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Part II.

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY MRS. L. WILSON.

This is the hour when memory wakes
Visions of joy that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy takes
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind,
The hallowed scenes of other years,
And friends who long have been consigned
To silence and to tears.

The few we liked, the one we loved,
A sacred bond come stealing on;
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships that now in death are hushed,
And young affection's broken chain,
The hopes that fate too quickly crushed,
In memory live again.

We watch the fading beams of day,
But muse on hopes as quickly flown;
But after that, they died away,
Till all at last were gone.

This is the hour when fancy wreaths
Her spell round joys that faded not;
This is the hour when memory breathes
A sigh to pleasures past.

MRS. NICKLEBY'S SUITORS.

"Oh yes!" said Kate, "I remember. I
was going to ask, mamma, before you were
married, had you many suitors?"
"SUITORS, my dear!" cried Mrs. Nickleby,
with a smile of wonderful complacency.
"First and last, Kate I must have had a dozen
at least."
"Mamma!" returned Kate, in a tone of
astonishment.

"I had, indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby,
"not including your poor papa, or a
gentleman who used to go at that time
to the same dancing-school, and who would
bring gold watches and bracelets to our house
in a gilt-edged paper, (which were always
returned,) and who afterwards unfortunately
went out to Botany Bay in a cadet ship—a
ship I mean—and escaped into a bush
with a killed sheep, (I don't know how they got
it) and was going to be hung, only he
suddenly choked himself, and the govern-
ment pardoned him."

"Then there was young Lukin," said Mrs.
Nickleby, beginning with her left thumb, and
tapping of the names on her fingers—"Mog-
gins—Tipstark—Cabbery—Smifer—"
"Young now reached the little finger, Mrs.
Nickleby was carrying the account over to the
other hand, when a loud "Hem!" which ap-
peared to come from the very foundation of
garden wall, gave both herself and her
son a violent start.

DECLARATION OF LOVE BY THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR TO MRS. NICKLEBY.

Kate rose from her seat in some alarm,
caught her mother's hand to run with
her into the house, she felt herself rather
startled than assisted in her intention;
following the direction of Mrs. Nickle-
by's eyes, was quite terrified by the apparition

of an old black velvet cap, which, by slow
degrees, as if its wearer were ascending a ladder
or pair of steps, rose above the wall divid-
ing their garden from that of the next cottage,
(which, like their own, was a detached build-
ing,) and was gradually followed by a very
large head, and an old face, in which were a
pair of most extraordinary grey eyes, very
wide open, and rolling in their sockets with a
droll, languishing, and leering look, most ugly
to behold.

"Mamma!" cried Kate, really terrified for
the moment, "why do you stop, why do you
lose an instant!—Mamma, pray come in!"

"What do you want, sir?" said Mrs. Nickle-
by, addressing the intruder with a sort of
simpling displeasure. "How dare you look
into this garden?"

"Queen of my soul," replied the stranger,
folding his hands together, "this goblet sip."

"Nonsense, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"Kate, my love, pray be quiet."

"Won't you sip the goblet?" urged the
stranger, with his head imploringly on one
side, and his right hand on his breast. "Oh,
dear sip the goblet!"

"I shall not consent to do anything of the
kind, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby, with a laugh-
ing air. "Pray begone."

"Why is it?" said the old gentleman, com-
ing up a step higher, and leaning his elbows
on the wall, with as much complacency as if
he was looking out of a window, "why is it
that beauty is always obdurate, even
when admiration is as honourable and respect-
ful as mine?" here he smiled, kissed his
hand, and made several low bows: "Is it
owing to the bees, who when the honey sac-
son is over, and they are supposed to have
been killed with brimstone, in reality fly to
Barbary and lull the Moors to sleep with their
drowsy songs? Or is it?" he added, dropping
his voice almost to a whisper, "in conse-
quence of the statue at Charing Cross having
been lately seen on the Stock Exchange at
midnight, walking arm-in-arm with the Pump
from Aldgate, in a riding habit?"

"Mamma," murmured Kate, "do you
hear him?"

"Hush, my dear?" replied Mrs. Nickle-
by, in the same tone of voice, "he is very poli-
te, and I think that was a quotation from the
poets. Pray don't worry me—your father
my arm black and blue. Go away, sir!"

