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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]

Saint George's Day.

SONG.

Awake!—The baron's fair awa!
Draw nigh to bands—four and afield,
Prepare the sweetest, choicest lay!
Are noble round the social board,
To celebrate the happy day!
Fill—fill the goblet—fill it up—
And as we join in social glee,
To Britain pledge the festive cup,
The hand that ever shall be free!
The ocean waves bewail us all,
In memory's page her name is bright;
Dear are her glens to every coast,
Those haunts of youthful fond delight,
Nor time, nor distance can repress
The patriot bosom's swell;
For virtue deigns thee space to bloom,
On which remembrance loves to dwell.
Then strike the lyre!—let minstrel's play
The brave airs of our land ring
To celebrate our happy day,
Let every loyal bosom swell,
Fill—fill the goblet—fill it up—
And as we join with heart and hand
The toast is—ere we drain the cup,
The good old toast—“Our Native Land!”

THE SMUGGLER.

(Continued.)

The storm did rage fearfully, and its increasing violence warned me to retrace my homeward way before the disappearance of a yet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in total darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly around in the thick folds of a large boat-sail, I issued forth from the cheerful brightness of the cottage parlour into the darkness visible of the wild sea without. Wildly magnificent it was! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges, with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea surf, and both were drenching my face by the south-east blast, with a violence which obliged me frequently to pause and cry for breath. Large masses of clouds were hurried in various disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale gleam at intervals with ghastly indistinctness along the white sands, and on the frothy summits of the advancing billows. I pursued my way, buffeting the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to me to mingle in their uproar. The deep and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm; the creaking and labouring of planks, the splash of oars, was distinguishable, I thought in the pause of the receding waves. I was not deceived. A momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a vessel at some distance from the land, and one of her boats (a black speck on the billows) was discernible making her way towards the shore. At that moment another boat, close in shore, shot by with the velocity of lightning, and at the same instant a man rushed quickly by me, whose tall remarkable figure I recognized for Campbell's in that dim momentary glance. He darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I heard a long shrill whistle re-echoed by mother and another from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light, and I could no longer discern any object but the white sands under my feet, and the sea foam that frothed over them. More than two miles of my homeward path was yet before me; and in their progress I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sand by land-springs from the adjacent cliffs. Intermingled and bedded in these were several rocky crags and, and portions of the foundered cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's day-light way; but the impenetrable gloom that now enveloped every object, made me pause for a moment to consider how far it might be safe to continue onward in my wave-washed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of

Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs up the beach, decided the result of my deliberation, and I turned towards the little dwelling purposing to apply there for a lantern and a guide, should the younger Campbell chance to be at home. I had no need to tap for admittance at the humble door. It was open, and on the threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from within gleamed across her face as I approached, and I could perceive that she was listening with intense breathlessness, and with her eyes rivetted, as if they could pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching. My steps on the loose shingle at length reached the ear, and she started forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Amy! thank God! here's your father." The young man sprang to the door with a light, and its beams revealed my then unwelcome features, instead of those of the husband and father. "Oh, sir! I thought—" was poor Margaret's eloquently un-mixed ejaculation, when she discovered her mistake; "but you are kindly welcome," she quickly added, for this is no night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son—Oh, sir! they are both, both missing in one little boat on that dreadful sea; and that is not all—the Bang's boats are on the look-out for the finger they are gone to meet, and God knows what may happen. I prayed and beseeched them for this night only to stay peaceable at home such a night of weather as was working up, but all in vain; we had promised my lady, and the cargo was to be landed to-night—Oh, sir! my lady, and the like of she, little think—" and the poor woman burst into tears. "This was no time for adoration and protest, or for the consolatory remarks so often addressed to the unhappy, of 'I told you it would come to this,' or 'This would not have happened if you had listened to me,' or, 'Well you have brought it all upon yourself.' The consequences of their slight traffic were now brought more forcibly home to the minds of these poor people, by the amazing suspense they were enduring, than they could have been by any argument I might have laboured to employ. I did my best to calm their terrors. To dispel them was impossible, while the tempest raged louder; and independent of that, there were other too reasonable grounds of apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the beach so recently; but, at all events, he was abroad in a tremendous night, and with a desperate gang, expecting and armed against resistance. Forgetting my own purpose of borrowing a lantern to continue my homeward path, I entered the cabin with the distressed females, whose looks thanked me for abiding with them in this their hour of need. A cheerful fire brightened the interior of the little dwelling, where neatness and order still bore testimony that the habits of its inmates had at least been those of peaceful industry. The fire-light glared ruddy red on the clean brick floor; a carved oak table, and a few clumsy old chairs of the same fashion, were bright with the polish of age and housewifery; and one, distinguished by capacious arms, a high stuffed back, and red cushion, was placed close beside the ingle nook, the accustomed seat of the father of the family. His pipe lay close at hand, on the high mantel-shelf, where a pair of brass candlesticks, a few china cups, some tobacco-stoppers, of fantastical figure, were ranged in symmetrical order. The dresser was elaborately set out with its jowls of yellow ware; its masses of various shapes, its jappanned tray, and mahogany tea chest, proudly conspicuous in the middle. The walls were hung round with nets, baskets and fishing apparatus, and to the rafter various articles of the same description were appended; but Campbell's duck gun, and his two clumsy pistols, rested not on the hooks he was wont to call his armory. An unfinished net was suspended by the chimney corner, at which the youthful widow had apparently been employed. She resumed her seat and shuttle, but the hand that held it rested idly

