

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## Porter.

### AN ENGLISH SONG,

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh! England is our home,  
And Englishmen are we!  
Our tongue is known in every clime,  
Our flag in every sea!  
We will not boast that we alone  
The rights of freedom know;  
There's many a land that's free beside,  
But Eng'nd made it so.  
The thunder of her battle-ships  
Was heard on many a shore;  
But her healing words of peace are heard  
Above the cannon's roar.  
There let us shout for England—for the world-be-  
loved England!  
Let such men shout with us, "Hurrah! hurrah for  
England!"  
Oh! England's dust is rich  
With the dead who in her lie—  
Her Newtons, Sidneys, Miltons—  
Oh! could such beings die!  
Yes, died to make us rightful heirs,  
To leave, for us, behind,  
Strong head and hand to do the right,  
And deathless power of mind.  
Oh, god-like men of England,  
Ye have not lived in vain,  
For in many a one of us shall rise  
Your mighty men and again!  
Let us shout for England—for the young strong  
minds of England!  
Let patriot, poet, shout with us, "Hurrah! hurrah  
for England!"  
Mothers and wives of England,  
Be to your husbands true:  
The welfare of the peopled earth  
Is given of God to you!  
Ye bear no common sons—the child  
Who on your breast doth lie,  
Though born within a peasant's shed,  
Is meant for doing, fighting,  
And let each child of England  
Rejoice that it has birth;  
For who is born of England's blood  
Is powerful in the earth.  
Let us shout for England—for the great good  
men of England!  
Let wives and children shout with us, "Hurrah!  
hurrah for England!"

## THE REVERSES OF A SEASON.

(Concluded.)

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the  
Hume and Rousseauian principles. She  
continued to promulgate her maxims in the  
low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but  
did not remain to profit by them. I hurried  
to conceal my sorrow and my disappoint-  
ment in the privacy of those apartments, where  
the preceding evening, surrounded by so  
many comforts, I had proudly perhaps too  
proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness,  
and had at large expatiated on my many de-  
votional topics of self-gratulation. How miser-  
able was that stock of happiness now impar-  
tially, but, hopeful as I am, my nature, my san-  
guine temperament still unimpaired; and, as I  
descended the staircase to my apartment, Mar-  
ia's image presented itself in smiles to my  
imagination, and I repeated to myself, "my  
fortune has gone! My rival has deserted  
me! But, Maria! thou, dearest, still remain-  
est to me. I'll tranquilize my mind by the  
counsel of your daily letter, and then  
I'll deliberate and act for myself." I  
went to the post but by this time have ac-

approached the table where my cards and  
books were constantly deposited—but no let-  
ter was there. I could not believe my eyes;  
I rang, and asked for my letters—none had  
been delivered during my absence from home. "Had  
the post by you gone?" "Yes, many an hour  
ago." It was too true, then—even Maria  
was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was  
the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust  
was apparently slight—possibly accidental;  
but occurring at such a time, it fell with all  
the weight of a last and consummating calamity  
on one who was already overthrown. I  
bit my teeth; I stamped over the floor;  
I raved about my arms with the vain and ob-  
scure passion of an angry child. My dog,  
incensed at the violence of my gestulation,  
looked at me with large dark eyes upon me, and stared  
at my astonishment, as well he might, at the  
sudden passion of his master. I saw, an ex-

