

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

## AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

OL. II.]

WEDNESDAY, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1839.

[No. 120

### ROBERT CAIRNS,

*Merchant Tailor.*  
 No. 20, MOUNTAIN STREET,  
 RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and  
 the public, that he has received per the  
 India, a select assortment of articles in  
 line, consisting of some of the best super-  
 fine and Milled Cloths, Beaver and Pilot  
 Casimires, and Vestings, ever im-  
 ported. Regulation Swords, Belts and Sashes,  
 Military and other Gloves, Staff and Navy  
 Braid, Department Buttons, Braces, &c.,  
 &c.

### RUGS, CHEMICALS,

PATENT MEDICINES, &c.  
 The Subscriber has just received per Eleu-  
 theria, from London, a large supply of the  
 same, together with a select assortment of  
*Superior Perfumery.*  
 ALSO, CONSTANTLY ON HAND  
 Fine Bermuda Arrow Root,  
 Robinson's Patent Barley and Groats,  
 Fresh Honey,  
 West India Tamarinds,  
 Irish Pearl Moss, &c. &c.  
 JOHN MUSSON,  
 Chemist & Druggist.  
 No. 20th Nov. 1839.

### LESPIE, JAMIESON & CO.

JUST RECEIVED by Julia, FROM SPORTE,  
 And offer for sale,  
 A quarter cask very fine OLD PORT  
 WINE;

Also, in Store,  
 the following WINES of the choicest qua-  
 lity:  
 Black, }  
 Malaga, } "Young & Co." }  
 Mare, } In cases of 3 dozen }  
 Champagne, } each. }  
 Port, }  
 Sherry, } In pipes, hhds. and }  
 Madeira, } gr. casks. }  
 No. 20th Oct. 1839.

### LANDING,

Pantheon's New York IMITATION  
 AMAICA RUM, 1 & 2.  
 —ALSO—  
 Half Barrels Pastry Flour.  
 H. J. NOAD,  
 St. Paul Street.  
 No. 20th Nov. 1839.

### IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS AND OTHERS.

Undersigned, by profession a Dealer  
 of Rats, having been employed by  
 principal gentlemen and merchant of Que-  
 bec, for the last five years, giving  
 satisfaction, he has, in consequence,  
 selected by his employers to give them  
 the best and direction, which he is willing  
 to pay TEN DOLLARS each to a sufficient num-  
 ber of subscribers; he feels confident that by  
 giving to his directions, every gentleman  
 may keep his house or store clear  
 of destructive animals.  
 Undersigned will call on the gentlemen in and  
 out of the city,—persons from the country will  
 be met at the office of the Quebec  
 Transcript.

JOHN GALBRAITH,  
 18th Nov. 1839.

### JUST PUBLISHED,

For Sale by the Subscribers:  
 A SHEWING the LATITUDES and  
 LONGITUDES of HEADLANDS, &c.,  
 of the Coast of North America, Newfound-  
 land, and Bermuda, from a SERIES of OBSER-  
 VATIONS MADE ON THE SPOT, in the years 1828,  
 &c., by Mr. JOHN JONES, Master,  
 of the BRIGONIA, Mate of H. M. Ship Hus-  
 ar, and Officers of the North American  
 Squadron, Halifax being considered as the

W. COWAN & SON,  
 St. John Street, Upper Town  
 St. Peter Street, Lower Town.

### LATELY PUBLISHED,

By William Gregg,  
 AND EDITED BY NESTOR DONWORTH, &c. &c.  
 A NEW AND IMPROVED WORK,

ENTITLED,  
**HOCHELAGA DEPICTA;**  
 OR,  
 THE EARLY AND PRESENT STATE OF THE CITY AND  
 ISLAND OF MONTREAL;

ILLUSTRATED with Forty-Five Original Cop-  
 per Plates Engravings of the Public Buildings;  
 and Views of the City, from different points, a  
 Plan of the City as it was in 1735, one year before  
 the Conquest, and an Outline Plan as it now is;  
 also, AN APPENDIX containing a History of the  
 two REBELLIONS (1837-1838,) in Lower Can-  
 ada, and a Chapter on AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—  
 1 vol. 12mo. neatly printed, and bound in Fancy  
 Cloth, Gold Lettered, price 12s. 6d.  
 QUEBEC,—sold by W. COWAN & SON,  
 9th August.

### THE HUMAN HAIR.

WHERE the hair is observed to be grow-  
 ing thin, nothing can be more prepos-  
 terous than the use of oils, grease or any fatty  
 matter. Their application can only be recom-  
 mended through the grossest ignorance, as they lessen  
 the fall of the hair, by increasing the relaxation of  
 the skin. When there is a harsh, dry, or contracted  
 skin, and where the small blood vessels which carry  
 nourishment to the bulb are obstructed, then the  
 oils, &c., may be good, as they tend to relax the  
 skin; but alone they are of no avail. There  
 must be a stimulus to rouse the vessels from their  
 torpor, and quicken the current of the blood.—Ex-  
 tract from *Gilchrist's Treatise on the Hair.*  
 THE BALM OF COLUMBIA is the only preparation  
 that can have that effect, being entirely free from  
 any oily substance.

