

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 54.]

MONDAY, 24th JUNE, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SPLENDID BOOKS.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND WILL
SELL FOR CASH THE UNDERMENTIONED
GALLENLY ILLUSTRATED WORKS,
1. DENN'S "TABLEAU of the Affections, a series
of Pictorial Engravings of the
weanily virtues.—1839.
2. DENN'S OF BEAUTY, displayed in a series of 12
highly finished engravings of Spanish sub-
jects, by the first Artists.—1839.
3. DENN'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL for 1839,
edited by Leitch Ritchie.
4. DENN'S PORTS AND HARBOURS, Water-
colouring Plates, Fishing Villages and other
picturesque objects on the English Coast.
5. DENN'S RIVERS OF FRANCE, from drawings
by Turner.
6. DENN'S METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS, or Lon-
don in the nineteenth century, from draw-
ings by T. H. Shepherd.
7. DENN'S GALLERY OF MODERN BRITISH AR-
TISTS, consisting of series of engravings
from Works of the most eminent Eng-
lish Artists.
8. DENN'S GALLERY OF BRITISH ENGRA-
VINGS, 2 vols.
W. COWAN & SON.
14th June.

MISS HILL,

Opposite of the Court Palace's Church in 20th St.
Desires to intimate to her friends and the
public, that she is prepared to receive
pupils on the
FRANCE, ITALY, SPAIN,
THOROUGH BASS,
And Italian and English Singing.

As it is the intention of Miss Hill to be-
come permanent resident in Quebec, those popu-
larly known to her will be afforded an opportunity
of being thoroughly instructed in either or all
the above branches; and from having re-
ceived instruction under the first masters in
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.

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, 20th May, 1839.

HORATIO CARWELL,

4, Fabrique Street.
HAS JUST OPENED AN EXTENSIVE AS-
SORTMENT OF CHILDREN'S, MAIDS'
AND LADIES' STAY BOSNETS, RECORDED
BY ELETHERIA, FROM LONDON.
14th May.

NEW

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

N E W

FUR AND CAP STORE.
FRISCHBLATT, (from Prussia,) respect-
fully announces to the inhabi-
tants of Quebec, that he has opened a Store at
No. 10, Fabrique Street, Upper Town,
where he will constantly have on hand a
large and extensive assortment of Furs and
Hats, and Military Caps, made up to the latest
London and Parisian fashions.
* Fur and Cloth Caps altered to fashion-
able shapes at short notice.
Quebec, 10th June.

SUPERIOR Arrow Root received di- rect from BERMUDA;

ALSO:—
A case of genuine
COLOGNE WATER,
Direct from the house of JEAN MARIA
FARINA, Cologne; for sale by
BEGG & URQUHART,
St. John's Street.
14th June, 1839.

SUPERIOR STEAM-MADE SODA WATER, for sale by

MUSSON & SAVAGE.
Quebec, 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.

TURNIPI SEEDS.

THE Subscribers have received their usual
supply of
**YELLOW ABERDEEN,
WHITE GLOBE,
RED NORFOLK,
EARLY STONE,
MALTA, DUTCH, POMERANIAN,
And other kinds of Turnip Seeds.**
ALSO,
RED AND WHITE CLOVER.
MUSSON & SAVAGE.
Quebec, 10th June, 1839.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received per
Eleutheria and Emmanuel, their usual
supplies of ENGLISH and other DRUGS,
CHEMICALS, &c., comprising every article
generally required, either in Medical Prac-
tice, or family use.

ALSO—AN ASSORTMENT OF
SURGEONS' INSTRUMENTS AND MATTE-
RIALS, MAW'S IMPROVED DOMESTIC
INSTRUMENT, FAMILY MEDICINE
CHESTS, &c.
With numerous other Articles.
MUSSON & SAVAGE,
Chemists & Druggists.
Quebec, 14th June.

FRESH LEECHES.
A LARGE supply of the GERMAN MEDI-
CINAL LEECH, of large size and super-
ior quality, just received, and for sale low, by
MUSSON & SAVAGE,
Chemist & Druggists.
Quebec, 10th June, 1839.

HAVANNAH CIGARS,

Of the following choice brands
**REGALIA, Union,
Tucan,
Cassadores,
Jose Lopez Trigo,
Trabuco,
Ezpelata,
Iberia,
Star,**
FOR SALE BY
P. LANGLOIS.
20th May, 1839.

HAVANNAH CIGARS.

10,000 HAVANNAH CIGARS, best
Subscriber.
PETER DELCOUR,
20th May, 1838. No. 3, St. John Street.

FOR SALE, at the Store of H. CARWELL,
4, Fabrique Street, a choice assortment
of gentlemen's superior black beaver HATS
of the newest shapes and best quality, price
\$8; also, summer possimer hats, 12s. 6d. each.
A few ladies' riding hats, superior quality,
Queen's Own, Adelaide, Durham, and other
new shapes.
Quebec, June 8th, 1839.

POETRY.

OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS.

BY ELIZA COOK.
How dashing! in sun and light the frigate makes
her way
Her white wings spreading full and bright beneath
the glancing ray.
The gale may wake, but she will take whatever
wind may come,
Fit ear to bear the ocean god upon his crystal
home.
She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war
horse leaped from rein
She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress
of the main,
All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts
upon their lips,
And cry, "Old England! who shall match thy sail-
ors and thy ships?"
Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits
dwell upon the deck—
True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in
wreck.
No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart or
quail of eye—
They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave
or die.
The flag that carries round the world a Nelson's
Must never shield a dastard knave, or strike in
craver shame.
Let triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall
eclipse.
The glory of Old England's crews, her sailors and
her ships
The tempest breath sweeps o'er the sea with howl-
ing of despair,
Death wafts upon the waters, but the tar must face
and bear.
The bulwark line, the broadside pours, 'mid sulphur,
blood and smoke,
And prove a British crew and craft alike as hearts
of oak.
O! ye who live 'mid fruits and flowers—the peace-
ful, safe and free,
Vouch up a prayer for those who share the perils of
the sea.
"God and our right!" these are the words o'er first
upon our lips—
But not shall be "Old England's flag, our sailors
and our ships."

