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## THE HISTORY OF A HEART.

Julia Wilnot was beautiful, beyond all comparison beautiful. I might describe to you her full and finely rounded figure, her swanlike neck, her dazzling complexion, her dark blue eyes, her high clear forehead, her exquisitely curved lips; but the combined skill of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, would fail to give you an idea of her alpitric loveliness. When I first beheld her, she was at a ball standing in the entrance of a recess, which the magic hand of taste had transformed into a magnificent temple; and worthy did she seem to be the priestess of such a shrine. Her age might have been about twenty-five—the period when a beautiful woman is, perhaps, most beautiful; when the varying charms and graceful playfulness of the girl have given place to the expanded loveliness and gentle dignity of womanhood. Her robe of green Geneva velvet was fastened at the waist by a zone of emeralds, displaying the exquisite proportions of her Juno-like figure; her sleeves were drawn up to the shoulder by emerald studs; chains formed of the same precious stones flashed on her polished neck and snow-like arms; and a taria of mingled emeralds and pearls sparkled amid her clustering ringlets. A veil of the richest lace, which revealed while it seemed to conceal the perfect contour of her head and neck, completed this singular and magnificent attire. She appeared to be in earnest conversation with a gentleman who stood beside her; and I watched the varying expressions of her countenance, and listened to her sweet and melancholy tones with intense interest. They were speaking of Switzerland. "That country will ever be dear to me," said she, in a thrilling tone; "the happiest hours of my life have been passed there." The gentleman's reply I do not hear, but, as by an involuntary motion her hand struck the chords of a harp which was near her, she said, "No, the heart can enjoy happiness but once, and my hour is past; an accidental touch may produce music from an instrument that is attuned to harmony, but if broken and mustering, the skill of an angel could not awaken it to melody." At that moment she, full, fine looking man, in naval uniform, approached, and, with the easy, assured air of one certain of a favourable reception, whispered some request. She started at the sound of his voice, and an expression almost of aversion dwelt for an instant upon her fine features; but, remembering that perfect self command which she could so well exert, she turned to him with one of her sweetest smiles, and presented him her hand. I followed them; and in a few minutes she was seated at the piano, playing one of the favourite patriotic airs of the day, with all the apparent ease and gaiety of childhood. I had now leisure to contemplate the celebrated Commodore Mordaunt, who was scarcely less distinguished among the fashionable circles as the betrothed of Julia Wilnot, than as the glorious conqueror of an enemy's fleet. He was a finely-formed man with a countenance indicative of the frankness and vivacity of a sailor, but wearing, at the same time, that expression which always characterizes those whose pleasures are merely sensual. I was enough of a physiognomist to believe that there must be a fearful difference in their characters, and I almost shuddered as I contrasted his attractive countenance with the delicate and intellectual beauty of hers.

After having sung several airs, her hand was claimed for the dance, and she glided through its mazes with the same exquisite grace and dignity that distinguished all her ordinary movements; but I could not see her so heavily as she swept past me. When the dance was finished, she turned to and the recess was disclosed. "This is my fairy palace," said she, smiling; then, with the air of one who knew her slightest gesture could win applause, she waved her hand to her followers, and, dropping the silken curtain which was suspended over the entrance, disappeared.

In a few minutes we heard the sound of a harp, and in the most brilliant manner she executed some of Mozart's best music; then,

suddenly changing the strain, she commenced a wild and beautiful prelude. At length her voice was again heard, not in the rich and commanding tones which had before burst upon our ears, but low and plaintive, like the mournful music which the summer breeze draws from the Aeolian harp, swelling gradually upon the ear with deep and melancholy pathos, until even the gay and thoughtless who stood around, turned aside to conceal their tears. The air was that of a simple French song which I had often heard, but the words were, I presume, her own. They were as follows:—

I am not what I have been; pain  
Has stolen the roses from my cheek;  
And never can I know again  
The health that once were wont to speak.

I am not what I have been; care  
Has left its foot in aching hours—  
What matters it I might smile as there,  
To hide the gloom that lies below.

