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Doctr.

(FOR THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT.)

"I cannot but remember such things were, that were most precious to me."—Shakespeare.

Love thee—yes ever, whilst there's light in heaven;
Love thee—yes ever, whilst my heart shall move;
Love thee—aye, till my burning brain is risen,
Whilst reason lives, till I never cease to love.

I often gaze on thee; thou dearest not
I still can love thee as I wont have done.
Think't thou a heart like mine has e'er forgot
His former feeling, tho' time's chang'd and gone?

No, my beloved one, thou hast still the range
Of my deep thought, and deep affections too;
And though accused by thee, of seeming change,
My heart has never swerv'd from loving thee—

Nor ever will: though scorn and cold disdain
Have curv'd my lip, the effort cost me dear,
When far removed from sight, my fever'd brain
Has drank the fount of each relieving tear.

Yet have I smiled—O! 'twas a fearful smile—
And sang—it was the least knock of the heart—
And counterfeited happiness so well the while,
That few would deem I felt of sorrow's smart.

Years have revolv'd since then; and though I gaze
On thee with fondness still, I do not think
Quite so intensely as in other days,
When mad'ning draughts of love I used to drink.

When to thy glowing cheek my lips I prest,
Am' felt thy heart responsive to mine own,
O! those were moments too supremely blest,
Yet fondly cherish'd, though for ever flown.

Farewell!—there yet are joys remain for me:
Higher than these my wishes may not soar;
In secret, I can love and pray for thee—
That thou be happy now and evermore.

J. W. Gm. Gds.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
The flowers but reminders of the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.
Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way,
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour
With tears that but darken the rest of the day!

Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
And the best of us all requires something concealing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget & forgive;
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have
met;
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If heaven refused to forgive and forget!

THE CARTEL.

BY MISS MITFORD.

"Flee, I beseech thee, Isidore! If the
peace and comfort—(why do I name such
words?)—if the very existence of thy poor
wife be dear to thee, I implore thee, flee! By
the memory of our young loves, by the happy
days that we have known together—by that
dearer and dearer tie, the sorrow bows that have
sared—by the precious boy that whose sick
girl who now lies lapped in the unconscious
sleep of infancy—by the dead for whom we
mourned—and by that living blessing whom
God in his mercy sent to compensate that
nightly woe—by a father's hopes and a father's
duties, I conjure thee, flee! See, I am tall—
the cloak hangs nearly as low over thy ankles
as over mine; thou needs't but drop a little thy
mantle for as in grief—oh! what wife could
walk erect from the prison of her husband!
You hast but to draw the capot over thy brow
and to let fall the veil, and hold thy handker-
chief to thy eyes—alas! did I ever leave thee
other than weeping—and thou wilt pass un-
discovered. Or suffer me to arrange this hair,
and thou mayest defy detection. Dost thou
not remember how often in our wooing days
we have passed for brother and sister? How
often thou thyself hast vowed, when thy com-
pliments have been vaunting, that thou didst
cherish their blue eyed maidens, that thou didst
prize the swart skin and jetty eye of the
south, than the dainty red and white of
our rose-lipped beauties. Alas! it was the
eye in that eye that won thy heart. And

canst thou now resist its appeal, now that love
and life hang upon thy consent?—Flee, my
Isidore! If thy child be dear to thee, wrap
thee in this disguise and flee!"

"And leave thee here to perish!"

"Nay, my husband, nay! not to perish, but
to join thee speedily in some distant land, and
live a calm and blissful life in safety and in
freedom. Wrap thyself in this cloak, and away.
Away, then I conjure thee! The patrol will
soon go their rounds, and the sentry who
is now on duty will be changed. Nay, I have
not taken him into our counsel. Look not re-
proachfully. But well I know that André Du-
val will show naught but respect and sympathy
when he sees me, or one whom he takes for
me, pass in sorrow from the place. Dally no
longer. Lisette waits without to conduct thee
to her mother's abode, one of the old niches
about Notre Dame, where thou mightest be
safe for ages. There thou shalt stay until the
search be past, and then we will depart for
America. Nay, wherefore shake thy head?
I shall be safe and free. Be sure of that. The
imperial Josephine, although even she may
not venture to intercede for one who has so
transgressed the hard iron martial law as to
challenge his superior officer, will yet fully
surely protect her favored handmaid—one
honour with her presence—from the effects of
her wifely love. Alas, was it not through thy
love for me that thou art in prison? and wilt
thou deny me the blessed privilege of setting
thee free?"

And no longer able to resist her persuasion,
Colonel de Courbillon did submit to array him-
self in Adele's garments, and, having safely
passed the sentinel on guard, was in a few mi-
nutes following the steps of Mademoiselle Li-
sette from the prison of La Force to the pre-
cincts of Notre Dame.

