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ORIGINAL POETRY

(FOR THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.)
FAME AND FRIENDSHIP.

Spirit of glory! what is thou?
All that is dear to mortals must die
Why are the trophies of the most
Not so fully known, as thou?
Why is the earth less a gaily boister,
Roofed and walled with art and flower,
Wherein we sport with careless glee
While, then start and shudder to see
A fleshless figure, ghastly sneering,
Through the frail, marble peering?
They say that day is born a twin;
But ah! his aspect ghastly
Is strangely marked with theypress-wreath
That binds the brow of his brother—Death!

Spirit of glory! what is thou?
What have we to do with a name,
Who toll, and toll to plant trophies,
But may not live to taste the fruit?
We die away, and honor's stir
Can never pierce the sepulchre!

Child of earth! cease to look with me
And the upper clouds, the lower sea;
And the world of earth shall answer thee!

How still it is below the sea!
How still and dim it is!
How strange the spirits that greeted me
In that serene abyss!

There's many a spirit, and giant stair,
And many a coral hall;
The water is a fearful sea,
And wide as ever a moving there,
But hushed and motionless all!

On we went, and many a spoil,
Rusted armour, cannon old,
Scattered jewels, and bars of gold,
Lay all around us, these we passed,
And came upon a desert vast.

Whose light was hazy, and indistinct,
Resembling a fair, light sunset;
And there a host of spirits sat
Silent all, and separate.
There was no stir, no sound, no speech,
But each looked significantly on each!
Ah me! The blood my heart forebode,
To see that cold and haggard look!
—And the spirit whispered in my ear,
"The newly-dead are gathered here!"

Down, down we go to central earth,
My Spirit-guide and I;
Who laughs!—A ghoul has a fit of mirth,
To see a man go by!

How long, how long the dreary way!
How dark this chasm-land!
How solemn is the meaning fray
Of floods that roll in gloom away
In this hot dragon-land!

Oh, take me up to the place of day,
My strength is almost spent!

Ha! the passage widens now!
Cooler grows the air;
Cheerful light begins to glow
On a prospect fair!

I see the glorious groves, that reach
Many a mile away;
There is a murmuring sound of speech,
—But the speakers where are they?

I see them now; and tell me, who
Are those who wander two by two,
With locks and words so softly kind,
And arms affectionately twined?

And who are these, who stand and wait
Lonely, and disconsolate,
And greet, at last, with warm embrace,
And tears, some new arrival's face?

—Who are these, whose fondness seems
Sad and beautiful as dreams?
—These are friends of old, whose love
First began on the Earth above;

Whose strong affection would not wane,
But stood through guilt, and grief, and pain,
And now, when life and death are past,
Their love continues to the last!

The upper clouds, the upper clouds,
How glorious they appear!
How reasoned on the Earth above
Of spirits wandering there!

Here; too, are cloud-pled palaces,
With gold and crimson domes,
And the master-minds of Earth in these
Have everlasting homes.

I saw a temple large and high,
And stamped with antique barbarity,
With stars, and moons, and planet-orbits
And Nautilus dim and awful springs.
In lines along the shadowy hall,
Blood a thousand columns tall!
And a great unceasing noiseless fall
To other agonies met
Before the cloud-gates, whereon
Sat a figure, still as stone,
Broad as brow, and mad of eye,
Yet he wore an aspect high,
Sere, y'roud and meekly cold;
—This was EREBUS old!

We entered, next, a stately fane;
White sword, and spear, and battle-axe,
And shivered bow, and buckler broken,
Trodden down, and conquest-taken
Of Rome, Spain, Egyptus, Gaul,
Madly dedicated in wall,
High on the altar-seat of state,
A lion of generous bearing sat;
This was our ROMAN CONQUEROR,
Historian, and orator.
How odious was the ingrate bow
That fast the noble JACULUS low!

Then a transition met my view,
Rosed in clouds of agonizing hue,
Dashed by the sudden blaze,
Down, availed, I cast my gaze,
Then hastened through the porch, to see
Whose monument the mortal be.
Within a coag of triangles swelled,
Never ending, sat my lord;
A song that sook his waked hall
With its sound majestic.

