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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the
chamois bounds,—
Thy heart is where the mountain fir shakes to the
torrent sounds,
And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars through
the stillness of the air,
And where the thunder's peal is heard—hunter, thy
home is there.

I know thou lovest me well, dear friend; but better,
better far,
Thou lovest that high and haughty life, with rocks
and storms at war.
In the green sunny vales with me thy spirit would
but pine,
And yet I will be thine, my love,—and yet I will
be thine.

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those
thy native heights
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pas-
toral d-dights:
For thou must live as eagles live—thy path is not as
mine;

And yet I will be thine, my love,—and yet I will
be thine.
And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joy-
ous hearth,
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and
mirth,
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its fire-
light shine,
To sit deserted in thy hut, yet know that thou art
mine.

It is my youth,—it is my bloom,—it is my glad free
heart,
That I fling away for thee, for thee, all reckless as
thou art,
With tremblings and with sighs lone, I bind myself
to thee!

Yet, yet, I would not change that lot—ah! no, I
love too well.
A mournful thing is love, which clings to one so wild
as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that fateful
smile,
Mournful! yet dearer far to me its mingled fear and
pride,
And the trouble of its happiness than aught on earth
beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath
To watch through long, long nights of storm, to
sleep and dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness: this doom I know
is mine;

And yet I will be thine, my love,—and yet I will
be thine.
That I may greet thee from those Alps, when thence
thou comest at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice, tell o'er each
danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win the aid
of heaven;

For this I will be thine, my love,—for this I will
be thine.
[From Friend-ship's Offering for 1838.]
WINNING THE GLOVES;
Or, The Wizard Guest.
BY W. H. HARRISON.
[Concluded from our last.]

Agreeably to his previous announcement, the
marchese made his appearance on the follow-
ing afternoon, accompanied by a somewhat
larger party than he usually brought with him;
and in honor of whom he ordered a splendid
banquet to be prepared, at which, as Bianca
had anticipated, the ladies' presence was re-
quested in terms equivalent to a command.

Repugnant as such a scene must necessarily
have been to a delicate and high-minded wo-
man, it was rendered doubly distressing by the
fulsome attentions which Vincentio, the march-
ese's eldest son, thought proper to address
to her when he was pleased to consider as his
betrothed bride. Nor did these attentions be-
come more tolerable as the banquet proceeded.
At last, the natural insolence of his disposition
becoming excited by the deep rotations with
which he had quaffed the vintages, he called
for another cup of wine, and challenged the
company to pledge him to the health of his in-
famous uncle.

The cheek of Bianca blushed a deeper crimson
at this new insult; and, but that she was
anxiously waiting the issue of the experiment
she was about to make of Roland's talisman,
she would have instantly quitted the banquet-
ing room.

Vincentio rose, and calling upon his com-
rades to follow his example, he took the wine
from the hand of Alberto, and lifted it up to the
level of his lip; when, at the instant that he
was about to do honor to the toast, his eye be-
came fixed upon the goblet, as though an as-
phalid were coiled within it, and dashing it un-
tasted upon the floor, he hurried from the hall with
a precipitation which left no time for question.
Indeed, so great was the surprise occasioned by
the frenzy which appeared suddenly to have
seized upon him, that it was not until his com-
petitors heard his horse's hoof in the court-
yard, that they were able to take any measures
to stay his flight. Some of them then rushed
to the gate, but it was only to learn from the
porter that the fugitive had started at full speed
and had disappeared, as he passed, that he should
not return.

None having been aware of the ivy leaf in
the cup, besides the two cousins, and Alberto
who had contrived, unperceived, to place it
there, it was not recognized as the cause of
Vincentio's agitation; and, thus the marchese
and his guests were utterly at a loss to account
for the freak of his hopeful heir on any other
score than that of madness. The occurrence
had the effect of abruptly terminating the ban-
quet; and Bianca and her cousin gladly avail-
ed themselves of the opportunity to retire to
their own apartment.

"What says my infidel cousin now?" was
the triumphant exclamation of Bianca, as soon
as she found herself alone with Emilia.
"That your phoenix of merchants has proved
himself to be an impostor," was the reply,
"As long?" rejoined the other, with some-
what of asperity.

"Why," replied Emilia, "that the march-
ese is no merchant at all."
"Nay," said Bianca, "there I agree with
you; but I hope you have given up your ban-
dit-chief theory."
"Yes," was the answer, "but in favor of
one which you will scarcely prefer to it."
"And what may that be?" asked Bianca.
"That he is either a devil or an angel,"
replied Emilia.

