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POETRY.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

All hail to thee, Queen of the fair and the brave!
Let the bold song of joy reach the skies:
Bright, bright o'er the foam of her own subject wave
Be the sea of Victoria's arms!
Young Queen of the ocean, prophetic our fire
To bid thee the greatest we've seen
Hail! the thundering strain of the old sea-queen
To welcome Victoria the Queen!

May years full of glory and loyalty's love
Be thine in the hour of renown;
To say that we honor thee, means not enough,
For Britain all honors the Crown.

But the Crown that crowns young beauty's fair brow,
With tender daughter to men;
And cherish'd child in remembrance o'er the vow
We pledge to Victoria the Queen.

Long, long, Royal Maid, may the olive entwined
With the laurel that circles the crown;
But if we should crown the old maid again,
'Twill be to increase thy renown.
To battle, while nations, earth's heart would beat high
To triumph, as thou we have been;
Propitious to conquest, our hold battle cry,
"Victoria! for England's fair Queen!"

[From Friend's Offering for 1838.]

WINNING THE GLOVES; Or, The Wicked Guest.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

"Who are you? whence come you? and what seek you here at this hour?" was the first address of the porter of the castle of a prince, to a mounted traveller, whose long and quickly repeated knocks at the gate arrested his slight impudence at being kept on the outside of it.

"I marvel," was the answer, "that you whom from the important post you hold, I take to be a man of discretion, should propound to me such questions, two of which, had I an object in deceiving you, I could as easily answer by a lie as by the truth; while, as to what I seek, I think the pelting shower, which is drenching me to the skin, would sufficiently explain."

"Nevertheless," rejoined the other, "I trust need report your arrival to my superior, before I can open the gate."

"Nay, then," exclaimed the traveller, "you may 'em spare yourself the trouble; for before you can return, both I and my horse will be washed away bodily into the torrent below. Tell, man, for what do you take me? a knight errant come to storm your stronghold?"

"Are you alone?" inquired the porter, peering through a grated aperture in the massive gate.

"Yes," was the reply, "as you may see, even by this light."
"Ay," rejoined the other, "and by the same light, if you use your eyes, you may discover a pert-hound, a few yards to your left, which will afford you shelter for a brief space, until I have received authority to admit you. By what style shall I announce you?"

"Roland," a merchant of Florence, if you must needs know," returned the traveller, who, expressing his opinion of the porter's pertinacity in terms, which, however, they might have augmented the self-knowledge of that functionary would have added little to his vanity, sought the shelter to which he had been directed.

Leaving the traveller to endure the delay as he best may, we will follow the trusty janitor to an apartment, which, by virtue of a few shelves of worm-eaten folios and mouldy manuscripts, was dignified by the appellation of the library. It was a lofty, although, in comparison with other chambers into the building, somewhat small room; in which, on opposite sides of a blazing hearth, were seated two young females, whose personal attractions, though their styles of beauty were different, were of a superior order. One was apparently a year or two the elder of the twin, and had a slight advantage of the other in point of stature; she had, also, a somewhat graver ex-

pression of countenance, and a more dignified bearing than her companion, whose features, though beaming with good temper and intelligence, were of a more arch and girlish character. The name of the elder lady was Bianca,—that of the younger, Emilia.

"Well, Matteo," inquired the latter, "to what are we indebted for a sight of your iron visage, at this hour of the evening?"

"Ah! if please you, lady," said the porter, addressing himself to Bianca, "there is a traveller at the gate who asks shelter from the storm."

"Is he young or old?" inquired Emilia, not giving her cousin time to reply; "handsome or ugly—dark or fair?"

"This is scarcely a night in which to tell the complexion of a man's beard, lady," was the reply; "but the impatience with which he met my refusal to admit him without orders, savored somewhat of the hot blood of youth."

"How provoking!" exclaimed the quester; one might as well have an oak or a bat for a janitor, as this!"

"Prythee, Emilia, cease," interrupted his cousin; "while you are trading, this ill-tempered traveller is exposed to the fury of the storm;—mercy! how it rages! Does he come alone, Matteo?"

"So he says," was the reply; "and I have no reason to doubt it, for I reconnoitred him from the keep, and could perceive no one near him."

