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ORIGINAL POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]

THOUGHTS.

How strong we are, when every worldly thing
In beauty round us brightly seems to glow
Within our hearts, like garners, gathering
All fabled buds in pleasure's fields that grow:
Till, fraught with rich delight, the heart's glow
In deepest joy, forgetting Him who best,
And deeming that to every shaft of woe
We bear impervious armour in our breast,
Even the strong soul,—and thus secure to pride
We rest.

But when in sighs, and tears, and grief grown old,
The shattered heart grows tremulously frail,
And those high faculties once firm and bold,
Now droop in misery's waters, drop and fall,
And the stummed soul is wrapp'd within a veil
Of blinding anguish, clasping it in night,—
And, bowed to dust, prone gasps a feeble wail,
And o'er the spirit in its prostrate plight,
Entranced into stern Despair, to crush, and bind,
and blight.

Then prove the strength of unassisted Mind,
Then bid it burst the bonds that bind to earth,
Draw back within, and there a refuge find
No pang can reach, no woe of men have birth,
In vigor send Thought's high resources forth,
To grapple with the storm, and smile at pain,—
Ah! thou wilt find how impotent their worth,
When, crushed and quelled, they strive, and strain
To heave their weight of woe, and burst their cloy-
ing chain.

Poor man! so proud, and adim'd, how fast
Of intellect, most noble born of God!
Yet how, when by external evil bow'd,
High Thoughts will sink and tremble head!
Now doth his speech us of the native soil,
How stir the heart with paintings for the time
When we shall cast aside the diadem of crime,
And Mind be free, and passion lose its crime,
And soul unweild before its God—unsaid, sublim'd!

Oh! that the hour were come, the glorious hour,
When we shall spring from frailty, doubt, and fear,
When Mind shall prove at length its innate power,
And all be known we wish and hope for here.
What joy in God! True joy is knowledge clear,
And Him we all shall know as we are known—
Revealed, the Infinite will then appear,
No spot his home, no highest star his throne,
But, purged from sin and guilt, the spirit would be
own.

A. G. L.

THE COUNT AND THE COUSIN.

BY MRS. KEMURV.

"Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?" said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the City Hotel.

"That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles," said Horace; "really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognise your nearest of kin."

"You forget Horace, that when I last saw Adelaide, she was a lively little hoyden, scarcely ten years old; the lapse of seven years makes a wondrous difference to a lady whatever it may do to a gentleman."

"Nay if so," began to discuss Time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his fire. Who, in that bronzed complexion, his late visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-checked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship, some seven years ago. But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?"

"Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The old pronunciation of my German name having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Statley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return incognito, and I thought I would honor the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognise me. I arrived last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Horace, did not at first know me."

"Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of

brush-wood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?"

"Certainly not longer than suits my present purpose, Horace. When I was in Germany, I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—because every body else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them the fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagged a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me 'bearded like the pard.'"

"Nay, if you like them," said Horace, laughing, "you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers."

"I have no desire to win ladies' favor by wearing an unshaven face," answered Charles. "But pray Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin."

"She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person, but she has one great fault; like the most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for every thing foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has declared me the repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American."

"What is it that your fair countrywomen so much admire in their foreign lovers?" asked Charles.

"Oh, they say there is a polish and elegance of manner belonging to the—of which I have had some intimate friends have recently—of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."

"If she were to marry a western farmer," said Charles, with a smile, "she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles."

"Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl," replied Horace, "and I wish she could be cured of her folly."

"If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured."

Horace shook his head.
"Come and dine with me, Horace; be careful to tell me one of my arrivals, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Moscatel, if you are not too fashionable to drink it."

The windows of Mr. Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street, while the music heard at intervals led to the gaping crowd collected about the door, that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white ermine, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy. "Cousin Horace," she exclaimed, as she saw her favorite cousin enter the room, "you have not been here these three days?" and then, in a lower tone, she added, "Who was that splendid Don Whiskerando with whom I saw you walking yesterday?"

Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room: "Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer."

The blood mounted into Adelaide's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel a little uncomfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to show her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee

and a diamond band looping up the elegant champagne which encumbered his arm. After some minutes, she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well-shaped; his eyes were very bright, but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American bill-rounder. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly; not with the stiff, awkward manner of an American, who always seems half-ashamed of the undignified part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step, and grace of motion, perfectly unrivalled. Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand, as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a beating cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too much excited for sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast-table, (a duty she never neglected,) it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed.

"These late hours will kill you, my child," said he, as he kissed her forehead; "I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I shall send for Dr. —."

So saying, he stepped into his carriage and drove to his counting-room, where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Adelaide's speech, and only entered the door, he recollected Adelaide's exhausted looks.

"Poor child," murmured he, "I wonder how she is?"

A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room, and the sight of her radiant countenance, looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between Cousin Horace and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

Mr. Walsingham, in common with most Americans of the olden time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. "If they are real lords," he used to say, "they don't want my daughter, and if they are not real lords, my daughter don't want them." His notions of the Teutonic character were founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters were associated in his mind with every thing German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew.

"Glad to see you, Horace—couldn't speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way, boy," drawing him aside, "who is that hairy-looking fellow?"

"That is Count Pfeiffenhammer, uncle."

"Count Pfeiffenhammer! well, the Germans have certainly an odd fancy in names. Pray, what is his business?"

"Business!" said Horace, laughing; "why, his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality."

"Principality!—judge!—a few barren acres with half a dozen mud hovels on it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace—it won't do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility, if it were not for your sake."

"Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give you my word you shall not repent your kindness."

Every day saw the Count paying his devoirs to the lovely Adelaide, and always framing some very winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful

specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when professed by a rich young nobleman, who wore such splendid whiskers, and of all the aspirants after ladies' smiles, Adelaide soon began to discover that, when the Count was present, time flew on eagles' wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing-room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which he was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home, and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was ever her attendant.

A feeling of gratified vanity probably added the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the raillery of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide," said he, "now you must indulge one of mine. Adapt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry—my name was transmitted to me unsullied by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the declaration of independence, and no emphyotized foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her American father."

Adelaide obeyed her father's will, but she did not neglect her own heart. She was almost too true to her own researches, when she found that she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.

"I wish he were an American," sighed she; "and yet, if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are!—how much feeling there is in all he says and does!"

Then Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird—she dreaded his power, yet she could not withhold herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact that the manners of the Count too were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant, he had gradually become the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she kindly felt that in exposing her own peace of mind she had also risked the loss of his.

This state of things could not long exist without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her buoyant heart had lost its glow, and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation always love to hear, which Adelaide was in no need for gayety. The Count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke the topics of his various adventures—of his personal feelings—and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The Count gazed earnestly upon her, then seizing her hand and clasping it closely between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the Count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach she attempted to answer him. Excessively but frankly, she stated her father's ob-

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