

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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THURSDAY, 25th OCTOBER, 1833.

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sent at the Office, and at the Book-Store, No. 26,
of Mount St. John Street, at which places the paper
may be had immediately after publication.

Printing of every description executed with neat-
ness and despatch, and on moderate terms.

THOMAS PAUL,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the Offi-
cers of the Garrison and Gentlemen of
Quebec that he has removed into those prem-
ises in St. John Street, formerly occupied by
Mr. GRAVE, and lately by Mr. NIXON,—
where he has every accommodation for carrying
on the various branches of his Profession;
and he hopes, by strict attention and reason-
able charges to merit a continuance of that
support which it shall be his study to merit.

N. B.—Horses contracted for by the year,
and shod at the following rates:—
New Shoes, per set, £0 4 0
Removed, " 0 1 0
2nd June, 1828.

FURNS.

W. ASHTON & Co.

MOUNTAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO
PRESCOTT GATE.

HAVE MANUFACTURED throughout
the summer, and now offer for sale a
lock of

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S FURS,
which for neatness of style and quality of
materials they feel proud to offer for competi-
tion.

Their having for some years past secured,
during the summer season, probably the best
at Trade in the Province, enables them to
undersell any house depending on the winter
trade for twelve months' support; this, to-
gether with the advantages they have over every
other furriers in this city by importing their
materials direct, are the only hints they
think necessary to drop.

All description of FURS made to order, and
turnable if not approved of.
In repairing any article, or altering it to
the present fashion, W. A. & Co. pledge them-
selves that their charges will be on the most
moderate scale, and will forfeit the value of
any article when promised to be done at a cer-
tain time, in which there may be a single
shilling's want of PUNCTUALITY.

NO SECOND PRICE.

Quebec, 20th Sept. 1838.

TO THE LADIES OF QUEBEC.

M HANN can with confidence recom-
mend his present Stock of Ladies' and
gentlemen's made up FURS, which for
workmanship and quality will be found far
superior to those sold by interlopers in the
City Trade.
Quebec, 9th October, 1838.

GOOD INVESTMENT IN THE FUR TRADE.

M HANN, Fur Manufacturer, from Lon-
don, in consequence of the state of his
affairs, offers for sale his entire Stock of
made up Furs, Skins, and working imple-
ments. Any one desirous of embracing such
profitable business, will be instructed in all
the branches of the Trade by a regular bred
seller.
Quebec, Oct. 9, 1838.

R. C. TODD,

Printed by J. M. G. B. & Co.

No. 16, St. Nicholas Street.

Poetry.

AMINE'S SONG.

(FROM BULWER'S NEW ROMANCE.)

Softly, oh, softly glide,
Gentle Music, thou silver tide,
Beating, the lull'd air along,
This laid from the Rose of Song!
To its port in his soul let it float,
The frail but the fragrant boat—
Bear it, soft Air, along!

With the burden of sound we are laden,
Like the bells on the trees of Aden,
When they thrill with a tinkling tone
At the wind from the Foly throne.
Hark! as we move around,
We shake off the bonds of the sound—
Thy presence, beloved, is Aden!

Sweet chime that I hear and wake!
I would, for my loved one's sake,
That I were a sound like thee,
To the depths of his heart to flee,
If my breath had its senses bleed,
If my voice in his heart could reach,
What pleasure to die like thee!

* The Mahomedans believe that musical bells
hang on the trees of Paradise, and are put in motion
by a wind from the throne of God.

SCENES IN LIFE AS SEEN FROM A WINDOW.

Diagonally opposite to my window, stands
one of the grandest structures on Broadway.
It is costly with stone and marble, lofty por-
ticos and colonnades. This edifice first at-
tracted my attention by its architectural
beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery
that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding
its inmates! But I will throw into the story-
vein what I have to narrate, for it is a novel-
ette in itself.