ISABELLE AND HER SISTER KATE AND THEIR COUSIN.

Mistake and misunderstandings are not such
bad things after all, at least not always so;
circumstances alter cases.
I remember a case in point. Every body
in the country admired Isabelle Edmunds, and
in truth, she was an admirable creature, just
made for admiration and sonnetting, and
falling in love with, and accordingly all in
the county of ——— was in love with her.
The columns of every Argus, and Herald, and
Sentinel, and Gazette and Spectator, and all
manner of newspapers abounded with the
effusions, supplicatory and declamatory of her
worshippers; in short, Miss Isabelle was the
object of all the spare "ideality" in all the
region round about. Now, I shall not inform
my respected reader how she looked, you may
just think of a Venus, a Psyche, a Madonna,
a fairy, an angel, and so forth, and you will
have a very definite idea on that point. I must
run on with my story. I am not about to
choose this angel for my heroine, because she
is too handsome, and too much like other
heroines for my purpose. But Miss Isabelle
had a sister, and I think I shall take her—
"Little Kate," for she was always spoken of
in the diminutive, and was some years
younger than her sister and somewhat shorter
in stature. She had no pretensions to beauty
—none at all: yet there was a certain some-
thing, a certain—in short, Sir, she looked
very much like Mrs. A. or Miss G. whom you
admit so much, though you always declare
she is not handsome.
It requires a very peculiar talent to be over-
looked with good grace and in this talent
Miss Kate excelled. She was as placid and
as happy by the side of her brilliant sister, as
any little contented star, that for ages has
twinkled on, unnoticed and almost eclipsed by
the side of the peerless moon. Indeed, the
only art science in which Kate made any
great proficiency, was the art and science of
being happy, and in this she so remarkably
excelled, that one could scarcely be in her
presence half an hour without feeling unac-
countably comfortable themselves.

She had a world of sprigliness, a deal of
simplicity and affection, with a dash of good
natured shrewdness, that after all, kept you
more in awe than you would ever suppose
you could be kept, by such a merry, good
natured little body. Not one of Isabelle's
admirers ever looked at her with such devout
adoration as did the laughter-loving Kate—No
one was so ready to run, wait and tend—to be
up stairs and down stairs, and every where in
ten minutes, when Isabelle was dressing for
conquest: in short, she was, as the dedication
of books sometimes set forth, her ladyship's
most obedient, and most devout serv. nt.
But if I am going to tell you my story, I
must not keep you all night looking at
pictures: so now to my tale, which I shall
commence in manner and form the follow-
ing:—

It came to pass that a certain college
valetictorian and a far off cousin of the two
sisters, come down to pass a few months of
his free agency at their father's: and, as
aforesaid, he had carried off the first collegiate
honour, besides the hearts of all the ladies in
the front gallery at the last commence-
ment.

So interesting! so poetic! such fine eyes,
and all that, was the reputation he left with
the gentle sex. But alas, poor Edward, what
did all this advantage him? so long as he was
afflicted with that unutterable indescribable
mildly, commonly rendered hastfulness—a
worse nullifier than any ever heard of in
Carolina. Should you see him in company,
you would really suppose him ashamed of his
remarkably handsome person and cultivated
mind.—When he began to speak, you felt
tempted to throw open the window and offer
him a smelling bottle, he made such a distress-
ing affair of it, and as to speaking to a lady!
it was not to be thought of.

When Kate heard that this "rara avis"
was coming to her father's, she was unaccount-
ably interested to see him, of course—because
she was her cousin, and because—a dozen
other things too numerous to mention.

He came, and was for one or two days an
object of commiseration as well as administra-
tion to the whole family circle. After a while,
however, he grew quiet a domestic; entered
the room staid forward, instead of strutting in
sideways—talked off whole sentences without
stopping—looked Miss Isabelle all in the face
without blushing—even tried his skill at
sketching patterns, and winding silk—read
poetry and played the flute with the ladies—
tumbled and frolicked with the children, and,
in short as John observed, was as a psalm book
from morning till night.

Divers reports began to spread abroad in the
neighbourhood, and great confusion was heard
in the camp of Miss Isabelle's admirers. It
was stated with great precision, how many
times they had ridden—walked—talked to-
gether, and even all they had said. In short,
the whole neighbourhood was full of

"What strange knowledge that doth come
We know not how—we know not where."
As for Kate, she always gave all admittance to
her sister, ex officio; so she thought "that of
all the men she had ever seen, she should like
cousin Edward best for a brother, and she did
hope Isabelle would like as much as she did;
and for some reason or other, her speculations
were remarkably drawn to this point; and yet,
for some reason or other, she felt as if she
could not ask any questions about it.

At last, events appeared to draw towards a
crisis. Edward became more and more
"brown studies" every day, and he and Isa-
bella had divers solitary walks and confabula-
tions, from which they returned with a pecu-
liar solemnity of countenance. Moreover, the
quick sighted little Kate noticed that when Ed-
ward was with herself, he seemed to talk as
though he talked not, when with Isabelle he
was all animation and interest; that he was
constantly falling into trances and reveries, and
broke off the thread of conversation abruptly;
and, in short, had every appearance of a per-
son who would be glad to say something if he
only knew how.

"So," said Kate to herself, "they neither
of them speak to me about it—I should think