

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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WEDNESDAY, 19TH JUNE, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NEW GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED,
FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER,
No. 11, Notre Dame Street,
SERRONS OF BLACK PEPPER,
(CERT.)
10 Baskets Olive Oil,
20 Barrels Roasted Coffee,
20 Casks superior Alcoa Ale, in wood and bottle.
ALSO —
1 Pipe Blackburn's Madeira,
10 Hds. Vinegar, &c.
JOHN FISHER,
Quebec, 17th June, 1839.

JUST RECEIVED,
FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
MINOTS OATS,
500 do. PEAS,
200 do. BARLEY,
LATHAM & RUSTON,
Corner of St. Paul and St. Peter Streets,
Quebec, 17th June, 1839.

JUST RECEIVED,
Per Ship "Celia," from Belfast,
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
TWO HUNDRED Barrels Prime Mess
IRISH PORK.
ALSO,
A few hundred Hampers best Irish Potatoes,
G. H. PAPPE,
India Wharf,
Quebec, 23rd May, 1839.

JUST RECEIVED,
CASKS SUPERIOR LEITH ALE,
in wood and bottle.
JOHN FISHER,
Quebec, 14th June.

NOW LANDING,
AND THE "Niger," direct from Bordeaux,
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS—
100 BASKETS Best Salad Oil,
16 Hds. Olive Oil,
7 Bales Wine Corks,
5 Hds. best Cognac Brandy,
10 do. Vin de Graves,
10 do. St. Julien Claret,
10 cases Lafite Claret, 1834, very choice,
15 do. Latour do do do do,
15 do. Chateau Margoux do do do,
10 do. Sauterne, 1831,
10 do. Barac, 1831,
10 do. superior Sauterne, 1834,
10 do. St. Julien, 1833,
10 do. old Cognac Brandy.
LEMESURIER, TILSTONE & CO.
Quebec, 22nd May 1839.

IN STORE.
10 HDS. Bright Muscovado Sugar,
50 Hds. do. do. do.
20 Serrons Tallow,
300 R. Ayres Hides,
25 Boxes Vermicelli,
20 Casks Salad Oil in flasks,
200 do. Fresh Dried Herring,
Black Pepper, London Starch, Fig Blue,
lard in jars, Epsom Salts, Sulphur and
stone, and Arrow-Root;
ALSO LANDING,
500 bbls. Hambro' Prime Mess Pork.
HY. J. NOAD,
Bateau's Wharf, St. Paul Street,
Quebec, 12th June, 1839.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
MONTREAL WHISKEY, of various
strengths,
Hollan's Gin, Nutmegs,
Pot Barley and Split Pease,
Montreal Soap of best quality,
Plus Tobacco and Segars,
T. D. Tobacco Pipes,
CREELMAN & LEPPER,
Hamp's Wharf,
May.

NEW GOODS.

FOR SALE,
SUPERIOR PLUG TOBACCO, small 16's
Sweet Malaga Wine, London Starch,
Ground Ginger, Liquorice, Banca Raisins in
half boxes and qr. do., superior Salad Oil,
Champagne of various celebrated brands,
Spirits Turpentine, White Paint and Corks,
HENDERSONS & CO.
Hunt's Wharf.
Quebec, 1st June, 1839.

FOR SALE.
450 BOXES Lisbon Oranges, superior fruit
and in fine order, now landing at Gil-
lespie's Wharf, ex schooner Alert, from Lisbon.
15 pipes Spanish Red Wine, now landing
5 Hds. 4 at the Wellington wharf, ex Celia
200 Hds. Hambro' P. M. Pork, ex Emanach.
—AND IN STORE—
Tenerife Wine, Pasley's brand, L. P. and
Cargo in pipes, Hds. and qr. casks,
200 boxes Waterford Fig Blue.
W. M. PRICE & CO.
23rd May.

FOR SALE,
At No. 11, Notre Dame Street.
CASKS ALUM,
20 Casks Epsom Salts,
8 Casks Brimstone,
10 Baskets Double Berkeley Cheese,
7 Bags Cotton Wick,
1 Hhd. Westphalia Hams,
3 Cases Preserved Ginger,
12 Boxes Souchong Tea,
10 Cases Gin.
JOHN FISHER,
Quebec, 8th June.

FOR SALE.
TWENTY THOUSAND Pieces floated
Pine Deals, assorted sizes,
White and Red Pine, Oak, Elm, and Birch
Timber,
Sauce Spars and Handspikes.
These articles are delivered from New Wa-
terford Cove, where the Subscriber is ready to
receive and ship all descriptions of Lumber.
H. N. JONES.
Quebec, 25th May, 1839.

