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POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELL.

BY MRS. AUDE.

I came from the ocean—a billow passed o'er me,
And covered with sea-weeds, and glittering foam,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To deck the gay halls of his far distant home.
Embraced by exquisite myrtles and roses,
Still, still in the deep I am pining to see,
And the low voice within me my feeling discloses,
And evermore murmurs the sound of the sea.
The skylark at morn pours a carol of pleasure,
At eve, the sad nightingale warbles her note,
The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad measure,
And beauty's sweet songs on the air lightly float:
Yet I sigh for the loud-brooding billows that toss'd me
I long to the cool coral caverns to fly,
And when guests with officious intrusion annoy me,
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.
Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
And mingled with men in the regions above,
I have known them, the few they once cherished
forgetting.
Oh! trust to new friendship, and cling to our love,
Or it is so hard to preserve true devotion—
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of woe,
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,
And no language is mine but the sounds of the sea.

THE "GENTLEEF" FIGGINS.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY DOUGLAS FERRELL.

[Continued.]

Mrs. Pigeon, with palpitating heart, had heard the hubbub above: it was the retreating footsteps of George Tomata, and his usual exit at the street-door, relieved her of an agony of impatience—impatience to confront her husband with a recital of his sins so generously put at her disposal by the anonymous friend of the Figgins. How very fortunate that she had denied herself! How particularly lucky that her rigid adherence to the genteel had been the indirect means of laying bare the hidden iniquities of Pigeon! But for that auspicious circumstance, she might have gone down an injured woman to her grave, and never once have suspected it. Now, what a world of trouble had been generously opened to her! Animated by these feelings, moved by this conviction, Mrs. Pigeon unlocked the door, and, having paused for a moment to rally her disordered spirits for the conjugal contest, she was about to quit the parlour for the drawing-room, when the false, the traitorous Pigeon, stood before her.

The female reader may possibly be enabled to judge of the over-wrought feelings of Mrs. Pigeon from this touching incident; she looked like a marble statue upon her husband, and, with stone cold lips and a voice that would have petrified a pebble, said—"Sir!"

"Nor may the male student of this domestic history be less ignorant of thunder-storm brewing in the breast of Pigeon, when he should learn that that worthy man, knitting his brows, and clutching his hands, ground through all his double and single teeth—Madam!"

"Sir!"
"Madam!"
"Oh, ye household gods! was there not one to call up a soothing vision—to re-awaken, from the dead past, the scene, the forms, the looks, and smiles of only fifteen days ago?—to pain the comely interior of Kennington Church—the meek person in candid robes—the mechanical clerk, with a label in his mouth, saying 'say after me,'—the dewy eyes of female friends, the hardened looks of the already condemned, and the happy satisfied insolence of untaught bachelors! Where were the bridesmaids hovering affectionately around their departing sister—where the fluttering bride, charmed down to the sweetest meekness of her sex—where the bride-room, putting the best face on the robbery he is about to commit upon an honest family—where the stalwart beadle—where the oak-faced openers of pews? And oh! and above all, where was the sentiment of love and hope that, tuning the strings of two hearts in affectionate unison, promised they should

sound for ever the self-same strain, with no discordant sharp, no deadening flat to mar the song of life? And where was Cupid, slinking in the ears of the bridesmaids a chain of wedding-rings—and where was the incorrigible Hymen, dancing a hornpipe in well-trodden letters of the same?"

Had Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon so soon forgotten this, and these, and all? Was it the same woman who moved, silently as a white cloud, from the church, who now—a little fortnight gone—towered up the Pythoness of a heartless slave, and cried forth "Sir?" And—powers of mutability!—could it be the same deferential man, the biped personification of acquiescence and amiability, who now, at the top of his rick lunge, belloved, "Madam?" Alas! At the church, whereon the God of Marriage played an egotism, should crack with such a twang!

"No, Mr. Pigeon?" said the injured wife; who then, incapable of pursuing the theme she had set herself, merely added, with a gust of tears, "I'll go home to my mother."

"Mrs. Pigeon?" replied her husband, "you have done very wrong that you ever quitted that worthy and most respectable woman?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Pigeon?" asked his wife.

"Mean?" echoed Pigeon. "Where there has been a first love, Mrs. Pigeon—"
"Oh! you barbarous creature! What—your own? If you have not even the delicacy that genteel life—"

"Delicacy, Madam! But I will endeavour to master my feelings. There has been a want of candour between us, Mrs. Pigeon."
"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Pigeon. "I describe it all; all my acquaintance told me it ought to come to this. A want of candour, indeed! But I am rightly served. This is the fruit of—"

"Fruit, Ma'am!" exclaimed Pigeon, the word jarring his whole anatomy; "yes, Ma'am, fruit—you may say fruit."

