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THE HERMIT OF SAINT MAURICE.

From the *Literary Garland*.

(Continuation.)

The flame of war, in one unbroken blaze,
swept over the surface of far-extending Europe,
and the all-conquering warrior whose
ambition kindled the strife, was trampling
upon the necks of prostrate emperors. King-
doms were trodden under the feet of his legions,
and vacant thrones were filled by his
satellites, made kings by his nod. The world
looked on with awe and wonder, and nations
admired, while they feared the destruction
that followed the "fell swoop" of his eagle's
wing.

But the star of a mightier even than he, was
now rolling onwards to the zenith of its glory.
Each the victor in a hundred fields, and con-
queror wherever himself led, it remained only
to measure their strength against each other,
and the young warrior, with raw talents whose
mighty deeds the public ear was daily filled,
yearned for a field to tell which should wear
the victor's palm.

To follow his star was now my destiny, and
I exulted in his fame, idiot-like, hoping that
in it I might one day share. Let none sneer at
my folly—I was young, ardent, and proud,
though inexperienced and without knowledge,
and I was cheered by the smile of a beautiful
and high-born maiden, who, although to be
seen no more by me, was one whose praise I
would most willingly have given life to win.

My troop joined his standard, and we were
not long inactive. In a brief space we became
familiar with war! To-day, we met the foe,
and conquered—and to-morrow, we feasted on
the spoil; and the battle and the banquet were
alike welcome—nay, the former was often co-
veted with an avidity surpassing that with
which we hailed the approach of the latter.

Panting only for a fame that would absorb
the infancy of my birth no danger could check
my ever onward career. Wherever the foe-
man showed the boldest front, there was my
sword soon flashing! Yet I escaped unhurt
from a hundred battles—unsathed amid but-
chered thousands. It seemed as if the battle-
axe and the bullet turned aside from one who
"wore a charmed life." I boast not that I
was brave—I was reckless—careless of a life
without joy, save that I felt in the whirl-
wind of human passion, or amid the turmoil
of battling armies; unless that may be called
joy—a vague and undefined idea, that in a
warrior's name, the proudest of England's nobles
might forget the bar-sinister that disgraced
my shield. If it were so, it only proved
that even I—vain and miserable fool—some-
times thought too highly of my abject and de-
graded race.

It was the eve of battle, and warrior thou-
sands were gay in the anticipation of the glo-
ry a day would win. The enemy lay within
an hour's march of our encampment, but the

battle had been deferred, for the enemy were
worn out with forced marches, and we were
hourly in expectation of reinforcements of
straggling parties who had been despatched
on foraging or reconnoitering expeditions.
Amongst the rest we were joined by a division,
newly arrived from England, to which the
young Lord of Loridale, who had recently joined
the army as a subaltern, was attached. The
officers were introduced at our mess, and each
rose to exchange greetings with some remem-
bered friend. I, too, rose to my feet, and ex-
tended my hand to the young lord, but he turned
aside from my proffered palm. Gods! how
my veins tingled at the cold-blooded and un-
grateful insult. But I spoke not. He sat
beside me at the board, and in the interval of
mirth, I heard him discourse with a brother
officer of the home he had left—and speak of
his sister as on the point of union with a no-
bleman far her superior in rank and wealth.

I became mad, and the hot breath scorched
my lips, as the words, in a stern whisper, pas-
sed them, and I said,

"Tell me, my lord, who that noble is?"

"Tell thee," he answered, while his face
became livid with passion, at the unlooked
for interruption; "What doth it concern thee
who is the wooer of an honored maiden?"

"Much," I answered "it concerneth me,
who is the lover of Clara—"

"Name her not!" he cried, "I think thou
thy daring insolence is unknown, or that be-
cause my father fostered the hand, he should
have crushed, I too, will act as becomes a
drivelling fool."

"Name her not!" I answered, while an un-
natural calmness pervaded my whole frame;
"and this from thee. Whose was the arm
that snatched her from the grave, when thou,
poor boy, wert wallowing in mire, thrown from
the saddle of an anbling nag? Name her
not—"

"Peace, bastard, peace!" again he vociferated,
while the tempest of passion raged within
him, and his willing sword had already left
its scabbard, and was aimed at my breast. I
snatched it from him, as if it had been a bou-
le in an infant's hand, and striking him with
its hilt, returned it, saying,

"It becomes not such as thee to draw thy
weapons upon bearded men. Yet stay, proud
boy, to-morrow's sun will shine upon contend-
ing hosts—if thou wilt follow where I shall
lead, and fight with me in the battle's front,
and thine eye bleached not before the flashing
of a thousand swords, should we escape unscat-
tered, I may not then deny thee an honorable
conflict. Till then, there are none here who
will deem me coward, when I say let there be
peace between us."

