I must be merciful," but in the course of the day he gave her a hint respecting her country beau, Mr. Jones—and Miss Pallister, in a passion of tears, threw herself at her uncle's feet, confessed to once her love, and besought him not to allude again to her wicked and foolish conduct.

"It was wicked," said she, "because I intended to injure the happiness of a worthy man, and I suffer now justly."

Lord Pallister thought to himself, "Thou art a good and honest girl after all, and thou shalt be Mrs. Jones yet."

Lords have great power no doubt, but how his lordship contrived, a few weeks after, to detect Mr. Jones in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the lips of the fair Elizabeth, we cannot tell; neither have we heard that either his lordship or his niece expressed any violent indignation at the audacity of Mr. Jones. Nay, it has been insinuated that the said kiss was given with the full approbation, not only of Lord Pallister, but also with that of his niece—but this seems incredible.

THE PARISIAN ROAD TO RUIN.

In the course of curiosity-hunting I passed away many an evening in the gorgeous saloons of the Rue Richelieu, where the government reaps a princely income from the ruin of her citizens; and I cannot think, that the time I spent there was entirely lost. Indeed, many a lesson of worldly prudence may be learned,

as it were, instinctively; and one who has but common firmness to resist the excessive embellishments of the table, may linger in those Parisian halls, where the bright lights flash over the jewels of the fair and the wrinkles of the gambler, without feeling that character suffers by his mere presence in such a place, and gather sufficient experience to tree his life from that wanton dallying with principle, which is apt to fill a spendthrift's days with misery and crime. I was first tempted to Frascati's by a friend. We entered an extensive court-yard—ascended a broad stairway—the door of an antichamber was thrown open by servants in rich liveries,—our hats, canes and gloves were taken, and we were ushered, with all the etiquette of a palace, into a large room brilliant with light, thronged with well dressed men, and rendered still more attractive by the elegant *l'oeuvre* of the women. This was the *roulette chambre*—the haunt of all gamblers, and in fact the room for general conversation; but as we wished to see the chief attraction of the house, we passed on to the adjoining apartment, and there found the business of the evening conducted with more ceremony and reserve. Four *croquiers*, pale from late watching, with lips as cold and expressionless as if cut from steel, and eyes as dead as a statue's, were seated about the middle of an oblong table, which was covered with green cloth, bearing certain signs in yellow and red, known to the initiated; and on the centre of the table, light and fresh from the mint, lay heaps of gold and silver. The strictest silence was ordered while the play was made their game, and the very fall of the cards on the soft green cloth was heard. Then came the announcement of the winning colour, in a voice little above a whisper; and the next moment a long *rattene*, or rake, was hauling in the winnings of the bank, while one of the attendants distributed the gains to the fortunate. And this is *rouge et noir* at Frascati's.

Among the frequenters of this table, none are so numerous as the English, who, from coldness, or long habit, have their faces seamed into an expression of tranquil equanimity—peaceful in gaining, and silent in reverse; while the Spaniard, Frenchman, and Italian, excited by their sanguine temperaments, venture large sums, and lose them with deep outh and age, are represented.

On our left is the "dice hall," and beyond that is still another room, lighted by one dim lamp, with a ground glass shade, suspended from the ceiling, and surrounded by low soft ottomans. It is a dark and silent place—the nest of the lute birds—and there exciting drinks are given; and many a man has left that dark and fearful room, a ruined or a wiser man.

About midnight the playing at *rouge et noir* is at its extreme. The atmosphere of the rooms has become almost tropical—the windows and doors are thrown open—refreshments are handed round, and the gamblers respited. Again, all return to the cards. And there again, until the first cold reproaching streak of light brightens the east, will you see the same faces, pale and fiendish, as if moulded by a demon—the same seared foreheads—knotted brows—wrinkled cheeks—mouths compressed so closely that a mere line is visible,—and eyes fixed in heart-broken gaze upon the lost dollar as it passes into the bank, leaving in exchange but misery and despair.

