

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. I. No. 5.]

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 27th JANUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

[For the Literary Transcript.]

## LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE LIEUT. WELLS,  
OF THE 32nd Regiment.

Can studied arm or animated bust  
Back to its mission call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dead,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death.

(GRAVE.)

Peace to thy gallant heart!—we less had grieved  
Hadst thou but fallen before the battle brand;  
But thus to fall! beneath a traitor's impious hand—  
Thus to descend into the silent tomb,  
In the young morn and April of thy years,  
Was surely hard, and may excuse the tears  
With which we now deplore thy hapless doom.  
Peace to thy gallant heart! Whist! valor's deeds  
Shall stand recorded on the rolls of Fame  
Thou shalt be well remembered, and thy name—  
So long as B.Hom's generous bosoms bleed  
For worth untimely snatched—serve as a spell  
To bid our wandering thoughts on sun-bright glory dwell.

J. H. — N.

## THE GUERRILLA,

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES,

[Concluded from our last.]

"Whither will you go?" said the Senor to the youth, as they sat the next morning at breakfast in the Senor's study. "You cannot remain here—you cannot remain in Burgos—you will follow your father to Madrid! I will supply you with the charges of your journey; and ample funds shall await you when you arrive there."

The youth made no reply; a deep melancholy was painted in his countenance, as he gazed vacantly in the Senor's face.

"Young man," resumed the Senor, "he is a false friend who, from motives of compassion, encourages hopes which he knows can never be realized. You have been brought up from childhood with my daughter, of whose sex it appears you were ignorant till last night. Her rank and yours forbid the continuance of that familiarity which has hitherto subsisted between you, and which might now lead to results which, from the most weighty reasons, my wishes are opposed. It must cease—cease here. I cannot permit you to speak to her, or even to see her!"

"Not speak to her! not see her again!" ejaculated the youth, striking his forehead with his hand, and starting from his seat.

"No!" said the Senor, calmly.

The youth frantically paced the chamber for a minute or two, then suddenly stopped short, and fixed his full eyes upon the Senor's face. The soul of deprecation was in that look; his colour wavered; his lips began to quiver; his respiration became short, difficult, and tremulous; the blood rushed all at once into his face, and a torrent of tears burst from his eyes, as he threw himself at the feet of the Senor.

"No!—no!—no!" was all he could utter, as he convulsively grasped the Senor's hand, which he raised at every interval to his lips; "No!—no!—no!"

The Senor was one of those inexplicable characters, who exhibit at one time the greatest sensibility, and at another, the greatest obtuseness of feeling. At a cause of sympathy, where no personal interest was opposed, he would melt as he did at the affecting interview between the Guerrilla youth and his supposed brother; but let that appeal interfere with his own inclinations, aims, resolves, he could be as callous as if his heart had never known the touch of truth, pity, or generosity. Coldly he contemplated the prostrate image of supplicating agony, that knelt before him. There was no effort, no struggle, no more than in a rock upon which water breaks, leaving it as it found it. "No!—no!—no!" in vain continued the youth, half suffocated with his sobs, and almost blind with weeping. The Senor calmly disengaged his hands, rose

—the youth still retaining his posture—approached the door, opened it, turned and paused for a moment or two with his hand upon the lock.

"I shall give directions for your immediate departure," said the Senor: "the cause of your disorder is too apparent. Hope is the nourisher of wishes; they droop, wither, and die when it is withdrawn. Within four days from this, my daughter will be espoused by a kinsman, whom I have fixed upon for her husband; you leave Burgos instantly!"

In a quarter of an hour, the youth was on his way to Madrid. The Senor sat alone in his saloon, his eyes constantly directed towards the door of his apartment: it opened—it presented to him the loveliest female form that had ever entered it, conducted by the Senor's principal female domestic. Expectation, uncertainly, were blended in the expression of her countenance; her eyes rested a moment on those of the Senor; then fell; and without lifting them again, she was led up to him. Her knees inclined to the ground, the Senor's arms prevented them from reaching it, and folded her to his breast.

"My child!" "My father!"—was all that was uttered for several minutes. The lost, found daughter had been cautiously prepared for the interview.

