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## Porter.

### THE HEART'S FREEDOM.

From Miss Pardoe's last new work, entitled, "Romance of the Harem."

"The heart is a free and a fetterless thing, wave of the ocean! a bird on the wing! A restless steed o'er the desert-plain bounding, a peal of the storm o'er the valley resounding; it springs at all bounds, and it mocks the decree of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free!

"The heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone from the lip and the eye of a beautiful one; but the frown and the force with its impulse contending,

never find it as adamant, cold and unbending; it may break, it may burst, but its tyrants will see that even in ruin it dares to be free!

### EMMA HAYWOOD.

"'Tis a strange world, and full of contradiction."

It has been often said and with truth, that the life of one who has dedicated himself in the study of books, is monotonous, and others uninteresting; but he who walks forth into this busy world, and mingles with its fellow men, finds endless variety, amusement, and instruction. 'Tis true, we often deceive ourselves; and vanity, the great ruling passion, sometimes causes us to persist in error rather than own that our powers of observation are fallible. "Ah! you cannot deceive me; I know human nature so well." I caught the remark as I was passing, and stopped to look at the speaker. He was a thin, slight, little man, with a hooked nose, over one enormous bridge he peeped into "human nature" with a pair of sharp little gray eyes, with scarcely enough of beauty in their expression to witch the heart of woman, but, nevertheless, of whose quickness of sight he was extremely proud.

"Do you know that old man?" said I to my friend.

"Yes, he is a broker in this city; a man of no standing among the merchants, his possessions rather more integrity than some of his class, though less generosity than any. He is such given to suspicious; never trusts any one in business which he can possibly manage himself—except when he happens to run in the opposite extreme. He has lately taken a partnership with him a young man, who was a favourite with him, by some strange chance, several months ago, and has had the pleasure to maintain his advantage ever since. He is a great hypocrite; has already secretly side away with some of the old fellow's property; and is gradually endeavouring, under the pretence of relieving him from care, to get the business entirely into his own hands. If he succeeds, he will ruin his old master by his extravagance, and then probably laugh at him in his credulity. The broker will never listen to any thing in his dispraise; his invariable answer to such attempts is as you have said—'It is impossible to deceive one who knows human nature so well.'"

I was much amused with this trait of character, though I could not help thinking that in the best and wisest among us are equally liable to suffer from the delusions of vanity.

It was a delightful day, and Broadway displayed more than its usual variety of beauty of fashion.

"That is a beautiful girl coming towards me," said I to my friend—"the one in black, looking with that tall young man. What an amiable countenance! what a playful smile!" "I think," said she, as she passed us, "the young man was perfectly right; he was insulting, and of course there was no remedy for him but to fight."

It was perhaps said without much thought, but the sentiment uttered by her tossed lips almost changed my opinion of her beauty. I silently gazed at the subject of her discourse to the young man in—, who had lately killed his antagonist in a duel, resulting from some dish private quarrel. Woman strangely fore-

gets herself, when she becomes the advocate of duellists. As delicate as her form should be the soul that inhabits it. Instead of being the encourager of the rude passions of man, it should be her care to soften if not subdue them; to condemn these disturbers of society, both by word and action; and to uphold by her soothing support the truly principled, who braves the sneers of the crowd rather than offend his conscience and his God.

My reflections were interrupted by the stopping of a carriage near me, from which descended a lady whose face seemed familiar to me. As she came nearer, she glanced at me, and as her beautiful eye, sparkled with an expression of pleased remembrance, I recognised in her my old acquaintance, Emma Haywood. I was about to speak, but she checked me by a cold distant look, which betrayed at once her change of character, and reminded me, that as I had not seen her since the days of her childhood, I could not claim the right of a privileged acquaintance. As she turned away, I saw that her eyes were filled with tears; and as I saw it, and remarked the paleness of her cheek, I knew that, however the ceremonies of the world of fashion had quelled the vivacity of her disposition and clouded her feelings, they had not changed her heart, and I longed to converse with my little friend, whom, of late years, I had heard spoken of only as the dashing belle and vain coquette—*terza*, I was now convinced, entirely inapplicable to her real character.

