

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

VOL. II.—No. 20.]

SATURDAY, 23rd MARCH, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## BROKEN FAITH.

Thou'rt not forgotten—by the flash  
That gleams in yon dark eye,  
When, in the throgl'd haunts of life,  
The graceful forms glide by;  
The sudden start,—the lid compress'd  
When thy sweet voice is heard,  
Prove that the faithless one yet feels  
How deeply thou'rt prefer'd.

Thou'rt not forgotten—by the cloud  
Of gloom upon that brow,  
Which once was sunny as thine own,  
All lowering be it now!  
The light of wit no longer beams  
Upon his words and ways;  
In bitterness he smiles and turns  
From thoughts of former days.

Thou'rt not forgotten,—by the fierce  
Despair that mocks control,  
When the calm pique of thy glance  
Strikes daggers to his soul!  
Or when he sees another seek  
The love that once he priz'd,  
And his own vows across him rush,—  
Thou'rt not forgotten—fearfully.

Thou'rt not forgotten,—every hour,  
He mourns thee more and more,  
What profits him his noble bride?  
Or what her golden store?  
For since he broke his faith with thee,  
Each thought and hope is changed,  
Thou'rt not forgotten—fearfully  
Thy slighted love's avenged.

## PAUL PLIANT;

OR, THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY "NO."

By G. L. Author of the Yankee Notions.

Two negatives, they say, make an affirmative. Therefore, I am safe to suppose that the man who can't say "no" must have been a very good fellow. I have heard of a man who was so obliging that he never said "no" to anything that was said, proposed, suggested, intimated or hinted to him. He was a true administration man under all governments, never being in the opposition. He was one of those over-polite, over-good-natured, oh-very-acquiescent mortals, who seem to be sent to the world for no other purpose than to show how much a man may suffer for want of a little contrary-mindedness. "Yes," "Certainly," "By all means," "No doubt of it," "With all my heart," "Very much obliged to you," "Entirely at your service," "Oh, yes," "Oh, yes," "Such were Paul's constant replies. As to saying "no," it was as impossible to get it out, as Macbeth's "Amen!" when he had most need of denying, it "stuck in his throat." I don't know that he ever sat the legislature, but I am sure that if he ever when the "yeas had it," they had Paul in the house. He would not have cried "Nix nosse!" in the Polish diet, if the words could have demolished the partition treaty. Though he was not in the opposition, yet I think it very correct to call him a Jackson man, for he never voted anything in his life, unless, in the style of the honest country representative, Mr. Speaker, I shall give my veto in favour of this bill." In short, Paul was the very ink of assentments—an incarnation of *nem. est.*

Now this is a very good character for a man to bear—on some accounts, for it gets one the reputation of a good-natured fellow; and as the world commonly pretends to have a high opinion of a good-natured fellow, and according to the proverb, "opinion is the queen of the world," the reader may think Paul must have had a happy time of it. No such thing, Paul's good nature brought him into more embarrassments and vexations than if he had been the crosslest cut that ever snarled. I speak of leading umbrellas—"tis the lot of mortality. To lead money is about the same, though money lent sometimes comes back. But who would believe that a good-natured man, merely by reason of his good nature, and for no other fault under the sun, could be led through such a rignatole dance of adventure by the perversity of fortune, that he fought a duel and almost married a widow!

The widow Wilful was a lady of a certain age; she had shed many tears for the loss of

her good man—so she protested, and I cannot help thinking she spoke the truth, for she tried very hard to get another. However, this did not prove so easy a matter, for although the widow was not without charms, the men were shy. What could be the reason? She gave splendid parties, and had sparks and dangles without number, but it was never a match. What could be the reason? The reader will ask as in the story will be plain enough without it, and if the reader cannot guess, it would not much help him to let out the whole mystery. "This is truly delightful," said Paul, one evening, to the widow, as he leaned his arm over the back of her chair, worked his face up to the blindest of all his acquiescent smiles, and essayed some flattering compliments concerning the widow's fine entertainment. "This is truly delightful; so much hilarity and cheerfulness—so many happy faces. I love to look on them."

Paul inadvertently raised his eyes as he uttered these words, and at the close of the speech was looking straight into the widow's face. He meant not the least harm in the world; but the widow pretended to blush. She purred up her pretty mouth.

"Oh, Mr. Pliant, you are a great flatterer; but we know you are honest. You never say one thing and mean another. You are always sincere."  
"Certainly, by all means, my dear madam."  
"But really, Mr. Pliant, my dear sir, when a gentleman tells a lady that he loves to look on her, you know, that really is significant."  
"Oh yes, certainly; you are quite right, madam."