pression of tenderness and commiseration in  
his looks; and, in an agony of tears—don't  
laugh at me, for, in the same situation, under  
the same circumstances, you probably would  
have done the same—I flung myself down on  
the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Nep-  
tune, everything on earth has forsaken me but  
you—my fortune—my friend—my love—with  
my fortune; and you, you alone, my good old  
faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of  
my affliction!" I started up, and paced my  
apartment backwards and forwards with wide  
and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid  
succession of painful events, bewildered in my  
mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the ex-  
tremes!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which  
results from the agitation of the mind, I took  
up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and  
prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my  
grief, which could not be found in the quiet of  
my home. In leaving the room, my eye ac-  
cidentally glanced towards my pistols. My  
hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived  
that to approach the place where they lay  
was like tempting; hell to tempt me; but, a  
thought flashed across my mind, that to die  
were to punish the unworthy authors of my  
sorrow—were to strike impeishable remorse  
to the hearts of Maria and John; and I took  
the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed  
them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want  
them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through  
back and retired streets, with no other motive  
to direct me than the necessity of locomotion,  
I, at length, found myself on the banks of the  
Thames, at no great distance from Westmin-  
ster Bridge. My boat was kept near this  
place; on the water I should be delivered  
from all apprehension of observing eyes. I  
should be alone with sorrow and, unfavorable  
as the season and weather were, I proceeded  
to the spot where my boat was moored. "Bad  
time for boating, Mr. Luttrell," said Piner,  
who had charge of my getting out there to the  
windward." But, careless of his good-natured  
remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently  
from his hand, and proceeded, in angry sen-  
sation, to the boat. I pushed her off, and  
rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea,  
with Neptune lying at my feet. When I had  
found myself alone upon the water, with none  
to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief,  
breaking through all the restraints that had  
confined it so long as I was exposed to the in-  
spection of my fellow-creatures, discharged  
itself in vehement exclamations of indignant  
passion. "Fool! Fool that I was to trust  
them! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me  
now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria, I  
should have thought it happiness enough to  
have died for you; and you to desert me—to  
fall away from me, too, at the moment when a  
single smile of yours might have indemnified  
me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the  
treachery of friendship? As to Fraser, men  
are all alike—selfish by nature, habit, educa-  
tion. They are trained to baseness, and he is  
the wisest man who becomes earliest ac-  
quainted with suspicion. He is the happiest,  
who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of  
attachment, constrains every symp-  
tom of attachment within the close imprisonment of a cold  
and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be  
revengeful. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverish-  
ed—despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the  
perfidious shall yet be taught to know,  
that he will not be spurned with impunity, or  
trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture,  
accompanying the vehemence of my senti-  
ment, interfered with the repose of Neptune,  
who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the  
boat. The dog vented his impatience in a  
quick and angry growl. At that moment, my  
irritation amounted almost to madness.—  
"Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my raper  
dog turns against me. He withdraws the  
mercenary attachment which my food had  
purchased, now that the sources which had  
supplied it have become exhausted." I im-  
pudged to my dog the frailties of man, and hast-  
ened, in the wild suggestion of the instant,

to take a severe and summary vengeance on  
his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my  
breast, and ordered him to take the water. I  
determined to shoot him as he was swimming,  
and then leave him there to die. Neptune  
heisted to obey me. He was scarcely aroused,  
perhaps he did not comprehend my command.  
My impatience would brook no delay, I was  
in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in  
the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of  
strength, to cast the dog in the river. My  
purpose failed—my balance was lost—and, in  
a moment of time, I found myself engaged in  
a desperate struggle for existence with the  
dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot  
swim—Death—death in all its terrors—instant-  
aneous, inevitable death, was the idea that  
pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its  
faculties. But poor Neptune required no so-  
licitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger  
of his master, than he sprang forward to my  
rescue, and, sustaining my head above the water,  
swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once resented there, as I looked up-  
on my preserver shaking the water from his  
coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary  
had happened, my conscience became pene-  
trated with the bitterest feelings of remorse  
and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-  
condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the  
presence of that noble animal, who, having  
saved my life at the very moment I was med-  
itating his destruction, seemed of too gener-  
ous a nature to imagine, that the act he had  
performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his  
service, or required special gratitude from his  
master. Humbled in my own opinion, my in-  
dignation against Maria and John Fraser, for  
their cruel desertion in my distress, was ex-  
changed for a mingled sentiment of tenderness  
and forgiveness. Having rowed to the landing-  
place, I hastened to take possession of the  
best hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune to  
it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit  
street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first ob-  
ject that presented itself to my eye was a note  
from my Maria. All the blood in my veins  
seemed to rush back towards my heart, and  
there to stand trembling at the seat of life and  
motion. Who could divine the nature of the  
intelligence which that note contained. I  
held the paper some minutes in my hand be-  
fore I could obtain sufficient command over  
myself to open it. That writing conveyed to  
me the sentence of my future destiny. Its  
purport was pregnant of the misery or happi-  
ness of my ailer life. At length, with a sud-  
den, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst  
the seal asunder, and read:

