

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

## AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. 1. No. 6.]

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 30th JANUARY, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

SIR,—The following was written by my late lamented friend, in Hyde Park, London, in the year 1828. It has never appeared in print, as I have the only copy. If you think it worth inserting in the Transcript, your doing so will oblige  
Yours, &c.  
B. & C. School,  
25th January, 1838.

R. C. GEGGIE.

### THE SPANISH REFUGEE.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, AUTHOR OF "THE TALE OF THE BORDERERS."

Ere now I've marked thee exiled one—  
A friendless wanderer, and alone  
With sad and thoughtful eye,  
And in that loneliness thou'gt  
There was an agony that sought  
Peace in the stealthy sigh.  
There is no tear upon thy cheek,  
But if its sunken form could speak  
Who would not weep to hear?  
Thine was a hasty parting, and may be  
Those that thy heart most loved heard but from thee  
Wild accents imprecations and despair—  
While the last kiss  
Of parting torture and of whirlwind bliss,  
Was snatched in hurried madness  
From her lips whose bosom gave  
Life to existence; and to have  
A knowledge of her truth,—her woe,—  
Her sadness,—  
Feel the convulsions of a separation  
From her, from kindred, home; and from the nation  
Of thy nativity and love, to be  
An outcast and a wanderer, driveth thee  
To muse in solitary desolation  
Upon the past and future, while alone  
Oblivion is thy prayer, wronged, injured one.  
Oh, Heavens! 'tis terrible to part,  
With a wild brain and burning heart,  
To kiss the cheek, the lip, the hand,  
Within a moment, and to stand  
And feel the blood burn and the heart-strings quiver,  
To have a thousand things to say,  
Then sudden, froz'n burst away,  
Aud cry, "Farewell, for ever!"  
And such I wren  
"Thy lot has been,  
Proud one. Now on the earth there is dejection,  
Want in thy trials, tortures in thy breast,  
Which revel in the harrowing reflection  
That the pure blood your fathers gave  
Shall rot within an evil's grave  
Ere ye through tyrants' rants have past,  
And with the crimson'd sword in hand,  
Have shed it for your race's wrong  
So thou appear'st, swind one,  
But fear not thou, 'tis not for ever:  
A spirit now hath walk'd abroad,—  
A ray from heaven,—the voice of God!  
'Tis power, light, freedom, and 'twice sever  
The tyrant's chains, and temple on  
The bigot's creed;  
And ye, the best and the bravest men  
Of sunny lands, where the trees drop wine  
Empurpled and red down the mountain glen  
And stain the deep ravine,  
Again that land shall tread.

### THE TWO KATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BUCHANEER," &c.

"I cannot help observing, Mr. Seymour, that I think it exceedingly strange in you to interfere with the marriage of my daughter. Marry your sons, sir, as you please; but my daughter! that is quite another."

And Mrs. Seymour, a stately sedate matron of the high-heeled and hoops school, drew herself up to her full height, which (without the heels) was five feet seven; and fanning herself with a huge green fan more rapidly than she had done for many months, looked askance upon her husband, a pale delicate man, who seemed in the last stage of consumption.

"A little time, Mary?" (good luck! could such a person as Mrs. Seymour bear so sweet a name?) "a little time, Mary, and our sons may marry as they list for me; but I have yet to learn why you should have more control over our Kate than I. Before I quit this painful world, I should like the sweet child to be placed under a suitable protector."

"You may well call her child, indeed;

little more than sixteen. Forcing the troubles of the world upon her, so young. I have had my share of them, heaven knows, although I had nearly arrived at an age of discretion before I united my destiny to yours."

"So you had, my dear you were, I think, close upon forty!"

"Think, Mr. Seymour, if you had married a gad-about, who would have watched over my children?" (she never by any chance said our children.) "I have never been outside the doors (except to church) these four years! If you had married a tervagant, how she would have flown at and abused all your little—did I say little? I might with truth say your great peculiarities. I never interfere, never; I only notice—for your own good—that habit, for instance, of always giving Kate sugar with her strawberries, and placing the tongs on the left instead of the right of the poker—it is very sad!" "My dear," Mr. Seymour would interrupt, "what does it signify whether the tongs be to the right or left?"

