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### POETRY.

#### THE VISIONIST.

OVER A PICTURE OF A GIRL, NEWLY AWAKENED, AND IN A Musing ATTITUDE.

She has been dreaming!—and her thoughts are still,  
On their far journey in the land of dreams!  
The forms we call—but may not chase—at will,  
And soft, low voices,—as if at distant streams,  
Heard in the night-hush,—linger round her heart!  
Oh, dark-eyed dreamer!—how thy spirit sail  
Into the years when dreams of joy depart,  
With each bright morning,—like the nightingale!  
When hope is only for the slumbering hours,  
A thing on which the water thinks—and weeps;  
And pleasant fancies,—like night-blowing flowers,—  
Gleam out their perfume but with memory sleeps!—  
Thine is the precious privilege of youth,  
That paints all visions in the hues of truth!

#### THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO AND DON ILLAN OF TOLEDO.

From "Lays and Legends of Spain."

The version of the present excellent story is from the easy and vigorous pen of the Rev. Blanco White. Readers need hardly be told now—a day that the germ of it is to be found in the story of the Salton and the Buckat of Water, in the Arai in Night.

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of St. Jago alighted at the door of Don Illan, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the bank of the perpendicular rock, which now crowned with Alcazar rises to a frightful height over the Tagus. A raid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Illan was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing in his dress or person that might induce even a suspicion of darkness. "I heartily greet your reverence," said Don Illan to the Dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the Monday meal. That maid, Sir, will show you the room, which has been prepared for you. And when you have brushed off the dust of your journey, you shall find a canonical capon hot upon the board."

The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it abundant, nutritive, and delicate. "No, no," said Don Illan, when the soup, and a bumper of lute had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit; "no business, please your reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present, and when we have discussed the oils, the capon, and a bottle of Yeggs, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life."

The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collection on Christmas Eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now, under the influence of Don Illan's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and unmanageable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and the spirit of Don Illan's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an arched window, looking upon the river.

"Allow me, dear Don Illan," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy

till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me as your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship."

"Good sir," replied Don Illan, "I should be extremely loth to offend you, but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the hearts of men is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess; I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their mind. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man, and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask hazardous and important services, it is impossible for me to ascertain."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Dean, "but I know myself, if you do not, Don Illan. Generosity and friendship (inve you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Don't not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you) doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it returned in favour of you and yours."

"My hearty thanks for all, worthy sir," said Don Illan; "but let us now proceed to business, the sun is set, and if you please, we return to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Illan led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desiring her to get two partridges for supper, not to dress them till he should order it; then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The Dean followed, with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase; for, to all appearance, they reached below the level of the Tagus. At this depth, a comfortable first room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Illan kept his works on magic: globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the book-cases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gilding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, intimated but a thin partition between the subterranean cabinet and the river. "Here then," said Don Illan, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, "we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume."

The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and extrinsic, triangles with intelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets. "This," said Don Illan, "is the alphabet of the whole science. Here, as called Trismegistus—of the sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. "Be not alarmed," said Don Illan; "it is the bell, by which my servants let me know they want to speak to me." Saying thus, he pulled a thick string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed them on the road, and was at that moment arrived at Toledo. "Good Heaven!" exclaimed the Dean, having read the contents of the letters; "my great uncle, the archbishop of Santiago is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his lordship's dictation. But here is another from the archbishop of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds. Poor dear uncle, may heaven lengthen his days! The chapter seem to have turned

their eyes towards me—and—pugh—it cannot be—but the electors, according to the archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour. "Well," said Don Illan, "all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not you will soon wear the mitre. In the meantime, I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will give a decided turn to the whole affair; and at all events, your absence, in the case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time."

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the viceroy of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Illan's door, with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Illan addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new archbishop's hand; "I hope," he added, "I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the university of Paris, for I flatter myself, your lordship will give him a degree, which is now vacant by your promotion."

"My worthy friend," Don Illan, replied the archbishop elect, "my obligation to you I can never repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the laid away from his studies? An archbishop of St. Jago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese; I will not, for all the mitres in Christendom, forego the benefit of your instruction; the Deanery, to tell the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked at Santiago, and I should like my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest so nearly related to me."

"Just as you please, my lord," said Don Illan, and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia, were not long after, succeeded by an universal regret, at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville.

"I will not leave you behind," said the archbishop to Don Illan, who with more tenderness than he showed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand, and to offer his humble congratulations; "but do not fret about your son; he is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand who rescued it from the Moors, endowed it church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end. Don Illan bowed with a suppliant smile, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Illan's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a Cardinal's hat, destitute his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowd of visitors that came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Illan away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and with tears in his eyes, entreated his eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my lord," he said; "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your eminence. My son—?" "No more of that, if you please, Don Illan," interrupted the Cardinal. "Follow me you must, who can tell what may happen in Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not trifle me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the

lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not leave my creditors knocking every day at my door; you understand, Don Illan. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had lately flowed upon Don Illan's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the tactics of the election and consequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped out of his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican, at water in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the father end of the saloon, his holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ancient wishes, when Don Illan advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the confusion on which he ventured. "Holy father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his papal feet. "Holy father, permit me to thank you, do not consign an old servant to night; I do not say an old friend, to utter regret and forgetfulness. My son—"

"By St. Peter!" ejaculated his holiness, rising from the chair, "your eminence shall be checked—You my friend is a magician, the friend of Heaven's viceroy! Away, wretched man! When I prettied to learn of thee it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to enough punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avest mine eyes. Like thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Illan begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, Holy Father," said he, "tasting in your pardon, as I relinquished by all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey." "Away I say, answered the Pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no further encourage you to waste and imprudence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes." "But, father," rejoined Don Illan, "my wants are instant; I am hungry; give me but a title to procure supper to night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome." "Heaven forbid that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the prince of darkness!" said the Pope. "Away away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard." "Well then," replied Don Illan, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to show his holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the sun, per which I order in your pardon. Thus saying, he rang a gold bell, which stood on a table next the Pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterranean study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Illan to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of St. Jago."

Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the Quarterly Review, on the Cullen papers, mentions a characteristic instance of an old Highland warrior's pardon. "You must forgive your bitter enemy, now," said the coalescer to him, as he lay gasping on his death-bed.—"Well, if I must, I must," replied the chieftain; "but my curse be on you, Donald," turning towards his son, "if you give forgiveness."

INDIAN SACRIFICE.—Truths are apt to become hackneyed; and perhaps it is for this reason, that the dishonesty of lawyers, and the vinity of women have long been considered subjects