

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 572

WEDNESDAY, 3RD JULY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## MISS HILL,

Organist of the Saint Patrick's Church in this city.

DESGS to intimate to her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive Pupils on the

PIANO, HARP, GUITAR, THOROUGH BASS, and Italian and English Singing.

As it is the intention of Miss Hill to become a permanent resident in Quebec, those pupils entrusted to her will be afforded an opportunity of being thoroughly instructed in either or all of the above branches; and from having received instruction under the first masters in the profession, she feels confident in being able to give entire satisfaction.—Terms known by application at her residence, No. 14, Saint George's Street, Grand Battery. Quebec, 17th June, 1839.

## R. C. TODD,

HERALD PAINTER.

No. 16, St. Nicholas Street.

## PAINTING

In Water Colours.

MR. DELCOUR, No. 3, St. John Street, Upper Town, will take a few pupils for instruction in Painting Landscape in Water Colours. Quebec, 9th May, 1839.

## J. JONES,

Engraver and Copper-Plate Printer, REMOVED to No. 2, PALACE STREET, next door to the Albion Hotel. Quebec, 29th May, 1839.

## CHARLES McDONALD,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, GLAZIER, &c. &c. RETURNS thanks for the liberal encouragement he has received from the inhabitants of Quebec, and respectfully informs them that he continues to carry on business at No. 13, St. Charles Street, where all orders will be promptly attended to, and he flatters himself that his terms will be found as reasonable, and his materials superior to those hitherto furnished. Quebec, 10th April, 1839.

## FRESH SEEDS.

Just received per late arrivals, a supply of RED AND WHITE CLOVER SEEDS—Also, Turnips, Pease, Beans, &c. &c. of various kinds, and warranted of last year's growth.

## BEGG & URQUHART,

13 St. John Street, and 8 Notre Dame Street, Lower Town. Quebec, 1st June, 1839.

## HORATIO CARWELL,

No. 4, Fabrique Street.

DESGS respectfully to inform his friends and the public that he has now on hand an unusually large selection of Plain and Fancy Dry Goods, received per the Eleutheria and manual and other vessels, from London, and being desirous of making quick sales the whole now being offered at reduced prices, for cash or short credit. Quebec, 11th June, 1839.

The subscribers have received, per Eleutheria & Royal Tar, their usual supply

## LONDON STATIONERY,

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, Scrap Books and Albums, various bindings, miniature Classical Library, 62 vols. bound in silk, in a case, Bibles, Prayer Books, Testaments, and Church Services, in great variety.

## W. COWAN & SON,

St. Peter Street, Lower Town.

St. John Street, Upper Town.

## SPLendid FRENCH SILKS, VEILS, &c. FOR BONNETS AND DRESSES.

ALSO, THE NEW SHAPES in TUSCAN BONNETS, imported by the way of New-York. And, just opened, SEVEN CASES of LONDON MADE BEAVER HATS, to be sold cheap for cash. BROWN'S CHEAP CLOTHING STORE, Corner of Rue du Fort and Basse Streets, Upper Town. Quebec, 17th April, 1839.

## HORATIO CARWELL,

4, Fabrique Street.

HAS JUST OPENED AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF CHILDREN'S, MAIDS' AND LADIES' STRAW BONNETS, RECEIVED BY ELEUTHERIA, FROM LONDON. 18th May.

## NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that they have commenced business on the premises lately occupied by Mr. Hobbs, No. 12, St. John Street—where they have just received, and opened for sale, an importation of Seasonable Dry Goods, comprising a choice and fashionable assortment, selected by one of the partners from the best markets in England and Scotland. L. BALLINGALL & CO. N. B.—NO SECOND PRICE. Quebec, 27th May, 1839.

THE Subscriber has just opened a large assortment of 7-8 & 2-4 Irish linens, huacabacks, 10-4 and 12-4 Russia sheeting, 6-4 and 10-4 linen damasks, double damasks, table cloths, damask napkins and doilies, counterpanes, Marselles quilts, and a few very handsome Imperial summer quilts; also watered and damask moreens with rich fringes, bell pulls and other trimmings to match, a few patterns of rich Brussels carpets, hemp carpets, Kidderminster carpets, Royal molings, and a small lot of printed dimity, a new style of print for bed and window curtains with fringes to match. H. CARWELL. Quebec, 8th June, 1839.

