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POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]

THE GLOAMING HOUR.

There's glory when the blaze of day,
Shines brightly thro' the sky,
And gorgeous clouds in wist array,
Go swiftly doting by;
There's splendour where the pale moonlight
Streams o'er the winter scene;
And gilds the sheaf'd landscape bright,
With silver smile serene;
There's beauty in the halcyon star,
That comes in mackintosh form,
To shed its trem'ling rays afar
Across the charmed earth;
But Oh, give me the gloaming hour,
When, damp with gathering dew,
The rays the fading hour
All blend in dusky hue;
The calming twilight hour of rest,
When thoughts of vanished years
Come thickly crowding in the breast,
To fill the eye with tears.
To flood the eye with precious tears,
For griefs and pleasures both;
To summon up from yon four years
The distant and the dead;
To wander o'er the parting train
That rolls on Scotia's shore,
And be with those dear friends again,
We never shall gaze on more;
To roam along the ocean strand,
And mark the billow's swell
Roll onward, to embrace the land
We loved, and love as well;
To stray along the sacred plain
Where rest the holy brass,
With those we pine to see in vain,
The tenants of the grave;
O, chase the bright and gaily day,
Or close the silent eve,
When moon and star with silver ray
Their robe of radiance weave;
The sweetest hour of all that's here,
O'er beings troubled sea,
Hour, when the heart has reached her goal,
When memory's magic wraps the soul,
The gloaming hour for me? A. G. L.

WEALTH AND FASHION.

[CONCLUDED.]

"You are distracted," said her sisters, "what does all this mean?" "Look!" she exclaimed, pointing with her white satin shoe the case that lay on the carpet. Fanny picked it up; it contained a pair of pearl earrings and a pin, neither remarkable for their richness or beauty. "They are very pretty," said Fanny, "shall I put them into your ears?" Another burst of tears followed. "You will render yourself unfit to be seen; and what will Mr. Burrell think?" "I care not what he thinks." Violent passion soon relieves itself. Caroline began to reflect upon his house, his equipage, his fashion and wealth, and grew elated; but with a tact for which she was remarkable, she determined to wear no ear-rings that evening. Composing her countenance, and again arranging her orange blossoms, she descended to the admiring bridegroom. "It is all in vain," said she, "to try; I cannot wear the ear-rings; I must have my ears prepared for them." Her flushed cheeks and swollen eyes bore testimony to the pain she had suffered in trying to force them through her ears. Her lover assured her she wanted no ornament in his eyes, and that he had never fancied ear-rings. "There is a style of dress, however," said Caroline, "that is consistent with ones rank in life. I hope I shall always dress in such a manner as to do you honour." "Sweet creature!" exclaimed the bridegroom, kissing her hand. Caroline turned away with disgust, and sad misgivings came over her. In one hour the ceremony had passed, and bridal visitors began to throng. Perhaps among all these

was not one less happy than the beautiful bride; the two great objects for which she had as yet been toiling were still unaccomplished, pin money and diamonds.

The next morning at ten, the equipage was at the door; the bride took leave of her family, and was handed into her carriage by the bridegroom; the coach with his four boys and out-riders, disappeared, like Cinderella's equipage, and all at Mr. Warner's returned to its usual state of domestic quiet.

It is said by some sensible person, that we become more acquainted with people in three days travel, than a years stationary residence.

The first day, the new married couple were very conversible. The bridegroom described his house and furniture, told how much he gave for every article, and they rolled smoothly on. The second day, conversation flagged a little. Caroline began to complain of being "shut up," said how tedious it was to journey, and at last proposed letting down the green shades, which had been closed at the express desire of the gentleman, who was much troubled with an inflammation in the eyes. "Certainly my love, if you desire it," said he, but without making any movement to assist her efforts. After some time she accomplished her purpose, let down the shades at the window, and, putting her head out declared "it was delightful to breathe the fresh air." "Oh, not the window, my love," said Mr. Burrell, gently drawing her towards him, and pulling it up. "I cannot permit you to endanger your precious health; the air is very cold; you don't consider it is the third of November," and he wrapped his wadded silk coat round him. "I am not the least afraid of taking cold," said she; "I must have it down. I shall die to ride so shut up."