"Dearest Lionel—I did not write yester-  
day, because my aunt had most unexpectedly  
determined to return to town to-day. We  
left Brighton very early this morning, and are  
established at Thomas' Hotel. Come to us  
directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton's,  
(which, by-the-by, will compel us to  
have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a happier  
home than we otherwise should have had)  
compels you to be busy among law people,  
and occupies all your time this morning,  
pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to  
dinner, at all events you must contrive to be  
with us in Berkeley Square some time this  
evening. My aunt desires her best love, and  
believe me, dearest Lionel, your affectionate  
MARIA."

And she was really true! This was by far  
the kindest note I had ever received. Maria  
was constant, and my wicked suspicions were  
only in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was  
I to blame! how severely did my folly de-  
serve punishment!

In five minutes after the first reading of  
Maria's note, I was descending the staircase,  
and prepared to obey her summons. A car-  
riage stopped suddenly before the house—the  
raper was loudly and violently beaten with a  
hurried hand—the street door flew open; and  
John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last  
evening, pale with watching and fatigue, and  
travel, and excitement, burst like an unex-  
pected apparition upon my sight. He rushed  
towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it

with the energy of an almost convulsive joy,  
exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time; I  
thought I should be; deuced good horses too,  
or we should never have beat him."

"What do you mean? beat whom?"  
"The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did they  
not tell you I had got scent of the starting,  
and was off after him within an hour of his  
departure?"

"No, indeed, John, they never told me  
that."  
"Well, never mind, I overtook him within  
five miles of Canterbury, and horse-whipped  
him within an inch of his life."

"And—--and—the money?"  
"Oh, I've lodged that at Court's. I thought  
it best to put it out of danger at once. So I  
drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty  
thousand pounds in a place of security, before  
I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe."

"I had been humbled and ashamed of my-  
self before—if I had repented my disgusting  
suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this expla-  
nation of John Fraser's absence was very little  
calculated to restore me to my former happy  
state of self-approbation. Taking my friend  
by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By  
and bye John, you shall be thanked as you  
ought to be for all your kindness; cut you  
must first forgive me. I have been cruelly  
unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Nep-  
tune here. Come with me to Berkeley-  
square. You shall there hear the confession  
of my past rashness and folly; and when my  
heart is once delivered from the burden of self  
reproach that now oppresses it, there will be  
room for the expansion of those happier feel-  
ings, which your friendship and Maria's ten-  
derness have everlastingly planted there.—  
Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute  
my mind which is injurious to those I love.  
The world's a good world; the women are all  
true, and the dogs are all attached and  
staunch."

"I can't for the life of me, understand,  
Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in  
the course of half an hour—seated on the  
sofa, with Maria on the one side of me, with  
John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune  
lying at my feet, I had related the painful  
tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard  
myself affectionately pitied and forgiven; and  
concluded, in the possession of unmingled hap-  
piness, the series of my day's reverses.

## Miscellaneous.

Friends.—Experience has taught me that  
the only friends we can call our own—that  
know no change—are those over whom the  
grave has closed; the seal of death is the only  
seal of friendship. No wonder, then, that we  
cherish the memory of those who loved us, and  
comfort ourselves with the thought that they  
were unchanged to the last. The regret we  
feel at such affliction has something in it that  
softens our hearts, and renders us better. We  
feel more kindly disposed to our fellow crea-  
tures, because we are better satisfied with our-  
selves—first, for the being able to excite affec-  
tion; and secondly, for the gratitude with  
which we repay it—to the memory of those we  
have lost; but the regret we feel at the aliena-  
tion, or unkindness of those we trusted and loved,  
is so mingled with bitter feelings, that it sears  
the heart, dries up the fountain of kindness in  
our breast and disgusts us with human nature,  
by wounding our self love in its most vulner-  
able part: the showing that we have failed to  
excite affection where we had lavished ours.—  
One may learn to bear this uncomplainingly  
and with outward calm; but the impression is  
indelible, and he must be made with different  
materials to the generality of men, who does  
not become a cynic, if he becomes nothing  
worse, after suffering such a disappointment.