Found about a mute ode
Circle within circle stood,
And every look was cast above,
And became with passionate love;

I, too, looked up, and sought to see
A shape of bright appearance,
—But lo! a peasant sat upon
The throne of adoration;

A man of meek, reflective air,
And yet his eye had a sudden glare,
As if he thought of the days of old,
When his own small band of peasants rolled,
Toward him, to overthrow

The Gallic and Bavarian foe,
—This was he, who led his few
Valentes,—aye, and women too!
For women joined in the holy fight,
And rolled from every mountain height,
The trunk of a tree, or a noisy stone,
Crushing their foes, to dust and bone!

—Who marshalled forth their rude attack,
And quelled, with awful rattle and ruck,
The proud invaders, who had come
By myriads, with tramp and drum,
Quick as leaves on a summer-tree,
—This was HERCULE the FROG!

E. T. F.

DE LINDSAY.

(BY E. L. BELWEE, ESQ.)

"Man walketh in a vain shadow; and disquieteth himself in vain."

There is one feeling which is the earliest-born with us—which accompanies us throughout life, in the gradations of friendship, love, and partial attachment—and of which there is scarcely one among us who can say, "It has been realized according to my desire." This feeling is the wish to be loved—loved to the amount of the height, and the fervour of the sentiments we imagine that we ourselves are capable of embodying into one passion. Thus, who that hath nicely weighed his own heart will not confess that he has never been fully satisfied with the love rendered to him, whether by the friend of his boyhood, the mistress of his youth, or the children of his age. Yet even while we reproach the languor and weakness of the affection bestowed on us, we are reproached in our turn with the same charge; and it would seem as if we all—and each—possessed within us certain immortal and spiritual tendencies to love which nothing human and earth-born can wholly excite; they are instincts which make us feel a power never to be exercised, and a loss doomed to be irremediable.

The simple, but singular story which I am about to narrate, is of a man in whom this

craving after a love beyond the ordinary loves of earth, was so powerful and restless a passion, that it became in him the source of all the errors and the vices that have usually their origin in the grossness of libertinism; led his mind through the excess of dissipation to the hardness of depravity—and when at length it arrived at the fruition of dreams so wearying and so anxious—when with that fruitless, virtue long stifled by disappointment seemed slowly, but triumphantly to awake—betrayed him only into a punishment he had almost ceased to deserve, and hurried him into an untimely grave, at the very moment when life became dear to himself, and appeared to promise atonement and value to others.

Rupert de Lindsay was an orphan of ancient family and extensive possessions. With a person that could advance but a slight pretence to beauty, but with an eager desire to please, and a taste the most delicate and refined, he very early learned the art to compensate by the graces of manner for the deficiencies of form; and before he had reached an age when other men are noted only for their noses or their foibles, Rupert de Lindsay was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his form and the number of his conquests, than for his acquirements in literature and his honours in the senate. But while every one favoured him with envy, he was, at heart, a restless and disappointed man.

Among all the delusions of the senses—among all the triumphs of vanity, his ruling passion, to be truly, purely, and deeply loved, had never been satisfied. And while this leading and master-die pined at repeated disappointments, all other gratifications seemed rather to mock them to console him. The exquisite tale of Alcibiades, in Marmontel, was applicable to him. He was loved for his adventurous qualifications, not for himself. One loved his fashion, a second his fortune; a third, he discovered, had only listened to him out of pique at another; and a fourth accepted him as her lover because she wished to decoy him from her friend. These adventures, and these discoveries, brought him disgust; they brought him, also, knowledge of the world; and nothing hardens the heart more than that knowledge of the world which is founded on a knowledge of its vices,—made bitter by disappointment, and made threatening by deceit.

