

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

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WEDNESDAY, 16th OCTOBER, 1839.

[No. 102



OFFICE FOR MILITIA CLAIMS,  
Quebec, 14th July, 1839.

**PUBLIC NOTICE**, is hereby given, that payment of patent fees on all Militia Lists, published up to this day, is required to be made to the Provincial Secretary, the Honorable GEORGE DAILY, between this and the FIRST day of FEBRUARY next; and that all the lands for which the fees shall not have been paid at that date, will be considered as relinquished by the parties to whom located, and will be resumed by the Crown to be otherwise disposed of.

The fees to be paid are as follows:—  
On acres—100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000,  
From 17s. 2d. to 25s. 2d. 6d. 20s. 2d. 15s. 2d. 10s. 2d.  
Also, exclusive of the above, if applied for, certificate 2s. 6d., or copy of patent and certificate 2s. 6d.

In cases recognized, where the land located will be resumed for non-payment of patent fees and fees, the parties will only be entitled to Scrap, and for the nominal value thereof, according to the terms of the Earl of Durham's Proclamation of 11th September, 1839, provided application is made for the same in proper time.

By Command,  
JEAN LANGEVIN,  
Secretary.



**PATENT  
PLASTER OF PARIS.**

**MCKENZIE & BOWLES** having obtained Her Majesty's Letters Patent for an improved method of manufacturing Plaster of Paris, can now supply the public with an article much superior in quality to any before prepared. Builders, Plasterers, Succo workers, and Makers, &c., will find it to their advantage to give it an early trial.

**FIGURES, PRIZES MOULDING,  
AND ORNAMENTAL WORK,  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**  
Modelled and cast, on the shortest notice.  
All orders left at their Mills, Cape Diamond Wharf, and at their Store, St. John and Stanislaus Street, will be punctually attended to.

N. B.—The whole is under the superintendance of **SIXAUSO TOSNORI**, an experienced Artist in Italy.  
Quebec, 11th Aug. 1839.

**THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE,**

- 100 MINOTS Boiling Peas,
- 50 dozens London Porter,
- 10 qr. casks Port Wine,
- 5 ditto superior Sherry ditto,
- 6 puncheons Montreal Cider,
- 50 boxes Liverpool Soap,
- 25 ditto Montreal ditto,
- 2 hhls. American Hams,
- 1 ditto Westphalia ditto,
- 20 barrels and half ditto Limerick Pork.

ALSO, English and American Cheese, Souffle, Congou, Twankay and Hyson Tea, Pickles & Sauces, Salad & Castor Oil, non Syrup, Win's and Wardle's Mustard lb. and 1/2 lb. bottles, Spermatic Olive and Seal Oil, Indian Meal and Oatmeal, &c.

THOS. BICKELL.

Corner of St. John & Stanislaus Street.  
14th July

**SURGEON DENTIST.**

**SPOONER**, partner of Dr. W. Spooner, having arrived in Quebec, professes his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Quebec and its vicinity.  
He will be found constantly at the Albion Hotel, Room No. 13. Hours from 9 to 12 from 2 to 5 o'clock.  
He is well furnished with superb Mineral Teeth, Tooth Brushes and Powder, &c.  
Quebec, Sept. 16th, 1839.

## THE BELLMANSHIP.

A TRUE STORY.

CHAP. II.

The enquiring reader is anxious to be informed who and what was Bob. Bob was Mary's younger brother, and the most disagreeable detestable boy that ever was known in Buzleton. Those who had studied Gulliver's Travels called him the Yahoo; those who trusted only to their own sense of fitness in the art of nomenclature called him the Beast. But this, being a generic name, was varied by the more acute disciples of Buffon, by referring him to any particular species which appeared appropriate to his peculiar qualities—the ass, the owl, the ostrich, the baboon, and a variety of other respectable citizens of the animal kingdom, were called upon to furnish a designation for Mr. Bob Padden; and it was this amalgam of Mr. Polito's menagerie that caused such a disagreeable sensation by his appearance in the elm walk, and excited a strong inclination in the usually pacific bosom of Plantagenet to drown him in the deep waters of the Buzle. Bob, however, as if unconscious of any feelings of the kind, lounged up to where the youthful pair were seated, and, with a sulky look towards the young gentleman, enquired of his sister what she was always walking about with Taddy Simpkin for?