Special Verdict.—Three young men were  
recently tried in Caltaragus county, for shoot-  
ing and mortally wounding a dog. The writ-  
ten verdict of the jury was: "all three guilty;  
plaintiff's damages assessed at six pence; and  
each of the defendants to have another shot at  
the dog!"





**THE WAREROOM**  
OF THE  
**Saltway, Marble and Stone Establishment,**  
HORN STREET,  
IS NOW OPEN FOR THE INSPECTION OF THE PUBLIC,  
WHERE WILL BE SEEN  
**A SPLENDID STATUE OF ST. PATRICK,**  
AND  
**ONE OF FAITH.**  
ALSO, a Splendid Collection of *Headlin, Vrin, Bass, Galway,*  
AND KILKENNY MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES.  
Quebec, the 28th June, 1839.

**LONDON COFFEE HOUSE,**  
*Under-arc, Lower Town.*

A McLEA respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that the above establishment is now re-opened for the season, and he solicits a continuance of that liberal patronage of which he has enjoyed so large a share during the last seven years. Visitors will here find every convenience and comfort. The Table will be supplied, as heretofore, with every delicacy the season can afford.

A. McL. has just received from London, a choice selection of Wines, Spirits, Liqueurs, &c., all of which he can confidently recommend as of the very best quality ever imported. N. B.—An ORDINARY every day from 2 till 4 o'clock.—Luncheons or Private Dinners prepared at the shortest notice.  
Ice may be had in any quantity.  
Also—50 casks London Porter.  
22nd May.

**HAVANNAH CIGARS.**

**10,000 HAVANNAH CIGARS,** best quality, just received by the Subscriber.  
PETER DELCOUR,  
2d May, 1838. No. 3, St. John Street

**HAVANNAH CIGARS,**

**REGALIA, Union,**  
Tucan,  
Casadores,  
José Lopez Trigo,  
Trabuco,  
Ezpelata,  
Iberia,  
Star,  
FOR SALE BY  
P. LANGLOIS.  
20th May, 1839.

**HORATIO CARWELL,**

**BEGG** respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has now on hand a unusually large selection of Plain and Fancy Dry Goods, received per the Eleutheria and Emanuel and other vessels, from London, and being desirous of making quick sales the whole is now being offered at reduced prices, for cash or short credit.  
Quebec, 8th June, 1839.

**NEW DRY GOODS STORE.**

THE undersigned respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that they have commenced business on the premises lately occupied by Mr. Hobbs, No. 12, St. John Street—where they have just received, and opened for sale, an importation of

*Seasonable Dry Goods,*  
comprising a choice and fashionable assortment, selected by one of the partners from the best markets in England and Scotland.  
L. BALLINGALL & CO.  
N. B.—NO SECOND PRICE.  
Quebec, 27th May, 1839.

**NEW FUR AND CAP STORE.**

**L. FISCHBLATT,** (from Prussia,) respectfully announces to the inhabitants of Quebec, that he has opened a Store at No. 10, Fabrique Street, Upper Town, where he will constantly have on hand a choice and extensive assortment of Furs and Plain and Military Caps, made up to the latest London and Parisian fashions.  
\* \* \* \* \* Fur and Cloth Caps altered to fashionable shapes at short notice.  
Quebec, 3rd July.

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES.**

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received per *Eleutheria* and *Emanuel*, their usual supplies of ENGLISH and other DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c., comprising every article generally required, either in Medical Practice, or family use.

ALSO—AN ASSORTMENT OF SURGEONS' INSTRUMENTS AND MATERIALS, MAW'S IMPROVED DOMESTIC INSTRUMENT, FAMILY MEDICINE CHESTS, &c.  
*With numerous other Articles.*  
MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
Chemists, &c.

