

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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FRIDAY, 26TH JULY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SALT AFLOAT.

NADIZ SALT for Sale, from on board the barque "Eliza Ann," Captain Carruthers. —Also in Store—
150 barrels Prims Mess Hamburg Pork, 5 kegs Fine Lard.
J. W. LEYCRRAFT, DUNSCOMB & Co.
July.

THE Subscribers have just received and offer for Sale, a consignment of LEATHER, consisting of—
CALF-SKINS,
KIP,
LININGS,
JOHN SHAW & CO.
St. John street.
July.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
TWO Hundred Barrels superfine FLOUR,
—Granham Mills—a very superior article.
Wm. PRICE & CO.
July.

FOR SALE.

50 BOXES Lisbon Oranges, superior fruit and in fine order, now landing at Gillespie's Wharf, ex schooner Alert, from Lisbon.
15 pipes of Spanish Red Wine, now landing at Gillespie's wharf, ex Celia.
200 lbs. Hambro' P. M. Pork, ex Emanuel.
—AND IN STORE—
Superfine Wine, Pasley's brand, L. P. and Cargo in pipes, bhds. and cr. casks.
200 boxes Waterford Fig Blue.
WM. PRICE & CO.
July.

MADEIRA WINE.

THE undersigned have received via London a FRESH SUPPLY of the much esteemed and "J. Howard, March & Co."
JOHN GORDON & CO.
July.

JUST RECEIVED,

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

SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE,

MINOTS Boiling Peas,
50 dozens London Porter,
10 qr. casks Port Wine,
5 ditto superior Sherry ditto,
6 punchons Montreal Cider,
50 boxes Liverpool Soap,
25 ditto Montreal ditto,
2 bhds. American Hams,
1 ditto Westphalia ditto,
20 barrels and half ditto Limerick Pork.
English and American Cheese, Souffron, Trunkay and Hyson Tea, Pickles & Sauces, Sals & Castor Oils, Syrup, Win's and Wardle's Mustard and 1 lb. bottles, Spermatic Olive and Castor Oil, Indian Meal and Oatmeal, &c.
THOS. BICKELL.
Corner of St. John & St. Augustus Street.
July.

NEW SHIP CHANDLERY

ESTABLISHMENT.
Subscribers having entered into Co-partnership, intend carrying on the above (in the premises lately occupied by S. By & Son, St. Peter-street,) under the name and firm of Pinkerton & Oliver,
A. H. PINKERTON.
J. E. OLIVER
20th July

Porter.

Kathleen, mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking.
Kathleen, mavourneen! what slumbering still!
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years—or it may be for ever!
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart!

Kathleen, mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on thy slumbers,
Arise in thy beauty, thou str of my night!

Mavourneen, mavourneen! my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
Mavourneen, mavourneen, thy lover is calling,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart!

THE INVALID OF ALICANT.

[CONCLUDED.]

Don Pedro de Rivar promised ultimately to do all that the ardent and ingenuous lover required. He engaged to seek an interview with Baltazara Perez, to make an unreserved declaration of Cazalla's passion for her, and to bear back to him the lady's reply. Confident almost, from the feelings he conceived her to have evinced towards him, that the answer of his mistress would be favourable, and such, in short, as would permit to avow his passion openly, and make advances for their union, Colonel Cazalla saw Don Pedro depart after the interview, with elation and hope. He knew that the stayed age of de Rivar, and his intimacy with the family, would render it an easy task for him to procure the desired interview with Baltazara. And that interview Don Pedro did obtain. But most unlooked for was the result. When the emissary returned, he announced to the lover that Baltazara had rejected his suit with haughty scorn. Don Pedro declared himself to have pled warmly, but without any other effect than producing reiterated expressions of contempt. The lady's last words, he said, were, 'The suit and the sutor I alike scorn and despise.' It would be difficult to describe the shock which Cazalla received at this news. The blow was more stunning because truly unexpected. The unsuccessful messenger attempted to console the lover, but the colonel could only ring his friend's hand, and entreated to be left alone. When he was in solitude, it is possible that the assurance which he felt of Baltazara's having, tacitly at least, encouraged his passion, might have led him actually to doubt the reality of all that he had been told, had not an unfortunate piece of evidence presented itself in corroboration of the statement of Don Pedro. Previously to having recourse to the aid of that individual, Cazalla, ever occupied with the attempt to discover a mode of corresponding with the object of his love, had been tempted to endeavour to effect his purpose through one of the servants of the family. This personage fell in his way immediately after he had seen Don Pedro, and unhappily was enabled to confirm the latter's statement, by having overheard the last words of Baltazara. 'The suit and the sutor I alike scorn and despise.' Though this corroboration was scarcely needed, it confirmed Cazalla's despair. He thought the circumstance clear beyond doubt, and still mindful of the encouragement he conceived himself to have received, he concluded Baltazara Perez to be a coquette—a heartless, worthless flirt.' The issue was—although he struggled against it with his whole strength of mind—that for a time he was an inmate of his chamber and bed.

