

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. I.—No. 109.]

TUESDAY, 6TH NOVEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

CANADIAN GARLAND.

No. II.

FROM THE MONTREAL HERALD.

Wake Britons wake! for the day is fast dawning
Whose evening shall witness your women's defeat—
Wake! tho' we were there's no need of this warning,
You'll shout—"we have conquer'd"—you'll
fight but to beat.
Tie your young flag with your motto upon it,
The "hall way to heaven," "EXCELSIOR!" will gleam,
And the morning's first ray will with glory shine
on it,
'Twill dazzle and wave in the sun's farewell
beam.

Wake Britons, wake! oh, let no man be sleeping,
And calmly his father's best legacy yield.—
Wake! for your harvest is ripe for the reaping—
Grap your sickles and rush to the field.
Wake Britons, wake! and the eagle you will weather,
Remember brave Lads and let this be your word—
A long pull—a strong pull—a pull altogether,
And Corcoran's in port with Victoria on board.

Wake Britons, wake! 'tis your country that's calling—
Not ye Sampson—yet blindly, your enemies
conquer—
Wake! for the Temple of Freedom is falling,
They tug at the pillars of Liberty's home.
Wake! let the summons resound from the ocean
And echo from Erie, St. Lawrence, Champlain,
And patriot's hear, here will thrill with emotion,
As your shout back of "Victory!" rings o'er the
plain.

MALVERA.

THE COQUETTE.

BY JOHN ST. HUGH MILLS.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them?"

LADY MARY HAKEWELL was a young, beautiful, accomplished girl of seventeen, and she saw it. I have said she was beautiful; but not words can describe her loveliness! In a sure it would have appeared flattery of the sort; her complexion so transparent and bright; her large blue eyes, dreaming of love, under a fringe of long silken lashes; pouting lips, like a spoiled child's, an auburn flower, ringlets dancing upon shoulders rivaling water; her figure tall and stately as a tree's, (on the stage) and but—I loathe, hate, test the word but—how often when our eyes are buoyant with expectations our anticipations upon the eve of being realized—when we are disappointed and spoil the fun—I ought to have been a married, happy fellow; I am a miserable Mr. Single, growing in the gut and the rum-tum. I was a young, good-looking fellow, but I am old and wrinkled, and but for coquetry, Lady Mary would have been forever penitented.
The evening arrived for the much-talked-of at Devonshire House, and Lady Mary, accompanied by her mother the countess, at a quarter of eight proceeded to the "halls of dazzling light." As they entered the spacious saloon, all and elegant young officer, dressed in the usual uniform of the horse artillery, tread his way through the crowd of rank, wealth, beauty; and, with a slight blush and hesitating manner, said to them, "His grace has been so distressed at your ladyship's prolonged absence."

Then, pray, relieve the duke's unhappiness, Captain Stracey, by informing him we have," said Lady Mary, with a toss of her plumed aristocratic head, delighted at sensation created by deferring her presence.
The sun requires no *avant courrière* to inaugurate his rays present," said the duke, smiling low, having, with his usual elegant attention, perceived the *entrée* of the belle of the fashionable world.

Lady Mary courted to the high-flown countess, and smiled with satisfaction at seeing the surrounding brilliant vision envying the attention of his grace, who offering himself led her through the suite of beautiful rooms, classically arranged with that perfect taste only to be found in the highest and refined.

"Who will you confer the happiness of dancing with?" inquired the duke, arriving at the apartment appropriated to the poetry of action.
"Will your ladyship favour me?" supplicated Captain Stracey, who followed their footsteps with perseverance and pertinacity.

"Really, Captain Stracey, I shall be most delighted," replied Lady Mary, disengaging her arm from the duke, who, bowing, left the beauty, observing, "Stracey you may consider yourself the luckiest fellow in the world."

"I believe you are an admirer of flowers," Lady Mary," observed Captain Stracey, taking their places in the quadrille.

"Indeed I am passionately fond of them, they are so exquisitely poetical and enchanting," replied Lady Mary, with enthusiasm.

"You, perchance, understand the language of flowers?" said Stracey.
"I take so great an interest in all relating to them, that I have paid great attention to that eastern perfection of romance," replied Lady Mary.

"Your acceptance of this bouquet will confer pleasure upon me," as with trembling hand and flushed cheek, he presented an elegant collection of exotics.

Lady Mary glanced at them as she accepted the gift, and at once saw the emblems of affection and love; and, smiling even more flattering than her words, said, I will retain even the leaves when withered, Captain Stracey, as a remembrance of the most delightful evening of my existence."

