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POETRY.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. REMANS,
BY L. E. L.

(From Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, 1838.)

Was not this matchless all too dearly loved—
Can fame alone for all that fame has cost.
We see the goal, but know not the endeavor,
Nor who that kind hapless fate the way has led.
What do we know of the unmet pillow,
By the worn cheek, and faded eyelid prest,
When thought, whose thoughts, the tumultuous
billow,

Whose very light and foam reveals most?
We say the song is sorrowful, but know not
What may have led to that sorrow on the wing!
However mournful words may be, they are not
The whole extent of her sadness and wrong.
They cannot paint the long sad hours, pass'd un-
in vain regrets o'er what we feel we are,
Alas! in the kingdom of the late is lonely—
Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman but revealing
In sweet clear light the hidden world below,
By quicker faculties and a keener feeling
Than those around, the cold and careless, know?
What is to feel such feeling, but to culture
A soul whence pain will never more depart!
The table of Prometheus and the vulture
Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

BY MISS OPIE.

[From Friendship's Offering.]

Whenever I hear that any man of my acquaintance is paying his addresses to one of my sisters, and therefore exposed to the severity of female criticism, I always pity him, because I doubt of his success; as I have rarely known a suitor, unless such circumstances, accepted at once, if he has been accepted at all. And this has been owing, not to an amiable reluctance in the object of his love to leave her sisters, or in whom I part with her; but that the poor lover's person, manner, and qualities, were made the theme of that laughing derision, of all things the most fatal to a lover's success.

The following anecdotes will exhibit a case in point, which partly came under my own observation, and which, as the most amusing way of narrating it, I shall relate in dialogue.

Three sisters, whom I shall call Lydia, Maria, and Eleanor, one evening, on their return from a dinner party, drew round the just replenished grate, in the chamber of the eldest sister, in order to talk over the company which they had recently left.

When the female part of it had been sufficiently criticised, the young men came in for their share in the detraction. One of them was pronounced to be a dandy; another was well dressed, but silly; a third clever, but conceited—in short, each in his turn was set up as a nine-pin, to be, like a nine-pin, knocked down again. But Eleanor, the youngest sister, who was never censorious in her remarks, and had no pretensions to the epithets "witty" and "severe," which were often bestowed on her sisters, was, on this occasion, unusually silent. At last, however, she said, with some hesitation, "But what did you think of that young man who came with Dr. B—?"

"Do you mean that frightened youth in the corner, who nearly fell down as he picked up your glove, and blushed as if accused of stealing it, while he trembled it into your hand?"

"Yes, Maria, I mean him," she replied.

"His name, I had, is P'ward Vincent?"

"O! I scarcely looked at him or noticed him, therefore I certainly do not remember him long enough to ask his name; but I recollect he was full of attention to you, Eleanor?"

"O! yes," cried Lydia, "and see how she blushes: I believe the poor thing is really charmed."

"No, no," replied Maria, "she has too much good taste for that."

"Indeed," observed Eleanor, modestly, "I think he is handsome."

"Handsome!" exclaimed Maria, "he has not a good feature in his face."

"Then, did you look at him sufficiently to

examine his features," replied Eleanor, with smile, "though you scarcely looked at or noticed him?"

"There?" retorted Maria, "Eleanor, is sarcastic, for the first time in her life; and that wonder-worker, love, must have made her so."

"No doubt," said Lydia; "and as the love-smutted, the blushing youth will come hither—swooning soon. O! it will be so amusing!"

"It will be, indeed, Lydia; and when he says 'Will you marry me, dear Miss, Ally Croker?' what will you reply, Eleanor?"

"Nay, say, Eleanor, you must say 'No,' for we never can call that red-and-white, blushing, quizzical being, a suitor!"