His friends gathered around him, and when he recovered partly from the shock, he tacitly and almost passively followed their advice and wishes, and became the wedded husband of Donna Inez, the young lady whom they had previously chosen for him. Before he had met Baltazara, he had seen much of this

lady, having at the time something of the feeling of Juliet,

'I'll look to like, if looking liking move.'
Though the sight of Baltazara had utterly banished the idea of Inez from his mind, yet from her mind the impression left by him had not fled so readily, and it was with deep though silent joy that she became his wife, trusting, by the depth of her loving kindness, to remove the cloud that seemed to hang upon his brow. Such were the circumstances under which this union took place.

The irrevocable step had not been many weeks taken, and the married pair were living at a short distance from Alicant, when common report brought into their circle the intelligence that Baltazara Perez was ill—not expected long to live. Cazalla could not hear of the circumstance without agitation, though he was far from dreaming of the whole truth. But he did learn it. While alone one day in his dwelling, he was surprised by the announcement of a visitor,—and that visitor the father of Baltazara. The old man was usually calm and grave in deportment, but on this occasion there was also a sad sternness in his manner. 'Colonel Cazalla,' said he, disregarding the seat offered to him by the colonel, 'my child—I need not say which—is ill—dying. Her mother's prayers have at length wrung from her the secret that has blighted her young heart, and is bringing her to the grave. 'You, sir, professed to love her, won her whole affections, and then left her to die!' 'Hold, sir,' exclaimed the colonel, 'this is an error! There has been, if you speak the truth, an awful, a killing mistake!' 'Are you not now the husband of another?' resumed the old man. 'But I come not to reproach you with vain words; nor shall I, or kinsman of mine, lift hand against you. I have but told you what has been the result of your conduct. If you have the heart of a man—being in your bosom, the knowledge that you have taken from her parents the sweetest, the most dutiful—' The father could not continue, and was about to turn abruptly away, when Cazalla exclaimed,— 'For the love of heaven, stay and hear me, old man! This is error—madness! Baltazara cast me off—scorned me and my love, ere I wedded another! Pedro de Rivar, your own and your family's friend, bore to your daughter the open avowal of an affection, which had been often before evinced by look and manner. Had the answer been other than it was, I should then have addressed myself to you; but Baltazara rejected and despised me.' 'Pedro de Rivar?' said Perez; 'he sought and obtained, I know well, an interview with my child, but it was to proffer his own hand, nor did we blame her for rejecting it. Your words, young man, may be true.' 'They are too true,' cried the colonel, pacing the apartment in a state of agony. 'Oh fool that I was to believe in the inconsistency of one so sweet, so lovely—I have been miserably duped, and now your daughter and myself—and others also—are irrecoverably lost and wretched, through the arts of a villain—a treacherous villain, whom I was a madman to trust!'

