

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 47.]

SATURDAY, 6TH JUNE 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NEW GOODS.

FOR SALE,
FIFTY CASES London mixed PICKLES, of superior quality, just received.
E. HOOPER & CO.
Hunt's Wharf,
No. 1, 29th May, 1839.

WHITING.
100 CASES on board the *Emmanuel* from London, for sale by
GIBB & SHAW.
29th May.

SUPERFINE CLOTHS.
TWO CASES Superfine West of England CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, receiver Royal Tar, for sale, low for cash or approved credit.

ALSO,
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS.
J. C. HART,
Sault au Matelot Street, opposite the Quebec Bank.
Quebec, 27th May, 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.

W. LECHEMINANT,
No. 1, Fabrique Street, Upper Town,
HAS JUST RECEIVED:—
10 BOXES ORANGES,
10 lbs. Borosa APPLES.

LONDON HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,
&c. &c.
FOR SALE AT THE STORE OF
HORATIO CARWELL,
No. 4, Fabrique Street,
SMALL selection, assorted prices, Gentlemen's Black and Grey BEAVER HATS, made to order, of the newest shapes.

ALSO:
Three trunks Gentlemen's Dress Patterns; Welton Cloth and Leather and Clarence Dress sets, made of the best materials and of the most durable make.
10th April, 1839.

FERRY'S STEEL PENS.
JUST RECEIVED, a lot of the above, of superior quality;
ALSO,
Rodgers' Penknives,
Riddle's Pen and Pencil Holders.
W. COWAN & SON,
St. Peter Street, Lower Town, and
St. John Street, Upper Town.
Quebec, 18th May, 1839.

GIBB & SHAW
Now offer for sale.
10 Pipes and Hhds. Martell & Hennessy's Cognac,
2 Pipes very superior Cognac,
4 Hhds. do. Hollands,
10 Pipes Spanish Brandy, 1 @ 1,
10 Puns. Hamburgh Rum, 1 @ 1,
10 do. Whiskey, 2 @ 5, and 1 @ 1,
3 Pipes Brandy's superior Madeira,
1 do. Blackburne's do. do.
10 Hhds. refined Sugar,
20 Tierces Bright Muscovado Sugar,
30 Bbls. do. do. do.
20 Chests and Baskets Salad Oil,
10 Baskets Double Gloster and Berkely Cheese,
100 Boxes London Wax Wick, Sperm and Wax Candles,
12 Bales Soft Shell Almonds.

ALSO—
Champagne, Claret, Hock, Sauterne, Madeira, Port, Pale and Brown Sherries, Pale & Dark Cognac of the very best qualities, wood and bottle, and a very general assortment of Groceries.
Lower Town, 25th May.

NEW GOODS.

HAVANNAH CIGARS,
Of the following choice brands
REGALIA, Union,
Tuscan,
Cassadotes,
Jose Lopez Trigo,
Tabaco,
Ezpelata,
Beria,
Star,
FOR SALE BY
P. LANGLOIS,
20th May, 1839.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
MONTREAL WHISKEY, of various strengths,
Hollands Gin, Nutmegs,
Pot Barley and Split Pease,
Montreal Soap of best quality,
Plug Tobacco and Segars,
T. D. Tobacco Pipes.
CREELMAN & LEPPER,
Hunt's Wharf.
29th May.

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.

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

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE:
150 KEGS Plug Tobacco,
30 boxes Honey dew & Ladies' twist,
20 bushheads American Leaf do.,
22,000 real Havannah Cigars,
75 barrels Port Wine,
50 puncheons Grenada Rum,
40 barrels roasted Coffee,
20 do. Java do.,
450 boxes Bunch Muscatel Raisins,
60 boxes Souchong Tea,
50 catty boxes Hyson do.,
150 doz. Corn Brooms,
50 do. do. Dusters,
10 bales White Wax,
25 barrels Spirits Turpentine,
100 boxes Lemon Syrup.
—ALSO,—
Prime and Prime Mess Pork, Lard, Pease Oatmeal, Flour, Upper Canada Whiskey, Hemp and Canary Seeds, Walnuts, Pickles, Candles, Pepper, Ginger, Oil, &c.
JOHN YOUNG.
18th May.