Mrs. Pigeon opened her pretty blue eyes, and, struck by the passion of her lord, by the tragic significance of his manner, requested to know if Mr. Pigeon intended to convey any insinuation? Whereupon Mr. Pigeon approached his wife, and, with intense bitterness, cried—"Love apple!"

"Loveapple!" echoed the bewildered Mrs. Pigeon—"Loveapple!"

"Very well, indeed, Madam; very well," cried the sarcastic husband. "Of course you never heard the name?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Pigeon, with great emphasis. "Never—that is, I—"

"Charlotte!—for the last time I may call you Charlotte—do you deny that you have ever known one George Tomata?"

"He gave me an ivory card-case brought from Canton," said the innocent wife.

"And nothing else, Ma'am—nothing else? Was there no interchange of sentiment? No—no d—d first love?" cried Pigeon, when entirely out of genteel life by the violence of his passion. Pigeon waited for a reply.

Mrs. Pigeon subdued her emotion into scornful dignity, and simply answered—"Mr. Pigeon, you are beneath my notice,"

"The way to be sure—the way with culprits, Ma'am—the way with culprits," said the husband.

"Mr. Pigeon," cried the wife, "I see how it is—you wish to break my heart."

"No, Madam," answered Pigeon. "No—I trust, and Pigeon drew himself up, "I trust, I always respect the property of—of strangers."

"Of strangers, Mr. Pigeon? But, Sir, though I am your wife, you shall find I am not wholly unprotected."

"Oh, no! You have a champion, Mrs. Pigeon—in case of accidents I have his card already. You have a champion, Ma'am—the knight of the elephant tooth, Ma'am—the hero of the card-case—the tender synonym—the d—d Loveapple!" and Pigeon shook his lists and stamped about the room. "And I—I a poor believing fool! I, who in courtship and in marriage have never neglected you—"

"Never?" asked Mrs. Pigeon. "Never, Mr. Pigeon?"

"No, never, Ma'am—I repent it."

At this moment the black cat mewled in the hall, and Pigeon could not repeat "never." Mrs. Pigeon read the confusion of the enemy, and immediately followed up the advantage. Twice the black cat mewled, and Pigeon was pale and dumb.

"Mr. Pigeon," said the wife, "I blush for you, that you should resort to such unworthy means of masking your own wickedness."

"My wickedness, Mrs. Pigeon!" and the husband returned to the charge; "and as for my husband, Ma'am, the complexion of some people seems proof to that, whatever it might have been to another climate."

"Another climate, Sir?" said Mrs. Pigeon.

"Answer me this, Madam—why did you stay in England to make me miserable? Why—I ask you—why did you not go to Trincomalee?"

"Trincomalee, Mr. Pigeon! You mean Tombridge, Sir—Tombridge. I have heard it all, Mr. Pigeon."

"All, Ma'am? Tombridge? You are mad, Ma'am—mad with unfounded jealousy, Ma'am. But this shall be ended," said the husband.

"I hope it will, Sir," said the wife.

"We'll separate, Madam," said Mr. Pigeon.

"With more pleasure than we ever met," rejoined Mrs. Pigeon.

"And perhaps, Madam, if we remain twenty years together, there will not be a more favourable moment than the present." And with this avowal, Mr. Pigeon was about to quit the parlour, resolutely bent upon his hat and gloves; when his wife, with admirable presence of mind, placed herself before the door.

"Mr. Pigeon," she said, repressing her tears, "whatever we may decide upon for ourselves, let us not forget what is due to general society. If you leave the house in broad day-light, it must be known that we are in town. At least, let us try to wear away a month, and then separate respectfully."

"Agreed, Madam—agreed!" said Pigeon. "I have been denied to my excellent god-father, Albatross—a childless man with ten New River shares—and how he might resent the falsehood, I know not. As you suggest, we will remain hidden for a month, and then separate for ever."

"You will keep fixed to that, I trust, Mr. Pigeon?" asked the wife.

"Immutably," answered the husband.

"They went to Brighton a fortnight ago," said the girl Susan to a new inquirer, whose modest knock had not, in their contentions, been heard by the denied couple.

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Pigeon to her husband; and they both listened for the voice of the visitor.