"Be it so," he said, and he became calm
while I spoke, "his better thus, that my
sword should first be fleshed upon my country's
foes, it will be more worthy to decide my pri-
vate quarrel."

There was no voice of dissent, and in a brief
space the whole scene was forgotten by all,
save the boy barren and him he had so basely
wronged.

Night had far advanced before we sought
our pillows, and when I did, it was not to
sleep—my thoughts were too busy with the
foe's events; and yet, I enquired, "What,
indeed, did it concern me, who was the wooer
of the daughter of Loridale? Why was it
that to hear she had followed my expressed
wish, should rob my life of its only light?
Was it that hope had indeed been playing with
so wild a chimera—building anticipations I
dared not own to my heart's most secret ques-
tioning. I knew not. Former feelings were
forgotten, and I longed to look upon the face
of the only being who had awakened a human
sympathy in my breast, and I resolved that if
the night of the coming day saw me a living
man, I should seek again the home of the Bar-
on, and see Clara, before she became a wife.

Day dawned, and the bugle echoed from
rank to rank, calling the soldier to his task of
gliding. The morning sun shone gloriously on
glistening helms, and spear—horses pawed the
earth, and their riders patting their curving
necks, with a fondness their common danger

awoke. Yet all seemed happy—with uncalcu-
lated blood, men thought of deadly strife, and
murmured it not. Surely, they were all mad!
Mad, when they smiled and spoke joyously of
the beautiful morn, whose day was destined to
go down in blood.

Once and only once, I met the young lord
of Loridale, as we rode along the line, seeing that
we did were properly arranged, and a dark shade
crossed his brow as he recognised me. We
spoke no word; but in his stern countenance
I read that he had formed a daring purpose.

The arm's met, and shrunk back to meet
again. Hearing like the billows on the storm-
tossed sea, on moment they swerved this way
—another that—but the post I sought was even
in the foremost rank, and the young Baron
of Loridale shrunk not from my side. He seem-
ed endowed with a new strength, and his
slight form dilated into giant proportions.
Wherever my dark plume waved, there his
was also. Thousands fell beside us, yet
neither had received a wound. Once, indeed,
a sabre descending on his helm was turned
aside by my reeking blade, and the assailant
slept upon the trodden dead. The boy heed-
ed it not! Now here, now there, he mutilated
my own daring recklessness, and pierced the
foemen's ranks as if it were a pleasure for him
to sport with life. At length the foe retired,
The contest became less doubtful; their ranks
were broken, and their cohorts scattered, until
victory, as was her wont, nestled in the folds
of our banner.

The tent became a massacre. Flying thou-
sands were hewed down without a thought of
mercy. The blood of the men was heat'd, and
nothing could withstand their fury. Gods!
the shrieks of dying myriads yet ring in mine
ear. The carnage was so dreadful, that even
I felt my heart shrinking and sad while my
falcon struck down all who made a last faint
dash at resistance. Beside me still in the
front of the pursuit, as in the battle, the young
Lord of Loridale tracked his course in death.

A friendly forest had formed a shade for the
remaining few of the enemy who were able to
drag themselves from the stricken field. And
now, amongst the dead, they who had side by
side, fought against the enemy of the com-
mon country, with blades yet reeking from the
conflict dead, remembered the more pitiless
contest yet to begin. Private hatred mingling
with admiration of each other's prowess, bade
them turn to each other. At that moment I
had less of bitterness in my heart than he.

Yes, I could have forgiven the hated insult
he had flung at my undefended and all humil-
iating feeling, and even when he claimed my
promise, and his sword crossed mine, I said—
"My lord, I seek not to destroy thy life,
nor curtail the fame that thou at least, may
win—nor would I rob thee of the happiness
thou mayest enjoy. The world smiles on thee
—hazard not its brightness, nor put in the bal-
ance against one for whom the world cares
not, and who scorns the world. None could
now impute other than generosity to either,
should we decline the combat. The deeds this
day achieved will form a shield around thy
name. Dost thou seek my life? It is worth-
less to me, yet will I not be conquered by
mortal arm, while mine can wield a sword.
The choice then is thine. Peace or war—I
am a supplicant for neither."