Having given vent to their emotions, and the attendant having withdrawn, the father and the daughter now sat side by side. For a time she listened with interest to his account of the consternation and distraction which her sudden disappearance when a child had excited; of the various means which had been resorted to, but in vain, to effect her recovery; of the different conjectures which had been formed, as to the cause and manner of her abduction; and the quarter whither she had been conveyed—but gradually her attention slackened, and slackened until at last the Senor stopped, finding that he was pouring his communication into ears that took no note of it, while the now abstracted maid sat fixed in the attitude of listening. An expression of deep thought and anxiety spread itself over the countenance of the Senor as he sat contemplating the breathing statue before him.

A footstep was heard in the passage. It aroused her—she listened—it passed—she sighed and relapsed into her trance. Another footstep was heard—she was awake again—she listened—it was close to the door—the door opened—almost she arose from her seat—a domestic entered—she heaved a deeper sigh than before, and the spell of abstraction again came over her. The gloom of the Senor's countenance deepened; his brow became contracted; he frowned upon his new-found child; he felt his heart rising in his throat, but he bit his lip, and kept his emotions in.

"Come," said he at last, rising from his seat: "let me make you acquainted with your father's house, of which as yet you only know a room or two."

She rose mechanically and took the arm which he proffered. He conducted her through the various apartments of a very noble mansion; furniture, the most costly, was uncovered to solicit her admiration; the richest apparel was taken from costly wardrobes, and spread before her; cabinets were unlocked; jewels were withdrawn from their cases, and put into her hands or disposed here and there about her person, that she might view them in spacious mirrors; the history of this set and that set—the choice in the collection—was told to her; she saw, she heard, but she noted not—the impression of her senses vanished the moment the causes were withdrawn—once only was that interest, which makes impression permanent, excited—when she looked at the portrait of her mother. She stood before it unte—reverence scarce lifting its eye to the object it venerates and would look upon: she crossed her arms upon her breast—she dropped her eyes, half bowed, and raised them to the portrait again; a tear started and trickled. It was plain that the portrait was awakening other ideas besides that of the original—she slowly turned her face towards the Senor who

stood beside her—a want and a wistfulness were depicted in that face.

"You'll be kind to me," she said, and bursting into tears hid her face in the Senor's breast.

Dinner was announced: she eagerly took the Senor's hand, when he offered it to conduct her to the room where it was laid. She almost went before him, but she had scarcely entered the door and looked around, when she faltered as though she was about to drop. No one sat down to table but the Senor and her. One cover was laid before her, she tasted its contents, and no more. Another and another followed with the same result. Appetite was gone—nothing could provoke it. The dessert was as little honoured as the dinner. Wine was poured out for her: she touched the lip of the cup, but its contents went away untraced.

"Almeira!" said the Senor, as soon as they were left alone, "are you unhappy at having found your father?"

"No!" ejaculated the ingenuous girl, lifting her eyes and looking full in the Senor's face.

"Yet are you unhappy at something?" added the Senor, inquiringly: the girl was silent.

"Your new state of fatness, Almeira," resumed the Senor, "must give rise to new habits—new pursuits—new connections:" the Senor was going on, but observing that the colour was rapidly leaving the cheek of his auditor, he paused; and differently from what he had intended, at length went on: "Your happiness, Almeira, shall be the first care, as it is the first wish of your father."

The girl's eyes brightened up—the colour returned to her cheek—she started from her seat, throwing her arms round the neck of the Senor: whose countenance, instead of being irradiated like that of his child, now lowered with an expression of deep perplexity and trouble.

"Take your seat again, Almeira," said the Senor. The girl returned to her seat.

"Happiness, my child," said the Senor, "is the result of doing, not merely what we wish, but what we know to be wise and right. You must have no concealments from your father. Tell me, did you not expect to-day to meet with some one whom you have missed?"

A face and neck of scarlet formed the reply of the maid, as she sat with downcast eyes and hardly appeared to breathe.

"I know you did, Almeira," resumed the Senor, his countenance darkening; "but he has left this house."

A slight convulsive respiration was all that was uttered by the maid, but, where there was crimson before, there was now the hue of ashes.