"Well, you are very frank, Mr. Pliant, and I shall certainly give you credit for sincerity. Another man might say ten times as much and I should never think of regarding it; but I know I can rely upon the word of so honourable a gentleman as Mr. Paul Pliant."

"Relly upon my word! surely you may, Mrs. Wilful. I should be sorry if—"  
"Oh, don't mention it, my dear sir. I never doubted for a moment; certainly you never would have hinted anything like an attachment unless you had been sincere."

"Certainly, madam," replied Paul, in great amazement, with the conjecture how he had been so unucky as to say more than he meant; for Paul would as soon have thought of jumping out of a steeple as of telling widow Wilful he felt an attachment for her. "Certainly, by all means," he continued to repeat, mechanically. "Oh, yes, certainly."

"Pray, Mr. Pliant, be so good as to hand me a glass of water; but the room is so warm—just reach your hand."

"Certainly, madam; my hand is entirely at your service." Paul was in such a flutter, that he was not aware what he was uttering till the words were past recall. "Bless me! what have I said!" thought he to himself. But it was too late.

"Oh, Mr. Pliant!" said she, blushing up to the ears, "you are too generous. I mean you are almost too precipitate. Now were it any other man, I should suspect him of trifling. But such a man as Mr. Pliant—"

"Confound the jade!" quoth Paul to himself, "how shall I get out of the scrape? I hope she isn't going to faint. Mrs. Wilful—madam—you know I say a thousand things of this sort. I can't help it, you know."

"That's just as I always supposed, Mr. Pliant; a man of your sincerity and frankness, can't help uttering his true sentiments. Ah! I like an honest man of all things! Oh, Mr. Pliant, you are an honest man."

"Now this is too bad," thought Paul, in great tribulation. "What shall I say?" "My dear madam, I certainly wish to be honest. Compliments, you know, are compliments; but when a man means nothing—you know."

"Certainly, Mr. Pliant, you are quite right. When a man means nothing, he should say nothing. I knew those were your sentiments. Wasn't I right?"

"Oh, yes, by all means; quite right," returned Paul in deeper embarrassment than ever. He found himself fairly caught: the widow's eyes sparkled, and she languished

three times at him. "I won't speak another word," said he to himself—"it only makes the matter worse." He snatched a cup of whipped cream and pretended to eat it.

The widow saw his embarrassment, and whether she suspected his determination to resist all further attempts to entangle him or not, we do not exactly know; but she resolved not to let him escape. A silence of some moments followed, till Paul finding he could not decently hold his tongue any longer, cast about for some thing innocent to say. After some hesitation upon a variety of topics, he judged it safe to admire the carpet—from the carpet, a natural transition was made to the pictures, and from the pictures to the window curtains—the window curtains led to the arm-chair, the arm-chair to the sofa, and the sofa to a pair of little babies in alabaster on the chimney-piece.

"Charming! Delightful!" exclaimed Paul—not exactly knowing whether he meant to be understood of the arm-chair, or some other article of furniture.

"Ain't they?" said the widow.  
"What have I said again?" quoth Paul to himself, beginning to tremble with apprehension. "The furniture is in very good taste, Mrs. Wilful—very elegant—very fine."

"All vanity, Mr. Pliant," said the widow, affecting a very solemn look—"these things are all vanity."

"Oh yes—you are quite right—all vanity," replied Paul, taking a spoonful of whipped cream, and finding he had got nothing in his mouth.

"Ah! Mr. Pliant!" said the widow, languishingly.

"Yes, exactly so," returned Paul.  
"Exactly how? Mr. Pliant, pardon me. I didn't perceive the drift of your observation."

"Beg pardon, madam. I was only saying—as you remarked, that everything was remarkably fine in this house of yours, and that all is vanity—or rather I should say, that one thing is needful."

"Ah, Mr. Pliant, I understand you—you mean the furniture is complete except one article."

"Exactly so. Yes—that is—if you think anything is wanting," replied Paul in considerable perturbation, and glad to escape the appearance of finding fault, by a sort of acquiescence.

The widow clasped her handkerchief to her face, and exhibited or pretended to exhibit, a slight emotion. "My dear Mr. Pliant," said she in a tender voice, "it is impossible not to understand you. You mean a husband!"

"A husband!" exclaimed Paul, startled by the audacious boldness of the suggestion.