"A fortnight ago," repeated the unflinching domestic, "and, of course, they won't be in town till the month's up. It wouldn't be genteel."

"I heard that Mr. Pigeon was seen last night," said a lady at the door.

"My aunt!" cried Mrs. Pigeon. "I know she's made her will—I must see her."

"Impossible!" said Pigeon. "I cannot be compromised with Albatross."

"But are you sure they're not in town?" asked a gentleman.

"Your uncle?" exclaimed Mr. Pigeon.

"I'd a letter from 'em only this morning, Sir," said the valuable Susan, "with orders about the gold-fish and canary-birds."

"We have walked some way," said the male visitor, stepping hastily into the hall, and at the same time laying his hand upon the parlour-door, "so we'll stay and rest a little;" and with these words the respectable uncle and aunt walked into the apartment, followed by Susan, who, with amazed looks, stared round the room, and then threw her eyes suspiciously towards the fire-place. Had Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon flown up the chimney? Another glance, and Susan was satisfied of their whereabouts; they were both squeezed in a corner cupboard—in a nook particularly incommo- dious for people about to separate for ever. However, as the door was opened by her uncle, Mrs. Pigeon had down to the

narrow sanctuary, and Mr. Pigeon, generously laying aside all difference of opinion in his pursuit of safety, immediately followed her. Fear must have a very contractive power, or that cupboard had never contained both the Pigeons.

"Furnished with very tolerable taste," said the uncle, as he surveyed the appointments of the room.

"All the taste belongs to my niece, no doubt," said the aunt. "Everything very handsome; though I can't say much for the article that decorates the chimney-piece." Pigeon winced, for he knew that the lady spoke of his portrait.

"Hang it! the frame's handsome," answered the liberal uncle; "and the picture itself very like the man."

"Oh! deplorably like him," rejoined the aunt.—"Poor Charlotte! I hope she'll be happy—I hope her heart's in the great;—but, for my own part, I think it a match sufficient. No, no—young Tomata was the man."

"So I should have thought; but if the wench preferred Pigeon she was right to have him. And, after all, Tomata's fortune lies in expectation, and Pigeon, though the last person a conceiver for a woman to love, has a certainty." Thus spoke Charlotte's uncle.

"Well, I hope 'twill all end well," said the aunt.—Fortunately, Charlotte has been piously brought up, and has, I believe, been taught, the virtue of resignation. When they come home, we must of course ask the creature of a husband to dinner." A loud, oft-repeated knock startled the aunt and uncle and struck new terror to the two hearts in the cupboard.

"Not come home yet, eh?" questioned Captain Albatross, in his loudest voice.

"At Brighton, Sir," said this morning, Sir, at Brighton," answered the invincible Susan.

"At Brighton, eh? Ha! we shall see!" and the martial tread of the Captain sounded in the hall, followed by other footsteps, and in a moment he flung open the parlour-door, and entered, accompanied by Mrs. Albatross and Mr. George Tomata. "Ha! my dear Mr. Figgins—Mrs. Figgins, I am yours. So they have come home, I presume?"

"No—no, indeed, Captain," said uncle Figgins; "we have only taken shelter here. We certainly heard that they were at home—heard that Pigeon had been seen."

"I am pretty sure I saw him last night—I am almost certain of it," said the Captain.

"Now, Edward," said Mrs. Albatross, "why will you be so positive? As I said, may you not be mistaken? Were I to believe all about those macaroons, how very unhappy—"

"Leonora!" exclaimed the Captain, and his wounded sensibility showed itself in his relaxed features; "again macaroons!"

"Very odd," said Mr. Figgins, "because nobody," and he glanced at the portrait, "nobody could mistake that face."

"So it appears to me," said the Captain.

"Splendid fellow! isn't he?"

"Eh? asked Figgins, with an incredulous look, for he doubted the seriousness of Albatross.

"Splendid fellow—net regularly handsome; but very fine. My godson, Mr. Figgins, shall have all I have."

"I was remarking," said Mrs. Figgins, "before you came, that there was a certain expression in that portrait—very, very superior to regular beauty."

"Splendid fellow!" repeated the Captain. "I knew his mother, Ma'am, before she married; but I was ordered with my regiment into Kent, and absence, you know—"

"Edward?" cried Mrs. Albatross.

"I have done. Now to business: depend upon it, there's some mystery here. It is, after all, scarcely to be thought that Pigeon is in town; for I never can believe that Samuel Pigeon, my godson that is, my son that ought to have been, would—"

"Captain Albatross," exclaimed the Captain's lady, "I must leave the room."