Eleanor did not choose to reply, and she was talked into silence. In one respect, the sisters were right: Edward Vincent had conceived a strong attachment to Eleanor, and having had frequent opportunities of being in her company, he often came forward as her lover. Such were his fortune, situation in life, and character, that Eleanor's parents highly approved his proposals; but so completely was her conviction of his worth kept under by her sisters' ridicules, that she refused him; and very reluctantly acceded to his earnest request not to be dismissed immediately, but allowed time and opportunity to acquire her good opinion. But he never came without such a consciousness of being the object of satirical observations to the sisters, that he was deprived by timidity of the power of speaking or moving without embarrassment and awkwardness; and as soon as he departed, the sisters mimicked his manner, his emprovement, and awkward notions, to the life; and one of them likened him to Cynon, and Eleanor to Iphigenia, in Dryden's fable; and used to imitate "his stupid and obliging enterprise" while he looked at Eleanor, till at length she was induced to dismiss him, finally.

But when she saw him leave the house, after he had received his dismissal, her eyes watched him so wistfully till he was out of sight, and then she heaved so deep a sigh, that Maria sarcastically exclaimed, "Shall we call Cynon back, poor Iphigenia? It is not too late," she added, running to the window; "Here, Cynon! here!" "It is too late," said Elmor, sighing again; "and now that he is to come hither no more, I must desire that he be neither mimicked nor ridiculed."

Soon after, Edward Vincent sold his house in the neighbourhood, and went, as it was said, on his travels, but was still remembered with kindness by her, and respect by her parents; especially as his change of residence was attributed to his unfortunate attachment.

Nearly a twelvemonth afterwards, Eleanor's sisters accompanied a near relation abroad, and she was permitted to visit a friend of hers, who was lately married, and resided near Edinburgh.

As soon as Eleanor was settled in her new abode, her friend said to her, "So, my dear Eleanor, your mother writes me word that you have been so foolish as to refuse a very charming man, and an excellent offer."

"Charming! O, no!" replied Eleanor, blushing, "amiable, I own—but—"

"But what, my dear?"

"O! my sisters could not bear him; they thought him such a quizz, and used to laugh at him so much!"

"Indeed! that was the cause, was it?" replied her friend, who well knew the satirical turn of her sisters, and their influence over her yielding mind; "but he was not their lover; if he had—but no, perhaps he would not even then have cared much better, except they had been on the verge of old-maidism. Pray, what is his name? That your mother refuses to tell me."

"And very justly," said Eleanor, "names on such occasions it is dishonourable to mention."

"Right," replied the other, "but woman's curiosity is, you know, proverbial."

A few days afterwards, her friend told her that she had invited a very agreeable young man to dinner, who was lately come amongst them, and had already made himself popular in the neighbourhood, by building cottages

and a school-room, and by other useful actions and kindnesses of a private and public nature. "But it is time for you to dress," added she; "and pray try to look your best."

When the dinner-bell rang, and Eleanor, hanging on her friend's arm, entered the room, the first person whom she saw was Edward Vincent! His first impulse on seeing her, and seeing her unexpectedly, was to depart directly; but he conquered his feelings, and stayed. Probably he observed her blushing and embarrassed surprise, and believed it was not the blush of vexation. He, therefore, welcomed her to Scotland with tolerable ease, and had less difficulty than Eleanor in telling the host and hostess, what they could not help discovering untold, that Miss— and himself were old acquaintances; while the sagacious hostess drew her own conclusions from what she saw, and was far gone in secret prognostics before the day was over.

"Eleanor," said she, at night, when she followed her to her room, "how do you like our new neighbour?"

"O! he is very good, I know."

"Good! no, that you cannot know, except from our report."

"But, you know he is no stronger to me."

"That is clear enough; but has he not good manners?"

"Yes, yes, none, but how very odd!—he used to look so sleepish when he visited us."

"No wonder, for I suspect he was in love with a certain young friend of mine, and then her sisters were full of satire and malicious laughter whenever they saw him; for I know he is a modest man, and I am convinced he was then your lover."

"Was your lover?" Eleanor did not quite like the word "was," nor did she choose to contradict her sister's assertion was true, she therefore only replied "But, how strange! he used to stammer a little, and hiss, I think; and my sisters used to mimic him so admirably."

"Did they? What amiable consideration for an excellent young man, whose happiness and well-being might, for aught they knew, depend on the success of his suit!"

"But he neither stammered nor hisped today."