Some years ago, before I had quite ceased to consider myself a young man, I boarded in a narrow street, and opposite to a small neat building inhabited by Mr. Haywood, the father of Emma, who was his only child. The window of my chamber looked directly upon their back piazza, upon which Emma used frequently to sit with her books or needlework, and delight me by the melody of her song. She was just about fourteen, and having been brought up by a pious and intelligent mother, in a retired manner, she had not yet learned to covet the admiration of the world, and therefore possessed the artless unobtrusive manners most natural to her age. Her father was in a respectable business, which, however, brought him no more than just sufficient to maintain in his family genteelly, providing every comfort, but rejecting all needless expense and useless show.

I became acquainted with the family, and used occasionally to visit them, though it was my chief delight to watch the young Emma. When unconscious of being observed, she would breathe her own happiness in the sweetest songs, or dance to the music of her own voice. I have often gazed upon her bright face, and graceful form at such times, and wished, that her life might always be as happy, and her spirit always as pure. I have followed her, in my own fancy, through the happy scenes of youth, till she grew up a lovely woman, and with a half pensive pleasure pictured her a happy wife to some noble fellow, who could justly appreciate her worth.

I called to bid farewell to the family, when I was about leaving the neighbourhood for a foreign shore, and Emma received my parting salute with the frankness of childhood, and bade me good-bye with unconstrained expressions of regret. Often, amidst scenes of dissipation and fashionable gaiety, has my fancy gone back to sweet Emma Haywood; and often have I wish myself again at the little window, amusing myself with watching her childish sports. But when I returned to my native place, I learned that Mr. Haywood had shortly after my departure, come in possession of a large fortune by the death of an old miserly uncle, who was thought to be miserably poor, until death forced him to disclose the secret of his hidden treasures. The money which had proved a perpetual torment to him, destroyed the happiness of the nephew and his little family. The house in which they had passed so many pleasant hours, was given up, as too small for their use. They removed farther into the city, occupied an elegant mansion splendidly furnished, bought carriages and horses, gave large dinner-parties, and, in short,

entered with avidity into the dissipation of fashionable life.

Emma was a beautiful girl, and masters of all sorts being procured for her she became an accomplished woman. But, admired by many for her beauty and intelligence, courted for her fortune, and flattered by all, she soon lost, in the giddy mazes of fashion, the simplicity of her character; the edge of youthful enthusiasm wore off, and taught to disguise her feelings, to control the first impulses of her heart, and direct her actions and words, not by reason, but by caprice, it is no wonder that she should be thought of only as a beautiful, rich, and heartless woman. I had never met her until she passed me in the street, and had it not been for the momentary sparkle of her former self as she recognised me, and the involuntary tear which started to her eyes as she turned away, I should have concluded with the world. As it was, I sought and obtained an introduction. She passed for one of the gayest of human beings: she delighted the young by her wit and the fascination of her manners, while even the old forgot their sage maxims and stern morality in gazing upon her beauty, and receiving the soft attentions with which she well knew how to sooth their asperities, and flatter their peculiarities. But I, who had seen her amid such different scenes, liked not the change, and could not help thinking she was evidently supporting an assumed character. The sound of some simple melody would occasionally recall the recollections of past times to her mind, and she would shudder, as if the chord of memory vibrated painfully. I always noticed that she preferred the graces of Italian music to the airs that used to be her favourites; and if I attempted to speak of our early acquaintance, she would give the conversation a sudden turn, and that upon indifferent topics with the ease apparently of an habitual trifter.

The constant round of dissipation was too much for Mrs. Haywood—she sank under it; and Emma had to weep the loss of a mother to whom she was the only confidant of her sorrows. Her fashionable friends, finding their consolations of little avail, confined their attentions to ceremonial calls, and the gay Emma was now frequently alone and neglected. I again became her friend, and, from this mere want of relieving her sorrows by disclosing them, almost her confidant.

"I am not happy," said she one day, "I often wish myself again in retirement, but I cannot shake off the habits I have acquired; and, miserable as I am, should be still more so in any other situation. I am very proud, and I cannot bear to relinquish the station in society I now hold."

It was in vain to protest against such thoughts; she silenced me almost angrily, saying, her destiny was decided. There was a meaning in her words which I could not then fathom; but I afterwards learned it from an aunt of hers, with whom I happened to be intimately acquainted, and who afterwards supplied the place of her mother to Emma, in almost every respect.

