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AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Related to the author by one of the Trademost tribe in the parish.

BY JAMES MERRIDAN KNOWLES.

"That's Eastman coming down the road," said an old man to his companion; "let's stop and see what he has to say of the left committed upon old Smith's property." And the two seated themselves on the grassward to wait till he came near.

"He seems uncommonly thoughtful for one that has not 'ing to trouble him. With plenty of money and no family, he is thought to be the merriest fellow in the village."

"Perhaps he has lost—"

Eastman, who had come within hearing distance, interrupted the speaker by saying mournfully—"Yes, I have lost, and that, too which cannot be replaced very easily."

"What is it? You're not bankrupt, I hope?"

"Not in purse, but in spirits; little Lucy, my little play-mate, a child I loved with a father's love, is lost. Stolen by the Indians yesterday afternoon while gathering strawberries just at the back of her father's house."

"What! you don't mean that they have lived to take one of our children?—and one, too, so much beloved as she is by all the villagers?"

"Yes, the dear little innocent, whose sweet face has cheered me in my loneliness, was borne away by a party of the Penobscots to the 'knotted oak,' from which, with a number of others who went in pursuit, I arrived just in time to see them take her to their canoes and paddle down the swift current of the Sacon. It was horrible to see the father when he beheld them receding and heard the screams of his child. He stood upon the brink of the river with arms and eyes straining after her—I see him now, with parted lips and pale face, as he fell forward into the stream."

"He was not drowned?"

"No; Simpson and Stuckey jumped in after him, and brought him to the shore more dead than alive. After a time he was restored sufficiently to be brought home in a litter. But I must not stop here; it is my painful task to prepare the afflicted family for his return: so good by!" and Eastman hurried on, leaving the two a new and painful theme for meditation, as absorbing that the theft from Smith's farm was effected from their minds, and they arose from their seat and wended their way to their own home buried in sad reflections. When the father and son reached the door they were met by the old man's wife, her eyes filled with tears, for she, too, had heard the melancholy intelligence of Lucy's abduction, and wept for her as for her own child.

"The evening repast was swallowed in silence, the strong shutters closed and barred, and the rusty iron taken from their brackets on the wall, loaded, and placed in a conven-

ient corner, when a neighbour whose knock and familiar voice gained him instant admission, entered the neat and hospitable cottage of the Jones'. He took his seat at the plain deal table, which the hostess, with the assistance of a little soap and sand, had brought to a tint almost as light as the paper on which I write.

The two cottages of Jones and his guest were situated about a quarter of a mile from each other, and nearly a mile from the village, which rendered them not the safest place for the inhabitants of their property; and the visitor, whose family had gone to the village for security, had come with his rifle to offer his assistance in protecting the house of the other, though, if the truth were known, protection for himself was what he most desired. Jones, if he supposed this, was too kind-hearted a man to shew his neighbour so, and there he thanked him for his consideration, and requested his wife to have the only spare bed prepared for his reception. This being done, and a large pan of apples placed upon the table, with the huge jug filled with cider as bright and sparkling as champagne, she resumed her chair just in time to hear from the lips of Ripley—

"He mourns continually for her, and it is feared the poor boy will be ill from the loss of his playmate. He goes about calling 'Lucy! Lucy!' constantly; it may be never separated for two hours before."

"What say the people as the corner?" asked the younger Jones.

"Why, they say ar to kill every savage that dares to show himself in the neighbourhood. The Penobscots have broken their treaty, and the whites have nothing now to restrain them from taking their just revenge, not only for the child's abduction but for twenty other depredations on our property which none but that tribe could have committed."

"What's that! what's that?" cried the good dame, starting from her chair.

Her son grasped his gun.

"There it is again."

"Oh! that's only the growl of a wolf," said George, carelessly, as he dropped his musket into its place, and the conversation was resumed. George's father regretted that there was an end to the few years of peace which they had enjoyed with their savage neighbours; but Ripley was of opinion that while an Indian lived there was no safety, and his eye glanced wildly, and his brow contracted, as he thought of the desperate battles in which he had fought against them.