It was him just before the left England, and his mind then was sore and feverish. I saw him on his return, after an absence of five years in the various courts of Europe, and his mind was callous and even. He had then reduced the art of governing his own passions, and influencing the passions of others, to a system; and had reached the second stage of experience, when the deceived becomes the deceiver. He added to his former indignation at the vices of human nature, scorn for his weakness. Still many good, though irregular impulses, lingered about his heart. Still the appeal, which to a principle would have been useless, was triumphant when made to an affection. And though selfishness constituted the system of his life, there were yet many whom he would have sacrificed himself for the sake of a single emotion. Few men of ability, who neither marry nor desire to marry, live much among the frivolities of the world after the age of twenty-eight. And De Lindsay, now waxing near to his thirtieth year, avoided the society he had once courted, and lived solely to satisfy his pleasures and indulge his indolence. Women made his only pursuit and his sole ambition; and now, at length, arrived the time when, in the prosecution of an intrigue, he was to become susceptible of a passion; and the long and unquenched wish of his heart was to be matured into completion.

In a small village not far from London, there dwelt a family of the name of Warner; the father, piously named Ebenezer Ephraim, was a merchant, a bigot, and a saint; the mother, simply and licitly christened Jane, was a rake, a boxer, and a good fellow. But she, the daughter, who claimed the chaste and sweet name of Mary, simple and modest, beautiful in feature and heart, more tender

than gay, saddened by the gloom which hung for ever upon the home of her childhood, but softened by early habits of charity and benevolence, unacquainted with all sin ever in thought, loving things from the gentleness of her nature, finding pleasure in the green earth, and drinking innocence from the pure air, moved in her grace and holiness amid the rugged kindred, and the stern tribe among whom she has been reared, like Faith sanctified by redeeming love, and passing over the thorns of earth in its pilgrimage to heaven.

In the adjustment of an ordinary amour with the wife of an officer in the—regiment, then absent in Ireland, but who left his gaiter buttons to wear the widow as the village of—, Rupert saw, admired, and coveted the fair form I have so faintly described. Chance favoured his hopes. He entered one day the cottage of a poor man whom, in the inconsistent charity natural to him, he visited and relieved. He found Miss Warner employed in the same office; he neglected not his opportunity; he addressed her; he accompanied her to the door of her home; he tried every art to please a young and unawakened heart, and he succeeded. Unfortunately for Mary she had no one among her relations calculated to guide her conduct, and to win her confidence. Her father, absorbed either in the occupations of his trade or the vanities of his court, of a manner whose resistant anxiety belied the real warmth of his affections, supplied but imperfectly the place of an anxious and tender mother; nor was this less required by the habits still coarser, the mind still less soft and less soul, still less susceptible, of the fraternal rake, boxer, and good fellow.

And thus was thrown back upon that gentle and feminine heart all the warmth of its earliest and best affections. Her nature was love; and though in all things she had found where-while to call forth the tenderness which she could not restrain, there was a vast treasure as yet ununcovered, and a depth beneath that calm and unruined bosom, whose slumber had as yet never been broken by a breath. It will not, therefore, be a matter of surprise that De Lindsay, who availed himself of every opportunity—De Lindsay, fascinating in manner and consummate in experience,—soon possessed a dangerous sway over a heart too innocent for suspicion, and which, for the first time, felt the luxury of being loved. In every walk, and her walks hitherto had always been alone, Rupert was sure to join her; and there was a supplication in his tone, and a respect in his manner, which she felt but little tempted to chill and reject. She had not much of what is termed dignity; and even though she at first had some confused idea of the impropriety of his company, which the peculiar nature of her education prevented her wholly perceiving, yet she could think of no method to check an address so humble and disinterested, and to resist the voice which only spoke to her in music. It is needless to trace the progress by which affection is reduced. She soon awakened to the full knowledge of the recesses of her own heart, and Rupert, for the first time, felt the certainty of being loved as he desired. "Never," said he, "will I betray that affection; she has trusted in me, and I will not teach her misery and guilt!" Thus her innocence reflected even upon him, and purified his heart while it made the atmosphere of her own. So passed weeks, until Rupert was summoned by urgent business to his estate. He spoke to her of his departure, and he drank deep cheer from the quivering lip and the tearful eye with which his words were received. He pressed her to his heart, and her unconsciousness of guilt was her protection from it. And all his sins, and there were many, let this one act of forbearance be remembered.

Day after day went on in its march to eternity, and every morning came the same gentle tap at the post-office window, and the same low tone of inquiry was heard, and every morning the same light step returned gaily homeward, and the same soft eye sparkled at the lines which the heart so faithfully recorded