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Dorothy.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Child, amidst the flowers at play
While the red light fades away,
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave,
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee,
Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band,
Monner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone,
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee,
Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathless now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly sick,
Weeping on his burial pile,
Ye that triumph, yet that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

THE HERMIT OF SAINT MAURICE.

From the Literary Garland.

(Concluded.)

Noon was passed, and the gale swept on with unabated fury, and I stood upon the deck, straining my eyes to the threatening shore, against which it seemed as if we would be every moment dashed. But, ha! the rocks were passed, and human habitation met mine eye. I gazed—it was the hamlet where my unblest boyhood was wasted, and as we neared the point where the stream joined its parent sea, I became familiar with its waters. I seized the helm, and strove to guide the vessel to the river's mouth, but the hope my action fed was but the offspring of a moment. The vessel struck a hidden rock—filled, tottered for a moment, fell over and was a wreck.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave."
A moment more, and every living thing was swept from the sinking bark; and the wild death shriek—the prayers for mercy were heard over the beetling waters. Some there were who vainly struggled, protesting the period of their pain—some sank placidly to the opening grave, and were seen no more—while some struck out with futile effort to meet a frail skiff that danced over the wave in a vain attempt to rescue the perishing victims of the storm.

It was sport to me to stem the dashing waters, and when all had sunk, I pushed towards the advancing skiff, and rose over the wave, till a few strokes would have brought me to her side, when a sudden pang struck through my frame, and I sank beneath the waters.

This was a blank in my existence—how long I know not—but when remembrance came, I was tended by gentle hands in the Castle of Loricade, and a mourning eye was bent over my sunken and hollow cheek. I had been lifted insensibly from the water, and borne to this castle. Its lord was absent, having some days previously left England for the continent, distracted with the rumour of his son's death, and he knew not that I was an inmate of his ancestral hall; nor had he mentioned to his daughter the rumour of her loved brother's untimely end.

Here, were memory my slave, it should linger forever; but even as the hours fled, so does their remembrance, and I must follow where I cannot lead. My health soon regained its wonted tone, tended as I was by the hands of Clara of Loricade, and hour after hour saw us by each other's side. The lover chosen by her father was forgotten, or remembered only to be hated. She knew not yet of her brother's death, and I could not check the current of her happiness by avowing my share in his unhappy end. Nay, in her presence, even I forgot life. Love it was that gave the spring to all our thoughts, and the thrilling ecstasy in which soul was bathed, was a reward too rich for centuries of misery.

The cup of happiness, it is true, was not unquenched. Every moment was fraught with dan-

ger. Should the Baron return, I could not hope to escape the vengeance he would claim for the death of his son. But even life was deemed a light stake, when waged for the heaven in which I moved. In my breast passion was ever master, and love was then the master-passion.

Letters came. The Baron was about to leave the continent for his ancestral home; but yet he mentioned not the sad bereavement under which he suffered. Perhaps he feared to trust the tale to any lip less cautious than his own. He spoke, however, of his daughter's marriage as necessary to his happiness, and begged that she would no longer oppose his will. I saw the letter, and read in it that those days of joy must cease—that I must soon be loathed as the murderer of that brother whose death rendered it imperative that she should wed with one she could never look upon with even a friendly eye. Struggling with feelings under which my frame shook, I could resist no more.

"It was fate, and I obeyed the mandate." "Clara," I cried, falling at her feet, "I cannot look on thee, and feel that the light must pass forever from mine eyes, and live. Thou lovest me—thy lip hath spoken it, and my soul hath been steeped in the blissful knowledge; thou hast no sympathy with the gilded trappings of heartless grandeur—the treasure of thy heart is love. Wilt thou be mine? Mad as thou mayest deem me, again I say, wilt thou be mine? Well I know that I have ought to offer that may compensate for what thou wouldst forego; but oh, Clara! may we not be happy far away from a cold world with which thou hast no fellowship? Can we not form to ourselves a world, peopled with images of un fading joy—where, blessing and blessed, should that play around our pillows. Say, dearest, shall it be thus, and I will worship thee forever."

Her only answer was a gush of passionate tears.