ON SALE,
BY THE SUBSCRIBER:—
100 BOXES LONDON WAX WICK
and MOULD CANDLES.
20 Boxes London Sperm do.
100 do. Soap,
30 do. Windsor and Fancy do.,
20 Pipes Benecarlo Wine,
10 Hds. and 5 pipes Holland Gin,
10 Hds. and 5 pipes C. P. neriffe
10 Qr. Casks Old L. P. do.
2 Pipes Blackburn's Madeira,
30 Barrels London Porter,
30 Cases Schiedam Gin,
30 Hampers Fresh English Cheese,
5 Casks Currants,
1 Cask Nutmegs,
5 Hds. Refined Sugar,
120 Bags Fine Salt;
ALSO —
Champagne and Claret Wines, Ratafia
Maraschino and Curacao Liqueurs, E. I. Ar-
rack, Fresh Pickles and Sauces, Salad and
Castor Oil, Maccatois, Cocoa, London Starch,
Mocha Coffee, &c. &c. &c.
P. LANGLOIS.
17, Fabrique Street,
3rd June, 1839.

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER,
Corner of St. John and St. Stanislaus Streets,
6 PUNS. SUPERIOR CIDER,
10 Box S FRESH ORANGES AND
LEMONS.
AND ALWAYS ON HAND:—
Hams, Bacon, Pork, Pease, Butter, Flour
Oatmeal and Barley, with a general assort-
ment of genuine Groceries.
ALSO,
Crackers, Wine, Water and Cabin Biscuit.
Confectionary of every description, whole-
sale and retail.
THOS. BICKELL.

A SHOOTING EXPLOIT OF SHERIDAN.

Tom Sheridan used to tell a story for and against himself, which we shall take leave to relate.

He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham, (or rather Hampstead,) and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper: the spot was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the stop of his speed a jolly comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you sir," said the squire, when within half-a-bar-shot, "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir," said the squire, growing angry, "and do you know where here is, sir?—there, sir, are my manes; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire; "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little, "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir—"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the squire; "you don't know, sir, what these preservers have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all well to talk, but if you were in my place, I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment."

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say) "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things that he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farm-yard: in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and diving; on its verdant banks, a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partridges picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably.

Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer." "Of what, sir?" says the farmer.

"Why?" replies Tom, "I have been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot; now, both my barrels are loaded, I should like to take home something; what shall I give

you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish!" said Tom, "fairish!"

"and to have all you kill?" said the farmer.

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece, which has ens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other; and such quacking, and splashing and screaming, and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Thor; "eight ducks and fowls are more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be, but what do I care for that—they are none of mine?"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life beaten, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."

Miscellaneous Extracts.

THE NIGHT CAP.

We once heard a story of a distinguished literary gentleman in London, the victim of an over-prudent wife, who was a continual source of kind annoyance to him. One drizzly dubious evening, he was about betaking himself to a soiree, in a distant quarter of the metropolis, when his cautious companion, fearing the threatening weather might detain him with his host all night, besought him to take with him a night cap, from which he could be sure no danger would ensue, by reason of dampness, that might result from one borrowed for the occasion. He declined, the wife implored, but the man resisted. Finally, the better half apparently yielded the point, and after throwing her arms tenderly around her husband, he was permitted to depart. Now he was to meet at the conversation, whether he was wearing a literary old maid, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue, and vain as a peacock, whose ms. poem lay perdue in his coat pocket. He had taken it to read, and was to return it with his opinion of its merits, when next he met the benign creature who had made it out of her head.

In the course of the evening, he encountered her, the centre of a bevy of admiring and kindred spirits. The circle widened at his approach, and when he was seated, a triumphant appeal was made to his judgment. Great was the joy of the authoress, when the umpire declared as he placed the ms. in her hand, that he "was delighted with the whole poem," although he had not read a line of it.

"What scene enchanted you most?" enquired the poetess; "the one which records the story of Adelfith Fitzclarence, or that where Geoffrey Augustus de Monderville restored the Lady Georgiana to her lover? Tell us what effect that scene had upon you?"

Here was a poser! What was the critic to answer? He only knew that the poem was written upon fancy colored paper, and prettily stitched together with a pink ribbon. What was he to do? Suddenly a felicitous idea strikes him. He remembers that he has often been enabled to collect his thoughts, in an urgent emergency, by taking his kerchief slowly from his pocket to unfold it gradually, and applying it to his forehead; and he forthwith