"That is rather a wide guess, my cousin,"
resumed Bianca; "but let me ask you, has the
result of this evening's experiment determined
you on proving the virtue of the gloves?"
"Surely," replied Emilia, "if I can pre-
vail upon Lorenzo to accept the gift."
"Which you will scarcely do by informing
him of the mode in which they were won," re-
marked the other as the cousins parted for the
night.

On the following day, towards evening, Bi-
anca, rather to her annoyance than her sur-
prise, received a message from the marchese,
requesting her to attend him in his closet.
Well assured that if she did not go to him, the
privacy of her own apartment would be in-
vaded, she obeyed, and found him pacing the room
and with a troubled and perplexed expression
of countenance. He motioned her to a seat,
but remained standing while he spoke. "Bi-
anca," said he, "I must be plain with you.
Think not that the exultation which you vainly
endeavoured to conceal last night, when
Vincentio so abruptly left us, escaped my ob-
servation. Whether you had any knowledge
of, or participation in the cause of his depar-
ture, I know not, nor do I care; but your tri-
umph will be short. His brother remains, and
tomorrow's setting sun shall see you his bride."

"If I shall rather yield my grave?" was the
firm reply of the spirited girl.
"That grave shall be a living one then,"
was the rejoinder, "if he not obeyed."
"My sainted parent," returned Bianca, "in
an evil hour for his daughter's peace, made you
the guardian of my wealth; but he gave you
no power in the disposal of my hand."
"I did not send for you," responded the
other, "to argue the matter, but to decide it.
You go not forth from this place alive, but as
the bride of your cousin Francesco. Chose

you, therefore, between sitting as mistress of
these halls, or becoming the sole tenant of the
western turret, whence—it was once a tradi-
tion of your family—none who entered it
against their will, ever came forth alive."

"You needed not to have told me that I
am in your power," was the determined re-
sponse of the damsel; "I know it, and with
that knowledge declare to you that I would
rather live the companion of the new and the
bold, than the bride of your ruffian son!"

The spirit of a long line of ancestors flashing
in her indignant eyes as she thus spoke, she
turned from him, and was in the act of quitting
the apartment, when the marchese, interposing
between her and the door, said, "Stay but a
moment, Bianca, and hear my resolve. I am
a ruined and desperate man. Your wealth
alone can save me, and I will halt at no means
to make it mine. To-morrow night, I repeat,
you are the bride of my son, or a prisoner for
the rest of your days. Now go to your cham-
ber, and make your election."

Bianca rushed from the room, and sought
her own apartment, where, flinging herself up-
on the bosom of her cousin Emilia, she gave
vent to the tears which pride had repressed in
the presence of her tyrant guardian, and ac-
quainted her with the doom which had been
pronounced against her. Emilia was giddy
and thoughtless, but she was wanting neither
in feeling nor spirit; and thus her words of
condemnation with her cousin, were mingled with
expressions of the deepest indignation against
her unmanly p rse ut r.

That night was a sleepless night to the two
cousins, who rose from their beds unrefreshed
and sad.
"Emilia!" exclaimed Bianca, "you will
think me weak and credulous; but we have
twice proved the power of our mysterious
guest. I will test it the third time!" and as
she spoke she took the spirit of myrtle from a
vase in which she had deposited it, and placed
it on her bosom.

The day wore on; evening approached, and
then, with every moment, fled a portion of
the hope,—vague it is true,—which had sus-
tained her. To add to her perplexy and grief,
there came a message from the marchese,
expressive of his expectation that she would at-
tend herself in her bridal dress within half an
hour of sunset.

"O, Emilia," cried the girl, her spirit giv-
ing way under the weight of her sorrow, "I
am lost, lost!—abandoned by heaven and by
man!"
"Heaven abandons not the innocent!" ex-
claimed a voice, as the door opened and dis-
closed to them the welcome apparition of Roland.

"Did the idea fail thee, that thou shouldst
distrust the myrtle?" he continued, "Behold I
—I am here!"
The gravity that was wont to mark his coun-
tenance relaxed into a benevolent expression
as he spoke; and, Bianca, reassured by his
presence, exclaimed to him the strain in which
she was placed.