"Oh, do not torture me," I continued, "with these bitter tears. If I have offended, spurn me from my presence—bid me be gone for ever—though my heart break, its last effort will be to obey thy will. But think how doubly miserable must be my lonely fate, now that I have learned to dream of heaven—dreams only the echo of my waking thoughts of thee."

"I urge me no more," she answered; "wait till my father's coming—he may, perhaps, sacrifice something to obtain his daughter's peace."

"Nay, Clara, I cannot, I must not, wait thy sire's return. Be mine! or I must go forth a homeless wanderer; for what, without thee, is the world but a dungeon which my soul loathes—with thee, what is there that will not bend to my unyielding will? Be mine! and we shall be rich—for in each other's love will be our treasure! We shall be best—for such true affection cannot be the harbinger of less than happy hours."

My arm was now around her, and she did not chide, and I exclaimed, with a heart aching from very rapture.

"I feel thy pulses throb against mine own, and thou dost not shrink from my embrace—then art I lost indeed!"
I must hurry on: for memory dwelling on these brighter spots, renders the gloom of a yet darker hue. We're it not so, it were vain to speak again the words that soothed away the maiden's scruples. Her consent was won. An answer was chosen by a sire who never sought his child's affection, never yet was more than a feather, weighed in the balance against one breathing passion at a maiden's feet, although her choice might win that father's frown. "Twas so with Clara. Passion triumphed—and SHE WAS MINE."

We were wed at my nurse's cottage, and a smile, as of fierce revenge played over the features of the wretched hag, when she saw me—miserable as I had ever been—indissolubly bound to the Baron's daughter. I questioned nothing. I was too happy in the possession of the beautiful Clara. It seemed however as if the aim of the old crone's life was over; she became daily more weak, and her withered features wore the pallid impress of

death, although she yet breathed, and in a state of speechless insensibility, lingered on until I had left my native land for ever.

I will drop a veil over the few short days in which I and my bride were all in all to each other. I knew that every hour was big with danger to the happiness of the gentle being whose fate was linked with mine, and I was busy with preparations for our departure, that we might go far from the Baron's ken, that she might never feel the scathing blight which would have withered up the spring of every joy, had she but dreamed of her brother's death—slain, though unwillingly, by her husband's hate, and a bark was chartered to carry us far away to a new and unknown world.

Another day, and we should have been on the broad waters. We sat together, with hearts too full to find utterance in words. My thoughts were, however, of happiness—the true happiness of love—which we might share, where there were none to look upon us with the cold eye of scorn. The face of my young wife was turned towards mine, and it was sad—I would not that it had been less so, for she had left the home endeared to her by so many ties, and she might never again look upon the face of her kindred. She tried to smile; but the effort faded, and tears started from her swimming eye. So wrapt had we been in sad reflection that, unheard, a carriage drew up, and the door was burst open. The Baron of Loricade entered the cottage, followed by several of his retainers. Clara started, and clung closer to me, for there was a dark frown upon his brow, although grief had left its traces there.

"It is thou so," he said. "Miserable girl, knowest the wretchedness of thine own fate—"

"My Lord, say," I cried, interrupting him. "Your daughter deserves your pity—the reproach is mine. Nay, my lord, look not so forbearingly—I can defend her against even a father's rage."

His features were literally convulsed with excessive emotion, and Clara terrified, hid her face in my breast.

"Thou clingest to him," he exclaimed; then indeed, it is time that thou shouldst learn how very a wretch thou art. Know, girl, that he upon whose breast thou leanest, is thy brother's murderer—that he is him; if thy father's son!"

"And had I then found a father?" The question that rose to my lip remained unspoken there, for the face of my wife was overspread with the livid pallour of death, and falling prostrate on the earth, she called her sire to stay these cruel words. He was silent, and she, the reason of a my bowdlerized gaze, the dreadful truth of her father's tale, fell on the earth—her heart broken within her, and with a murmured prayer for forgiveness to him who had wrought such ruin, her gentle spirit winged its flight to heaven.