### A CASE IN POINT.

I had unfortunately lost nearly all the hair from  
 the top of my head, when I commenced the use of  
 the Balm of Columbia, and have, by the use of two  
 bottles had my head covered with a due growth of  
 Hair.—There can be no mistake in the matter, as  
 any of my friends can see by calling on me. I had  
 also become quite gray, but had the gray hairs  
 plucked out, and it has grown in as the Balm says  
 of the natural colour. If any body doubts these  
 facts, let them call upon me and see. I bought the  
 Balm of Constock & Co., 2, Fletcher Street.  
 A. RINDGE,  
 No. 19, Coenties Slip, Agent of Detroit Line,  
 New York, Nov. 9, 1839.

### COUNTERFEITS ARE ABROAD.

Look carefully on the splendid wrapper, for the  
 name of L. S. Constock. Beware! as all without  
 that name must be false

SOLD BY  
 JOHN MUSSON,  
 Agent for Quebec, and by  
 MEARS, SIMS & BOWLES, and  
 BEGG & URQUHART.  
 Quebec, 4th October.

### HORATIO CARWELL.

No. 4, Fabrique Street.

IN addition to his present extensive stock of  
 Carpets, Counterpanes, Quilts, Flannels,  
 Blankets, Russia Sheetings, Irish Linens, Dam-  
 ask Table Linen, Longcloth, Sheetings,  
 Plain Muslins, Prints, Cambrics, Boots, Shoes,  
 Gloves, Silk and cotton Hosiery, Millinery,  
 Ribbons, &c. &c.

### HAS JUST RECEIVED,

Per *Mary Loring*, from London,  
 A choice assortment of Printed Saxons, Flannels,  
 German Cloth Merinoes, Autumn Bonne  
 Silk with Ribbons to match of the newest  
 kinds, Black mode Mantillas trimmed with  
 lace, Cashmere and Lama Wool Shawls,  
 Black Bobbin and Brussels Lace Veils, and a  
 general selection of the new styles Mous-  
 selines & Laines.

The whole of which is now being offered at re-  
 duced prices.  
 Quebec, 9th Sept.

### J. FARLEY,

DYER.

No. 6, ST. URSULE STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and  
 the public, that he clears and dresses  
 Gentlemen's Clothes, Cashmere, Merino, and  
 Canton Crape Shawls, &c. &c.—colours war-  
 ranted not to fade.  
 Quebec, 23rd Oct. 1839.

### Porter.

#### LINES ON WOMAN.

TO BE READ ALTERNATELY, OR AS SOON AS  
 WRITTEN, AS MAY SUIT THE TASTE OR CAPACI-  
 TIES OF READERS.

The bliss of him no tongue can tell  
 Who is a woman's faithful friend;  
 Who with a woman scorns to dwell,  
 Unnumbered evils will befall.

They fill each miserable day  
 With joy and innocent delight;  
 With cheerless gloom and misery  
 Are none possessed while in their sight.

They make the daily path of life  
 A pleasant journey strewed with flowers;  
 A dreary scene of painful strife  
 They quickly change with matchless powers.

Domestic joys will fast decay  
 Where female influence is unknown;  
 Where'er a woman holds her sway  
 A man is in perfection shown.

She's never failing to display  
 Truth in its native loveliness;  
 A heart inclined to treachery  
 A woman never did possess.

That man true dignity will find  
 Who tries the matrimonial state;  
 Who pours contempt on woman-kind  
 Will mourn his folly when too late.

#### THE BROKEN HEART.

I saw her when her cheek was bright  
 And beautiful and fair,  
 Love, joy, and all that wins delight,  
 Which charms the heart, or glads the sight,  
 Seem'd met together there.  
 The glow, the glance from cheek and eye,  
 The hair of shining jet;  
 The look, the smile, and stifled sigh,  
 Her forehead arched, and white, and high,  
 Methinks I see them yet!

I saw her on her bridal day,  
 With hope upon her brow;  
 Her smile, her blush, was brightly gay,  
 And joy, with his ethereal ray,  
 Was there to gild her vow.  
 The jest, the laugh, the social cheer,  
 All b. terness forbid;  
 Her heart was light, her cheek was clear,  
 And dark and long the tresses were,  
 Which fringed her fallen lid.

I saw her when her cheek was wan,  
 Her eye looked dim and dead,  
 Her charms had faded one by one,  
 Her hair was bleach'd, her smile was gone,  
 Her ever beauty fled.  
 She bowed beneath the misery  
 Which hearts corroded know,  
 Her face had lost its gladdening gleam,  
 And sadly calm, she seem'd to me  
 A monument of woe.

I saw her in her winding sheet,  
 A sad and chilling sight,  
 An aged form was at her feet,  
 Her countenance with grief replete,  
 'Twas she who gave her birth.  
 Another, in a secret place,  
 From all the throng apart,  
 Was seen to glare upon her face,  
 Which smiling, lay in death's embrace—  
 'Twas he who broke her heart!

