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ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Literary Transcript.)

LEGEND OF THE ISIAMGOMI.

The Isiamgomi, or Long Lake, is in the Country of the Saguenay. The rock mentioned in the tradition is still a conspicuous object.

He that is weary of the din and toil
Of towns and commerce, let him go abroad
And ramble through the wilderness awhile,
And ease his spirits of their anxious load.
Let his dulled eye behold the amber sod,
The leaf-strewn brook, the still, secluded lake,
Skirted with wild white roses, where hath trod
None save the forest-ranger; this will break
His stubborn apathy, his better nature wake.

Deep is the week-day stillness of a church;
Deep is the stillness of an Eastern town,
Where the long grass grows rankly at each porch,
And pestilence, in few short days, hath mown
What time, in years, would not have stricken down:
Deep is the stillness of a desert cell,
Of ruins, with the rust of ages brown;
Of Isles, wherein no living creature dwells,
And nought the calm disturbs, save the long surges' swell.

But deeper is the solemn hush that broods,
Like the low whispering of a dream, among
The shadows of the patriarchal woods;
As if the spell of some old spirit hung
Thereon, and bound their many-tongued tongues,
The glossy birch, like column smooth and clean,
The arching boughs, from stately maple hung,
The dim soft light, the aërial sombre green,
All ebb at the willing sense, and wear a temple's mien.

A spacious temple, where the unchecked eye
Through high and far-diverging vaults may see;
An ancient temple, where all lives to die,
And dies to nourish some fresh-springing tree:
A lasting temple—No, this may not be:
The tide of civilization rolls along
With ruthless haste, and stern utility
Small silence soon the low, delicious song
Of the wood-elves that sit the forest-glades among.

But if this show of vegetative life
Fatigue the eyesight, it may find repose
In the stern brake, blackened with the strife
Of wind and flame, when the red surge arose
Blasting alike the pine-tree and the rose,
Chill sense of desolation! Naught is here
But sharp & naked stumps; the dull breeze blows
With a strange sound of sullenness and fear,
Making the tall weeds nod, like plumes upon a spear.

Far other are the scenes which gild the deep,
Bright Isiamgomi! Thy waters sleep
Most tranquilly beneath the sheltering lee
Of pine- and hilly, that rise, in awful sweep,
Mount above mount, a wild, Titanic heap.
Thou walonest the mind, with spell of might,
To many passions: we could almost weep,
Standing beside thee in the cold starlight,
And thinking of dear friends, who rest in coffin'd night.

In sunny day, thy view is to the heart,
A pure and wholesome wealth of cheerfulness,
Making the pulse with quickened rapture start,
And spirit glow with strong desire to bless.
In gloom and storm, deep is the silence
With which we hear the thunder's voice of dread
Shout through each glen and cavernous recess,
While clouds come trooping through each mountain-head,
And thou liest far below, unruddled, leaden, dead!

There is a rock, precipitous and bare,
On the lake's northern shore. At distance spied,
It bears the aspect of a bird of air,
Vast, lone, and brooding by the water-side.
The spell of old tradition doth abide
On that bare cliff, whose touching loneliness brings
A dimness to the eye for him who would find
Thereon, whose heart hath yearned for undisturbed things,
And broke at last, worn-out by crushed imaginings

And here, they say, it was his wont to lie
For hours, and gaze upon the lake beneath,
As if there were some binding sympathy
Between those waters, roughened by no breath,
And his own being's still and pulseless death.
And oft the mighty fisher, on his float,
Felt superstitious terrors round him wreath
To hear a voice from upper air remote,
As if a spirit spoke, the guardian of the spot.

What he had suffered, why he thus repined,
Is all unknown. Some said his talk was much
Of one, whose mood had changed, and grown
Unkind,
And so had withered him—of beauty, such
As few might have, and live without reproach.
God pity him! How bitter must it be
To rest your young hopes on a broken crutch,
To feel warm hands grow icy-cold, to see
The eye wear passionate, whose look was ecstasy!

One summer's day, some hunters pitched their
camp
Below the rock. The sun went down in gloom,
The air grew thick and hot, a heavy damp
Struck on the heart, and, silent as the tomb,
The lake lay waiting for the wrath to come.
It came—no tempest broke, no whirlwind stirred,
To usher in its murrings of doom,
Alone the Earthquake spoke, alone was heard
The deep, hoarse voice of awe, that lull and water
shored.

And all that night, they said, at intervals,
The anchorite talked wildly with the air,
Filling the place with wailings, and loud calls
That rose to sink in terrible despair.
Day dawned at last, the moon's dimpester glare
Gave place unto the bright and cheerful sun,
And then they scaled the cliff in haste, and there
They found a pale, grief-wasted corpse, whereon
The living sunbeams looked, in hollow mockery down.