Cazalla's distraction was too plainly sincere to allow the father of Baltazara to entertain any further doubt of his fidelity, or of the wickedness of de Rivar. Painful as the subject was, a full explanation took place, and when they parted, it was on the terms of sad and strange friendship, and with the understanding, felt rather than expressed, that the truth should be explained to her who had suffered most from the grievous misconception. For some time afterwards the colonel remained buried in grief; but rage at the villain who had deceived him, by degrees gained the ascendancy over more depressing feelings, and restored him for the time to his wonted energies. Avoiding the sight of his poor wife, he left his house, mounted his horse, and took the way to Alicant, determined to wring the truth from the wretch's heart. He was not long in finding Don Pedro, and in explaining his business. The heartless hardened traitor only laughed at the charge. 'How could

you be so silly, colonel,' said he, sneeringly, as to imagine I would take the trouble to plead any man's cause. 'I loved the girl myself, and for myself I spoke.' 'Wretch!' exclaimed Cazalla, 'why then accept the trust I was mad enough to give you?' 'Oh, my good colonel, all stratagems, you know, are fair in love. I never had confidence, I confess, to speak my mind till I saw you coming forward.' 'Draw, infamous villain,' cried the colonel, almost exasperated to madness, 'draw if you would not be beat like a dog on the public walk!' Don Pedro retained his coolness. 'There is no occasion for that, colonel. Only let us retire a little way, where we may be more comfortable.' They did so, and fought.

On that night Colonel Cazalla was conveyed to his home, wounded in the chest by the sword of his adversary. Don Pedro also was wounded, and much more seriously to appearance. But, alas! the colonel's proved the more permanent injury. His unfortunate lady was rendered almost frantic by the event, which she understood only to arise from a casual quarrel. For many months Cazalla lay on a bed of sickness. Ere he arose, Baltazara Perez was in her grave! In ignorance of her father's intent to visit Cazalla, which maidenly pride could not have permitted her to sanction, she blessed the occurrence afterwards, when it proved the means of assuring her of her lover's unbroken faith and truth. But it could not avert her doom.—Consumption had laid its withering hand upon her, and she sank into the tomb happy, and breathing wishes of happiness for Cazalla and those around her. Of the encounter of the colonel with de Rivar, and its consequences, she died in ignorance.

'Nearly two years,' continued my friend, 'have passed since that event. Cazalla still lives, but his lungs sustained a fatal injury by the wound, and he is wasting away by degrees. Nothing, in truth, but the unparalysed care and devotion of his wife, could have so prolonged his days. That matchless creature has long known the whole truth from her husband's own lips. But the disclosure changed not her feelings towards him. He tells her now that he would fain live for her sake; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that the expected approach of death gives him no pain. Alas! for that wretched deception. Three of the noblest hearted beings that ever breathed, fated to perish by it! For Inez lives only on her husband's looks; and her whole soul is bound up in him; and when the thread of his existence snaps, hers is too closely entwined with it to sustain the shock. Surely, surely, these three unfortunates will yet be happy together in a world to come!'

A silence of some minutes followed this recital. 'And the scoundrel—the villain—' said I, after a long breath. 'Don Pedro de Rivar recovered, and still lives. Many of the friends of Perez and Cazalla would have again called him to account, but both the colonel and the old man forbade it. And they have done well to leave him to his own feelings, and public odium. For, though he long endeavoured to brave the matter out, he found it impossible ultimately to endure the aversion and hatred of all around him. He has been compelled to shut himself up in his house, and there lives almost a prisoner. Men will scarcely even take his money for the necessities of life, much less associate with him.' 'It is a deplorable condition,' said I, 'but who can pity him?'

Mistakes of Printers.—Compositors sometimes make mistakes of a ludicrous character. A newspaper makes its correspondent say in the opening of his communication,—"Mr Editor, I felt myself much flattened at the manner in which my former remarks were received," etc.

Duty and Love.—The cares of life are quite sufficient without being obliged to make a duty of love.

WELLERISMS.
Let us prey, as the Wolf said to the Tiger when they met in the Jungle.
'These are the times that try men's soles,'