NOW LANDING,
From the "Niger," direct from Bordeaux,
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS—
200 BASKETS Best Salad Oil,
16 hds. Olive Oil,
7 bales Wine Corks,
5 hds best Cognac Brandy,
20 do. Vin de Grave,
30 do. St. Julien Claret,
50 cases Lafitte Claret, 1834, very choice,
25 do Latour do do do do,
25 do Chateau Margoux do do do,
50 do Sauterne, 1831,
50 do Barmec, 1831,
10 do superior Sauterne, 1834,
50 do St. Julien, 1833,
50 do old Cognac Brandy.
LEMESURIER, TILSTONE & CO.
Quebec, 22nd May 1839.

Poetry.

THE MOSQUITO'S SONG.
In the dreary hour of the night I'll bite,
A flame of pride in his breast I spy;
When the lamps are lit and the curtains drawn,
And sport on my wings till the morning dawn;
In the festive halls where all is joy,
In the chamber hushed where the sleepers lie,
In the garden bower where the primrose smiles,
And the chirping cricket the hour beguiles;
In these I'll sport through the summer night,
And mortals to vex, I'll bite, I'll bite.
There's one I view with an evil eye,
A flame of pride in his breast I spy;
He breathes in a lute with a master's skill,
And listening souls the rich strain fill
With the rapturous thrill of melody;
But he carries his head so haughtily,
I'll play him a trick—in his happiest swell,
When the lingering thrill with a magic spell,
Holds all entranced, I'll wing my flight,
And pop on his nose, and I'll bite, I'll bite.
There's a poet I know—in the still midnight
He piles the pen by the taper's light
And weary of earth, in a world all his own,
With fancy he rambles where flowers are strewn,
Of fadeless hue, and he images there
A creation of beauty in the pure still air
With the world around from his sense shut out,
I see a young maid in her chamber napping,
But when a new image has broke on his sight,
Ere he gives it existence I'll bite, I'll bite.
And the long-erected vision shall vanish—while I,
In a snug little corner shall watch him, so shy,
As he thumps his brow in a burning rage,
And dashes his pen o'er the well-fill'd page,
I see a young maid in her chamber napping,
And I know that love's ear has tapping;
She dreams of a youth and smiles in bliss,
As she puts out her lip to receive a kiss,
But she shall not taste the gentle delight,
For I'll light on her lips, and I'll bite, I'll bite.

THE LADY OF BUSTA.
A TALE.
Concluded.

It may be presumed that the fate of the party was not all at once absolutely despaired of. They might have put in somewhere along the way, either in frolic or mistake. Upon this slender hope, incessant search was made along the shores of the river, and in the country around, for the young Giffords and their cousin. During the first day, neither hope of good nor certainty of evil was attained from the search. Cut, with the suspense, despair began to creep over the bosoms of those most interested in the issue. Nor was the feeling groundless. On the afternoon of the second day, the body of John Gifford was cast ashore on the beach of the rocks, not far from the house of Busta. One of the two men, by whom the body was found, ran to the house to communicate the information. Every inhabitant was at the moment out of doors, so incessant had been the search, excepting Lady Busta, and Barbara Pitcairn, the latter of whom was in a condition of helpless anguish, while in the former the accident seemed but to have caused an additional sternness. As the shortest mode of delivering his tidings the man from the beach rushed up to the window of the sitting-room and announced what had occurred. As soon as the wretched orphan heard what he said, a wild shriek burst from her lips—she uttered the word, "My husband!"—and fell to the ground insensible. Her exclamation was not lost on the ears of the person beside her. Lady Busta had heard the man's tidings without emotion, but the words of Barbara Pitcairn seemed like the sting of an adder to the lady. She cast on the prostrate girl a glance of mingled scorn and hate, and then muttering, "Ay, has it gone so far?" she left the room, to go to the beach. Some time elapsed ere Barbara recovered from her swoon, and it was some time longer ere she regained a complete consciousness of what had passed. When she did so, she started to her feet, and, pressing her hands to her brow as if to quiet the throbbings within, darted with hurried steps from the house in search of the body of her beloved. A number of persons had already collected around it, and Barbara was thus easily directed to the spot. When she came up—her face pale as death, her hands distractedly parting her dishevelled

