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## POETRY.

### THE INDIANS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"How can the Red Men be forgotten, when the mountains, lakes, and rivers in the United States bear their names?"

Ye say that all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave to  
Their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave;  
That mid the forest where they roamed  
Their rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.

Yes, where Ontario's billow  
Like ocean's surge is curled,  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wail  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri longeth  
Rich tribute from the West,  
And the Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have disappeared as withered leaves  
Before the autumn gale;  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shores,  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts bears it  
Upon her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
On her broad Ohio crown,  
Amid his young renown,  
Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where his quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathes it  
Through all his ancient caves.

Wachusset hides its lingering voice  
Within his rocky heart;  
And the Allegheny bears the tone  
Throughout his lofty cart,  
Monadnock on his forested hoar  
Doth seal that sacred trust;  
Your mountains hold their monuments,  
Though ye give the winds their dust.

Ye deem those red brow'd brethren  
The insects of an hour,  
Forgotten or despised, amid  
The regions of their power,  
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,  
Ye break of faith the seal,  
But can ye from the court of Heaven  
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unassuming tribes,  
With toil-worn steps and slow,  
Onward thro' trackless deserts press,  
A caravan of woe,  
Think ye the Eternal ear is deaf—  
His sleepless vision dim?  
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry  
From that far land to HIM!

### THE LADY CARR.

By the Author of "May you like it."

Have you not sometimes seen, upon the  
bosom of dark, stagnant waters, a pure, white  
water-lily lift up its head, breathing there a  
fresh and delicate fragrance, and deriving its  
existence thence—yet partaking in nothing of  
the loathsome nature of the pool, nor ever sul-  
led by its close contact with the foul element  
beneath?

It is an honest simile to say that the gentle,  
Anne Carr resembled that sweet water-lily,  
sprung from the guilty loves of the favourite  
Somerset and his beautiful but infamous wife,  
who was herself pure and untainted by the dark  
criminal dispositions of her parents. Not  
even a suspicion of their real character had  
ever crossed her mind; she knew that they  
had met with some reverse of fortune,—for  
she had heard her father regret, for her sake,  
his altered estate. She knew this, but no-  
thing more; her father's enemies, who would  
fully have added to his wretchedness, by  
making his child look upon him with horror,  
could not find in their hearts, when they gazed  
her innocent face, to make one so unoffen-  
sive wretched. It is a lovely blindness in a  
child to have no discernment of a parent's

faultiness; and so it happened that the Lady  
Anne saw nothing in her father's men or  
mother, betokening a sinful, worthless char-  
acter.

Of her mother she had but few and faint  
recollections. Memory pictured her pale and  
drooping, may gradually sinking under the  
careless malady which brought her to her  
grave at last. She remembered, however,  
the soft and beautiful smiles which had beamed  
over that haggard countenance, when it was  
turned upon her only child—smiles which she  
deemed to recognize in the lovely portrait,  
from which her idea of her mother was chiefly  
formed. This portrait adorned her own favourite  
apartment. It had been painted when the  
original was as young and happy as herself;  
and her filial love and fond imagination be-  
lieved no grace had been wanting to make all  
as beautiful and glorious within.

As the Lady Anne grew up to womanhood,  
the sweetness of her disposition and manners  
began to be acknowledged by those, who had  
seen without astonishment her extraordinary  
beauty; and many persons of distinction, who  
had no kind of fellowship with the  
Lord Somerset, sought the acquaintance of his  
innocent daughter for her own sake.

The most beloved friend of the Lady Anne  
was the Lady Ellinor G——, the eldest  
daughter of the Earl of G——; and with  
her, Lady Anne often passed several months  
in the year. A large party of young ladies  
were assembled at G—— Castle; and it  
happened that a continual rain had confined the  
fair companions within doors the whole sum-  
mer afternoon. They sat together over their  
embroidery and various kinds of needlework,  
telling of old tales of fearful interest—the strange  
misadventures of beaught travellers—stories of  
witchcraft, and of mysterious murder.

The conversation turned at last to the  
legends belonging to a certain family; and  
one circumstance was mentioned so nearly  
resembling, in many particulars, the murder  
of Sir Thomas Overbury, that the Lady El-  
linor, scarcely doubting that some slight sus-  
picion of her parents' crimes had reached the  
ears of the Lady Anne, determined to change  
the subject at once. She proposed to her fair  
friends that they should ramble together  
through the apartments of the castle; and she  
called for the old housekeeper, who had lived  
in the family from her children, to go along  
with them, and asked her to describe to them  
the person and manners of Queen Elizabeth,  
when she had visited at the castle, and slept  
in the state apartment, always since called,  
The Queen's Bedchamber.

