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POETRY.

SONG, BY SHELLEY.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joys and the free,
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
Even the sigh of grief
Reproach thee that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me not my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity thou wilt not care for,
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves dress'd,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good.
Between thee and me
What difference! but thou dost possess
The things I seek: not love them less.

I love Love,—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee.
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

THE MISERS OF ANTWERP.

The story and fate of the two misers of Antwerp are now nearly forgotten; a tradition rather than a true history. Even the celebrated picture which represents these men tells more of their story than a sign-post does respecting the country it designs; but like a sign-post, it is a good starting-point. From curiosity respecting this picture, I have been enabled to make out the following particulars of their lives and subsequent fate. If less appalling in the wholesale butcheries of modern times, was once considered a tale of fearful interest, it was in a narrow street turning out of the Rue de la Mer, that a house had remained untenant for many years, from a reputation it very generally acquired of being haunted. Fame had done its worst upon the building, I had exercised all good and cheerful spirits in the dwelling: its many stories of broken windows, with their high gable ends, alone testifying it had once been of some importance, but the period of the commencement of our city, it again received inmates, but of a nature perfectly suited to its gloomy appearance. To old men we are allowed to occupy an unfinished apartment and its adjoining closets. My compassionate neighbors bestowed a new mattress and a little covering, pitying saps, the ill-sorted union of old age and vigour; this, together with a small stove, a cupan, a lamp, two chairs, soon despoiled their backs to convert into fuel, a deal table, a large wooden trunk, and small iron chest, so all these new comers added for the comfort of their home.

The habits of these men, abiding in a house supposed to be haunted, strangers too in the old town of Antwerp, occasioned for a while such curious remark and observation; but in the active principle of curiosity will die inattention, and their unvaried daily history lengthened and baffled suspicion. In the use of time the very solidity that had occasioned remark seemed natural and appropriate, was not known by what train of circum-

stances, and their corresponding action on the mind, these two brothers—for such was the legal as well as characteristic relationship between them—had adopted the gentlemanly vice of avance; or if from early youth it had been their natural tendency, moulded into character by the thousand accidents that fashion men's minds. In the town of Antwerp they were never otherwise known than as men of penurious habits, about whom there hung some mystery, by many supposed to be the mystery of wealth.

However this might be, one brother alternately remained at home, whilst the other bent his way to the bridge that used to cross the Rue de la Mer when a canal ran through it—on this bridge to post himself indifferently in the summer, or more inclement seasons, to ask alms, from every decent passenger, plying a thankless trade from break of day until the waters reflected dimly the decaying light.

The appearance of these two misers,—though they chafed in the extreme, half clothed and fed, the hungry look of their tribe upon them, the compressed and indrawn life, the clutching grasp of the long, lean, withered hand closing on every cent with all the strength left in the attenuated body,—had nevertheless in it an air of decayed gentility, which, despite the offensive whine of mendicancy, induced most passengers to drop a little solid charity into the eager palm of either beggar—I say their appearance, for in the gaunt famine-struck form, in features, voice, even in the pace or person, no could not be identified from the other, save after close and minute observation.