#### THE DRUNKARD'S LAST SPREE.

"One more spree with my noble compan-  
 ions, and I'll have done with drinking  
 forever. O curse this fatal passion—this  
 growing thirst that is never satisfied but in  
 deep positions of the exhilarating poison. My  
 wife, my children, I cannot always make you  
 unhappy. No, no—one more spree, and I'll  
 drink no more forever!"

Thus said an unhappy and degraded young  
 man, as he got up from his low couch in a  
 basement in the rear of St. Paul's. The sun  
 was already in the zenith, and when the poor  
 man had straggled to the open air, the bright  
 light of the cloudless sky bewildered him, and  
 the noise of the busy multitude abroad in the  
 streets, sunk heavily upon his heart.

"What a fool I am," continued he;  
 "what a wretched, miserable being! Can  
 I reform! Will these bloated cheeks ever  
 again resume the hue of health? Will these  
 limbs, that now tremble like an aspen, ever  
 again be steady? Will this burning fever be  
 quenched? Oh Harriet! my wife—how bit-  
 terly have I wronged thee—I who ought to  
 have—but O heavens! I cannot provide for  
 her. I am ruined! The ample fortune that

my father gave me—it is gone—gone with my  
 health and happiness. And if that were all, I  
 could still hope. But my wife!—my wife's  
 inheritance—that is gone also. All—all is  
 engulfed in the deep of that worse than hell,  
 where demons in human shape deal out des-  
 truction in the wine cup. Oh, is there no re-  
 venge? No, no, no. I am my own destroyer!  
 —and they—they, the wretches who have  
 swept away my all, even they begin to de-  
 spise me—They sneer at me, and already hint  
 at my destruction. O, what is more horrible  
 than the life of a drunkard?"

The inebriate wept. His head was racked  
 by pains from the last evening's debauch. And  
 now that the difficulties of his situation were  
 forced home upon his thoughts in the hour of  
 reflection, his soul was stricken. He sobbed  
 like a child.

The door was gently opened, and a young  
 pale matron stood bending over the sleeper.  
 She was beautiful—but the paleness of her  
 cheek, and anxious glances of her eye, told  
 how much she had suffered from the humili-  
 ation of him she still so fondly loved. She  
 bent over him, and smoothing back the shaggy  
 locks that hung over his forehead, and wiping  
 away his scalding tears with the white scarf  
 that covered her bosom, imprinted a long kiss  
 upon his unning brow. Oh how true is wom-  
 an's love! The wretched being before her  
 had neglected, and injured, and reduced her  
 to beggary—he had become a degraded sot—  
 his person was offensive—his breath was like  
 the noxious vapors of the distillery, and his  
 miserable frame was a mass of blood and suf-  
 fering mortality. Harriet still loved her hus-  
 band. With all his transgressions, he was  
 true to her—his vice was beastly intemperance.  
 She would still forgive him; and do any thing  
 in her power to save him she loved.

"William," said she, "are you not faint?  
 —have you breakfasted? Will I can I do for  
 you, my dear husband?"

"Oh, curse me, Harriet, curse me! Don't  
 talk mildly to the wretch who has so basely in-  
 jured you. Oh that I had courage to—"  
 "To what, my dear husband—to reform?"  
 Oh say that word, dear William—and I will  
 do any thing for you—I will work—I will beg  
 —I will do any thing that a woman can do,  
 and which is not vile and sinful, to save you."

"Harriet," said he, "I was about to say  
 that if I had the courage to die, I should have  
 one consolation. But I have not. No, no,  
 no!"

"Stay this emotion, my husband," said the  
 wife; "say you will try to reform and you  
 will make me happy. Oh, William, do make  
 the trial, I beseech you—if not for my sake,  
 yet for the sake of your little ones. Oh don't  
 deny my prayers."

The husband and wife that day partook of a  
 frugal dinner in their little apartment, the  
 best that she could provide with her scanty  
 means. He had renewed his solemn promise  
 to reform. She knew he had often promised;  
 but hope never forsakes a true hearted wife;  
 and as she talked with him about their  
 children, and laid plans for the future, his  
 countenance seemed once more to resume an  
 expression, such as had won her youthful  
 heart.

That afternoon was a happy one for both.  
 In the evening they walked out upon the Bat-  
 tery, and talked of hopes that had been blight-  
 ed, and of happiness they would thereforeward  
 strive to secure. Leisurely they walked home  
 to their apartments. She had placed her  
 smiling children in their little cot, and smooth-  
 ed down the pillows to make sweet the sleep  
 of the cherubs, and had just turned to leave  
 them, when she heard a loud laugh in the  
 street, and a call from some one for Fitz Roy.  
 A loud knocking at the door instantly satisfied  
 her of the nature of their errand.

She sunk into a chair. She knew that his  
 companions were at the threshold; but she had  
 hoped that he who had so lately pledged his  
 word forever to shun them, would not again be  
 led astray. For some time he made no answer  
 to the intruders. But at last, wearied with  
 their importunities, he went to the door, and  
 for half an hour maintained his resolution to