"Quite away?" said the gentleman, with
a languishing look, "Oh! quite away?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "certainly.
You have no business here. This is private
property, sir; you ought to know that."

"I do know," said the old gentleman, lay-
ing his finger on his nose with an air of familiar-
ity most reprehensible, "that this is a sacred
and enchanted spot, where the most divine
charms"—here he kissed his hand and bowed
again—"waft mellifluousness over the neigh-
bours' gardens, and force the fruit and vegeta-
bles into premature existence. That fact
I am acquainted with. But will you permit
me, fairest creature, to ask you one question,
in the absence of the planet Venus, who has gone
on business to the Horse Guards, and would
otherwise—pshaw! of your superior charms—
interpose between us?"

"If you will conduct yourself, sir, like the
gentleman which I should imagine you to be
from your language and—appearance, (quite
the counterpart of your grand-papa,
Kate my dear, in his best days,) and will put
your question to me in plain words, I will
answer it."

If Mrs. Nickleby's excellent papa had
borne in his best days, a resemblance to the
neighbour now looking over the wall, he must
have been, to say the least, a very queer old
gentleman in his prime. Perhaps Kate thought
so, for she ventured to glance at his living
portrait with some attention, as he took off his
black velvet cap, and exhibiting a perfectly
bald head, made a long series of bows, each
accompanied with a fresh kiss on the hand.
After exhausting himself, to all appearance,
with this fatiguing performance, he covered
his head once more, pulled the cap very care-
fully over the tips of his ears, and resuming
his former attitude, said,

"The question is—"

"Here he broke off to look round in every
direction, and satisfy himself beyond all doubt
that there were no listeners near. Assured
that there were not, he sapped his nose several
times, accompanying the action with a
cunning look, as though congratulating him-
self on his caution; and stretching out his
neck, said in a loud whisper,

"Are you a princess?"

"You are mocking me, sir," replied Mrs.
Nickleby, making a faint of retreating towards
the house.

"No, but are you?" said the old gentleman.

"You know I am not, sir," replied Mrs.
Nickleby.

"Then are you any relation to the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury?" inquired the old gen-
tleman with grave anxiety, "or to the Pope
of Rome, or the Speaker of the House of Com-
mons? Forgive me, if I am wrong, but I
was told you were niece to the Commissioners
of Paving, and daughter-in-law to the Lord
Mayor and Court of Common Council, which
would account for your relationship to all
three."

"Whoever has spread such reports, sir,"
returned Mrs. Nickleby with some warmth,
"has taken great liberties with my name, and
one which I am sure my son Nicholas, if he
was aware of it, would not allow for an in-
stant. The 'dea!" said Mrs. Nickleby draw-
ing herself up, "niece to the Commissioners of
Paving!"

"Pray, mamma, come away!" whispered
Kate.

"Pray, mamma! Nonsense, Kate," said
Mrs. Nickleby, angrily, "but that's just the
way. If he had said I was niece to a
piping bulfinch, what would you care? But
I have no sympathy,"—whispered Mrs. Nickle-
by, "I don't expect it, that's one thing."

"Tears!" cried the old gentleman, with
such an energetic jump, that he fell down
two or three steps, and grated his chin against
the wall. "Catch the crystal globules—catch
'em—bottle 'em up—cork 'em tight—put seal-
ing-wax on the top—seal 'em with a cupid—
label 'em 'Best quality'—and stow 'em away
in the fourteenth bin, with a bar of iron on
the top to keep the thunder off!"

Fixing these commands, as if there were a
dozen attendants all actively engaged in their
execution, he turned his velvet cap inside out,
put it on with great dignity so as to obscure his
sticking eye and three fourths of his nose, and
tickling his arms akimbo, looked very fiercely
at a sparrow hard by, till the bird flew away,
when he put his cap in his pocket with an air
of great satisfaction, and addressed himself
with a respectful demeanor to Mrs. Nickleby.

"Beautiful madam," such were his words
—if I have made any mistake with regard
to your family or connexions, I humbly be-
seech you to pardon me. If I suppose you to
be related to Foreign Powers or Native
Boards, it is because you have a manner, a
carriage, a dignity which you will excuse my
saying that none but yourself (with the single
exception perhaps of the tragic muse, when
playing extemporaneously on the barrel organ
before the East India Company) can parallel.

I am not a youth, ma'am, as you see; and
although beings like you can never grow old,
I venture to presume that we are fitted for
each other.