Cruel as this judgment may appear, it was not less true; but the former remembered not that the white men were the first aggressors—that they were growing powerful, and that the Indians saw that sooner or later they would be driven from their hunting-grounds or be subject to the stronger party.

As the cider passed round the trio became elated, then drowsy, and then they went to bed, and the fear of the savages were soon forgotten in a deep sleep by all save dame Jones; she, poor woman, had but little rest; the thought of the red men being in the vicinity was sufficient to keep her awake, and the howling wolf or the screeching owl startled her to her feet several times during the night. When the morning dawned the men awoke, not a little surprised that their fears had not been realized. Thus passed night, till their fears, if not their wrongs, were entirely effaced from their minds.

But now let us return to Eastman, who, after he had parted from the Jones' by the side, proceeded to perform his melancholy task. The wretched mother saw from a glance at his countenance that he had for her no hope of the recovery of her lost one, yet she dreamed not of the condition of her husband, who would soon be brought home in a state of partial derangement. Eastman shrunk from the task. The deep despair of the mother, the utter wretchedness of her two boys, Albert and Henry, made him regret that he had ever undertaken it, and he went on trying to console her with the hope that Lucy would soon be returned in safety, till, casting a glance through the window, he saw the litter approached at a

distance, and he ventured to say, "Your husband will be here soon, he has seen her." These words illumined the countenance of Mrs. Elliot, but that light was quickly dispelled by the news that he was ill.

Eastman had not the courage to inform her that Elliot was no longer sane; the knowledge of which she gathered from his incoherent ravings and wild laugh when the name of Lucy was mentioned. The mother saw the necessity of great exertion to bear up under her accumulated afflictions; her two children were left to her; she must watch over her husband. She did watch, but her health failed. What mattered it? her husband was restored to reason. The neighbours were constant in their attentions, and Mrs. Elliot herself soon gained her wonted strength. Eastman, who was a constant visitor, saw that a settled dependence hung over the once happy family, and used every endeavour to raise them with hope and cheerfulness. But, while he undertook the task of comfort to the afflicted, it was difficult to say which stood most in need of consolation. He had lost all his former gaiety, he sought no society save the family of his little pet; while not with them his own cottage found him its only inhabitant.

One evening when the last rays of the setting sun struggled through the lattice of the apartment where Eastman sat, his eye wandered over the pieces where he had so lately seen little Lucy as merry and as happy as a bird; tears ran down his cheek at the thought. He pondered upon the loneliness of her little brother, whose altered countenance and frequent sigh told how much he missed the blossom that had brightened and blossomed by his side; and, as he mused, Henry glided through the half-open door, and stood before him. Seeing his friend in tears, the first question was—

"Are you crying for Lucy?"

Eastman clasped the boy to his heart.

"Yes," he answered: "I am crying for Lucy, and for you, too, I don't like to see you look so pale and lonely."

"Lucy is lonely too, and she will be so till she comes home to gather berries with me," replied Henry. "Why don't she come, Mr. Eastman?"

The good man could bear it no longer; he set the boy down from his knees, and, rising from his seat, he said, "She will come, I will fetch her to you, Henry," and, calling his only domestic, he bade him take to his chamber a chest containing an Indian dress complete, and then prepare some corn-bread that he might have it by the morning.

"But you can't fetch her; Albert says she is among the Indians. Will the Indians give her whortleberries and milk when they are ripe?"

Eastman could make no reply to these touching and simple questions, for the tears choked his utterance, and he left the room and went to his sleeping apartment, leaving little Henry at liberty to return home when he chose.

The chest was opened and every article examined before the friend of the afflicted gave orders to be called at an early hour, and went to bed.

The first gray of morning was scarcely visible when Eastman went forth in the hated habiliments of the savage, with painted face and rifle on his shoulder, thoughtless of everything but the recovery of the child who had beguiled him of many a weary hour. Onward he went, his step and his heart's beating quickening, at the hope that he should restore her to her family and friends.