At that moment Stracey's hopes were excited beyond description. For some time he had loved her—loved her with a purity of affection that made all other considerations mere shadows compared with the thought of her; his heart was completely prostrated at her shrine; and, as he gazed upon her matchless form, he looked with that deep feeling of passion which must spring from the secret desire of the innocent recesses of the soul; he loved, as a man should love, and women appreciate.
Whirling from the side of his beautiful idol, scarcely conscious whether on his heels or on his head, and difficult to decide which danced most rapidly, his heart or his feet, he was retreating to her side, and within a short distance when lifting his eyes from the ground, he stood aghast perceiving her turned half round from him talking to the duke, carelessly plucking leaf by leaf, flinging, or rather permitting the blossoms to fall regardlessly at her feet.

"I beg your pardon," said Lady Mary; "but really I fear my interest in his grace's most amusing anecdote has caused me to spoil my pot flowers."

"They basked in the sun of your smiles for a moment, to be withered and forgotten—an emblem of the ambitious reaching and ill-placed hopes of man," said Stracey, with bitterness.

"Really that is very prettily said, Captain Stracey. Pray, may I enquire what new novel is graced with such tender sentiment?" asked Lady Mary, with an arch smile.
"It's not new, I fear," said Stracey, pointedly; "but an every day scene in the face of life."

"Now do give the dear play a new title; every poet, and author and scribbling coxcomb is continually dwelling upon the thread-bare tale of—all the world's a stage—the drama of existence—the farce of life. Oh! I am heart-sick of such stuff!" exclaimed Lady Mary.

"We will call it then a great mistake, or always in error," said the duke, overhearing the conversation.

"I shall move an amendment, may it please your grace," said Lady Mary, "by erasing the word *always*, and inserting Captain Stracey in error."

"Why me, in particular?" asked Stracey.
"Your title is his great reason to say so," said Lady Mary, "for she has been dancing the last minute, and you have most ungraciously permitted her to waste grace and elegance returning a single step."

"I shall beg Stracey to apologize for his misapprehension, and upon returning again saw the duke in conversation with his fair partner.

"It's quite clear," thought Stracey, "that his grace is smitten, and if so, I stand no

chance whatever, not even the remotest; however, to-morrow this shall be brought to a conclusion, one way or the other, for notwithstanding the evident gratification she experiences from his attentions, I am convinced that I am not totally indifferent to her.

He was right in his conjectures; Lady Mary admired the fine, manly figure of the young officer, his refinement of manner and brilliant intellect; but, ignorant of the deep impression he had made, checked his advancements, finding they were approaching to an issue which would compel an affirmative or a negative, wishing at that period neither to accept nor reject him. The attentive period, and notwithstanding report stated his determination was never to marry, yet Lady Mary had a distant hope of astonishing the world, by becoming the beautiful, fascinating, and leading dutchess of Devonshire. She did not, could not love the duke; he was old enough to be her father, but then his title, his princely fortune, and his palaces, were ample to make up that trifling deficiency in the scale of splendour and happiness. No thought her ladyship; but thoughts are often based upon a very shallow foundation; the duke's attentions were merely those that a man of taste pays to a lovely woman when he has the opportunity; her beauty was attractive in the extreme; it gratified him to be near her; her conversation sparkled with wit and refined language; it pleased him to hear her use these feminine weapons of attack and defence; it charmed him to listen to the melodious tones struck from the trembling harp as her taper fingers ran over the strings, accompanied by her soft, flute-like voice; but for her heart he cared not a rush.

"There are some days that might outmeasure years—
Days that obliterate the past, and make
The future of the dear which they pass
Live in but little—but that little seems
With some one chance, the balance of all time."

