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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

## POETRY.

### THE QUIET LAND.

Death is the privilege of brimstone waters,  
And life, without it, were not worth our taking.

How sweet to sleep where all is peace,  
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,  
Where all life's ills are blottings cease,  
And pain is fallen to rest!  
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,  
To anchor in the silent grave!

That quiet land where, pearl post,  
The weary win a long repose,  
The bruised spirit finds, at last,  
A balm for all its woes,—  
And lowly grief and lordly pride  
Lie down, like brothers, side by side!

The breath of slander cannot come  
To break the calm that lingers there;  
There is no dreaming in the tomb,  
Nor waking to deplore;  
Unkindness cannot wound us there,  
And all earth's bitterness is o'er!

There the maiden vultures till her core,  
—They never more shall part!  
—And the stricken deer has gained her bower,  
With the arrow in her heart!  
—And passion's pulse has ceased, and still,  
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill!

The mother—she is gone to sleep,  
With her babe upon her breast,  
—She has no weary wail to keep  
O'er her infant's rest;  
His slumbers on her bosom fall,  
—She never more be broken—THINE!

For us—for me, whom all have left,  
—The world, and the dearly loved,  
—From whom the touch of time has left  
The hearts that once had loved,  
Whose guerdon was—and is—no air,  
For all I bore—and all I bear!

Why should I linger idly on,  
Amid the sultry and the cold,  
—A dreamer—when such dreams are gone  
As those I nursed of old?  
Why should the dead tree rattle the spring,  
—A might and a withering thing!

How bleak—how bleak that home to gain,  
And clamber in that smoking sleep,  
From whom we never rise to pain,  
—Nor ever walk to weep!  
—To win my way from the tempter's room,  
—And lay me down on the golden shore!

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

### THE "GENTLE" PIGEONS.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY DOUGLAS JERRALD.

(Continued.)

It was noontime on the day of Pigeon's transgression when Captain Albatross and Mrs. Captain Albatross called to welcome the happy pair. Nothing could be more provoking—and nothing could more strongly illustrate the theory of Susan that every master of a house has somewhere upon town his perplexing double, his fatal similitude,—than the positive assertion of the Captain that Pigeon had on the previous night been seen with some lady, in some box, at some theatre. Mrs. Pigeon believed the story with all the bigotry of the fondest of wives. "I tell you, my love," cried Pigeon, "it must be somebody like me." "Impossible," replied the wife, "impossible! Samuel, there can be nobody like you." As Mrs. Pigeon made this flattering declaration, a prolonged knock struck through the house: a sense of danger made the couple forget a present quarrel in their common anxiety for preservation. "We can't be at home," exclaimed Mrs. Pigeon. "Certainly not," said the husband—"I would affront the Albatrosses for ever!"

"It is only a lady come to see the apartments," said Susan; for the Pigeons, as yet a small family, had determined upon hospitably giving up a part of their house to any respectable person in search of shelter.

"Are you sure she's a stranger?" asked Mrs. Pigeon. "You've not seen her in the neighbourhood?"

"She looks from the country, Ma'am," said Susan.

"I'll see her," said Mrs. Pigeon; and she forthwith descended to the parlour, where a lady of some fifty years old, possessing a beauteous aspect considerably brightened by green spectacles, awaited her coming.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Pigeon?" asked the lady, to the consternation of the wife, who, ere she could reply, was informed by the visitor that she "was very well known to her aunt Figgins." Here was a dilemma! for it so happened that the Figginses were people whose strict observance of the general, and whose contempt of any of their dearest friends and acquaintances who might lapse into accidental vulgarity, rendered them of especial importance in the eyes of the new-made wife. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Pigeon?" This was a home-thrust; and yet, how graciously did Mrs. Pigeon reply!

"Mrs. Pigeon, on her marriage, went to Brighton that is little more than a fortnight since."

"I beg your pardon," remarked the lady in spectacles; "of course, she is out of town. I am told, Madam, she is a very charming woman."

Mrs. Pigeon smiled, and, in a sweet voice, begged the lady to take a chair.

"A very charming woman. Ha!" and here too lady heard, what seemed to Mrs. Pigeon, a commiserating sigh, and she took her green spectacles.