And so he died, in lonely sorrow died,
Unseen, uncaared-for. There was none to weep
For him, the child of broken love and pride,
Yet, let us hope, his soul is buried deep.
Like a tired child's, in soft and happy sleep,
None wept for him, but now the lake doth wear
A desert aspect, and the granite steep
Seems musing wistfully, and silence deep
Reigns through the hoary woods, his refuge and
his bier.

E. T. F.

WEALTH AND FASHION.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

"What a pity it is," said Caroline, throwing
aside her book, "we are born under a
republican government!"

"Upon my word," said her brother Horace,
"that is a patriotic observation for an American."

"Oh, I know," replied the sister, "that it
is not a popular one; we must all join in the
cry of liberty and equality; but for my part,
I am tired of it, and I am determined to say
what I think. I hate republicanism; I hate
liberty and equality; and I don't hesitate to
declare that I am for a monarchy. You may
laugh, but I would say it at the stake."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Horace, "why, you
have almost run yourself out of breath, Clara,
you deserve to be prime minister to the king."
"You mistake me," replied she, with dignity,
"I have no wish to mingle in political
broils; but I must say, I think our equality
odiums. What do you think? To-day, the
new chambermaid put her head in at the door
and said, 'Caroline, your mamma wants you.'"
"Excellent!" said Horace, clapping his
hands and laughing. "I suppose if ours were
a monarchical government, she would have
bent one knee to the ground, or saluted your
little foot, before she spoke." "No, Horace,
you know there are no such forms as those,
except in the papal dominions."

"May I ask then, your highness, what you
would like to be?" "I should like," said
she, glancing at the glass, "I should like to
be a countess." "You are moderate in your
ambition; a countess now-a-days, is the fad
end of nobility." "Oh! but it sounds so
delightfully. . . . The young Countess
Caroline!" "If sound is all, you shall have
that pleasure; we will call you the young
Countess Caroline." "That would be more
barbarous," Horace, and would make me ridiculous."
"True," replied Horace; "no
thing can be more inconsistent for us than
aiming at titles." "For us, I grant you,"
replied Caroline; "but if they were hereditary,
if we had been born to them, if they came
to us through belted knights and high-corn
dames, then we might be proud to wear them.
I never shall cease to regret that I was not
born under a monarchy." "You seem to forget,"
said Horace, "that all are not lords and

ladies in the royal dominions. Suppose your
first squawk, as you call it, should have been
among the plebeians." "You may easily
suppose, Horace, that I did not mean to take
those chances. No I meant to be born among
the higher ranks." "Your own reason must
tell you that all cannot be born among the
higher ranks, for then the lower ones would
be wanting, which constitute the comparison.
Now, Caroline, we come to the very point.
Is it not better to be born under a government
in which there is neither extreme of high or
low; where one man cannot be raised pre-
eminently over another; and where our nobility
consists of talent and virtue." "That sounds
very patriotic, brother," said Caroline,
with a laugh; "but I am inclined to think
that wealth constitutes our nobility, and the
right of abusing each other, our liberty."

"You mistake," returned Horace; "money
may buy a temporary power, but talent is
power itself, and when united to virtue, a
God-like power, one before which the mere
man of millions quails. No, give me talent,
wealth, and unwavering principle, and I will
not ask for wealth, but I will carve my own
way, and depend upon it wealth will be hon-
ourably mine."

"Well, Horace, I am sure I heartily wish
you the possession of all together, talent, prin-
ciple, and wealth. But depend upon it, the
time is not distant, when you shall see me in
possession of all the rank that any one can ob-
tain in our plebeian country."

Such were the sentiments of the brother
and sister, both perhaps unusually endowed
with talent. Horace had just received his
diploma as attorney at law, Caroline had en-
tered her eighteenth year, and was a belle in
her own circle, with the ideas we describe.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner had given birth to a
forest of little twigs, and certainly had tried
to bend them all one way, that is, to make
them virtuous and contented. But, under the
same gentle discipline, nothing could be more
different than the dispositions of the two eld-
est girls, Caroline and Fanny. Mrs. Warner
was a plain unassuming woman, with no
higher ambition than her means afforded.
Some sacrifices had been made to send their
eldest son Horace to college, with the belief,
that to give him a good education, was qual-
ifying him to assist in the advancement of his
brothers. He had as yet fully realised their
expectations. He had not thought it neces-
sary, while at college to engage in any rebel-
lion to prove his spirit and independence, but
had trod the path of duty with undeviating
step, had had one of the first parts awarded to
him, and received an honourable degree, in-
stead of being suspended or expelled. He
prospered his professional studies with dilige-
nce, and was now known as attorney at law.