"No, certainly not, for he was at his ease, as your sisters were not here; and as he is no longer your lover, you know your presence was no more to him than that of any other woman, therefore he did himself justice; but he does speak thick, and hesitates, when he is a little day; he did so at a Bible meeting the other day, when he first got up to speak, but he soon recovered himself, and was so eloquent!"

"Is it possible!" cried Eleanor. "Edward Vincent speak at a Bible meeting—and speak well? Amazing! my sisters used to think him so far from clever."

"I will trouble you, Eleanor," replied her friend, in rather an indignant tone, "not to repeat any more of your sisters' mischievous, unjust, and unfeeling detraction. I see very clearly that but for their unchristian satire, you, my dear friend, would have been the happy wife of a most deserving man; but my regret is vain, and I am sorry it is so."

She then left Eleanor to muse on what she had said, believing she would not soon forget it; but would dwell, probably with no present feelings, on the words "But my regret is vain."

And she did dwell on them—and she did herself regret the loss of what she now more than ever believed would have been her happy prospects. And for some time, they indeed seemed to be lost forever. Whether Edward Vincent was or was not conscious of the advantage which he had gained, he had not a remnant of his former awkwardness; he spoke with fluency, and moved with grace. True, it was he came to the house of Eleanor's friends every day—that he showed Eleanor his cottages and his school-house and accompanied the ladies in their rides and drives; but he never offered to show Eleanor his own house, and this was a proof to her that he no longer wished her to be his mistress. Her friend thought it a proof of the contrary, but was too wise to say so, especially as the con-

fusion and awkwardness, once Edward Vincent's, seemed now, at times, transferred to poor Eleanor herself, who would have been glad to have heard him stammer and hiss again, and by his sheepish stare of admiration have deserved to be likened to Cynon in the fable.

In the meanwhile Edward Vincent, who in his heart, was no uninterested observer of what was passing, saw, that as Eleanor was now left to her own unbiased judgment, that judgment was in his favour, and being, therefore, convinced that he was now not likely to be refused, he called on her silent but observant friend, to say his whole case to her. Beginning by asking her whether Eleanor had told— "She was too honourable, too delicate," cried she, interrupting him, "to tell me any thing; but I am too penetrating, my dear friend; not to have discovered every thing; but say no more to me; you will find Eleanor alone in the library." He took the hint; and when Eleanor's sisters returned from abroad, they found her, to the great joy of her parents, the happy wife of Cynon, alias Edward Vincent.

THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

A TRUE STORY.

[From the New York Mirror.]

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"Not to strangers," was the rude reply. "The stranger?" turned and walked away.

"That purse is very cheap, ma'am."

"I do not wish it now," said I, as taking my portfolio, I retraced my way and followed the stranger lady.

Passing Thompson's, she paused—went in—hesitated—then turned and came out. I now saw her face—it was very pale—her hair, black as night, was parted on her forehead—her eyes, too, were very black, and there was a wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Grand street, where she entered a miserable looking dwelling. I passed—should I follow farther?—She was evidently suffering much—I was happy, blessed in husband, children, friends! I knocked—the door was opened by a cross looking woman—

"Is there a person living here does sewing?" I inquired.

"I guess not," was the reply. "There is a woman up-stairs, who used to work, but she can't get no more to do—and I shall turn her out to-morrow."

"Let me go up," said I, as passing the woman with a shudder, I ascended the stairs.

"You can keep on to the garret," she screamed after me—and so I did: and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed!—The lady had thrown off her bed, and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not—breathed not—but seemed motionless, her face livid in the covering of the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high pale forehead, around which hung masses of damp, brown hair—it was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bed-clothes—words broke from his lips—

"I cannot pay you now." I heard him say. Poor fellow! even in his dreams, his poverty haunted him? I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head—threw back her long black hair, and gazed mildly upon me. It was no time for ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, perhaps starvation—were before me—"I come to look for a person to do plain work," was all I could say.

"Oh, give it me!" she sobbed. "Two days we have not tasted food!—and to-morrow!"

She gasped and tried to finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving!

"Be comforted—your shall want no more!" I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in a sunny West