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of
that mansion; and, for aught I knew to the
contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon,
arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two
in her hair, she was seated at the drawing
room window, gazing out upon the gay spec-
tacle Broadway exhibits on a pleasant after-
noon. I saw her the first moment I took pos-
session of my nook, and was struck with her
surpassing loveliness. Every evening I paid
distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor
scribbler aspire to a nearer approach to such a
divinity, enshined in wealth and grandeur?
No! I worshipped, afar off. "This distance
lends enchantment to the view." But she
was not destined to be so worshipped by I.
One afternoon she was at her window, with a
gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gen-
tleman of the most graceful bearing rode past
my window. He was well mounted, and sat
his horse like an Arabian! He was what the
boarding school misses would call an elegant
fellow! a well bred man of the world, a ro-
matically handsome man! Tall, with a fine
oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a
moustache upon his lip, together with a fine
figure, and the most perfect address: he was,
what I should term, a captivating and dan-
gerous man. His air, and a certain indiscrib-
able *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman.
As he came opposite to her window, his eye,
as he turned it thither became fascinated with
her beauty! How much lovelier a really
lovely creature appears, seen through a "plate
glass!" Involuntarily he drew in his spirited
horse and raised his hat! The action, in a
manner, the grace, were inimitable. At this
unguarded moment, the hind wheel of a rum-
bling omnibus struck his horse in the chest.
The animal reared high, and would have
fallen backward upon his rider, had he not,
with remarkable presence of mind, stepped
quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the
pavement, as the horse, losing his balance,
fell violently upon his side! The lady, who
had witnessed with surprise the involuntary
homage of the stranger, for such, from her
manner of receiving it, he evidently was to
her, started from her chair and screamed con-
vulsively. The next moment he had secured
and remounted his horse, who was only slight-

ly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the
interest taken in his mischance by the fair
being who had been his innocent cause, by
another bow, and rode slowly and composedly
onward, as if nothing had occurred. The
next evening the carriage was at the door of
the mansion. The liveried footman was
standing with the steps down, and the handle
of the door in his hand. The coachman was
seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my
window. The street door opened, and, with
a light step, the graceful form of my heroine
came forth and descended to the carriage. At
that moment the stranger rode up, bowed with
ineffable grace, and—blessed encounter with
the omnibus wheel!—his bow was acknow-
ledged by an inclination of her superb head,
and a smile that would make a man of any
gold seek accident even in the "omnibus's
month." He rode slowly forward, and in a
few seconds the carriage took the same direc-
tion. All the other carriages passed the same
route. It was the customary one! At the
melting of twilight into night, the throng of
riders and drivers repassed. "The lady's"
carriage (it was a landau, and the top was
brown back) came last of all! The cavalier
was riding beside it! He dismounted as it
drew up before the door, assisted her to the
step, and took his leave! For several after-
noons, successively, the gentleman's appear-
ance, mounted on his noble animal, was
simultaneous with that of the lady at her car-
riage. One evening they were unusually
late in their return. Finally the landau
drew up before the door. It was too dark
to see faces, but I could have declared the
equestrian was not the stranger! No! He
dismounted, opened the door of the carriage,
and the gentleman and lady descended! The
footman had told his horse, while he, happy
man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair
one! I watched the progress of this affair
for several days, and still the stranger had
never entered the house. One day, however,
about three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw him
lounging past, with that ease and self-pos-
session which characterised him. He passed
and repassed the house two or three times,
and then rather hastily ascending the steps of
the portico, pulled at the bell. The next moment
he was admitted, and disappeared out of my
sight. But only for a moment, reader! An
attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the
drawing-room were drawn, and imperious to
any glance from the street; but the leaves
were turned so as to let in the light of heaven
and my own gaze! I could see through the
space, directly down into the room, as dis-
tinctly as if there was no obstruction! This
I gave as a hint to all concerned, who have
revolving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attic
gentlemen are much edified thereby! The
next moment he was in the room, his hand
upon his heart—another, and I saw him at
her feet! * * * * * The declaration, the con-
fession, the acceptance, all passed beneath
me, most edifyingly. By his animated ges-
tures, I could see he was urging her to take
some sudden step. She at first appeared re-
luctant, but gradually becoming more plea-
surable, yielded. In ten minutes, the landau
was at the door. They came out arm in arm
and entered it. I could hear the order to the
coachman, "Drive to St. John's Church." "An
elopement," thought I. "Having been in
it breaking cover, I will be in at the death."
and taking my hat and gloves, I descended to
the street, bolted out of the front door, and
followed the landau, which I discerned just
turning the corner of Canal Street. I follow-
ed full fast on foot. When I arrived at the
Church, the carriage was before it, and the
"happy pair" already joined together, were
just crossing the *troitair* to re-enter it, the
grinning footman, who had legally witnessed
the ceremony, following them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious
family carriage rolled up to the door of the
mansion, followed by a barouche with ser-
vants and baggage. First descended an el-
derly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the
building, to see if it stood where it did when
he left it for the Springs. Then came, one
after the other, two beautiful girls; then a