"To be honest," replied he, "if you are not afraid, I am." "Oh, that is quite another affair," said Caroline; "I suppose I have nothing to do but obey."

It seemed as if the bridegroom thought the same, for in a few moments he said, "this light is insupportable," and he drew up the shades. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the bride, "am I to ride all day to-day shut up as I was yesterday?" "Perhaps you will take a little nap my love; I always sleep a great deal when I ride." "I am not so fortunate," returned she. "Every thing depends upon the carriage in which you travel. I had it built on purpose for my comfort."

"So it seems," replied Caroline. "It is finished in the most thorough manner; it cost nearly three thousand dollars; my horses cost twenty five hundred more; there is not perhaps a handsomer team in New York. You travelled in a very different style from this when you went on and returned last fall and this spring." "Very different," said Caroline, and she thought of the gay and animated party in the stage-coach, and the pleasant variety on board the steam boat, and notwithstanding the style in which she was travelling heartily wished she could exchange the mode.

"Pray try to get a little nap, my love; nothing shortens the way like sleep," and the bridegroom drew from the pockets of the carriage a travelling cap, took off his hat, and put on his cap, and went back. In a very short time he gave evident signs of being asleep. Nothing could have been less interesting to a young bride than her present contemplations. There is a relaxation in the muscles in sleep, by no means favourable to age; the falling under lip, the strongly marked lines of the countenance, the drooping corners of the mouth, the imminent risk of losing his balance, first on one side, than on the other; the danger too that Caroline's French had incurred by his sudden inclinations towards her; all this was not calculated to improve the already ruffled temper of the young lady.

"And I am to pass my life with this being," thought she. "Were Benson in his place, how animated, how pleasant, would be his conversation! after all there is nothing like mind; nothing at least, but wealth and fashion. Thank heaven! I have secured

these, and these will command every thing. I wish this may be the last journey we shall take together."

Let us pass over the remainder of this odious journey, and behold Caroline in her new abode.

Her vain but penurious husband bought for her—but only as a loan—a brilliant set of diamonds, with which she appeared at one of her earliest evening parties. The evening was one of triumph; all the beauty and fashion of the City were congregated. Caroline saw her diamonds reflected from mirrors on all sides, but still the thought intruded, "they are not mine." Invitations poured in; she was the evening and morning star of fashion. At length she wrote to Horace, "I have accomplished my object; all the rank that one can obtain in this country, I possess; I hold in my hand the keystone of the arch—Wealth and Fashion." Caroline, however, had too much intellect to be long blind to the degree of estimation in which she was held. She soon perceived that her husband was laughed at, and that she was pitied rather than envied. It was true she had all the outward signs of homage, but every thing about her was mockery. There is no tyranny like that of the weak. Burrell regarded her only as an appendage to himself; she found him selfish, ostentatious, and mean. In vain she strove to obtain the attention of her desires, pin money. Like herself, he considered wealth power, and not a particle would he trust out of his hands; this was a source of constant altercation.

After the novelty of showing a handsome wife was over, Burrell began to feel the want of his bachelor habits; he liked whist clubs, and supper parties better than soirees and picnics. The privation of his company was no annoyance to his wife; but when he no longer entered into her mode of visiting, or her amusements, he thought them unnecessary, and complained of so much useless expense. Every thing, in his view, was useless, except what contributed to his pleasure. Caroline had gone on accumulating debts, without looking forward to any payment. Those incurred before her marriage were still unsettled, the same tradespeople were happy to supply her to any amount; and as a request for money always produced a scene, she acquired the constant habit of running up bills.

Where now were her brilliant prospects? She was either alone, or in a crowded circle, or what was still worse, alone with Burrell. Among all the circle of fashion, she possessed not one real friend. Mrs. Ellison was as heartless as Caroline, without her talents. Often her thoughts reverted to her own home, the abode of her childhood, and she felt that in the depths and fullness of domestic love, there was even more power than wealth can bestow. In one of those fits of musing which occur to every rational mind, a letter was brought to Caroline; she opened it, and found it was from Horace, informing her that the favourite wish of his heart was now accomplished; Benson was after, all that had passed, to become his brother, and that the day was appointed for the marriage to take place between him and Fanny.