"Trust me," responded the stranger, "yet
a little while, and all may still be well. Do
as thou art bidden;—array thyself as a bride,
and obey the summons to the altar, inasmuch
as resistance will only provoke insult and out-
rage from those who will not hesitate to drag
thee thither;—but when there,—be firm. And
now, for a brief season, farewell. Matters of
import require my presence elsewhere; but
trust one whose tongue knows not the pollu-
tion of a lie, I will be with thee in the hour
of trial."

Bianca would fain have implored him to stay
at the movements of the mysterious stranger
were too rapid for her; the door closed, and,
in a few seconds, his light step as he descend-
ed the stairs, ceased to be audible. The visit,
however, was not without its beneficial effects
upon Bianca, whose confidence in Roland was
much strengthened by the result of the experi-
ments she had already made of his myste-
rious influence.

The hour appointed for the bridal ceremony
arrived, and Francesco, with the grin of a
trier, presented himself to conduct Bianca to
the altar of the castle chapel. The fair girl
shrank from the pollution of his touch, and

sought the more welcome support of her cou-
sin, Emilia; while the self-elected bridegroom,
having no alternative but to walk by their side,
looked as amiable as an alligator before break-
fast.

On entering the chapel, they found the priest
at the altar, by the side of which were the
marchese and the whole of his guests. Bianca
suffered herself to be conducted by her uncle
to the altar; but when there, she protested
firmly and solemnly against the violence which
has been offered to her inclination, and appeal-
ed to the assembly for protection.

Alas! of those to whom that appeal was
made, the majority had long since been deaf
to the voice of honor; while those who were
not utterly lost to a sense of shame, felt that
they were too few to venture on remonstrance
with any chance of success. There was one,
however, who wanted neither the heart to feel
nor the courage to denounce the atrocity of the
proceeding.

"Marchese!" exclaimed Lorenzo, rushing
between Bianca and her uncle, "I think not that
I will tamely witness the profanation you
would perpetrate." As he spoke he laid his
hand upon the hilt of his sword; but the march-
ese had been prepared for the interruption, and
before Lorenzo could draw his weapon, he was
seized from behind by two of the other's myr-
midons, who dragged him from the chapel.

Bianca again implored the protection of the
bystanders; but the marchese, as with a look
of triumph he marked on their countenances
the effect of her appeal, exclaimed, "Infatig-
ated girl! you might as well call for succor
upon the bones of your dead ancestors which
lie crumbling beneath you. You are beyond
the reach of human aid. Listen then to me
for the last time. There is the altar, and there
the portal which, once closed upon you, you
will never pass again."

As he spoke the last words, he pointed to an
arched door, closing the entrance to a passage
leading to the western turret, which had been
used in former years as a place of confinement,
and, according to tradition, had been the scene
of many foul and murderous deeds.

"Lady?" resumed the marchese, "we wait
your election, the altar or the dungeon?"
"The dungeon I nay, death itself would
be bliss compared with the fate to which such
a marriage would consign me!" replied, or
rather shrieked the wretched girl.

"The dungeon be it then," was the rejoinder
of the marchese. "Away with her!"
In obedience to his mandate, two of his sal-
tellites advanced towards Bianca for the pur-
pose of removing her, when Emilia rushed for-
ward, and flinging herself upon the neck of
her cousin, exclaimed, "Bianca, cry still
not part! As we have lived, so will we
die, together."

Her feeble resistance, however, availed lit-
tle against the strength of those who knew no
law but their tyrant's will; and the cousins
were soon parted. Bianca was dragged to-
wards the fatal portal; the door was flung open,
and though it was yet day-light, disclosed a
cavern as dark as Erebus. "A torch there!"
exclaimed the marchese, who stepped for-
ward to receive one at the hands of an attend-
ant; and then led the way to the mouth of the
passage; into which, however, he had scarcely
set his foot, when, to the consternation of
himself and his followers, the glare of the
torch was reflected by the weapons of a large
body of men armed to the teeth.

"Treason!" exclaimed the marchese, as
he dropped the torch and fell back upon his
party.
"Thou hast well said," was the rejoinder
of one who emerged suddenly from the gloom,
and in whom Bianca instantly recognized Rol-
land.

"The duke! the duke!" was the simulta-
neous exclamation of the marchese and his
adherents; while the individual whom they
thus dutifully designated, advanced and caught
the sinking girl in his arms, whispering,
"Said I not sooth Bianca?" Then turning
towards the dark portal, he added, "Advance
guards, and do your duty!"

The marchese and his party, however,
stopped not to try conclusions with a body of