It might have been a curious spectacle to have watched these two wretched old men after the entrance of him who had been plying his productive trade upon the bridge; the quiet grin smile with which he counted his day's gain into the other's hand; the mutual satisfaction with which it was added to the contents of the wooden trunk already so weightily with copper coin, that no single man could raise it. Then would they silently sit down to the supper which he at home had prepared. Stale fish, the refuse of some neighbour's dinner; or as a luxury on fete days, a boiled morsel of half dried pork, of which they previously devoured the fat and fragrant soup, formed the materials of the repast. With such scanty fare, their equanimity of temper was unlikely to be disturbed by the intrusion of visitors; nor were they ever known to ask a neighbour into their room. It was a curious fact, that even a hungry dog never withheld to them for food; it would seem the wretched curs were disciples of Lavater, that they looked in the pinched faces of the brothers, and felt an appeal to their compassion would be vain. Their affection for each other, which appeared their strongest feeling after their love of hoarding money, was not unmingled with suspicion, for each never failed to count their valueless treasure after the hour. After supper, however, came their hour of delight; then were the cold and pain and tantrums of the day forgotten; then did the bitter revivings of those without charity seem music to their very souls; a genial heat warmed the lagging blood in their shrunken veins; and the triumph, not less delicious because unaided, was theirs. A turbaned monarch of a land of slaves had less his soul's desire gratified, than our two humble, despoiled, and solitary men, when, after renewed examination of the well-secured doors and windows, first by one and then another pair of peering gray eyes, the effort before mentioned was placed on the table. Then with their stools touching each other in exquisitely delicious approximation, the iron box was opened, and the misers began to count their gold; the feeble glimmer of an ill-led lamp lighting a board spread with golden treasure.

Curiosity had wholly died away respecting these men, when new food was given to the gossips of the neighbourhood by the sudden introduction of a beautiful high-spirited girl, the newly acknowledged daughter of the younger of the misers. Of all the possible additions to this confined family circle, none could seem so utterly inappropriate.

It appeared from the unwary prattle of the girl to the neighbours, that she had been plac-

ed at school from her earliest recollections by an old childless lady, whose companion her mother had been, who died in giving her birth. Whatever in other respects was the conduct of her father, it was known after the old lady's death, that at least he had so far acted honorably as to have made the young woman his wife. The property of her benefactress died with her; and thus the child of her adoption became, from a free, gay, petted girl, delighting in the sunshiny air, the inmate of a dwelling far more gloomy than a cloister, for there the mind may make its own creations of delight; whereas the moral gloom that invests the covetous and avaricious mind poisons every healthy spring of existence, nor fails to exercise its pestiferous and restrictive power over the brightest natures subject to its influence.

At first the young girl wept and prayed, and treated with soft and childish pleadings, and then stamped with passion, haughtily demanding as a right, sufficient food and clothing, and free egress, in lieu of wretched fare and rags, and unwholesome confinement; but when she found that neither passionate nor gentle sorrow moved either father or uncle to the slightest variation of expression in speech or feature, a sort of numbness fell upon her mind. It was not singular that a temper by nature unconciliatory should be driven to cunning for its defence, and to hate these who made such defence necessary; but it was, indeed, singular that the misers never sought to send her from them to earn subsistence for herself, a boon she ardently implored. She thought it was cruelly abandoned to her, but it might be that these rigid and penurious men found a satisfaction in fixing on the faultless Lee of their young relative, in watching the movements that perfect formation rather than early instruction rendered purely graceful; and they might derive an affectionate and pleasurable prize from the sensation that their blood flowed in the veins of so fair a creature. Fair, indeed, was the appropriate term to apply to her, for the bloom that almost died her cheek on her first arrival soon disappeared with hard fare and confinement; and though her spirit ultimately rose from its first depression, the bloom had departed for ever.

Rebecca possessed no youthful feelings, compassion had killed them, and the result was fatal to her character and happiness. The temptations she encountered to change her mode of life for one more luxurious were not unrequited; it was not the vice of the life offered to her choice, nor its shame and lowliness, nor its corruption and induration of the heart, that deterred her from adopting it; for she felt so utterly degraded by her present state and occupation, that she thought it impossible to sink lower in the scale of humanity. But she was guarded by that passion which alike leads to crime and guards from evil, in its various power too often omnipotent, especially with women. It would have been a happy accident had the man she loved proved worthy of her affection—he might have exerted a beneficial influence over her destiny. The chances were not, however, in this unhappy girl's favour.

Struck with her beauty, a young man, of open and prepossessing appearance, followed her home. An acquaintance commenced under such circumstances could scarcely prove fortunate in its results.

We dare not pursue the history of their unhappy loves, but will come at once to its result and the conclusion of our tale.