"Emma is a strange girl," said my friend; "but although I see her destroying herself, from false opinions of her own character and capabilities of happiness, yet these opinions are too fixed for me to alter; and if I wish to remain her friend I must attempt it. Her father has lost a very considerable part of his fortune by imprudent speculations, and Emma, convinced that, were she no longer to mix in the gay world as the equal of the highest, she should be eminently wretched, is about to make herself the victim of her own ambition.—Among her numerous admirers, is one whose chief recommendation is his fortune, which is said to be immense. He has been refused by her more than once, in very decided terms. Hearing of her father's losses, he has again offered himself to her; and, protesting that her every wish shall be gratified, and the misfortunes which threaten her father entirely averted, he has gained her consent, and the deluded girl will shortly be his wife. He is old, ugly, and said to be extremely whimsical and passionate. He now almost worships her for her surpassing beauty; but when the no-

velty of that shall have passed away, he is not one of those to be won by the sweetness of her disposition and her dazzling accomplishments; and if she once finds herself neglected, I know not what will become of her. The unhappy girl will never bend to his caprices, though she would probably witness them in a silent scorn."

A few days afterwards, I heard that Emma was married to the rich old Mr.—. I have since met her sometimes, followed by a train of adoring sycophants, the gayest and most fashionable of them all. She has ceased to consider me as an acquaintance, and no tear ever dims her eyes now, at the thought of other days. She has learned the art of dissimulation to perfection, and is envied by all, as one of the best ones of the earth. Once, and once only, have I seen her moved; it was at a party, at which she was, as usual, the point of attraction. It was mentioned that the handsome young Edward B.—, who had been rather celebrated in the world of fashion as a pleasing poet, had that morning died of consumption—brought on, as was supposed, by some secret grief: the colour fled from the cheek of Emma, and it required all her self-command to check the tears which were rising to eyes of late unused to weeping. The plea of indisposition satisfied those who remarked, with surprise, her change of countenance; but catching my glance of pity, she haughtily remarked that she was now quite well; and begging the dancers not to interrupt themselves on her account, she joined their train, and was again herself. I recollected the amiable young man whom Emma had formerly favoured, and while the neglect she afterwards had shown him—even though she loved him—filled up the measure of her errors, I thought his fate far far preferable to hers. None will recognise the subject of this history; for all are deceived. Her deceit is greater and more complete than that of many; but she is not the only one who yields up happiness to ambition, pride, or vanity. Many whose eyes are bright, and whose words are gay, conceal heavy hearts, and find not in their choice of life, that which can fill the "aching void" within. Those whose study is man, will often be disappointed by such melancholy changes of character; and there are some who pass the "ordal" pure and uncontaminated, and discovery of one such spirit will compensate for thousands of disappointments. The diamond would not be valued, if it were not rare; nor happiness really enjoyed, if it were not hardily won.

### OLYMPIC GAMES.

Most nations, ancient and modern, have been distinguished by some peculiar species of amusement. Of the various games of different nations, there are few perhaps, governed by better rules than those under which the Olympic games were conducted. Immediately before any of the candidates for engaging appeared, a herald proclaimed his entry, and demanded to know if any one knew him to be a profligate character, or guilty of any particular crime, or even guilty of any tyrannical actions—and if any crime were alleged against him, he was not permitted to contend for the prizes and striped of all honours; but if all remained silent, he was suffered to contend. The most solemn declarations were made both by those who awarded, and those who received the prizes, that the strictest justice had been observed. Those that were fortunate in gaining prizes had innumerable privileges granted to them; they were allowed to fight nearest the king in battle, and were always looked upon as men who had conferred great honor on the state. Indeed generally speaking, though some of their practices were rather of a barbarous character, they had a better tendency than might have been supposed. They, in the first instance, occupied that time which otherwise have been ill spent. Again, they made the combatants athletic and healthy, and astly, strongly acted as a promotion to honest and moral conduct. Regulated as they were, they were deemed as a badge of honour, and a passport for any purpose.

Amongst these games, foot-racing was the most ancient of the whole, and the wrestling, but the more inferior classes would sometimes