Now, this is a very embarrassing sort of question, and accordingly Miss Mary, whether from not having studied the motives of her so doing, or from not wishing to reveal them, remained silent; whereupon Mr. Simpkinson addressed the Yahoo, in a tone of voice by no means common with that good-natured individual, and said:

"You sister has a right to please herself, I suppose?"

"I s'pose she has—and she does it too," replied the agreeable youth; "I only want to know who she'll walk with next, when you're gone to the grocer's shop in London?"

"Grocer's shop?" exclaimed Plantagenet; "It is the greatest West India house in the city."

"Well, they sell sugar, don't they?—and that's a grocer, isn't it? There's no use trying to gammon us here. You're going to be a grocer: now the last man Mary was spoony with was something better than that at any rate."

"What do you mean, Robert, asked the sister."

"Why, Bob Darrel, the Chadfield doctor. You know very well; but he's married now, so you're doing the civil to Taddy."

"Never mind him, Mary, my dear," said Taddy; "I don't believe a word he says. At the same time I never knew that you were acquainted with Dr. Darrel."

"I had a fever three years ago, while I was staying at your uncle Stubbs, and he was called in."

"Yes, and nearly called out too; for young Stubbs, that's gone into the army, wanted to shoot him for being too attentive. Those doctor fellows are always squeezing hands, and clutching hold of arms; and pretend its only feeling the pulse. I think Stubbs should have shot him."

"What for?" asked Plantagenet.

"Why, for marrying that other woman. He ought to have married Mary."

"How can you listen to such nonsense, Taddy?" said Mary; "you know Bob's agreeable way of saying pleasant things. I assure you Dr. Darrel was only a very good kind doctor; and if you like to believe me rather than Bob, you will not mind any more he says."

Plantagenet looked at the honest open countenance of his future bride, and saw that no deceit could possibly lie on those sunny cheeks, and those clear innocent eyes; so he gave her hand a gentle squeeze, and looked with ineffable disdain on the mischievous countenance of Mister Bob.

"Well," said that gentle squire, "you needn't sit billing and cooing here all day. I'm afraid somebody may go and tell father; and I know he would be very angry if he knew you

had been carrying on your riga before the whole town. You had better come home, Mary; for, if any body does tell father, and I'm called in as a witness, I am afraid I must tell all I've seen."

"What have you seen, you insolent block-head?" said Plantagenet, springing up.

"Oh, never mind! If you're really going to marry our Mary, it doesn't much matter. I only hope she won't be disappointed again—that's all."

"I never was disappointed, you idle, false-tongued, intolerable wretch!" exclaimed Mary, the tears of anger and vexation springing into her eyes.

"Weren't you?" replied the brazen-tongued brother; "then that's a pleasure to come; for you may depend upon it, when Taddy rises to be a grocer on his own account, he'll forget you as easily as Doctor Darrel."

The speaker came more abruptly to a close than was his custom, for he saw something so peculiar in the flashing eyes and swelling chest of Plantagenet, that he thought it better to decamp at once. He accordingly strolled off in the same listless manner in which he had made his approach; and the lovers felt as if relieved from some horrible oppression, when they saw the long figure of the overgrown Yahoo, with his coat a mile too large for his thin body, and his crowsers a mile too short for his long legs, thereby revealing nearly the whole extent of his Wellington's, slowly disappear at the turning of the elm walk.

"Thank heaven I have not shoved him into the water!" was the pious exclamation of Plantagenet, when he found that, for this occasion, he was free from the guilt of murder.

"I can't understand what pleasure the boy can have in saying disagreeable things, and inventing such abominable stories," was the contemporaneous observation of his sister.

And hereupon followed a full explanation of all the incidents that the Yahoo related ther or at any former time, had alluded to; and, as usually happens in affairs of this kind, both parties felt that the attempt of Mr. Bob to sow dissension, had had the very opposite effect, by giving an opening to a more full and free communication than could have been found under any other circumstances.

On getting up to go home, it might have been remarked by those who are superstitiously inclined, that the first object that presented itself to the eyes of the lovers, was an enormous placard on a man's back, containing in letters at least three inches long, the words "Tapps for Bellman?" and in smaller letters, "come to the poll on Tuesday the eleventh." I do not know whether any thrill of sympathetic horror rushed through the hearts of Mary and her admirer on seeing those appalling words; but it is highly probable, if they had foreseen all the misfortunes that those red letters gave rise to, they would have wished that the father of Mr. Tapps had died in his infancy, or that Tapps himself had been run over by the Manchester and Liverpool train. I have no reason to suppose, however, that any of those aspirations with regard to Mr. Tapps or his father were uttered by either of our friends; so I will not detain the reader any longer, but inform him that, with a heavy heart, a large trunk and two carpet-bags, Plantagenet Simpkinson took his departure from Buzleton on the following day, and in due course of time arrived at his destination in the city. And there, for a short space, I leave him to his invoices and bills of lading—his three legged stool, and his letter once a week to the true-hearted Mary Padden.