One stormy night, when the raging winds that howled through the air, the roaring thunder and beating rain, made such a confusion of noise as to render all other sound inaudible, Rebecca opened the casement of the closet within the room, where the misers slept with their treasure, and silently admitted her lover through this entrance. It was the dead hour of night; the storm that raged without, alone might have appalled the hardest; yet Rebecca's stern pale face, just discernible by the light of a lantern her lover held, exhibited no fear of the elemental war, her whole anxiety appeared lest Albert should be heard by the sleepers within. Of this there was little chance; and after closing the win-

dow, she stole softly to her lover's side. "At you determined?" she asked inquiringly. "Resolved," was his cold reply; and placing the dark lantern in her hand, he commanded her instantly to the way. The door that separated her closet from the misers' room was shut, and she opened it slowly and with difficulty. "Shall I go alone?" said Albert, who fancied her hand trembled. "Incur danger alone?" said Rebecca, reproachfully,—"no; no, no, I have courage—fear me not." They entered the chamber.

The deed of blood was accomplished;—we will not pause upon its horrid circumstances. One hour since and she at least was free of guilt, and now its leprosy was on her soul! But—softer feeling stole upon her mind, even in this first hour of remorse; for Albert, not for self, she had surpassed her sex in strength and courage, and, alas! in crime. For his love would sometimes soothe her unexpressed agony; and sometimes bright brief passages of passionate love would lend a charm even to her periodical existence. A tear trembled on her eye-lids, and hung on her dark lashes, a tear that neither filial affection nor remorse could have won from her; and she turned the full expression of her softened eyes upon Albert—his refused to meet that glance; he pointed to the bed's head, that she might take the key of the coffer from under the pillow of her murdered relatives. She silently obeyed the motion of his hand, and as she did so, stained her hand with blood. She saw Albert's eyes were fixed upon the stain, whilst she unlocked the coffer that gave him, along with herself, golden independence, and yet she felt chilled at their expression. "And now, Albert, let us fly this place for ever, and endeavour to forget the past." Her musical voice trembled, but more with love than with horror. "Fly with thee!" was Albert's stern reply: "aye, I should feel well with the arms of a murderess about my neck. Could no one bind you—not even the sacred name of father? What, court destruction at your hands when you may please to tire of me? Woman! thou art beautiful, and I loved thee, but now thy beauty seems to me that of a demon—I loathe thee!"

Rebecca heard breathlessly every word distinctly as it was uttered; the overwhelming thought that solely for him, at his bidding, she had aided in a deed of blood, played false with her soul's eternal welfare; to be thus by him rewarded, choked the words that swelled her proud bosom for utterance; the beautiful small features became convulsed with feelings she could not express, yet far too powerful to bear suppression. Blood gushed to her mouth, to her nostrils, even her eyes seemed filled with blood, and she fell a corpse at the feet of the murderer.

A new emotion now took hold of this wretched man; he raised the girl in his arms, and tried to call the dead to life by the same weapons that had the power to kill. His passionate appeals were fruitless, and he remained stupified, like a drunken man, over his third victim, till he was thus discovered by an accidental visitor, who immediately delivered him over to justice;—with him justice was condemnation.—*Keepsake.*

NEW CHURCHES.—By letters addressed to Dr. Dealtry, the Chancellor of Winchester, from the Bishops of London, Winchester, Chester, and Gloucester, it appears that within the last ten years, 56 new churches have been consecrated in the diocese of Winchester; 57 in the diocese of London; 130 in the diocese of Chester, and 8 in the diocese of Gloucester. During the same period between 2 and 300 have been enlarged and improved in the diocese of Winchester, and 114, including 20 chapels, are now building, and in various stages of progress, within the above mentioned four dioceses.

GOLDEN RULE.—In reflections on the absent, go no further than you would go if they were present. "I resolve (says Bishop Beveridge) never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule, the observance of which would at once stroke banish from the earth flattery and defamation.