"Nay," he answered, "it must not be.
The world would say I feared thee though I
feared no other; defend myself." As he spoke,
he made lunge at my breast, but my sword
turned his aside, and in turn mine was drawn
to strike; but I thought of his morning sister,
and withheld my arm. Ag in he struck, and
again his blow was parried. He became fur-
ious as each successive blow failed of its aim,
and struck at random. His blows were dead-
weight, with so true a will, and followed so closely
on each other, that I was slightly wounded in
the neck, when raising myself in my stirrups, I
struck at his right arm. My aim was partially
true, and only grazed his arm, but the sword
slew from my grasp and struck the jaded
steed he rode. The animal reared on the slip-
pery battle ground, but ere he saw the vantage
he had gained, horse and rider tumbled on
the bloody field. I too sprang from my saddle, and

again grasped my sword, but the work of death
was over. The heavy war horse had rolled
over his fallen rider, and the soul had winged
its flight from its mangled dwelling place. My
anger had fled with it, and the first tear that ever
disgraced my cheek was shed over the gory
remnants of one, whose name of fame had
promised so bright a noon.

The combat began in solitude, but there were
enough to look upon its fatal close. The vic-
tor—chief, with a number of his attendants, and
a corps of unwearied troopers, were scouring
the field to prevent the usual carnage, and had
arrived in time to witness the fall of the young
Lord of Loridale. I was placed under formal
arrest, and carried back a prisoner to the camp.

Night closed, and the wassail began, and
fixed as my mind was, it was not difficult for
an unguarded prisoner to leave the victor-
camp. After a day so dreadful, it was not
deemed necessary to be strict on watch, and
all who were not revelling were sleeping after
the day's fatigue. I passed forth unquestioned,
and when morning broke, I was on board a
merchant ship, that only waited a favouring
breeze to leave the shore. The breeze came,
and long ere noon I was far away on the swel-
ling wave—bound toward's my native land—
I had nearly said home, but there was no home
for me. I was again a wanderer with a forfeit
life, and even on the wave was I pursued by
fate. Some days had we sped on with every
sail spread to the balmy gale, and the chalky
cliffs were dimly visible as the fifth day waned
into deepening twilight. But the clouds were
gathering deeply over the late glorious sky,
and with the darkened night, the demon of
the tempest was let loose, and swept with pitiless
fury over the surging waters. Our bark was
lost like a bubble on the foaming wave, and
the winds playing in the straits met a wild
response in the creaking timbers of the doomed
ship, which gave forth music such as that
which is heard in the mighty forest when the
hurricane sweeps through its lofty boughs.

The ocean struck from the performance
of no duty, but there was a gloom upon every
countenance—all saw that there was no hope,
and yet they struggled on, and the helmsmen
guided her through the breakers with unerring
skill. Dawning day brought no hope of safety,
and mast after mast fell over the vessel's side,
till she was only a log upon the water; still she
was borne on by the resistless wave, and every
eye was strained towards the cloudy sky, seek-
ing some brighter spot where hope might find
a dwelling place. It was not fear that held sway
over me—I had played with death and sported
with danger—and yet these hours of gloom
were not without their influence on my spirit.

To be concluded in our next.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

Dr Buller, one of the physicians of the emi-
grating Cherokeees, computes that 2000 out
of the 16000, or one eighth of their whole number
have died since they left their homes, and
began to encamp for emigration in June last.

A late number of the London and Westmin-
ster Review, recommends educated gentle
women who are dependent on their talents for
support, to learn the art of engraving on wood
and copper, as an honorable, lucrative, and
elegant employment easily acquired, and every
way becoming their sex and habits.

The Evening Gazette says:—"The Convicts
at the Charleston State Prison celebrated
Thanksgiving with an enormous Plum Pudd-
ing, composed of the following ingredients,
but 25 lbs. Lard 15 lbs. Molasses 18 gals.
raisins 42 lbs. Spice 5 lbs. There were three
hundred rations delivered out, each ration
weighing 4½ lbs.—The whole pudding weigh-
ed fourteen hundred and twenty five lbs.

The Liverpool correspondent of the New
Orleans Merchant's Transcript states that it
is in contemplation to establish a British line of
steam packets to that port.

In New Orleans on the 15th, there were 138
vessels in port—100 ships, 44 briggs, and 59
schooners. Only 23 ships of this number, had
freights engaged.