

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

congratulated himself that they were still unacquainted. But now they had met; he had seen, he had studied, had transferred to canvass that matchless beauty; had conquered the timidity which, to Robert, had always seemed unconquerable; had won her to admit his gaze; had turned at his sweet, coy, seductive; had become familiar with that sweetest face, and that dearest frame?—Oh! the very thought was agony!

In this mood, he arrived at the Farm; and there, working at her needle, under the vine-wreathed porch, with the evening sun shining full upon her, and her little two her playing at her feet, sat his own Susan. She heard his rapid step, and advanced to meet him, with a smile and blush of delight—just the smile and blush of the picture. At such a moment, they increased his misery; he refused all her offered hand, and poured forth a torrent of questions on the subject which possessed his mind. If it innocent answers were full to his frenzy?—The picture! had he seen the picture? and was it not pretty? enough to pretty, she thought, but every body called it like! and Mary and Harry—was he not possessed with them?—What a wonderful thing it was, to have a bit of canvass so like living creatures! and what a wonderful man the strange gentleman was! She had been afraid of him, at first—sadly afraid of those two bright eyes—and had said Harry;—poor Harry had cried! but he was so sorry and so kind that neither of them minded sitting to him, now! And she was so glad that Robert had seen the picture! she had so wanted him to see it; it was so pretty, to be sure—But then, Robert, would not mind that. She had told the gentleman—was it in the gentleman, now?—introduced Robert, and told him that I reintroduce you. It will be welcome news! Go to him, Susan! your heart is with him. Go to him I say!—and throwing from him, with a bitter latch, the frightened and weeping girl, who had laid her trembling hand on his arm, to detain him, he darted from the door, and returned to his old quarters at the Hall.

Another fortnight passed, and Robert still kept aloof from his family and his home. His mother and sister, indeed, occasionally saw him; and sad accounts had poured into Mary to give to her friend, Susan, of Robert's ill looks and worse spirits. And Susan listened, and said she did not care; and burst into a passion of tears, and said she was very happy; and vowed never to speak to him again, and desired Mary never to mention her to him, or him to her; and then asked her a hundred questions respecting his looks, and his words, and his illness; and charged her with a thousand tender messages, which, in the fit breath, she withdrew. And Mary, too young to understand the inconsistency of love, pitied and comforted, and thought it "passing strange."

In the mean time, misfortunes, of a different nature, were gathering round Mrs. Kent. The mealman and baker, whose bread she vend—her kindest friend and largest creditor—died, leaving his affairs in the hands of an attorney of the next town—the pest and terror of the neighbourhood; and, on the same day she received two letters from this formidable lawyer—one on account of his dead client, the baker, the other in behalf of his living client, the grocer—who ranked next amongst her creditors—both threatening that, if their respective claims were not liquidated on or before a certain day, proceedings would be commenced against her forthwith.

It is in such a situation that woman most feels her helplessness—especially that forlorn creature whom the common people, adopting the pathetic language of scripture, designate by the expressive phrase, "a lone woman!" Poor Judith sat down to cry, in powerless sorrow and vain self pity. She opened, indeed, her hopeless day-book—but she knew too well that her debtors could not pay. She had no one to consult—for her lodger, in whose general cleverness she had great confidence, had been absent, on one of his excursions, almost as long as her son—and time passed upon her—for the letters sent with the usual indelicacy of country conveyance, originally given to the carrier, confided by the carrier to the butlerman, carried on by the butlerman to the next village, left for three days at a public-house, and finally delivered at Hilton Cross by a return post-boy—had been nearly a week on the road. Saturday was the day fixed for payment, and this was Friday night! and Michaelmas and rent-day were approaching! and unable even to look at this accumulation of misery, poor Ju-

dit had her head on her fruitless account-book, and sobbed aloud!