"Bless me, dear sir, you need not fly out so; I was only saying that there are some women in the world who would make that a bone of contention. I never do, much as it annoys me—much as it leads the servants into careless habits—much as it and other things grieve and worry my health and spirits—I never complain! never. Some men are strangely insensible to their domestic blessings, and do not know how to value earth's greatest treasure—a good wife! But I am dumb; I am content to suffer, to melt away in tears—it is no matter." Then, after a pause to re-erect her breath and complainings, she would rush upon another grievance with the abominable whine of an aggrieved and much injured person—a sort of mental and monotonous wailing, which, though no body minded, annoyed every body within her sphere. Her husband was fast sinking into his grave; and when they were at home, took good care to be continually out of earshot of their mother's lamentations—the servants changed places so continually that the door was never twice opened by the same footman—and the only fixture at Seymour Hall, where servants and centurions, at one time, might be almost termed synonymous, was the old deaf house-keeper, who, luckily for herself, could not hear her mistress's voice. To whom, then, had Mrs. Seymour to look forward, as the future source of her comforts?—i. e. of her tormenting; even her daughter Kate—the bonny Kate—the merry Kate—the thing of smiles and tears—who danced under the shadow of the old trees—who sang with the birds—who leaned industry from the bees, and cheerfulness from the grasshopper—whose voice told in its rich full melody of young joy and his laughing train—whose step was as light on the turf as the dew or the sunbeam—whose shadow was blessed as it passed the window of the poor and lowly cottage, heralding the coming of her who comforted her own soul by comforting her fellow-creatures.

Kate's father well knew that his days were numbered; and he looked forward with no very pleasurable feeling to his daughter's health and happiness being sacrificed at the shrine whereon he had offered up his own. Kate, it is true, as yet had nothing suffered; she managed to hear and laugh at her mother's repinings, without being rendered gloomy thereby, or giving offence to her morrowful and discontented parent. She would, in her own natural and unobstructed manner, lead her forth into the sunshine, sing her the gayest songs, read to her the most cheerful books, and gather for her the freshest flowers; and sometimes even Mrs. Seymour would smile, and be amused, though her heart quickly returned to its bitterness, and her soul to its discontent. But Mr. Seymour knew that this buoyant spirit could not endure for ever, and he sought to save the rose of his existence from the canker that had destroyed him. She was earnestly beloved by a brave and intelligent officer, who had already distinguished himself, and who hoped to win fresh laurels whenever his country needed his exertions.

It would be difficult to define the sort of feeling with which Kate received his attentions. Like all young, very young girls, she thought that affection ought to be kept secret from the world, and that it was a very shocking thing to fall in love; she consequently vowed and declared to every body, "that she had no idea of thinking of Major Cavendish—that she was too young, much too young, to marry—that her mamma said so."

I must observe, that Kate's extreme want of resemblance to either her mournful mother or her pale and gentle father, was not more extraordinary than that Major Cavendish, as we have said—the calm and dignified Major Cavendish at six-and-twenty—should evince so great an affection for the animated and girlish creature, whom, four years before his "declaration," he had lectured to, and romped with—but no, not romped—Major Cavendish was too dignified to romp, or to flirt either—what shall I call it then?—laughed?—yes, he certainly did laugh, generally after the most approved English fashion—his lips separated with a manifest desire to unite again as soon as possible, and his teeth, white and even, appeared to great advantage during the exertion. Nobody thought, that, though young and handsome, he would think of marriage, "as he was so grave?" but on the same principle, I suppose, that the harsh and terrible thunder is the companion of the gay and brilliant lightning, majestic and sober husbands often most desire to have gay and laughing wives. Now, for the episode, Mrs. Seymour had fettered herself to sleep, Mr. Seymour had sunk into his afternoon nap, and Kate stole into her own particular room to coax something like melody out of a Spanish guitar, the last gift of Major Cavendish.