Horror and sorrow were alike forgotten in the madness that raged in my boiling veins. "Hoary villain!" I almost shrieked, "have I indeed drank of life from a source like thee? I have long owed thee a debt of vengeance, and now I see the murder of thy child—my sister-wife—both overthrown the already brimming chalice. Die! villain, die! Thou shalt not live to exult in successful crime," and I sprang towards him with a tiger's bound. A moment more, and when my course was arrested by a stunning blow from one of his retainers who stood beside him.

I know no more, until I awoke from a long delirium upon the mountain wave, and when memory returned, I learned that I had been borne on board by the followers of the Baron of Loricade, who deemed it better that a tale so coupled with disgrace and crime, should be forgotten in the tomb of its victims. A sealed packet lay beside me, and its contents were these—

"Boy! thou has been my curse, but I blame not thee. At thy hands I have well deserved it. Thy mother was young and beautiful, but she was poor. I was high-born, wealthy and a debauchee. I wooed her, not as an honored

bride, but as the plaything of my passion, and she was mine. For months we lived together; thou wert the offspring of our guilt. It became necessary that I should wed, and a lovely heiress was the prize at which I aimed; and that day which saw her mine, saw thy mother a corpse upon my threshold. Thou wert then a helpless infant, and I gave thee to the keeping of a former victim. Her hate may have been the offspring of revenge. I traced thy history for a year, and her name and name, give the first hint of thy paternity. I learned what had passed between thee and thy sister from an accidental loiterer in the wood of Loricade, and it was that gave rise to my anxiety for thy departure from thy native village. Destiny sent thee back to work my ruin, and to avenge thy mother's wrong. She is revenged! and if I live, it is but to spend the rest of life in penance for the past. I cannot call thee son, and I wear mockery to wish thee blest, yet do I pray for thy forgiveness. Boy, fare well."

I lived through all! It seemed as if night could break a heart longing after annihilation. Thrice have I essayed to rob myself of life, and three times hath fate snatched me from the doom for which I prayed. I will essay no more. Better is it that I should suffer, as I now do, with a seared heart and a burning brain, the meet of guilt so dire—Should this scroll ever meet a human eye, it will be when the hand that traced it is bleached in death—let it be read as the outpouring of a raving maniac, when reason partially illumined his darkened soul.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

It is said to be in contemplation to establish a British line of steam-packets between Liverpool and New Orleans.

It is in contemplation to erect ten additional churches in the poorer parts of the borough of Birmingham.

In the presence of 78 persons in London, a parcel of tags were recently taken, made into paper, six 1/2, and printed on in five minutes. When this celebrity becomes universal, loafers must dodge paper mills, or their ragged vestments will be whipped off and tucked under their noses in the shape of a hand-bill advertising vagrants, before they know it.

An individual recently deceased in the interior of the State of New-York, has left \$5000 to the Tailoresses and Seamstresses Society of Philadelphia, to be paid in annual instalments of \$1000. It is stated that the heirs will dispute the will.

A man in Baltimore has invented a firing machine by means of a kite, 375 feet long and 125 broad, which is propelled by steam.

Six days after a man's arrival in Texas, he is subject to military duty, and may be drafted to fight the Indians.

The number of Indians in Texas is computed at 220,000, of whom 40,000 are warriors. France has 32,000,000 of population, but there are only 300,000 voters in the whole country.

France has 11 ships of the line, first class, 126 guns each; 23 of second class, 90 guns each; 23 third class, 82 guns each. This forms a total of 57 ships, nearly every one of them built since 1818. Besides this France has 40 frigates, first class, each of 60 thirty-six pounders; 15 frigates, third class, each of 39 guns; 10 frigates, fourth class, of 26; 24 corvettes, each from 20 to 32 guns; 15 gun-brigs, 27 steamers, the majority of 160 horse power, and each of them well armed. In her arsenals there are nearly 3000 guns and cartridges for the naval service, enough to fit out 54 ships of the line, 20 frigates and 20 corvettes. Every ship of the line is provided with four howitzer cannon, 50 pounders called a *la Pharon*. Every frigate of the first class is to have two of 80; steamboats of 160 horse power, three of 90; frigates of the second and third classes sloops and brigades of 80. All the vessels above enumerated are, we are assured by one perfectly competent to form a judgment, fit for immediate service, and may be set afloat, fully manned and equipped in six weeks.