hand-some young man. "How glad I am that
I have got home again," exclaimed one of the
young ladies, running up the steps to the door.
"I wonder where Jane is, that she does not
meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke.
I could see down through the blinds into the
drawing room. There was a scene!

The gentleman was for going to the door, and
the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent
him. "You shan't," "I will," "I say you
shan't," "I say I will," were interchanged
as certainly between the parties, as if I had
heard the words. The gentleman, or rather
husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the
room, and the next moment he opened the
street door. The young ladies started back
at the presence of the new footman. The
old gentleman, who was now at the door, in-
quired as he saw him, loud enough for me to
hear, "Who are you Sir?"

"I have the honour to be your son-in-
law."

"And Sir, who may you have the honour
to be?"

"The Count L——y" with a bow of
ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, Sir."

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife,"
replied the newly-made husband, taking by
the hand his lovely bride, who had come im-
promptly forward as the disturbance reached
her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter!"

"You are mistaken, sir; she is my house-
keeper."

A scene followed that cannot be described.
The nobleman had married the gentleman's
charming housekeeper. She had spread the
snare, and, like many a wiser fool, he had
fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards, a hack drove to
the servants' hall door, and my heroine came
forth closely veiled, with bag and baggage,
and drove away. The count, for such he
was, and saw no more! I saw his name gaz-
etted as a passenger in a packet ship that
sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he
escaped from the mansion remaineth yet a
mystery!

THE VIRGIN HEART.—There is nothing
under heaven so delicious as the possession
of pure, fresh, and immutable affections. The
most felicitous moments of man's life, the most
estate of all his emotions and sympathies, is
that in which he receives an avowal of affec-
tion from the idol of his heart. The springs
of feeling when in their youthful purity, are
as fountains of unsealed and gushing tender-
ness; the spell that once draws them is the
mystic light of future years and undying ten-
derness. Nothing in life is so pure and so de-
voted as woman's love. It matters not whe-
ther it is exerted for husband or child, sister or
brother, it is the same pure unquenchable
flame; the same constant and immaculate
glow of feeling, whose most proper food is
misfortune, and whose undeniable touchstone
is trial, where true friendship is tested and
fidelity proved. Do but give her one token
of love, one kind word or gentle look, even if
it be amid desolation and death—the feeling of
that faithful heart will gush forth as a torrent
in despite of every earthly bond or mercenary
tie. More priceless than the gems of Golconda
is a virgin's heart, and more devoted than the
idolatry of Mexico is a woman's love. There
are no sordid views, no qualifying self-inter-
est mingled in the feelings that prompt the
holy flame. It is a principle and characteris-
tic of her nature, a faculty and an infatuation
which absorbs and concentrates all the fervor
of her soul, and all the depths of her bosom.
There is more thrilling felicity derived from
an union of true, unselfish, and uncalculated
hearts, than all the conquests of Alexander or
Napoleon, the wisdom of Socrates, or the
wealth of Cæsar. None can rightly appre-
ciate the feelings that such pure refinements
are calculated to call forth, but those who
have drunk at its gushing and sparkling foun-
tains; whose pure hearts and enlightened
minds can only appreciate a diamond of such
magnificent worth and endearing attractions.