Really, Kate, my love!" said Mrs. Nickle-
by faintly, and looking another way.

"I have estates, ma'am," said the old
gentleman, flourishing his hand negligently,
as if he made very light of such matters, and
speaking very fast; "jewels, light-houses,
fish-poules, a whaler of my own in the North
Sea, and several oyster-beds of great profit in
the Pacific Ocean. If you will have the kind-
ness to step down to the Royal Exchange, and
to take the cocked-hat off the stoutest beadle's
head, you will find my card in the lining of
the crown, wrapped up in a piece of blue
paper. My walking stick is also to be seen
on application to the chaplain of the House of
Commons, who is strictly forbidden to take
any money for showing it. I have enemies
about me, ma'am," he looked towards his
house and spoke very low, "who attack me

on all occasions, and wish to secure my prop-
erty. If you bless me with your hand and
heart, you can apply to the lord Chancellor,
call out the military if necessary—sending my
tooth-ick to the commander-in-chief will be
sufficient—and so clear the house of them be-
fore the ceremony is performed. After that,
love, bliss and rapture; love and b. s. Be
mine, be mine."

Repeating these last words with great rap-
ture and enthusiasm, the old gentleman put on
his black velvet cap again, and looked up into
the sky in a hasty manner, said something that
was not quite intelligible concerning a balloon
he expected, and which was rather after its
time.

"Be mine, be mine," cried the old gentle-
man. "Gog and Magog, Gog and Magog.
Be mine, be mine!"

"It will be sufficient for me to say, sir,"
resumed Mrs. Nickleby, with perfect serious-
ness—"and I am sure you'll see the propriety
of taking an answer and going away—that I
have made up my mind to remain a widow,
and to devote myself to my children. You
may not suppose I am the mother of two
children—indeed many people have doubted
it, and said that nothing on earth could ever
make 'em believe it possible—but it is the case
and 'they are both grown up. We shall be very
glad to have you for a neighbour—very
glad and delighted, I'm sure—but in any other
character it's quite impossible, quite. As to
my being young enough to marry again, and
perhaps may be so, or it may not be; but I
couldn't think of it for an instant out on any
account whatever. I said I never would, and
I never will. It's a very painful thing to
have to reject proposals, and I would much
rather that none were made; at the same time
this is the answer that I determined long ago
to make, and this is the answer I shall al-
ways give."

LOVE.

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

There needs no other proof that happiness is
the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and
that in which the morality of man is destined
ultimately to thrive than the elevation of soul,
the religious aspiration, which attends the first
assurance, the first sober certainty of true love.
There is much of this religious aspiration
amidst all warmth of virtuous affections.—
There is a vivid love of God in the child that
lays its cheek against the cheek of its mother,
and clasps its arms about her neck. God is
thanked (perhaps unconsciously) for the bright-
ness of his earth, on summer evenings, when
a brother and sister, who have long been part-
ed, pour out their heart stores to each other,
and feel their course of thought brightened as
it runs. When the aged parent hears of the
honors his children have won, or looks round
upon their innocent faces as the glory of his
decline, his mind reverts to Him who in them
prescribed the purpose of his life, and bestow-
ed his grace.—But religious as is the mood
of every affection, none is so devotional as that
of love, especially so called. The soul is then
the very temple of adoration, of faith, of holy
purity, of heroism, of charity. At such a mo-
ment the human creature shoots up into the
angel; there is nothing in earth too defiled
for its charity—nothing in hell too appalling
for its heroism—nothing in heaven too glori-
ous for its sympathy. Strengthened, sus-
tained, vivified by that most mysterious
power, union with another spirit, it feels
itself set well forth on the way of victory
over evil, sent out conquering and to con-
quer—There is no other such crisis in human
life.—The philosopher may experience uncon-
trollable agitation in verifying his balancing
system of worlds, feeling, perhaps, as if he
actually saw the creative hand in the act of
sending the planets forth on their everlasting
way; but this philosopher, solitary scrup as he
may be regarded amidst a myriad of men,
knows at such a moment no emotions so divine
as those of the spirit becoming conscious that
it is beloved—be it the peasant girl in the
meadow, or the daughter of the sage, reposing
in her father's confidence, or the artisan be-
side his loom, or the man of letters musing by
his fire-side. The warrior, about to strike the