"We have nothing to fear from a single traveller," rejoined Bianca; "so admit him without delay."

"Beware, cousin," exclaimed Emilia, "remember the injunctions of our worthy guardian, who strictly forbids you to admit no one in his absence; and I suspect that his position was especially levelled at single travellers."

"I care not," responded the other; "for although my uncle has chosen to establish himself in the castle of my ancestors, under the pretext of taking better care of it and me, I am mistress here, and will render an account of my actions to no one."

"A most commendable resolution, my dear coz," rejoined the other, "if you can but hold to it; and, credit me, Bianca, I am the last person in the world to counsel submission to a usurping guardian; but what can we poor weak women oppose to the will of an unscrupulous tyrant?"

"I know him, Emilia, for what he is," was the response; "and I know, also, that he will stop at nothing to compel me into a marriage with his dissolute son; while I—friendless orphan that I am!—have no present means of appealing from his oppression. He little knows me, however, if he supposes that I would not perish in the deepest dungeon in my own castle, rather than lend myself to his designs; to which his need, not less than his natural capacity, impel him."

The dialogue was interrupted by the entrance of a youth, who solicited as a sort of page, followed by the newly arrived guest. The latter, who had availed himself of an opportunity of throwing aside his travelling cloak, and arranging his toilet as well as circumstances would permit, was a man apparently about five-and-twenty, with features remarkable rather for intellectual expression than beauty. He was somewhat above the middle stature, slenderly, but compactly made. His dress, although plain for the custom of the day, was of the finest materials, and newest fashion.

He advanced towards the ladies, and with graceful, though somewhat grave courtesy, thanked them for the shelter which they had so hospitably afforded to him. There was a slight degree of lameness in his gait, which he accounted for by stating, that, in riding through the forest, on the skirts of which the castle was built, he had struck his foot against the trunk of a tree.

Bianca immediately ordered refreshments to be placed before the stranger, who partook of them sparingly. He evidently felt the restraint naturally imposed upon him by the youth and beauty of his fair entertainers; but nevertheless, in the few remarks in which he

indulged, he displayed a mind of no ordinary cultivation, as well as an acquaintance with the customs and manners of other nations, which could only have been acquired by travel.

The stranger took his leave for the night, immediately on finishing his repast, and was attended to his chamber by the page Alberto.

The door had scarcely closed upon their exit, when Bianca exclaimed—"No Bianca, you have frozen him out at last!"

"What mean you, Emilia?" inquired her cousin.

"Mean?" was the rejoinder, "why that you have spoiled us a delightful evening. Here have we two foreign damsels been shut up together, for seven mortal weeks, like a brace of nuns, and when, as if dropped from the clouds, there comes a handsome cavalier to break the monotony of our solitude, you receive him as stolidly as an empress, and reply to every sentence he utters with a bow or a nonsensical, which, doubtless he interpreted rightly, and therefore avoided himself of the first reasonable pretext to depart."

"You do not consider, Emilia," replied Bianca, "that my position is one of extreme delicacy."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her volatile companion; "here have I, for the last half hour, been dying to hear this stranger's account of his travels in foreign lands—of dear heroic England, where the women have their own way;—where, although every man's house, they say, is his castle, they do not shut up young damsels because they will not marry; and where the church does not compel them to tell their heads and their secrets, periodically, as ours does. It is true, Father Pietro tells us that the English are all deists; and it is not for me to contradict him, although I must say that the only Englishman I ever saw, looked infinitely more like an angel than a devil. Then, again, I was longing to ask our visitor about Egypt, and the pyramids, and Cleopatra's needle, the eye of which, they say, overlooks half the world; and to beg of him, when he goes there again, to bring me a—"

"Thou art a silly girl," remarked her graver cousin, with a smile, however, which she could not forbear; "but to confess a truth, our guest has somewhat puzzled me. If there be anything in physiognomy, he is no ordinary man; I mean not in the point of rank, for he may be what he professes himself—a merchant. Did you observe the expression of his eye? I marked him once when Alberto handed him the cup;—the stripling, albeit of the boldest, and one whose modesty is not likely to stand in the way of his promotion, avoided beneath the glance of the stranger, and spilled the wine upon the salver, before the other could take the gold-b. Easy it is in no inhospitable spirit, but I wish we were well rid of him."