"My predictions with regard to him," he added, "are fast fulfilling; he is attaining eminence in his profession. I am commissioned by my parents, as well as the parties, to request that you and Mr. Burrell will come on to the nuptials. They are to be private, and without show; but it is pleasant for families to congregate on these occasions. You need have no apprehension about Benson; he views your former engagement with him much in the same light as you do, one most happily set aside." With what anguish was this letter perused!

There was still, however, a pleasure in the idea of going in style to the humble nuptials of her sister. When Mr. Burrell entered, she informed him of the invitation. "Go and welcome," said he, "but don't ask me." "Shall I travel with two horses or four?" "Oh, four by all means; the stage coach is the best way of travelling." "You surely do

not mean to let your wife go in the public stage?" "Why not?—it is the way in which she was accustomed to travel before we became acquainted." "Mr. Burrell, it would be disgraceful to you to suffer me to travel in that manner." "Then stay at home; the carriage and horses, I suppose you will allow are mine; I had the carriage built for my own convenience; and I am going a journey next month, and shall want it. It is much better for you to go in the style of your family." "This is intolerable," said Caroline, with a vehemence that sometimes overcame her usual tact; "to be the wife of a man that is worth millions, and derive no advantage from his wealth." "Is it no advantage, madam, to live in a house like this, to visit in the first circles, and to wear diamonds when you please?" "None," said she, the truth forcing its way, "compared to what I relinquished." "And pray madam, what did you relinquish?" "What you, had you lavished upon me all the wealth, to which, as your wife, I am entitled, could never have procured myself approbation!"

We sometimes from habit, or want of thought, rely too much upon the obtuseness of minds that we estimate lowly. This was the case with Caroline. She in several instances suffered her disgust or indignation to vent itself in words, of which she did not realise the strength. The undisciplined and unprepared scorpion whips for themselves. Her ill disguised contempt and aversion first broke down the common barriers of forbearance; and when her husband became convinced that she had no affection for him, he heartily repaid her aversion. Scenes of accusation and retort followed. Burrell assured her she had full permission to return to her boasted home, and remain as long as she pleased. Caroline replied that it was the first wish of her heart; but, as his wife, she was entitled to a suitable maintenance. It would be painful and useless to detail the low altercations that followed, before a paltry pittance was granted. It may easily be imagined in what manner they parted, and with what sensations she returned to her early home. In one sense she had accomplished all for which she had panted—wealth, fashion, and diamonds; and her present allowance she was at liberty to dignify by the name of pin money. The morning before her departure, she gave orders to a servant to desire her creditors to send in their bills to Mr. Burrell the ensuing week. His rage may easily be imagined, when they poured in upon him; but after consulting gentlemen of the law, he concluded to pay them.

Caroline arrived in season to witness the nuptials of her sister. What a contrast to her own! For the first time, she felt, that if there is a paradise on earth, it is formed by mutual affection. How could she help comparing Benson, in all the grace of youthful intellect and manly beauty, to Burrell! The thought was agony, and, unable to command her tears, she flew to her chamber. Horace followed her, and begged for admission. "My dear brother," said she, "I return to you an altered creature. I detest the very sound of wealth and fashion, and I perfectly despise my own folly in supposing there could be happiness in either. I only wish now to forget all that has passed, and I hope you will forget it too." "No, Caroline, I cannot forget it, nor do I wish you to forget the past. If we rightly remember our errors, they become eventually sources of improvement. Do not strive to banish wholesome reflection, but convert it to its best purposes, moral discipline. I am sure," said Caroline, "I have had enough of discipline since I married, and I don't see that I am at all the better for it."

"There is no magical power in discipline that compels us to improve," said Horace; "but it is our own fault if we do not accept improvement from lessons of suffering and disappointment." "I have learnt nothing by it," again repeated Caroline. "I think you have; you have learnt that wealth and fashion can, in themselves alone, confer no happiness; and that the only nobility worth possessing, is derived from talent and virtue."