It was with a strangely-mingled feeling of comfort in such a son, and sorrow to so grieve him, that she heard Robert's voice at her side, asking, what ailed her? She put the letter in his hands; and he, long prepared for the blow, snatched and cheered her. "All must be given up," he said; "and he would go with her, the next day, to make over to the whole property. Let us pay, as far as our means go, mother," pursued he, "and do not fear to discharge our debts. God will speed an honest purpose. In the meantime, Mr. Lescombe will give us a cottage—I know he will,—and I shall work for you and Mary. It will be something to live for—something worth living for. Be comforted, dear mother! He stooped, as he said this, and kissed her; and, when he arose, he saw Susan standing opposite to him, and, behind her, the stranger. They had entered separately, during the conversation between the mother and the son, and Susan was still unconscious of the stranger's presence. She stood, in great agitation, pressing Mary's hand, (from whom she had heard the story) and, immediately, began questioning Mrs. Kent, as to the extent of the calamity. "She had twenty pounds of her own, that her grandmother had left her;—but a hundred!—Did they want a whole hundred?—Lord would they send Mrs. Kent to prison? I must sell her goods!—and Mary out of doors?—and Robert?—Oh, poor little Robert!—It would kill Robert! Oh," continued Susan, wringing her hands, "I would sell myself for a bondswoman,—I would be like a negro-slave, for one hundred pounds!" "Would you?" said the stranger, advancing suddenly from the door, and producing two bank-bills; "would you? well! we will strike a bargain. I will give you two hundred pounds, for this little hand,—only this little hand!" "What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, "what can you mean?" "Nothing; but what is fair and honorable," returned her lodger; "let Susan promise to meet me at church, to-morrow, and here are two hundred pounds to dispose of, at her pleasure, to-night." "Susan, my dear Susan!"—Let her alone, mother!—interrupted Robert; "she must choose for herself!"—and, for a few moments, there was a dead silence.

Robert stood, leaning against the wall, pale as marble,—his eyes cast down, and his lips compressed, in a state of forced composure.—Mrs. Kent,—her head turning, now towards the bank-notes, and now towards her son,—was in a state of restless and uncontrollable instability; Mary clung, crying, about her mother; and Susan,—her colour varying, and her lips quivering,—sate, unconsciously twisting and untwisting the bank-notes in her hand.

"Well, Susan!" said the artist,—who had remained in tranquil expectation, surveying the goap with his falcon eye?—"Well, Susan! have you determined?"—"The colour rose to her temples, and she answered, firmly, "Yes, sir!"—he pleased to take back the notes. I have nobody, but Robert, and Robert loves me dearly, dearly!—I know he does!—Oh, Mrs. Kent! you would not have me vex Robert, your own dear son,—and he so ill,—would you? Let them take these things. They never can be so cruel as to put you in prison—you, who were always so kind! and he will work for you! Never mind being poor; better any thing than be false-hearted to my Robert!"—"God for ever bless you, my Susan!"—"God bless you, my dear child!"—burst, at once, from Robert and his mother, as they, alternately, folded her in their arms.

"Pray, take the notes, sir! repeated Susan, after a short interval. "No! that I will not do," replied the stranger, smiling. "The notes shall be yours,—are yours,—and what is more, on my own conditions! Meet me at Church, to-morrow morning, and I shall have the pleasure of bestowing this pretty hand, as I always intended, on my good friend, Robert here. I have a wife of my own at home, my dear! whom I would not exchange, even for you; and I am quite rich enough to afford myself the luxury of making you happy. Besides, you have a claim to the money. These very bank-notes were gained by that sweet face! Your friend, Mr. Lescombe, Robert, has purchased the hay-carrying. We have had a good deal of talk about you; and I am quite certain that he will provide for you all. No," continued he, interrupting something that Robert was going to say,—"No thanks, no apologies, I won't hear a word. Meet me at Church, to-morrow! But, remember,

young man! no more jealousy!"—and, followed by a glance from Susan, of which Robert might have been jealous, the artist left the shop.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE CANADAS.

House of Lords, Jan. 22.—Lord Ellenborough moved for certain accounts respecting the North American provinces in reference to the value of their exports and imports. Also with reference to the appropriation of funds by the House of Assembly. It was his object to obtain as much statistical information as possible respecting the North American provinces, particularly in regard to Lower Canada.

Lord Glenelg said he should look at the list of papers, and would give the noble Lord an answer as soon as possible.

House of Commons, Jan. 22.—Sir Saml. Wansley presented a petition from the inhabitants of the parish of St. Pancras, praying the House immediately to accede to the demands of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada.

Mr. Leader—petitions from Westminster, Bath, Chichester, and other places, praying the House not to adopt the conciliatory course towards Canada proposed by Her Majesty's Ministers.

Mr. Harvey—two similar petitions from the borough of Southwark.

Mr. Hume—a petition agreed at a public meeting at Edinburgh, praying for the adoption of such constitutional measures towards Canada as would prevent civil war.

Mr. Roebuck's petition, presented on Wednesday evening last, having been read by the Clerk at the table:—

Mr. Grote rose to move, pursuant to notice, that John Arthur Roebuck, Esquire, agent for the House of Assembly in Lower Canada, be heard at the bar of the House against the bill for making temporary provisions for the government of that province, on the second reading of the said bill.

A few observations from Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Stanley and Sir George Grey having been made, as to the propriety of hearing that gentleman, the question was then put, and having been carried, the second reading of the bill was moved by Lord John Russell, and having been agreed to.

The Speaker ordered Mr. Roebuck to be called in.

Mr. Hume then moved that the bar be advanced into the centre of the House.