The escape was complete and successful:
but an unexpected circumstance rendered poor
Adele's stratagem unavailing, and replaced Isi-
dore once again in his dungeon, and in all the
peril attendant upon a breach of military law
under the iron rule of Napoleon.

It was a right queenly chamber that
boudoir, into which the soft air of an April
morning stole so wooingly; and yet its pervad-
ing beauty spoke rather of elegance than of
splendor. The prevailing taste of its fair and
svelte mistress was everywhere visible.—
Flowers, pictured to the life by the deft needle
of the embroideress, bordered the pale pink
hangings, which shed a tender blush over the
apartment; flowers, bright from the loom of
Arauc, so mad strewn in gay confusion over the
rich but delicate carpet; flower-painted jars of
Sèvres porcelain, which crowded the marble
tables; whilst plants, the fairest and choicest
of the hot-house and conservatory, were group-
ed in alabaster vases, catching the soft light
of the veiled windows.

On a Grecian couch, near a half-curtained
recess, sat a gracious and grateful lady, the
fitting inmate of this scene of enchantment.
Her dress, even to the lilies in her bosom, and
the Provence rose in her hand, was of pure and
spotless white, the most exquisite in texture
and most becoming in form. Her shape and
features were faultless in contour and expres-
sion. If the bloom of youth were faded, it
was more than replaced by sweetness and sen-
sibility. At the moment of which we write,
that lovely countenance wore the gentlest look
of pity as she addressed a sad and weeping la-
dy, who had just been admitted to her pres-
ence:—

"Ma pauvre Adele! I had hoped and be-
lieved that you were still the joyful occupant
of your husband's prison. I never thought to
be so sorry to see you at St. Cloud. Colonel
de Gourbillon is then retaken?"

"Not retaken, may it please your majesty:
he accomplished his escape in safety, and
reached a retreat where he might have remain-
ed undiscovered until the day of doom; but
the sentinel who watched the door of his cell
on the evening of his departure was to be held
responsible for his prisoner. Had not Isi-
dore surrendered himself, that poor soldier

must have now been the victim; and dearly as
I love my husband, or rather because I do love
him dearly, I could not have wished him so
saved. He is again in prison, and the sentinel
free."

"Was that sentinel an accomplice in the
escape?"

"No, on my word of honor, gracious madam.
He was my foster brother, the son of my good
old nurse, and would not, as we well knew,
raise the veil, or pull away the handkerchief
from, as he supposed, a weeping wife, as a
rougher warder might have done; but we took
more than common pains to preserve him from
all suspicion of our plans, for his sake and our
own. Poor André! he at least will escape!"

"And, after all, what was the cause of this
unhappy challenge?"

"Alas! alas! royal madam, I was the thrice
unhappy and most unconscious cause! Walk-
ing on the Boulevard Italien with Madame le
Vasseur, General Villaret, heated as he says,
by wine, and mistaking me for my cousin,
Pauline de St. Brie (your imperial majesty has
often noticed our sister-like resemblance,) to
whom, as it now appears, he has been for
some months secretly married, accosted me
in a manner which occasioned me the most
lively alarm. My husband came up at the mo-
ment; the general, certainly not himself, and
heavily aware of his mistake, treated the mat-
ter, with provoking levity. Madame le Vas-
seur's presence and my tears, put, for the time,
an effectual check on Isidore. He hurried us
home, and then wrote that unhappy letter—
that challenge to a superior officer—which fall-
ing, I hardly know how, into the hands of the
minister of war, constituted the sole and fatal
proof of his breach of martial law; for General
Villaret, as much distressed as man can be,
and full of self-blame, and self-accusation, de-
nies all recollection, except of his own miscon-
duct. Oh! if that fatal letter could be regain-
ed or destroyed! or if the real facts of the case
could be brought under the notice of him in
whose word will lie the final sentence—the
awful doom of life or death. Oh! if he could
know the provocation, the palliation! he, that
soul of honor, who holds his imperial consort's
name the brightest jewel of his crown. How
often have we heard him quote Caser's ax-
ion—"

Here a slight movement of caution, and per-
haps of uneasiness, on the part of Josephine,
and a noise like the rustling of papers, sudden-
ly stopped Adele's pleadings, and directed her
attention to the half-curtained recess. It open-
ed on a small turret chamber, fitted up as a
private study, and at a waiting-table folding a
letter, sat a gentleman, plainly dressed in a
white kerseymere waistcoat, and the ribbon of
the legion of honor at the button-hole. His
little cocked hat was on a chair at his side;
and although his noble head was bent over the
letter which he was folding, Adele felt at once
that it was no other than Napoleon. Papers
were strewn before him, and amongst these
the eyes of the trembling wife rested upon her
husband's well known writing, the challenge
upon which his fate and hers depended.