Quebec, 10th June.

**FRESH LEECHES.**

A LARGE supply of the GERMAN MEDICINAL LEECH, of large size and superior quality, just received, and for sale low, by  
MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
Chemists & Druggists.  
Quebec, 10th June, 1839.

**SUPERIOR Arrow Root** received direct from BERMUDA;

ALSO :—  
*A case of granules*  
**COLOGNE WATER,**  
Direct from the house of JEAN MARIE FARINA, Cologne; for sale by  
BEGG & URQUHART,  
St. John's Street.

14th June, 1839.

**COLOGNE WATER.**

A CASE of the above direct from the Manufactory of JEAN-MARIE FARINA, Cologne, just received and for sale by  
MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
Chemists, &c.

21st June.

**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.

**TURNIP SEEDS.**

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received their usual supply of  
YELLOW ABERDEEN,  
WHITE GLOBE,  
RED NORFOLK,  
EARLY STONE,  
MALTA, DUTCH, POMERANIAN,  
And other kinds of Turnip Seeds.  
ALSO,  
RED AND WHITE CLOVER.  
MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
Quebec, 10th June, 1839.

**PARTNERSHIP.**

THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public in general, that the business heretofore conducted by J. J. SIMS, will, from this date, be carried on under the style and firm of  
**SIMS & BOWLES.**

They are now moving into those spacious new premises, corner of Hope Street.  
J. J. SIMS,  
J. BOWLES, JUNIOR.  
Apothecaries & Druggists, Upper Town Market Place.—1st May.

**PERRY'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, 10th June, 1839.

**LONDON HATS, BOOTS, SHOES**

FOR SALE AT THE STORE OF  
**HORATIO CARWELL,**  
No. 4, Fabrique Street.

A SMALL selection, assorted prices, Gentlemen's Black and Grey BEAVER HATS, made to order, of the newest shapes.

ALSO :—  
Three trunks Gentlemen's Dress Pants; Wellington Cloth and Leather and Clarence Dress Boots, made of the best materials and of the most fashionable make.  
10th April, 1839.

**W. LECHEMINANT,**

No. 1, Fabrique Street, Upper Town,  
HAS JUST RECEIVED :—  
**10 BOXES ORANGES,**  
10 bds. BORSA APPLES.

NOTICE.  
THE undersigned having commenced business as COMMISSION MERCHANT and BROKER, will make liberal advances on Consignments.

17th May. THOS. JACKSON.

**NEW SHIP CHANDLERY**

ESTABLISHED BY  
THE Subscribers having entered into Co-partnership, intend carrying on the above business (in the premises lately occupied by S. Brocklesby & Son, St. Peter Street) under the style and firm of PINKERTON & OLIVER,  
A. H. PINKERTON,  
J. E. OLIVER

Quebec, 20th May.

**A. PARROTT,**

Copper & Tin Smith, Brazer & Plumber,  
HAS REMOVED to No. 19, Mountain Street, opposite Mr. Neilson's Bookstore, where he will be happy to receive orders for all kinds of work in his line.  
Quebec, 6th May.

**INDIA RUBBER SHOES.**

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE, LADIES', Gentlemen's, and Children's INDIA RUBBER SHOES, of the best quality.  
FREDK. WYSE,  
No. 3, Palace Street, opposite the Albion Hotel, Upper Town, and the foot of Mountain Street, near the Neptune Inn, Lower Town.  
Quebec, 25th Nov 1838.

**THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER**

**FOR SALE—**  
**300 K EGGS** London WHITE LEAD,  
10 Kegs do. do. genuine No. 1,  
15 Casks English LINED OIL, double  
banded,  
5 do. Raw do.  
100 Boxes superior English YELLOW SOAP  
10 Casks fine Canada ROSE NAILS 3 1/2  
3b lb.  
10 doz. STOVELS,  
10 Cwt. best English GLUE,  
WITH A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF  
**HARDWARE.**  
JOHN SHAW & CO.  
IMPORTERS, QUEBEC.  
2nd March, 1839.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have just received a large supply of the following celebrated Medicines, viz :

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA,  
HAY'S LINIMENT for Piles, Rheumatism, &c.  
HEADACHE REMEDY.  
A fresh supply of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS.  
BEGG & URQUHART,  
13, St. John Street, and  
8, Notre Dame St., L.