There she sat on a low ottoman, her profile thrown into full relief by the background, being a curtain of heavy crimson velvet that fell in well-defined folds from a golden arrow in the centre of the architrave, while summer drapery of white muslin shaded the other side—her features hardly defaced, yet exhibiting the tracery of beauty—her lips richly and separated, as ever and anon they gave forth a low and melodious accompaniment to her thrilling cois. There she sat, practising like a very good girl, perfectly unconscious that Major Cavendish was standing outside the window listening to his favourite airs played over and over again; and he would have listened much longer, but suddenly she paused, and looking carefully round, drew from her bosom a small case, containing a little group of flowers painted on ivory, which he had given her, and which, poor fellow, he imagined she cared not for, because, I suppose, she did not exhibit it in public! How little does mighty and magnificent man know of the workings of a young girl's heart! Well, she looked at the flowers, and a smile, bright and beautiful, spread over her face, and a blush rose to her cheek, and suffused her brow—and then it paled away, and her eyes filled with tears. What were her heart's imaginings, Cavendish could not say; but they had called forth a blush—a smile—a tear—love's sweetest tokens; and forgetting his concealment, he was seated by her side, just as she thrust the little case under the cushion of her ottoman! How prettily that blush returned when Cavendish asked her to sing one of his favourite ballads! the modest, half coquettish, half natural air, with which she said, "I cannot sing, I am so very hoarse."

"Indeed, Kate! you were not hoarse just now."

"How do you know?"

"I have been outside the window for more than half an hour."

The blush deepened into crimson—bright glowing crimson—and her eye unconsciously rested on the spot where her treasure was concealed; and after more, far more than the usual repetition of sighs, and smiles, and prosay, or perhaps (for there is ever great uncertainty in these matters,) Cavendish said, "that if papa or mamma had no objection—"

she believed—she thought—she even hoped;" and so the matter terminated. And that very evening she sang to her lover his favourite songs; and her father that night blessed her with so deep, so heartfelt, so favourable a blessing, that little Kate Seymour saw the moon to bed before her eyes were dry.

How heavily upon some do the shadows of life rest! Those who are born and sheltered on the sunny side of the wall know nothing of them. They live on sunshine—they wake in the sunshine—may, they even sleep in sunshine.

Poor Mr. Seymour, having gained his great object, married, in open defiance of his wife's judgment, his pretty Kate to her devoted Cavendish, laid his head upon his pillow one night about a month after, with the sound of his lady's complaining voice ringing in his changes from bad to worse in his aching ears—and awoke, before that night was past, in another world. Mrs. Seymour had never professed the least possible degree of affection for her husband—she had never seemed to do so—never affected it until then. But the truth was, she had started a fresh subject; her husband's loss—her husband's virtues—may, her husband's faults—were all new themes; and she was positively charmed in her own way at having a fresh cargo of misfortunes freighted for her own especial use. She became animated and eloquent under her troubles; and mingled with her regrets for her "poor dear departed," were innumerable wallings for her daughter's absence.

Kate Cavendish had accompanied her husband, during the short deceitful peace of America, to Paris; and there the beautiful Mrs. Cavendish was distinguished as a vander "si aimable"—"si gentille"—"si naive"—"si mignonne." The most accomplished of the French court could not be like her, for they had forgotten to be natural; and the novelty and diffidence of the beautiful Englishwoman rendered her an object of universal interest. Petted and feted she certainly was, but not spoiled. She was not insensible to admiration, and yet it was evident to all that she preferred the affectionate attention of her husband to the homage of the whole world; nor was she ever happy but by his side. Suddenly the loud warwhoop echoed throughout Europe. Major Cavendish had only time to convey his beloved wife to her native country, when he was called upon to join his regiment. Kate Cavendish was no heroine. She loved her husband with so entire an affection—a love of so yielding, so relying a kind—she leaned her life, her hopes, her very soul, upon him, with so perfect a confidence, that to part from him was almost a moral death.

Youth little knows what hearts can endure; they little think what they must of necessity go through in this work-a-day world; they are ill prepared for the trials and turmoils that await the golden as well as the humbler pageant of existence. Kate Cavendish returned to her mother's house; her very thoughts seemed steeped in sorrow; and it was happy for her that a new excitement to exertion occurred, when about five months after her husband's departure, she became a mother. Despite Mrs. Seymour's prognostications, the baby lived and prospered; and by its papa's express command was called Kate.

How full of the true and beautiful manifestations of maternal affection were the letters of Mrs. Cavendish to her husband! "Little Kate was so very like him—her lip, her eye, her smile;" and then, as years passed on, and Major Cavendish had gained a reputation by his bravery, the young mother chieftained her child's wisdom, her wit, her voice—the very tone of her voice was so like her father's—her early love of study; and during the night watches, in the interval of his long and harassing marches, and his still more desperate engagements, Colonel Cavendish found happiness and consolation in the perusal of the outpourings of his own Kate's heart and soul. In due time, his second Kate could and did write those misshapen characters of affection, pot-hooks and hangers, wherein parents,