"So say not I," responded the other damsel; "for I think him a very pleasant gentleman."

"It is not easy to describe the feeling of the older lady, when, on the following morning, the page entered the breakfast-room, with the intelligence that the accident which the stranger met with in the forest had proved more serious than was at first apprehended; and that his ankle had become so much swollen in the course of the night, that there was not the least chance of his being able to put his foot in the stirrup for some days."

Even Emilia, although she professed to be greatly rejoiced at an accident which promised her better acquaintance with the agreeable stranger, could not shut her eyes to the inconvenience and probable embarrassment which his prolonged sojourn threatened to entail upon them, especially in the event of the return of the marchese, their guardian. Not choosing, however, to participate in her cousin's feelings on the occasion, Emilia exclaimed,—"Why, Bianca, what a fuss you make about the man! He will not eat us, and if his stay be prolonged a few days, we can appoint over his slip of a page to attend upon him; and if, on his being able to quit his chamber, the common decencies of hospitality should compel us to any closer communication with him, we must summon old Teresa, the housekeeper, to play propriety on the occasion; and she is old and ugly enough in all conscience, for them."

Matters went on for some days, without any occurrence to vary the monotony which usually prevailed at the castle: the lame guest kept, if not exactly to his chamber, at least to the angle of the building which had been assigned to him; while the ladies contented themselves by sending, every morning and evening, to enquire after his health.

It was on the fourth day of the stranger's sojourn that one of the female domestics rushed into the apartment in which Bianca and her cousin were conversing together, and proclaimed the unwelcome intelligence, that a band of freebooters, aware, probably, of the absence of the marchese and the majority of his followers, had presented themselves at the gate of the castle, and were demanding admission. Their summons was backed by a threat, that, if they were driven to the alternative of forcing an entrance, they would put every inhabitant to the sword.

Bianca, although, as may easily be conceived, in no little alarm, did not altogether lose her presence of mind on the occasion. She sent for Alberto, who assured her that the robbers would have little difficulty in making a forcible entry, and still less in overcoming any resistance which could be opposed to them by the few male domestics whom the marchese had left in charge of the castle.

After a moment's deliberation, Bianca determined on requesting the presence of the stranger guest at their little council of war; reasonably enough arguing, that if he could not aid them by their advice, it was but right that he should be apprised of their common peril.

The merchant instantly obeyed the summons, though evidently still suffering from the effects of his accident. He presented himself before the ladies with the same calm, grave, but respectful bearing which distinguished him in the first instance; nor, on being informed that the castle was beset by a band of robbers, headed by a chief, who though recently added to their number was the terror of the district, did his countenance betray any emotion, except what might be gathered from a slight—very slight elevation of the eye-brow.

He replied, that he did not think the place would hold out for half an hour against the force by which it was beleaguered; and, therefore, although the character of the band was little security for their abstinence from violence, even should they be quietly admitted, yet as resistance would infallibly tend to bloodshed, he should counsel an immediate surrender.

Alberto, who, to do him justice, would gladly have struck a blow in defence of the old walls, shrugged his shoulders, and departed to give the necessary instructions. The windows of the apartment in which the interview we have described took place opened upon a sort of small lawn, or grass plot, over which the robbers must necessarily pass in their way to that part of the building which was occupied by the ladies and their affrighted household.

The merchant, after an ineffectual attempt to calm the fears of Bianca and Emilia, stepped out upon the lawn, as if with the intention of relieving with the assailants on their arrival. In a few minutes the castle gates were thrown open, and the band were not long in finding their way to the spot on which Roland was standing. They rushed forward, and, regardless of their pledge for the safety of the inhabitants of the castle, expressed great indignation at the delay, trifling as it was, which had preceded their admission. A shriek from one of the females within, for a moment caused the merchant to turn his head in the direction whence it proceeded. Meanwhile the chief of the robbers, who was a few yards in advance of his band, had approached, and was about to seize the merchant.—The latter turned slowly round and fixed his cold, stern eye upon his assailant.

The effect upon the robber captain was perfectly electrical. His weapon, which he had raised with his right hand, as he prepared to grasp the merchant with his left, dropped to