The emperor paused in his occupation, and
applied to his snuff-box for his habitual luxury;
his countenance was calm and untroubled, and,
but for a momentary glance towards the cur-
tained doorway, it might have been doubted if
he were conscious that he was not alone.—
"Speak!" whispered Josephine encouragingly;
"plead your husband's cause!"

Five minutes before, Madame de Courbillon
would have given her right hand for such an
opportunity. Now it had arrived, and be-
tween habitual awe of her great master, and
the tremendous interest which she had at stake,
she knelt before him weak and wordless as a
child.

"Pardon, sir! pardon!" Her voice died
away; and had not a passion of tears come
to relieve her, she would have fainted.

Napoleon made no answer. He was about to
seal the letter which he had folded, and select-
ing a paper from the table, he first used it to
light the wax taper which stood in a richly
chased golden candlestick by his side, and then
flung it into the brasier, tapping his snuff-box
as he watched the burning fragments, and

glancing upon the happy wife, and her sym-
pathising mistress, with a smile exquisite in its
sweetness and beauty. Perhaps at that mo-
ment his sensations were the most enviable of
the three.

Need I say that the paper which he had
destroyed was the only proof of Isidore's guilt
—the all-important cartel?

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.—"A friend"
desires us to ask the question, whether a
fine cod-fish, directed "on Her Majesty's Ser-
vice," and sent per mail, is strictly in official
etiquette? We think it is, because, in Eng-
land, the Duke of Wellington, while Foreign
Secretary, used to send his linen to the wash,
per mail, directed "on His Majesty's service."
—*Kingston Whig.*

A FEMALE MISER.—The Russian Countess
Branitska, recently deceased, left an immense
fortune behind—a million pounds sterling in
specie was found in her chateau; she had sixty
millions of roubles in the Bank of Russia, and
on her estates were one hundred and thirty
thousand peasants or slaves. Yet so griping
was the old mistress, that, after a visit to Paris,
(where she found human hair sold at a high
rate,) she had the heads of all her female
slaves shaved, and the hair shipped to France,
from whence a handsome return was transmit-
ted her.

UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK PACKET SHIPS.—The following
details connected with the three vessels stranded
at Liverpool, will be read with interest by
all.

Pennsylvania—Freight List, \$13,500—Ship
insured for \$50,000—Ship worth \$30,000—
Cargo insured for \$1,300,000—Cargo worth
\$1,300,000. St. Andrew—do. \$12,500—do.
\$70,000—do. \$60,000—do. \$1,140,000—do.
\$1,200,000. Oxford—do. \$3,250—do. \$70,
000—do. \$80,000—do. \$500,000—do. \$520,
000.

Insured in New York—Cargoes, \$1,200,000
—Ships, \$110,000—Freight, \$3,000—Total
loss \$1,313,000. Insured in England—do.
\$1,140,000—do. \$116,000—do. \$21,000—
do. \$1,971,000.

Mr. John Thompson Mason, of the Mary-
land House of Delegates, has introduced a bill
in that body for the protection of the reputa-
tion of unmarried females.

Money is so scarce in New Orleans that
when two dollars meet, their owners are obli-
ged to introduce them to each other, they are
such strangers.

The Baltimore American states that the
quantity of flour which has been bought in Bal-
timore for the British market, is about 20,000
barrels.

One of the front rooms in the New United
States Bank, New York, rents for \$4000.

Audubon has finished his great work on
birds.—The cost of the work, four volumes, is
\$1,000; whole number of subscribers 281, of
whom 91 belong to the United States.

The editor of the Salem Gazette has been
presented with a candle, manufactured in that
city, from the oil of cocon-nut. It burns with
a fine clear light, and we are told can be made
as cheap as the tallow candle, while it is much
more durable.

A free negro was sold at Snow Hill, (Md.)
recently, for a term of three years, his crime
consisting in having remained in the State more
than ten days, after having been absent longer
than the time prescribed by law.

The total number of vessels wrecked and
totally lost, principally American, in the year
1838, is 427. In addition to these losses, 24
vessels have been reported missing, concern-
ing which there is little doubt that they are all
lost with all on board. In all the above named
vessels, the number of lives lost is reported to
be 753.

There are in the State of Pennsylvania,
5000 common Schools, 32 academies, and 7
female seminaries.

Mr. Charles Kean, the tragedian, is about
to pay a professional visit to America. His
immediate engagement is with the National
Theatre at New York, where he is to receive
Fifty pounds per night.