"Bliss me, Madam!" cried the shamed wife, "you surely know nothing of—that is, I understand you wished to look at the apartments?"

"I will be frank with you, Madam," said the ingenuous lady; "that was my excuse."

"Excuse, Madam! Then may I inquire what the real object is—"

"By all means," replied the visitor. "But first tell me, my dear—you are perhaps an early friend of Mrs. Pigeon?"

"Very early, Madam," replied Mrs. Pigeon herself, "I went to school with her."

"And she is charming and handsome and amiable? Ha! I'm very sorry for it," said the lady with evidently deep regret.

"Sorry, Madam? why sorry?"

"To be sure, my dear," said the charitable stranger, "the man may have altered."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the terrified wife, "you don't mean Pigeon?"

"Ha! my love," and here the lady inserted her little finger under her green glass, perhaps to wipe away a tear—"ha! my love, I know what it is to have been thrown away. Though I say it, I was once beautiful." (Mrs. Pigeon cast a suspicious glance at her visitor; had she come to steal the plate?)

"I had a heart that, in its confiding innocence, believed anything." (Why did Susan let such people in?) "I, too, like the hapless Charlotte—"

"Why,—why hapless, Madam?" inquired the wife.

"The interest you take in that young creature," observed the lady with new composure, "does honour to your friendship. Why—why didn't she consult me before she married?"

"I think, Madam, you inferred that Mrs. Pigeon had not the advantage of your acquaintance."

"That is very true," said the benevolent stranger; "my zeal for her welfare, I had entirely forgotten that accident—for I must call it one."

"As I told you, Madam," said the young wife, almost agitated into tears, "I am the most intimate friend Mrs. Pigeon has; if you know anything that concerns her peace of mind, I entreat of you, my dear, dear Madam to divulge it,—if you know anything against her husband—"

"Ha!" and here a sigh was almost deepened to a groan, "ha! that man, but I wouldn't let the dear woman know it—for

now she is married, my love, there's nothing to be gained by making her unhappy before her time; and that I fear will come soon enough."

Mrs. Pigeon suddenly drew her chair away—and looking with a stern, inquiring eye at her visitor, and holding forth her right hand, she exclaimed in a voice of profound conviction—"Pigeon's a wretch!"

The lady stranger took a little gold snuff-box from her pocket, and, calmly feeling either nostril from its pungent contents, made answer—"He is."

"And he—he who seemed so gentle, so kind, so good!" exclaimed the wife.

"It was always his way," answered the visitor, who then abruptly rose, and, performing a curtsy, said, "Madam, I wish you a very good morning."

"But, Madam,—surely you have something more to say respecting the conduct of Mr. Pigeon?" asked his spouse.

"My love," replied the elderly lady, "I might say a great deal; but when you have lived in the world as long as I have, you will know what a thankless task it is to convince people of their unhappiness. Now, my dear, it is enough that you and I know the wickedness of the man; as for Mrs. Pigeon, poor fond soul! were she to see the truth itself, I'll be bound she wouldn't believe it. I presume they'll be in town in another fortnight—I shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon dear Mrs. Pigeon; for, as an intimate friend of the Figginses," and the kind visitor moved towards the door.

"But, Madam," and the anxious wife followed the lady from the room, "may I beg to know any particular case of iniquity?"

"My dear," answered the kind woman, lowering her voice, "I could tell you fifty—but the worst of all was an affair at Tonbridge, where—"

"Yes, Madam—yes, pray stay," for the lady's hand was at the door.

"At Tonbridge, where—"

"At this moment, a loud rattling knock at the door went to the heart of Mrs. Pigeon. They had already been denied to the Albatrosses—to the friend of the Figginses—and they could not be at home to any other visitor. It was a great trial; but Mrs. Pigeon was compelled to sacrifice her feelings as a wife to her feelings for the general, and to hurry back into the parlour, leaving the kind communicative lady in green spectacles to open the street-door. Susan at the same moment ascended to answer the knocker; and Mr. Pigeon, having been brought from the drawing-room by the earnest tones of his wife in the passage, unconsciously called forth—"

"Susan—who's that?"