"I remember well," said my friend to me, as we descended the stairs wading the drowsy porter—"I remember well my first night in these saloons. I played, and went away a loser. My blood boiled in my veins from mental excitement. I tossed on my bed, and played over in fancy all the games of the evening. I corrected my stakes, and made plans—how effective I deemed them!—for to-morrow. I slept; but my dreams were haunted by the slain and sound's of that hateful room. I awoke with fever. The second night I was cooler; I was ending my novelties. I played again, and put my schemes into operation, yet they did not avail me. I lost again and again, yet there, forsaking all society, I came in at half-past eight. My health and fortune were

sinking rapidly, when, coming home one morning, I caught a glance at my face in the glass—and oh, heavens! shall I ever forget the expression of despair that was frozen there in the short time that I had devoted myself to these practices! the agony of years had been compressed into that brief space of time. Worn and tired, I sank down—and accident, oh! that I should confess it, brought me on my knees! It seemed as if heaven had been pleased thus to warn me of my error, and I rose with a vow to forsake it. Unlike most gamblers, I have kept that vow; and although I frequently visit Frascati's, that table has never since won a sou from my pocket."

"And never will?" inquired I.

"Never!"

It is necessary to tell the reader that he did—no I should not use that word—that he perished a gambler! If the word is more eloquence in any one line than another of that blessed prayer, which at once teaches us our duty to man and language to God, it is that which begins, "Lead us not into temptation!"

VANAMBURG, THE LION TAMER!

(From the London Atlas.)

Isaac A. Vanamburg was born in the year 1811, at Fishkill, in Dutchess County, on the banks of the Hudson River, in the State of New-York. His parents were farmers, and he himself was put into a grocery establishment in the City of New-York, at an early age, as clerk. In this situation he remained until he was about twenty years of age, and at this period it was that his introduction to his present avocations commenced. Being in the neighbouring state of New Jersey, where an exhibition of animals was taken place, the operations were suspended on account of the absence of the keeper, who alone of the *troupe* was accustomed to enter the den of the Lion. The company being dissatisfied, and the people connected with the menagerie not knowing what to do in the emergency, Vanamburg volunteered for whatever the keeper had been accustomed to perform, although he had first to be instructed what that was. Previous to this he knew nothing of the habits of wild animals, and had never even touched one.

"The lion, who was alone," says Mr. Vanamburg, "seemed to look at me as a stranger, but I handled him with confidence, and he soon got accustomed to me. I entered the cage without the slightest trepidation, and during the whole of my subsequent career, I am satisfied that the beasts, however savage they might be, had an instinctive sense that my temper was uglier than theirs, and that it was in my power to devour them if I pleased." His success in his first experiment attracted his attention to a pursuit with which he had become acquainted by chance, and on further knowledge of the parties, he gave up his previous business and connected himself with the lion and his owner. That winter he fulfilled an engagement at the Bowery Theatre in New York, in a piece entitled the Lion Doomed; and the Bandit of Benares, in which he had a combat with the beast on the stage; this was the first instance of a lion appearing on the boards of an American theatre. Mr. Vanamburg then went to the Zoological Institution in New York, one of the largest establishments of the kind known, as it employs from 60 to 200 Hottentots and native hunters at the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of going into the interior of South Africa under the command of a Scotchman named Clayton, to catch wild beasts. This association dispatched a vessel from New York or Boston every year, which was chartered expressly for the purpose of bringing to those cities the beasts that had been captured, in which undertaking it expended upwards of £20,000. Mr. Vanamburg entered into an engagement with the proprietors to tame the animals as they were landed, and render them fit for the exhibitions of which they were to form a part. He tried numerous experiments as to their tractability and docility, travelling with them in the summer through the principal cities from New York to Washington, and attracting hundreds of thousands of visitors to the Institute during the winter, by the novelty and boldness of his