Led by their talkative guide, the careless,  
laughing party wandered from one chamber  
to another, listening to her anecdotes, and the  
descriptions she gave of persons and things in  
former days. She had known many of the  
originals of the stately portraits in the picture  
gallery; and she could tell the names, and  
the exploits of those warriors in the family,  
whose coats of mail and glittering weapons  
adorned the armoury. "And now," said the  
Lady Ellinor, "what else is there to be seen?"  
Not that I mean to trouble you any longer  
with our questions, good Margaret, but give  
me this key, this key so seldom used," point-  
ing to a large, strangely shaped key, that  
hung among a bunch at the old housekeeper's  
side. "There!" she added, disengaging it  
herself from the ring, "I have taken it, and  
will return it very safely. I assure you. This  
key," she said, turning to her young com-  
panion, "unlocks a gallery at the end of the  
eastern wing, which is always locked up,  
because the room is full of curious and rare  
treasures, that were brought by my father's  
brother from many foreign lands."

They entered.—"This may be a charming  
place," said one of the youngest and liveliest  
of the party, "but see, the rain has passed  
away, and the sun has at last burst out from  
the clouds. How brightly he shines, even  
through these dull and dusty windows!" She  
gave but a passing glance to the treasure  
around her, and hastened to a half open door  
at the end of the gallery. Some of her com-  
panions followed her to a broad landing place,  
at the top of a flight of marble stairs. They

were absent but a few minutes, and they  
returned with smiles of delight, and glad,  
cheerful voices, declaring that they had unbol-  
ted a door at the bottom of the staircase, and found  
themselves in the most beautiful part of the  
gardens. "Come!" said the young and  
sprightly girl, "do not loiter here; leave  
these rare and beautiful things until it rains  
again, and come forth at once with me into  
the sweet, fresh air."

The Lady Ellinor and her friend the Lady  
Anne were sitting side by side, at the same  
table, and looking over the same volume—a  
folio Norman chronicle, embellished with  
many quaint and coloured pictures. They  
both took up their faces from the book, as  
the young companions again addressed them.  
"Do not look up, but rise up!" said  
the laughing maiden, and drawing away the  
volume from before them, she shut it up in-  
stantly, and laid it on another table; throwing  
down a branch of jessamine in its place.

"Yes, yes, you are right, my merry Bar-  
bara," replied the Lady Ellinor, and she rose  
up as she spoke, "we have been prisoners  
all the day against our will, why should we  
now be confined when the smile of Nature  
bids us forth to share her joy. Come, come!  
my sweet Anne, you are not wont to be the  
last," turning to her friend, who lingered  
behind. "Oh!" cried Lady Anne, "I  
am coming, I will soon be the first amongst  
you, I only wait a moment to bind up my  
troublesome hair." As she spoke, her eyes  
rested upon a little volume, which lay upon  
the broad still of the case-table. The wind  
fluttered in the pages, and blew them over  
and over; and half curiously, half carelessly,  
she looked again, and yet again. The word  
murder caught her eye; her feelings were  
still in a state of excitement from the tales  
and legends to which she had just been listen-  
ing. Resting her head upon her hand, she  
leaned over the volume; and stood motion-  
less, absorbed by the interest of the tale which  
she read, forgetful of her young companions  
—of all but the appalling story then before  
her.

But these feelings were soon lost in astonish-  
ment and horror so confounding, that for  
awhile she lost all power of moving, or even  
of thinking. Still her eyes were fixed upon  
the words which had pierced her heart—she  
could not force them away. Again and again,  
struck with shame and horror, she shrunk  
back;—again and again, she found herself  
forced by doubt, by positive disbelief, to  
search the terrible pages. At last she had  
read enough—quite, quite enough to be as-  
sured, not that her father—her mother, had  
been suspected, but that by the law of the  
land they had been convicted, and condemned  
to death as foul, adulterous murderers—  
the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury!

The Lady Ellinor returned alone into the  
gallery, "You little rascal!" she cried,  
"why so long? you said you would soon be  
with the foremost. I thought you must have  
escaped me, and have sought you through  
half the garden, and you are here all the  
while!"