"Oh! there is somebody at home," cried a voice; and, to the horror of Mrs. Pigeon, who double locked the parlour door, George Tomata, a young gentleman with very great hopes in the India-house, entered the abode of Hymen.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon are at Brighton," said Susan, with the confident face of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"However, Sir," said Mr. Pigeon, descending the stairs—for his heart, from some strange cause, had bounded at the name of Tomata—"however, Sir, if you have anything to communicate that materially concerns Mr. or Mrs. Pigeon, I—"

"Not in the least—no, not at all," answered Tomata, leisurely ascending the stairs, and, with Mr. Pigeon, entering the drawing-room. "So," said Tomata, flinging himself into a chair, "the Pigeons are not come home yet, eh?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon, the day of their marriage," answered Pigeon sofly, "went to Brighton."

"Ha! well, that's not three weeks yet. Its devilish odd why people run away directly they're married—as if they were ashamed of what they've done. However, it's a banishment called for by genteel life, and—of course, Sir, you are intimate with Mr. Pigeon?"

"I have that pleasure, Sir," said Samuel.

"You lodge here, no doubt? Excuse me, although I have not with you the pleasure—and doubtless it is a very great one—of knowing Pigeon, still I am very intimate with his little wife."

"Indeed, Sir—I never heard her name—"

"I dare say not, Sir; I dare say not. Oa, very intimate; we were petitioners together. Baby companions, Sir—baby companions. Used to bite the same pear."

"Really, Sir," and Pigeon shifted in his seat—"I was not aware of so early and so delicate a connexion between yourself and Mrs. Pigeon."

"We were to have been married; yes, I may say, the wedding-day was over the first joint of her finger."

"And pray, Sir," asked Pigeon with a face of crimson, "pray, Sir, what accident may have drawn the ring off again?"

"You see, Sir," said George Tomata, arranging his hair by an opposite mirror, "my prospects lay in India—in India, Sir. Now, Lotty—"

"Who, Sir?" exclaimed Pigeon, wrathfully.

"Charlotte," answered Tomata. "I used to call her Lotty, and she—she!—she used to call me Loveapple—you may judge how far we were both gone. For when a woman plays tricks with a man's name, you may be sure she begins to look upon it as her future property. As a friend of her husband, do you know what she was accustomed to call Pigeon?"

"Pigeon, Sir,—of course, Pigeon," replied the husband.

"Never cared for him, then, depend upon it; otherwise she'd have turned Pigeon into Turtle-dove, Pouter, Tumbler, and twenty other pretty things. True tenderness, Sir, deals in synonyms."

"You are always right, Sir, no doubt," observed Pigeon. "But you were about to state the particular hindrance to your marriage with—"

"To be sure. Lotty, as I was going to observe, was a nice little sugar-plum—a very nice little sugar-plum—as you will doubtless allow."

It was with some difficulty that Pigeon possessed himself of sufficient coolness to admit the familiar truth of the simile; he however allowed the wife of his bosom to be "a nice little sugar-plum."

"Very nice, indeed; but I saw it—I felt convinced of it, and the truth went like twenty daggers to my soul; but I discovered—"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Pigeon, "discovered what?"

"That her complexion," replied Tomata, beautiful as it was, would not stand Tricamalee."

"And was that your sole objection to the match?" inquired Pigeon solemnly.

"I give you my honour as a gentleman, that I had no other motive for breaking of the marriage. Sir, I should have despised myself if I had; for, as I have observed, Sir, we were both gone—very far gone, indeed."

"No doubt, Sir," answered Pigeon, baring to avow himself. "But, as a friend of Mr. Pigeon's, allow me to assure you that the lady was not found too far gone to admit of perfect recovery."

"I'm glad of it—very glad of it; hope it is so. By-the-way, what sort of a fellow is Pigeon? Had Pigeon in London—only came up yesterday—I should have looked into the match before it took place. Lotty could expect no less of me. What kind of an animal is this Pigeon?"

"Kind of an animal, Sir?" stammered Pigeon. "Why, Sir, he—"

"Ha! that will do," said the abrupt Tomata; "as you're his friend, I'll not press you on the point. Poor Lotty! sacrificed, I see."

"What do you mean by sacrificed, Sir?" boomed Pigeon. "sacrificed!"

"I can perceive at once the kind of log the poor girl is chained to;" and Tomata mourn-