The following morning at an early hour, Stracey proceeded to undergo the trying ordeal of putting the awful question; for, although doubting materially the success of his suit, yet he determined to state clearly his ardent and coating affection, his attachment which time could not efface or change obliterate, let the result be what it may. Lady Mary had just entered her boudoir, where the little elegancies of life were scattered in profusion; books, drawings, mirrors, beautiful clocks, choice birds, globes of bright fish, all in motley assembly, and the room perfumed with the sweetest productions of Delicieux. A slight wrinkle in the fair brow of Lady Mary upon hearing the name of her early visitor, showed to the keen glance of Stracey that his presence either annoyed or puzzled her; it, however vanished in a moment, and the high pale forehead retained no trace of displeasure as she cordially shook hands with him. After the few commonplace observations concerning the amusement of the preceding evening—the continued unpleasant weather—the miserable ballet and Laporte's nigardiness; one of those distressing pauses ensued, which irresistibly rises when we are desirous of communicating anything which is full of anxiety, suspense, and fear. After a few hems! and hums! accompanied with a determined dusting of the right boot with his riding-whip, Stracey summoned sufficient courage to commence the attack; his voice shook as he uttered the first few words of his hopes, his knowledge of her superiority, and his utter unworthiness, of his inability to confer a dazzling title, or great riches, but," said he—beating with his glowing, heart-felt, unalloyed passion—"How madly I love you—madly, indeed, since it makes me forget almost my presumption; but if, in your estimation, a heart that adores, the title of a soldier's wife, and sufficient riches to meet the wants of poverty, equivalent to the high station you can occupy, doubtlessly, if it please you, then accept them in me, and may the first moment you have cause to regret it, be my last." Oh! shallow-pated man, what mistakes you are constantly committing when women are the theme. If Stracey had left out the conclusion of his address, he would have been crowned with victory, but when he touched

upon the station that might be obtained, if she rejected, and consequently which could not be if she accepted him, that innate vanity of frail humanity succeeded over the generous feelings of her nature, and after hesitating a moment a polite refusal escaped the lips of the still doubting girl, yet so framed that to a disinterested observer it would seem half an acceptance; but not so to the excited Stracey. The last words of rejection were scarcely concluded, when he started from his seat, pale and speechless with emotion; at length, with considerable difficulty he murmured, with a choked voice, "Heaven bless you, with you never feel the exquisite torture you have created—Lady Mary, farewell and he hurried from the scene of his disappointment and wretchedness. The hall-door was not closed, when she almost regretted the course she had taken; however, it was then too late to retrace the step, and she thought "he will again seek my hand, for my refusal was anything but a decided one."

"No," expressed with a certain leer,
Means "Yes," vide Pope and Shakspeare."

A short interval after the event of the rejection, Lady Mary, in reading the Morning Post, started at seeing a paragraph headed, "Marriage in high life—on the sixteenth instant, at his excellency the English ambassador's, in Paris, the Honourable Captain Waipole Stracey, of the royal horse artillery, to Antoinette, only child and heiress of Count Lonneffe. The extraordinary fascinations of the bride, combined with her great wealth, and the proverbial elegance of the happy bridegroom, rendered the ceremony, which went off with much *éclat*, most interesting." The paper dropped from the hand of the fair reader, as she concluded the account of her lover's union with another; large tears rolled down the pallid cheeks, and she looked so seen her, he would have utterly regretted the hasty step he had taken. Luckily for his happiness he did not, nor did he again behold her, until hot rooms and time had jointly faded the blooming beauty which existed once in every fibre. Many a heart is caught in the rebound; such was the case with him. Hastening to Paris, to revel in its festive scenes, in order to forget his misery, his fine figure and gentlemanly manner attracted observation from the belles of the gayest city in the world; among them, was the rich heiress Antoinette, who soon became as interesting in his eyes, as he was in hers. Mechanically she took up the newspaper again, and again perused it! "Oh! fool, fool, that I have been," exclaimed she, "to grasp at the shade and lose the material! Oh! that I could again be to him what I was! but," and the distressed girl burst into a passionate flood of tears, preventing all further utterance.

"We change, and others change—while recollection

Would fain renew what it can but recall."
Hyde Parke was crowded one beautiful summer's afternoon; the magnificent equipages dashed along with their fashionable and distinguished occupants, hundreds of mounted ladies and gentlemen cantering their horses over the green turf, and innumerable pedestrians promenading the banks of the Serpentine, forming a group worthy of an artist's pencil, when a couple of rather too-particularly well-dressed young men entered, on high-spirited, racing horses; showing off, evidently to their greatest satisfaction. "I say, Charles, that is a most superb carriage now coming in by Jove, what action those horses have!" said one.

"If you admire the 'turn out' so much, I have an idea you would be in ecstasies when you perceive the enchanting creature occupying it," said the other. As the carriage passed, a look of extreme disappointment spread over the features of the one participating to see a beauty. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "what a dowdy! who is she!"

"Lady Mary Hakewell, a whisk-playing old lady," replied the other. "I have heard my mother say she was a belle in her time, but I positively cannot see the faintest trace of faded passing endurance."

"Is she married?"
"No, and never was, I believe; but if you