Frances, or Fanny, as she was familiarly
called, relieved her mother from many of her
domestic cares! the other children were still
too young to be much part in the busy scenes
of life.

Among Horace's college friends, was a
young man of the name of Benson. He had
there been his companion, and was now his
partner in business. They occupied the same
office, and were bound together by the strong-
est ties of friendship. His association had
hitherto been chiefly confined to the young
men. In answer to Horace's commendations
of his friend, Caroline constantly replied
"He may be all you say, but nobody knows
him, he is in no society." When she met
him, however, at a splendid ball, given by
one who stood first in his profession, her heart
became a little softened towards him, and in
issuing invitations for a party, one was sent
to Mr. Benson. To her astonishment, an an-
swer was returned "declining the honour."
"I am very glad," said Caroline a little
piqued! it would have been an awkward
thing! It does not visit in our circle." "No
verified Horace," he does not at present visit
in any circle! he is devoted to business."

"How I detest a drone!" said she pettishly.
"If you mean to apply that epithet to my
friend, you are greatly mistaken." "True;
I ought to have said a drudge." "Yes,"

said Horace, "we brother lawyers who ever
hope to attain any eminence, are all drudges."

Not long after, Caroline again met Benson
in a circle which she considered fashionable.
She had no longer any objection to admitting
him to her society, and even exerted herself
to appear amiable and charming. "You cer-
tainly did not overrate your friend," said she
one day to her brother, "he is one of the
most agreeable men I ever met with. I wish
he was a more fashionable man." "I don't
know what you mean," said Horace, "he
certainly dresses remarkably well." "His
dress is well enough, I don't mean that,"
"His manners are easy, and those of a gen-
tleman." "Yes, all that is very well, but I
mean, that I wish it was the fashion to invite
and notice him."

By degrees Caroline ceased to cavil at Mr.
Benson's standing in society. She had talent
enough to appreciate him, and all her powers
of captivation were exerted to ensnare him.
What does a man devoted to business know
of female character? He was entirely satis-
fied that Miss Warner was "perfect and peer-
less, and made of every creature's best."

In a very few months he was completely in love
and at the end of another had offered himself.
Caroline consulted her brother. His encomi-
ums as usual were warm. "I know Benson
perfectly," said he, "he is a man of honour-
able principle and fine taste rich." "Do
you think he will ever be rich?" asked Caro-
line. "I think he is too fine a fellow," said
Horace, with feeling, "to be sacrificed to a
woman whose first question is 'Will he ever
be rich?'" "Let us understand each other,
said Caroline, "I like Benson—I even prefer
him to any one I know. You say I am ambi-
tious—I admit it is so! then my object must
be to marry ambitiously. There is no sin in
this! and I never will marry any man that is
not distinguished, or able to make himself so.
If Benson were rich, I should not hesitate."
If I were sure he would be rich, I should
hesitate no longer, because with wealth he
could command any rank in society.

"I do not enter into these cold calculations,"
returned Horace, "if ever I fall in love, it
will be with a woman whose heart, and not
whose head is at work. However, you ask
the question, and I will answer it. I do think
that in time, he will not only be rich, but be
one of our most distinguished men." It is
difficult to say how much this opinion influ-
enced the young calculator, but her answer was
by no means such as to throw Benson into
despair. In a short time he was the acknowl-
edged lover of Caroline, with the full and
free consent of her parents, the warm-hearted
approbation of her brother, and the silent
though feeling acquiescence of her sister.

Might it not seem that in such an union
there were materials enough for happiness?
But when is ambition satisfied? Benson was
neither rich, nor a man of fashion! and after
the first excitement of being engaged was
over, Caroline grew listless and languid.
Sometimes she was vexed that he did not de-
vise his time to her, rather than to his profes-
sion! and sometimes she secretly murmured
at her own rashness in forming an engage-
ment upon such an uncertain basis, and was
ready to mourn that beauty and talents like
hers should be doomed to such an unworthy
lot. For a long time Benson was too entirely
shielded by the uprightness of his own mind
to suspect the tumult of her thoughts. Grad-
ually however, unpleasant reflections forced
themselves upon him; he even suspected
there might be something a little worldly in
her character! but if so, what a proof she had
given him of her attachment! She had taken
him without fortune, and was willing to wait
till a competence could be acquired.

One year passed away, and the winter of
the second arrived. Caroline's discontent
seemed to increase! she became even fretful
at times, but there was a dignity and eleva-
tion in Benson's character, which always
checked the first ebullitions of spleen, and he
saw much less of it than her own family.
Horace became seriously alarmed! he feared
that he might have made his friend's, as well
as his sister's future misery, in promoting a
match that he began to think was not suited