I am not what I have been; time  
Has weak of waking on our days;  
My life is in its earliest prime,  
But, ah! my heart's glad youth is gone.

I am not what I have been; fate  
Has led me to the peaceful dawn;  
And now in patience I await  
Her hand, her kindliest gift—a tomb.

Suddenly the song ceased—the listener scarcely had time to treat a repetition of such exquisite melody, but, upon raising the curtain, the recess was found vacant; and, after some fond jests about her sudden disappearance, they returned to the dance. But my former feelings possessed me. In Switzerland my happiest days too had been past, and the air which I had just heard was associated with some of my sweetest recollections. I entered the recess, and, throwing myself on a couch, was soon wrapt in all the mournful luxury of remembrance, when a sound of suppressed sobs aroused me. It seemed to proceed from behind one of the curtains; I started up, and, entering, discovered a narrow and dimly-lighted passage, at the entrance of which, leaning against the pillar which supported the curtain, stood Julia Wilnot, bathed in tears, and almost convulsed with sobs. To hasten toward her and proffer assistance was my first impulse, but she haughtily turned from me, and commanded me to leave her; then, as if recollecting the singularity of her appearance in such a place, and under such circumstances, she said, "—stranger, you have witnessed what I thought no human eye would ever again behold; you have seen Julia Wilnot weep; but as you value a woman's peace, I require you to forget it, or at least never to reveal it. Go, return to the recess; you will find me in the ball-room, but remember, we are yet strangers." She turned quickly away, and her foot struck a low step which was in the passage, she would have fallen but for my assistance; I conducted her to the extremity of the passage, and we parted.

On returning, my attention was caught by a glittering object upon the floor. I found it to be the small but highly finished miniature of a youth in Swiss costume, and, to my great astonishment, recognized the features of one whom I had known intimately when in Paris. In an instant the truth flashed upon my mind. Long after I had lost sight of him, I learned from a mutual friend some of the particulars of his domestic story; and I was now convinced that in Julia Wilnot I beheld "a belle Americaine" who had so fatally influenced his fate. Filled with the thought of the almost heart-broken wretchedness which I had seen depicted in her beautiful face, I resorted to the ball-room. I found her in the centre of a laughing group, to whom she was relating some ludicrous anecdotes, and I was almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my own senses, when I looked upon the bright and graceful countenance which she now wore. But by the sudden change in her manner, I thought I could perceive that she had just discovered the loss of the picture; I therefore hastened to procure an introduction

to her, and taking the earliest opportunity of presenting it, I observed to her, "Miss Wilnot will need no evidence to convince her that her secret is safe with me, when I tell her that the original of this picture was one whom I was proud to rank among the number of my friends." A deep blush overspread her features; she bent on me a keen and searching look, and was about to reply, when Commodore Mordaunt approached with a summons from her mother, and I saw her no more that evening. But our acquaintance did not terminate here. The mutual knowledge which we possessed of many places and persons on the continent, served to create a more than common intimacy between us; and it was from her own lips that I heard the leading facts of the following story:—

During the winter of 18—, Julia Wilnot was the reigning belle of Paris. Possessed of a heart filled with all the pure and glowing enthusiasm of youth, and a character not distinguished for artlessness than energy, united to surpassing beauty and commanding intellect, she was perhaps one of the most fascinating creatures that had ever appeared in the circles of French society. Her beauty and talents were the theme of every tongue, and women of the highest birth and fashionable manners of "la belle Americaine." The heart of a girl of nineteen is seldom proof against such seductions; and her anxious father, scarcely less the earliest opponent of the artful suitor, was the scene of temptation.