But the quick step was mistaken for a stealthy tread, and the painted friend for the red foe, and the cry of "the Indian—the Indian is among us," aroused him from his reverie to see the well-known faces of some of his kindred and neighbours livid with rage, running towards him with bludgeons and axes and whatsoever weapons they could most conveniently lay hold of. However satisfactory this proof of the perfection of this disguise might have been, he could not but regret the necessity of disclosing its object, which he knew must follow could he not once convince the villagers that he was not their foe.

The first movement, that of putting the mus-

zle of his rifle on the ground, resting both arms on the butt-end, and looking steadfastly at the first of the assailants, with a smile on his face, somewhat awed and disarmed them of half their rage, for they could not kill even one of the Penobscots, who, with weapons in his hands, forebore to raise them in self-defence, and they paused and lowered their arms, which they had raised to strike it supposed savage to the earth; this gave him an opportunity to convince them of his identity, which he did by calling each by his name; his voice was recognized, his purpose made known, and, after useless endeavours on the part of his relatives to make him desist from his dangerous undertaking, he resumed his way.

I shall not follow him through the numerous hair-breath escapes and other difficulties which he encountered. It must suffice that he did not succeed in his dangerous mission, and returned to destroy the hopes which the child's family had naturally entertained on his departure. Once returned, the first object of this disinterested being was to cultivate the society of young Henry, in order to divert his attention as much as possible from the loss of Lucy. But here he undertook what he was not able to perform; the boy's attachment to his eldest brother had become so strong, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to remain at home without him for an hour at a time.

Month after month wore away, till a year and nearly another had gone, still no tidings of the lost one; hope was almost exhausted, when another shadow was thrown over the little peaceful community of Fryburg.

(To be continued.)

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

DINNER DRESS.—Emerald green satin robe, the corsage high behind, but open and cross; on the bosom, is trimmed with three rouleaux, which branch out from the waist encircle it in the heart style; the sleeve excessively full from the elbow to the wrist, has the upper part arranged in two bouillons; they are formed by scalloped bands. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce upon which a *louis* is laid, supporting the heading with stands up, and is scalloped, as is also the edge of the flounce. *Oiseau* velvet hat, an autiore brim, the interior trimmed with a wreath of flowers, which encircle the face. A superb bird of paradise placed on one side of the crown droops low at the other.

HOOD DRESS.—Black levantine robe, half high, corsage made tight to the shape, and partly covered by a pelérine rounded at the back, the fronts pointed, and crossing on the bosom; it is bordered with a band of black velvet, and ornamented on each shoulder with a velvet band, on which satin knots are placed. The sleeve of the Bishop form at bottom, is trimmed at the top with two flounces. The front of the skirt is decorated with velvet disposed in the form of a broken cone, and a row of papillon knots of ribbon down the centre. Green velvet bonnet, an open shape, very full, trimmed with black lace, and a bunch of green grapes.

MORNING DRESS.—Fawn colored gros de Naples, robe, the body high at the back, but rather open in front, is disposed in tall bias folds round the top, it wraps over on one side, and a face fall stands up round the bust. Six rows of the high gigot form, trimmed with a *louis* at top. Knots of ribbon placed rather close together decorate the front of the skirt. Rose colored satin bonnet, round moderate sized brim, the interior trimmed in the cap style with lace; the crown is low, surmounted by a diadem, very forming a point, and edged with lace; the drapery descends upon the brim, and the lace which trims it encircles the back of the crown; knots and *brides* of rose complete the trimming.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Claret coloured satin robe, half high corsage, the lower part trimmed with a velvet stomacher, upon which satin rouleaux are disposed in a scroll pattern; this trimming, but much increased in size, descends from the waist to the bottom of the skirt; the upper part of the sleeve is finished with three cold laid on with a little *louis*. Very small pelérine of a new form, composed of black velvet and edged with *sobre* rouleau; it is de-