**PILES, DROPSY, SWELLINGS, AND SORES, RHEUMATISM.** It is absolutely asserted on the most positive proof that the above complaints are arrested and cured by the timely use of Hay's Liniment. It is impossible to find room in this paper to present those proofs which are conclusive and convincing. They may be seen at length as below.

The true article has a splendid engraved wrapper with agents' and proprietor's name, and may be had of  
J. I. SIMS,  
MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
BEGG & URQUHART.  
Quebec, Sept.

**J. FARLEY,**

**DYER,**  
No. 6, ST. URSULE STREET,  
RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public, that he cleans and dresses Gentlemen's Cloths, Cashmere, Merino, and Canton Crape Shawls, &c. &c.—colours warranted not to fade.

From the long experience Mr. F. has had in the above business, combined with moderate charges, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to those who may honour him with their patronage.  
Quebec, 14th June.

**NOTICE.**

THE business heretofore carried on by GEORGE HOWARD with the 1st May, will be continued by the Subscribers, under the firm of GEORGE HOWARD & SON, Shoeing-Smiths and FARRIERS, St. Paul Street, Quebec.  
1st May.

**NOTICE.**

THE Subscribers will commence in their new establishment as well as the old in a few days, where they will have on hand a variety of ready-made Implements of Husbandry, such as Forks, Hoes, Axes, Spades, Ploughs, Harrows, &c., &c. Horses shod in the best styles—Good Stabling for Sick Horses. They flatter themselves that they shall be able to give every satisfaction; and as they wish to do business on as short credit as possible, to those who have been in the habit of putting off payment from time to time, will have to pay cash on the spot,—as times and prices will allow more than three months credit.  
GEO. HOWARD & SON,  
Foot of Hope Street.  
15th May.

**NOTICE.**

THE Subscriber having entered into Partnership with the firm of CHARLES CAMPBELL & Co., purpose carrying on business as Agents and Shippers of Lumber, that part of Silery Cove, lately in the occupation of Mr. W. H. JEFFERY, where they will be at all hours ready to receive and ship every description of Lumber.  
CHARLES CAMPBELL,  
HENRY LE MESURIER,  
Quebec, 25th May.

**NOTICE.**

AN AGREEMENT having been entered into between the Phoenix Fire Assurances Company of London, and that of the Metellus Company of Glasgow, which provides for the continuation of the business of the latter, and the assumption of its risks by the former, we hereby announce the same to the public, and request that the holders of Policies issued by us as Agents of the Metellus will apply to the Agents of the Phoenix in all things relating thereto.  
(Signed) TREMAIN, WHITE & CO.

In consequence of the agreement referred to in the above advertisement, we beg to inform the holders of Policies of the Metellus Fire Assurances Company of Glasgow, that the Phoenix have assumed the risks of that Company in the Canadas, they are ready to issue new Policies of the Phoenix, free of charge, for the unexpired term of those of the Metellus.  
(Signed)  
GILLESPIE, MOFFAT, JAMIESON & CO.  
Agents for the Phoenix Fire Assurances Company for the Canadas.

**CALEDONIA SPRINGS.**

THE favorable opinion I formerly entertained of the waters of the Caledonia Springs is MORE THAN CONFIRMED, as well from the benefits I personally derived from their use, as from what I observed of their effects on others. The water should be drank in moderate quantities before breakfast, and persisted in for some weeks at least.  
(Signed) WILLIAM ROBINSON, M.D.

**A FRESH SUPPLY JUST RECEIVED**  
BEGG & URQUHART,  
Quebec, 15th May, 1839.

**PASSAGE FROM BELFAST.**

PERSONS desirous of having their friends brought out from Belfast by Mr. Grainger's ships the ensuing spring, may have it done by paying the amount of passage to the undersigned.  
G. H. PARKE,  
Quebec, 14th Feby. 1839.