He had seen, with a parent's pride, the admiration which his darling excited; but he trembled for its effects upon her ardent and inexperienced mind; and he feared lest the polished and graceful manners, which she had acquired among the high-born nobility of France might be more than counteracted by the loss of those simple tastes and independent feelings which should ever characterize the dourth of a republic. Early in the spring he took up his abode at Vevey, in Switzerland, with the intention of residing there until the period fixed for his return to his native country. Julia had drunk deeply from the intoxicating cup of adulation; she had lost much of the charming simplicity of her character; but her taste was yet unsophisticated, and she gazed with wonder and delight on the sublime scenery by which she was surrounded. Her books, her music, or her pencil, were for some time an unfilling source of amusement; and it was not until after the lapse of several weeks that she began to feel the want of society. That want was soon fully supplied. During her residence in Paris, Henri de Neville had been one of her most assiduous admirers; and to her great surprise, she discovered that the old nobleman, who was almost their only acquaintance in Vevey, was the near connexion of Henri, and that the youth generally passed the summer months of his childhood, Henri de Neville was the sole remaining branch of one of the oldest families in France, and the heir to immense wealth; but as it was well known that he had been betrothed from childhood to the daughter of a house equally ancient and opulent with his own, his attentions to the young American had excited no alarm, either in the mind of Mr. Wilnot or of the Duc de ——. But the vigilance of age was for once deceived by the levity of youth. Henri had long looked with disgust upon a connexion which he knew his affections could never sanction; and his acquaintance with the beautiful Republican served only to strengthen his aversion to his involuntary ties. If he had found the charms of Julia Wilnot almost irresistible when he beheld her amid the gay and giddy circles of fashion, he was still less able to look upon her with indifference when they met in the romantic wilds of Switzerland. He now saw her amid the quiet endearments of domestic life, charming as much by her gentleness and sweetness as she was wont to do by her brilliancy and wit. The tones of her finely modulated voice seemed doubly sweet when his ear only listened to the song; and the changes of her expressive countenance were watched with tenfold inter-

est when he knew that he only could awake them.

(Concluded in our next.)

**LIFE.**—The certainty that life cannot be long and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to accomplish. It is true that no diligence can ensure success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is out off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the satisfaction of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle though he missed the victory.—(Johnson.)

Reproaches and enquiry have no power to affect either the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable; the man, who without firmness to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

Every body condemns scandal; yet nothing circulates more readily—even gold itself is less current.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart; as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shell.

"Are you guilty, or not guilty?" said the clerk of arrais to an American prisoner the other day; "and sure now," said Pat, "what are you put there for, but to find that out?"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PAPERS.

**HEIR TO THE FRENCH THRONE.**—The Princess Mary of Orleans, Duchess of Wintemur, was delivered at Neuilly on Monday morning of a prince, to whom the names of Philippe Alexander Marie Ernest was given. Chantry has nearly finished a fine statue of the late William Roscoe, to be placed in the Town Hall of Liverpool.

A portrait of Shakespeare, at the age of 21, has been recently discovered in England. It is on panel, and was sold at auction as a part of the effects of a Warwickshire gentleman, in a lot of sundries, alms rubbish. It is pronounced by the best judges an undoubted original, by Nicholas Hilliard, famous painter of the Elizabethan age.

In 1801 the first act of Parliament passed for the construction of a public railway. Since that time nearly 300 have followed it; and among these enterprises are three, of which alone the estimated cost—and they are expected to be finished during the present season—amounts to about £9,000,000 sterling.

The British astronomers are on the look out for Encke's Comet, which is expected to be visible in England during several months of this summer and autumn.

In little more than sixty years, the manufacture of iron in Great Britain has increased from 25,000 tons to about 1,000,000 tons per annum.

Among the Queen's slate watermen at the coronation, was an old man, 91 years of age, who walked in the procession of three Kings, viz., George III. and IV. and William IV.

Seventy-five thousand florins are offered to a chemist in Berlin by the temperance society, not to divulge a mode he had discovered of distilling brandy from common herbs.

The Salisbury Herald says that an engine on the Great West in rail-road, sent to the assistance of another engine, performed twelve miles in the almost incredible time of five minutes, being at the rate of one hundred and forty-four miles an hour.

A game of billiards has been played at Paris on a baysbeck!

The largest part of Talleyrand's library was purchased by Mr. White, of Florida (U.S.)

A western editor, hearing that Talleyrand died at his own bed, inferred from thence that he was a *petra-keeper*!

Celeste was to leave Europe for America immediately after finishing a short engagement at Paris.

Conbe, the phrenologist, is expected in the