## HAVANNAH CIGARS.

10,000 HAVANNAH CIGARS, best quality, just received by the Subscriber. PETER DELCOUR, 2d May, 1838. No. 3, St. John Street

## HAVANNAH CIGARS,

OF THE FOLLOWING CHOICE BRANDS REGALIA, Union, Tacon, Cassadores, José Lopez Trigo, Trabuco, Espelata, Iberia, Star,

FOR SALE BY P. LANGLOIS.

20th May, 1839.

## JOHN SHAW & CO.

Importers, ARE NOW RECEIVING EX "ELEUTHERIA," "EMMANUEL," "JOHN BENTLEY," "LEO," and other vessels, their usual spring assortment of HARDWARE, &c.

CONSISTING OF BRONZED BRASS, and other FENDERS, FIRE SETS, Tea Urns, Papier Mache, and other Tea Trays; Fancy Kettles, Lamps, Lamp Shades, superior Cutlery in Knives and Forks, Scissors, Penknives, &c.

WITH A VARIETY OF FANCY IRONMONGERY, &c. Cabinet Maker's Brass and Iron Work, House Joiners' ditto, ditto. Quebec, 1st June, 1839.

## Portug.

## THE LYRE AND SWORD.

From the German of Körner. Green wave the oak forever o'er thy rest, Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest, And in the stillness of thy country's breast, Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepst! Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd, Thou of the lyre and sword!

Rest, bard! rest, soldier!—by thy father's hand Here shall the child of after years be led, With his wreath-offering silently to stand, In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead, Soldier and bard! for thou thy path hast trod With freedom and with God!

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite, And the crowd'd host to slumber warriors bore thee, On with true hearts thy brethren of the fight Wept as they veil'd thee: drooping banners o'er thee, And the deep guns which rolling peal gave token, 'That lyre and sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb: a lowlier bed Is here thy portion, because thee living— The gentle girl, that bow'd her fair young head, When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying, Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave— She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others:—but for her, To whom the wide world held that only spot, She lov'd thee!—lovely in your lives ye were, And in your early deaths divided not, Thou hast thine oak, thy cross!—What hath she? Her own best place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made The bright earth glorious to her thoughtful eye, Since first in childhood midst the vines ye play'd, And sent glad singing through the free blue sky, Ye were but two;—and when that spirit pass'd, 'Twas to the one, the last!

Woe, ye no long!—She lingered but to trace Thine image from the image in her breast, Once, once again to see that buried face 'But smile upon her, ere she went to rest, 'Twas but a smile; its light was o'er, And all was over here, no more.

'Tis earth's silent when thy voice departed, 'The home too lonely whence thy step had led; What then was left for her, the faithful hearted? Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead! Softly she perished,—be the flower deplor'd Here with the lyre and sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—so let those trust That meet for moments but to part for years; That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust That love where love is but a fount of tears, Brother, sweet sister! peace around ye dwell— Lyre, sword, and flower, farewell!

## THE REVERSES OF A SEASON.

The evening of Thursday, the fifteenth of February, was one of the most delightful I ever remembered to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting no checks or impediments to its currents, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without? The rain was pattering upon the skylight of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while heating time to my own music, I sang in rather a louder tone than usual, my favorite air—"Judy O'Flanagan;"—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only serving to enhance, in my estimation, the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. Men—married men—may expect at it they will, in good polished sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess, not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself,

than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the balmy hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispensed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a signal combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house and fireside, and furniture, and presume to exercise the rights of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he is a young unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him. I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish my "free condition." Not a day but my adoration of such an union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but under my peculiar and most favored circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness.—True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of laboring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by-the-by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pampadour-colored ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued—"There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are bound to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blest in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's any thing in the world he would not do for me.—I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to my fireplace, and, reseatting myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug as it digested. "And you, too, my old Neptune, aren't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?"

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression. "Ay, to be sure you are, and a capital swimmer too!"

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left.

"And is he not a fine, faithful fellow? and does he not love his master?"

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation by again sinking into repose.

"That dog's a philosopher," I said; he never says a word more than is necessary.—Then, again, not only blest in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my fathers, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down on the very day the bargain was concluded. By-the-by, though I had forgot—I may as well