locks from her brow, and her eyes wild as a maniac's—the attention of all was turned to her. "Stand back," she cried, or rather screamed, in accents most unlike those of the timid gentle girl that all had known her to be; "stand back, he is mine! he is my husband—mine in life and in death!" So saying, she made her way to the body, fell on her knees beside it, and bathed the cold lips and brow with her kisses, uttering the most passionate exclamations, and calling upon the dead to return to her—"to his wife!" Those around felt equal surprise at her words, and pity for her grief; and Lady Busta too put on a pitying aspect, but it was as if of pity for the poor girl's hallucination. Barbara caught the expression of Lady Busta's face, and again she cried, "Yes! he was mine—my wed'd husband, in the sight of God and man! See! mark, all of you! I have tokens!" With this she hurriedly opened the vest of the deceased, exclaiming as if to herself, "Next to his heart—in his bosom he wore them—for my sake, for the sake of his unborn child!" But, after a time, her hands began to relax her search; a degree of faintness appeared to come over her; and she cried, "They are not here! they are gone!" Her eyes at this instant fell on Lady Busta's countenance. An expression of triumphant malice sat upon it, and the miserable Barbara, exclaiming, "They have been taken away, and I am lost!" fell back on the ground, in a state of utter unconsciousness. She was borne to the house, in a condition scarcely more alive than that of the corpse which was carried beside her.

The bodies of the other unfortunate Giffords, and their cousin the clergyman, were all found in the course of a succeeding few days; but the cause of the loss of the boat on so calm a night, was never known. Left childless, or at least without male heirs, by this event, it might have been supposed that the intelligence of her son's having left a widow, and that widow likely to become a mother, would have been to Lady Busta like the rise of a star of hope upon a night of sorrow. It might have been expected that the relief of her son would, under such circumstances, have become to her the most interesting object on earth, and that she would have watched over her with inexpressible solicitude, in the hope of receiving a precious compensation for all that had been lost. Human beings with ordinary feelings will scarcely credit that it should have been otherwise, and yet it was so. After the discovery of her eldest son's remains, and the scene already related, Lady Busta unscrupulously gave out that the expected infant which Barbara Pitcairn confessed herself about to bear, was illegitimate, and that no marriage had ever probably been thought of by her son. Too well did Lady Busta know that no proofs of that marriage could now be adduced to falsify her words. Too well also did poor Barbara know it, after the hour when she knelt by her beloved Gifford's body on the beach. From the sick-bed to which she was then carried, she never rose for many weeks, and she had prayed never to rise again, unless it was the will of heaven that she should live for her child. Her spirit—her heart was broken, and she had no strength to struggle against the power that oppressed her. She had no home to fly to. One only attempt to move Lady Busta's compassion did she make—one only attempt to avert shame from the unborn child, for the father's sake, if not for the mother's. Lady Busta's reply was in these stern words:—"Woman! an acknowledged alliance with thee would disgrace our house, and thou and thy child must suffer the penalty that all pay who offend and disobey me!" Lady Busta's husband, however, a good man, but incapable of contesting against his wife's will, was much kinder to Barbara, and gave her strong assurances that her child and she should be protected.

Nor did these assurances prove negatory. After recovering from her sickness, Barbara removed from Busta House to a neighbouring cottage where she gave birth to a fine boy. To this child his grandfather became deeply attached; and after a year or so had passed away, he prevailed on Barbara to give the boy