"He has left Burgos," continued the Senor. She gasped.

"He must never return to it!" firmly added he.

The girl lay senseless on the floor.

The evening of the third day after the departure of the youth, the house of the Senor was lighted up for festivity; his doors, thrown upon for the reception of all who chose to enter, disclosed in the distance an illuminated garden. The company was of various descriptions, the costume such as pleased the fancy of the wearers; some came in masks and dominoes; some in fancy and some in plain dresses; group after group passed in. Numbers of the common class of people remained stationary in the street, sufficiently interested in watching the arrival of the visitors. Among them, and in the front, stood a young man enveloped in an ample cloak, with which, as well as with his hat that was pulled down over his eyes, he partly concealed his countenance.

"Can you tell me the meaning of this?" said he to one who stood by him.

"Don't you know?" abruptly demanded the other. "I thought every one in Burgos was acquainted with it. The Senor gives a feast to-night, in joy for having recovered his long-lost daughter, and in honour of her ap-

proaching nuptials, which are to take place to-morrow. Stand up," continued he, in a tone of slight impatience: "What ails you that you stagger so? are you drunk?"

"No," replied the first speaker—yet caught by the arm of his neighbour, evidently for support. It was the youth. After a day's journey and a half, he had turned, and, reckless of consequences, came back to Burgos. He had no life now but what was centred in a passion, whose root was as deep as the recollections of his boyhood. He thrilled with the thought of a thousand embraces and other acts of endearment, which, when they occurred, were received as welcome but merely customary things. His lips now clung in fancy to lips whose pressure he had but half returned—nay, often checked; he felt as if he could have parted with the whole store of his life's breath to feel now for one moment the sweet breath of those lips. He had arrived in Burgos that very evening about dusk; had taken up his quarters at the house of an old woman, who, perceiving by his attire, that he was a mountaineer—a trace had just been proclaimed between the Guerrillas and the inhabitants of Burgos—had called him to her, and asked him if he would undertake to convey a grandson of hers who was sickly into the mountains that night. He had consented, having begun to plan the wildest schemes for the abduction of the Senor's daughter; and providing himself with a cloak which would thoroughly conceal his figure, he hastened into the street where the Senor lived, and planted himself with the rest before the house.

"May he," said the man whom he had accosted, feeling that he leaned upon him from faintness: "May he have not eaten to-day, and are exhausted with fasting. If so, yonder is food enough," continued he pointing to the Senor's door, "and nobody is prohibited from entering."

"Nobody!" echoed the youth, inquiringly.

"Nobody!" reiterated his neighbour, who scarcely missed the youth from his side when he saw him glide into the Senor's house.

In the hall the youth encountered the Senor—whom, however, masking, his face by a profound bow as he moved on, he contrived to pass without being discovered. He turned into the parlour; it was full, but the object whom he sought was not there; he mixed with the company that were amusing themselves with minstrelsy and dancing in the garden, but with no better success. He ascended to the library, but his searching eyes, that eagerly looked from side to side, examining every group, were unrewarded for their pains. He passed into the saloon, which was the most crowded; with no small difficulty he made his way to the head of the apartment, where a small space was kept clear, in the centre of which sat, upon something like a throne, a female of the most exquisite form, richly but simply attired. She was leaning back, displaying to full advantage the curve of a beautifully arched neck, her face quite turned away, in earnest conversation with an elderly woman, evidently of subordinate rank, who stood behind her. The youth gasped for breath. He felt a movement among those who were standing near him, as if to make way for some person who was approaching; he mechanically yielded, without once withdrawing his regards from the object upon whom he had first fixed them. The Senor entered the area, conducting a young cavalier by the hand.

"Almeira!" said he.

The queen of the festivities turned her head, and presented to the youth the face of the companion of his childhood and boyhood; but how enhanced in beauty, from the more congenial attire which its owner had assumed. The Senor presented the cavalier, who took and kissed the hand which, however, she did not offer. The youth moved his hand towards his sword, but checked himself, and drew his mantle closer about him.

"Who is that young cavalier?" with as much composure as he could command, inquired he of the person who stood next him.

"The intended husband of the Senor."