No voice replied: not a sound was heard;  
and the Lady Ellinor had already returned to  
the door of the gallery to seek her friend else-  
where, when something fell heavily to the  
ground. She flew back; and in one of the recess  
windows, she found the Lady Anne lying  
senseless in a deep swoon. Throwing herself  
on the ground beside her, she raised her ten-  
derly in her arms, and not without some diffi-  
culty, restored her to herself. Then laying  
her head upon her bosom, she whispered  
kind words. "You are ill fear, my own  
Anne, who has been here? What have you  
seen? I left you well and smiling, and now  
—nay, my dear, dear friend, do not turn  
from me, and look so utterly wretched. Do  
not you see me! What can be the matter!"  
The Lady Anne looked up in her friend's face  
with so piteous and desolate a look, that she  
began to fear her reason was affected.

"Have I lost your confidence? Am I no  
longer loved?" said the Lady Ellinor. "Can  
you sit heart-broken there, and will not allow

me to comfort you? Still no answer! Shall  
I go? Shall I leave you my love? Do you  
wish me absent?" continued she in a trem-  
bling voice, the tears flowing over her face, as  
she rose up. Her motion to depart aroused  
the Lady Anne. "Ellinor! my Ellinor!"  
she cried, and throwing herself forward, she  
stretched forth her arms. In another moment  
she was weeping on the bosom of her friend.  
She wept for a long time without restraint,  
for the Lady Ellinor said nothing, but drew  
her nearer and nearer to her bosom, and ten-  
derly pressed the hand that was clasped in hers.

"I ought not to be weeping here,"  
length she said, "I ought to let you leave me,  
but I have not the courage, I cannot bear to  
lose your friendship,—your affection, my El-  
linor! Can you love me? Have you loved  
me, knowing all the while, as every one  
must? To-day—this very hour, since you  
left me, I learned:—no I cannot tell you!  
Look on that page, Ellinor, you will see why  
you find me thus. I am the most wretched,  
wretched creature!"—here again she burst  
into an agony of uncontrollable grief.

Who can describe the feelings of the Lady  
Anne—alone, in her chamber, looking up at  
the portrait of her mother, upon which she  
had so often gazed with delight and rever-  
ence. "Is it possible?" said she to herself,  
can this be she, of whom I have read such  
dreadful things? Have all my young and  
happy days been but a dream, from which I  
wake at last? Is not this dreadful certainty  
still as a hideous dream to me?"

She had another cause of bitter grief. She  
loved the young and noble-minded Lord Russel  
the Earl of Bedford's eldest son; and she  
had heard him vow affection and faithfulness  
to her. She now perceived at once the rea-  
sons why the Earl of Bedford had objected to  
their marriage: she almost would re-  
tract within herself that the Lord Russel should have  
chosen her; and though she loved him more  
for avowing his attachment, though her heart  
pleaded warmly for him, she determined to  
renounce his plighted love. "It must be  
done," she said, "and better now—delay  
will but bring weakness. Now I can write—  
I feel that I have strength." And the Lady  
Anne wrote, and folded with a trembling  
hand the letter which should give up her life's  
happiness; and fearing her resolution might  
not hold, she despatched it by a messenger,  
as the Lord Russel was then in the neigh-  
bourhood; and returned mournfully to her  
own chamber. She opened an old volume  
to which lay upon her toilette—a volume to  
which she turned in time of trouble, to seek  
that peace which the world cannot give.

Lady Ellinor soon aroused her by the tid-  
ings that a messenger had arrived with a letter  
from her father, and she descended in search  
of him.

"Oh, why is this? why am I here?"  
exclaimed the Lady Anne, as trembling and  
almost sinking to the ground—her face alter-  
nately pale and covered with crimson blushes,  
she found herself alone with the Lord Russel.  
"You have received my letter, might not  
this trial have been spared? My cup was al-  
ready sufficiently bitter—but I had drunk it.  
No!" she continued gently withdrawing her  
hand which he had taken, "do not make me  
despise myself—the voice of duty separates  
us. Farewell!" I seek a messenger from  
my father." "I am the messenger you seek,"  
replied he, "I have seen the Lord Somerset,  
and bring this letter to his daughter."

The letter from the Earl of Somerset in-  
formed his daughter that he had seen the Earl  
of Bedford, and had overruled all obstacles  
to her union with the Lord Russel; that he was  
going himself to travel in foreign parts; and  
that he wished her to be married during a  
visit to the Earl and Countess of Bedford,  
whose invitation he had accepted for her.

"Does not your father say, that in this  
marriage his happiness is at stake?" said the  
Lord Russel, gently pressing her hand. The  
Lady Anne hung down her head, and wept in  
silence. "Are you still silent, my dearest?"  
continued he, "then will I summon another  
advocate to plead for me."