I don't believe that there ever was a man who was a great orator, or a great poet, or a great any thing, (except perhaps a great ass,) without knowing it. There never was such a thing as a mute inglorious Milton, a dumb Demosthenes, or a blind Thompson of Duddingtons. It is therefore not to be supposed that Mr. Simpkinson, senior, was ignorant of his own powers; so far from it, indeed, that I have even heard it hinted, that, if it were possible he overrated them; but this, even if it were true, is a very venial fault, for it is surely much better to be a little anxious to discover and dwell upon modest merits, where-

ever they are to be found, whether in ones self or in others, than to deny or undervalue them. There were a few things in which Mr. Simpkinson found himself deficient;—history, theology, architecture, sporting, politics, business, or accomplishments, were equally at his finger-ends; but his forte, as I have already hinted in my attempt to explain the reason of his calling his son Plantagenet instead of Stubbs, was decidedly oratory. He was oratorical at breakfast, at dinner, in the news-room, in buying a pound of snuff, in ordering a pair of trousers. In fact, he was altogether an orator; and you could no more have stood five minutes under an archway with him than with Edmund Burke, without discovering that he was an extraordinary man. Mr. Simpkinson was of no profession: it was hinted he was sleeping partner in the Chadfield clothmills, and also that he had a share in Stubbs's brewery; but whether he had entered into any of those speculations or not, does not materially concern any body but himself. Mr. Padden also lived, as the phrase has it, on his means—a plain man, without much affectation, except an affectation of knowing whether any thing was "gentlemanly" or not,—a sort of provincial Chesterfield, who forgave anything, however wrong—murder itself, I believe—provided it were done in a gentlemanly manner. His origin, like that of the Ginesiph family, was unknown. He maintained a strict silence, as indeed you find it done by all the real aristocracy, on the subject of his ancient descent, and even on the inferior point of the achievements of his former days; but people in our town suspected, from an almost superhuman knowledge he displayed about ribbons and sarsenets, that he must have come from Coventry. This suspicion had been hinted to him by one or two of his acquaintance, but he showed so much touchiness and irritability on the subject, that few people would have ventured to renew the insinuation. This, I grant, is a very meagre account of our two chief inhabitants; but I hope any deficiency in exactness or resemblance will be supplied in the next edition of Lord Brougham's sketches of distinguished characters in the reigns of the two last Georges. Therein also, let it be permitted me to hope, that Tapps will not be forgotten.

On the eventual Tuesday the eleventh, the whole town rushed distracted to the town-hall: Tapps on the one side of the chair, Hicks the rival candidate on the other: the mayor between the two, looking as lively as he could to Hercules between vice and virtue; the expectant faces of the assemblage—for it was supposed that Mr. Simpkinson would speak—those, with the inferior accessories of clerks at the table, and the widow of the deceased Bellman in the foreground, bearing the badge of her late husband's office, during this momentous interregnum formed a subject which I feel surprised has not yet been seized upon by Hayter or Wilkie. A bustle is heard in the middle of the hall—an arm bearing aloft a best white beaver, waves impatiently forward to the chair—a ray is made, and Mr. Padden mounts the steps, and turns towards the audience as if in act to speak. He speaks, he swells, he waves his hand, he thumps the table. Oh heavens! oh earth! oh sea! he concludes a powerful harangue by proposing Hicks! What! Padden propose Hicks—when he knew—when all Buzleton—when all England knew, that Simpkinson supported Tapps! Astonishment kept the whole assembly silent for a space, which was only interrupted by the short proud cough with which the orator cleared his throat. His throat was at last cleared; he stood forward a little, and beginning in a low tone of voice, he worked himself into a paroxysm of eloquence; then sinking his tone again, went through the whole compass of his wonderful voice, fleecing, praying, roaring, bullying, scolding, stamping, and blumping, sometimes the little table, sometimes one hand against the other, "ill it was impossible not to believe that he was Demosthenes, and was speaking Greek. I have every reason to believe, that what he did say was, in fact, as good every bit as that illustrious language to the greater part of his auditory. "When I