An hon. member opposed the motion, but it was acceded to.

Mr. Roebuck, after a speech of considerable length, then withdrew.

After a further debate, as to the adoption of the bill, in which Mr. Hume, Sir George Grey, Mr. Egerton and Mr. Leader took a conspicuous part, the House adjourned.

House of Commons, Jan. 26.—Lord John Russell having moved the order of the day for the House to go into committee on the Canada bill, the Noble Lord extended widely into observations respecting the nature and course to be pursued by this bill.

Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Elice, Mr. Harvey and Viscount Howick having stated their views of the question—

Mr. Hume wanted to know of the Noble Lord (John Russell) whether the power to suspend the Constitution was to be exercised by Lord Durham when he arrived in Canada, or by Sir John Colborne, as soon as the Act passed?

Lord John said that they considered it for the peace of the Province, that it should be expedient Sir John Colborne should exercise the functions bestowed by the bill until the arrival of the Earl of Durham.

Mr. Warburton also wished to know, whether Sir John Colborne, in the interval of Lord Durham's arrival in Canada, would have the power of calling together the Council, and acting under the provision of the Act?

The Noble Lord said that it was not intended that the instructions addressed to Lord Durham from the Colonial Office should be addressed to Sir John Colborne.

The report was then ordered to be brought up to-morrow; and the House adjourned at a quarter past twelve this day.

The Canada Bill passed the House of Commons on the 29th January, after several successive night's debates, in the course of which Alderman Thompson threw out a suggestion that Ministers ought to be impeached and inquiry made of their conduct at the bar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

London, Feb. 1.—In the Peers, on Thursday, Lord Brougham made a shining speech on the Canadian policy of the Whigs. In vigour, eloquence, and the most withering sarcasm, this is the grandest effort which Lord Brougham has given expression to for several years.

The London Times of the 30th January, in speaking of the position in which Ministers are placed by the disturbances in Canada, says:—"From the state of public opinion produced by the course of Her Majesty's Ministers, we are pretty sure that they can have but a single wish with regard to Canada—namely, that from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Niagara it were submerged some 40 or 50 fathoms deep by one broad wave of the Atlantic."

Lord Durham has, for several succeeding days, transacted business at the Colonial Department.

The gallant Colonel Maitland, who commanded the detachment sent against the village of St. Schomberg, is the second son of the venerable Lord Lascelles, and has commanded the 32d Foot for the long period of 20 years.—(Courier.)

Lord Dalhousie is in a bad and declining state of health.

The Duchess of Kent's annuity bill has passed both Houses and received the royal sanction. It fixes the annuity at £30,000.

Liverpool, Jan. 24.—The present is the most important season that has been known for years.

The steamer Killarney has been wrecked near the Cape of Cook, and 29 of the passengers and crew perished.

Thirteen individuals lost their lives in the fire of the imperial palace at St. Petersburg. The precious collection of Vandike's pictures was consumed.

Don Carlos has received a subsidy of twelve millions of francs from the Southern Courts of Europe—Russia and Austria.

A Carlist expedition arrived on the 5th January within 50 leagues of Madrid.

The financial difficulties of Portugal are in an almost entirely hopeless position; the people in a state of the greatest destitution; the army unpaid, and to avoid absolute starvation, the soldiers are described as plundering the provinces at discretion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE AMERICAN PAPERS.

Lord Gosford passed through town on Sunday. It took two stages to carry him. Miss Victoria should forbid her subjects violating the Sabbath. For the infraction of the few who were not so fortunate as to get a sight of a Lord, we would state, that he has two legs—two arms—two eyes—two ears, a nose and a mouth, and is a very likely-looking animal take him altogether.—(Portland Transcript.)

Mathias, the Prophet, in the assumed character of a Jewish Priest, is travelling in Illinois. He is inquiring for, and gathering up the dispersed people, and appoints 1851 as their year of restoration.

Good times at the West—for lawyers. Fifty-seven sheriff sales are advertised in one Ohio paper.

A western paper states that the Tea plant has been found to succeed well in the vicinity of Marietta, in Ohio.

A plan is under consideration to erect in the city of Washington a large building for the purpose of receiving the various kinds of plants, seeds, &c., collected by the officers of the Navy in foreign countries. About a year ago, an order was issued to that effect.

The American Quarterly and the New York Review have entered into the bonds of matrimony.

The Cincinnati News says that every third man you meet in that city is a hog.

Upwards of three thousand women and children are reported by the Committee of the 16th Ward of New York to be almost destitute of food fuel and clothing.

Four new daily papers are about being started in New York.

The six Companies that left the Boston common at the last Brigade muster have been disbanded. The Montgomery guards Boston have also been disbanded by the Governor and Council; but the company refuse to give up their charter.