"I knew you meant so," returned the widow, sinking into her chair. "Oh my dear sir, I feel quite embarrassed." Paul's intellects were in such a cloudy state at this moment that he thought she was about to faint. He caught her hand, and was just going to call for harts-horn, when she opened her eyes with an appearance of great languor.

"Oh, Mr. Pliant! the sincerity of this avowal—you are sincere, Mr. Pliant."  
"Certainly—yes," exclaimed Paul, for he could say nothing else; he was a lost man. The widow kept fast hold of his hand. Paul struggled to say something—he felt how desperately he was situated. "Mrs. Wilful," said he in great agitation, "I do not wish you to be deceived—the fact is, I must speak plainly."

"My dear Mr. Pliant, I never thought you a deceiver. I do not believe you ever will be a deceiver. Oh! there are some men who are so deceiving!"

Paul was at his last gasp as the widow uttered this pathetic exclamation; "I must set the matter right this moment,"—thought he, "or it will be all over with me!" He threw himself into an attitude of earnest entreaty. "Listen to me one moment, madam!" said he with as much firmness of voice as he was master of; but luckless man! His foot catching in the hearth-rug, tossed him upon his knees in an instant, and the attention of the whole company being aroused by the fall, everybody looked round and beheld Paul in supplicating at the widow's feet. He remained transfixed

with honour and vexation for two-third of a minute, and then, without uttering a word, made a leap for the door, and bolted out of the house!

The next day, Paul's adventure was the talk of the town, and the congratulations and condolence which he received from his friends on his engagement to the widow Wilful, almost drove him stark mad. "Paul, my dear fellow, I give you joy—but who would have thought you had the courage to do it?" "Paul, how could you do such a thing?" "Paul, its all over with you this?" &c., &c., &c. Such were the salutations to which he was subjected for a week—ay, for nine days; for so long must a wonder be allowed to last, especially when it gives people a privilege to remind a man of his misfortunes. As to denying the thing, that of course was out of the question with Paul; besides had not a whole house-full of people seen him on his knees before the widow, and did not the whole town affirm that it was certainly a match? Paul gave up in despair all thoughts of gaining or denial, and only hoped that some lucky accident would pop in between him and the dreaded catastrophe.

"Well, Paul, my conquering hero, when is to be the happy day?" asked his friend Tom Sly, with a look compounded of roguish sarcasm and good-natured concern.

"Oh yes, a very happy day it will be certainly," returned Paul, shrugging up his shoulders.

"Pretty soon, I suppose."  
"Oh yes—soon enough, no doubt of that, eh?"

"Left it all pretty much to her, eh?—well that's quite right!—women love to have their own way, hey Paul?"

"Exactly so, as you say," replied Paul, with a half-suppressed groan.

"The widow is certainly a fine woman," said Tom, with an almost malicious look of condolence.

Paul made a very low bow, and a very desperate attempt to look smiling at the compliment.

"Had a husband, three years ago;—died one day, poor man!"

"What siled him?" said Paul, wishing to turn the conversation; but feeling at the same time an awkward sort of interest in the topic.

"They say she pinched him to death."  
"Horrid!" exclaimed Paul, with an involuntary shudder.

"Though I don't altogether believe it," returned Tom, in a tone as if he only said it to comfort his friend Paul. It was a great deal worse than if he had said nothing at all; but probably this was just the thing he meant.

"Thank ye," said Paul, with an air of dolorous resignation.

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Colonel Strut. More friendly congratulations! I suppose thought Paul to himself, in heroic resignation.

"I believe I have the honor to address Mr. Paul Pliant," said the colonel, marching with stately port, and in double common time up to Paul, and planting himself bolt upright before his face.

"At your service, entirely," said Paul, with meek and measured civility.

"And Mr. Pliant, I presume," continued the colonel, making half a bow, and screwing up his martial features into an apology for a civil smile—"is to marry the widow Wilful?"

"Oh yes, certainly—that is—so they say."  
"Then, sir, I have only to say," said the colonel, lifting him up as high as possible, and twisting his fore-finger into one of his formidable black whiskers, that considering myself supplanted, beguiled, and circumvented by you, I apprehend you are ready to give me such satisfaction as the laws of honour require!"

"Certainly, sir, with great pleasure," replied Paul.

"Then, sir, I shall desire the pleasure of your company on the other side of the state line," returned the colonel, in the civilest tone possible—"Pistols, I suppose, would be your preference."