on her lap, while her eyes were rivetted in mournful solicitude on the anxious countenance of her mother. There was something peculiarly interesting in this young woman; not one beauty of feature, for, excepting a pair of dark eyes, shaded by lashes of unusual length, there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was tinged with the sallow hue of sickness; her lips were whiter than her cheek and her uncommonly tall figure, slender and fragile as a reed, bowed down with the languor of sickness and sorrow. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly expressive, and in unison with the general character of the slight shadowy frame that seemed almost transparent to the workings of the wounded spirit within. Amy's young heart had never recovered the shock of her William's untimely death, and her kind, tender nature, was touched down under a perpetual load of conscious self-reproach, that for her sake, and that of her infants, her father and her brother had engaged in the pitious unlawfulness of their present courses. As she sat looking on her mother's face, I could perceive what thoughts were passing in her mind. At last a large tear, that had been some time collecting, swelled over the quivering lid, and trickled slowly down her cheek, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle she came and edged herself on the corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, sobbed out, "Mother!" "My Amy! my dear child!" whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her, "why should you always reproach yourself so? You, who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us ever since you were born. Before your father fell into evil company, and led you to their temptations, did we not contrive to amuse ourselves, and you and your dear fatherless babies, by honest industry? and how should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parent's roof?" A look of eloquent gratitude, and a tender kiss, were Amy's reply to these fond assurances. For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts beguiled them from the intense anxiousness with which they had been listening to every sound from without; but the redoubtable violence of the storm fearfully roused them from that momentary abstraction, and they started and looked in each other's faces, and then in mine, as if beseeching comfort, when, alas! I had only sympathy to bestow. The conflict of winds and waves was indeed tremendous; and I felt too forcibly convinced that if the poor Campbells were indeed exposed to it, in their little fishing boat, nothing short of a miracle could save them from a watery grave. There was a chance however that the landing of the contraband goods might have been effected by the crew of the lugger without help from shore, and in that case, the prolonged absence of the father and son might arise from their having proceeded with them to some inland place of concealment. The probability of this suggestion was eagerly caught at by the conscious pair, but the ray of hope gleamed with transient brightness. A gust of wind, more awful than any which had preceded it, rushed past with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning lamentations, seemed mingled with its deep hiss. We were all silent; now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky gloom without—now gathering together round the late blazing hearth, where the neglected embers emitted only a fitful shimmer. The wind rushing through every chink and cranny, waved to and fro the flame of the small candle, declining in its socket, and at last the hour of twelve was struck by the old clock that ticked behind the door, in its dark heavy case. At that moment a large venerable looking book, that lay with a few others on a hanging shelf, near the chimney, slipped from the edge on which it rested, and fell with a dull heavy sound at Margaret's feet. It was the Bible that had belonged to her husband's mother, and as she picked it up and replaced it, she perceived that it had

fallen open at the leaf, where, twenty-two years back from that very day, the venerable parent had recorded, with pious gratitude, the birth of her son's first born. "Ah, my dear son! my good Maurice!" ejaculated the heart-struck mother; "I was not used to forget the day God gave thee to me. Thou wert the first to leave me, and now!" She was interrupted by the low inarticulate murmur of a human voice that sounded near us. We all started, but Amy's ear was familiarized to the tone; it was that of one of her little ones talking and moaning in its sleep. The small chamber where they lay, opened from that they were in, and the young mother crept softly towards the bed of her sleeping infants. She was still bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and Campbell—Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh! with what a shriek of ecstasy was he welcomed! With what a rapture of inarticulate words, clinging embraces, and tearful smiles! But the joy was transient and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehensions; for, disengaging himself almost roughly from the arms of his wife and daughter, he staggered towards his own old chair, and flinging himself back into it, covered his face with his clasped hands. One only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife. "My son! my son!" she shrieked out, grasping her husband's arms, "what have you done with him? He is dead! he is murdered! Oh! I knew it would come to this." "Peace, woman!" shouted Campbell, in a voice of thunder, uncovering his face as he started up wildly from his chair, with a look of appalling fierceness—"Peace, woman! your son is safe!" then he rose suddenly, dropping to a low hoarse murmur, he added, "This is not his blood!" and he flung on the table his broad white belt, on which the tokens of a deadly fray were frightfully apparent. "Campbell," I cried, "unhappy man! what have you done? to what have you brought your wretched family? For their sakes escape; escape for your life, while the darkness favours you." He trembled, and looked irresolute for a moment, but immediately resuming the voice and aspect of desperate sternness, replied, "It is too late; they are at my heels—they tracked me home," and while he yet spoke, the trampling of feet, and the shout of loud voices was heard; the door burst open, and several rough looking men, in the garb of sailors, rushed into the cottage. "Ah! we have you, my man," they vociferated, "we have you, at last, though the young villain has given us the slip." "Villain!" shouted Campbell; "who dares call my son a villain?" But checking himself instantaneously, he added, in a subdued quiet tone, "but I am in your power now; you may do what you will;" and once more he seated himself in sullen submission. The women clung weeping around him, his unhappy wife exclaiming, "Oh! what has he done? If there has been mischief, it is not his fault—he would not hurt a fly. For all his rough way, he is as tender-hearted as a child. Richard! Richard! speak to them; tell them it is a mistake." He neither spoke nor moved, nor lifted up his eyes from the ground on which they were fixed. "No mistake at all, mistress," said one of the men, "he has only shot one of our people, that's all, and we must just fit him with a couple of these new bracelets." And so saying, he began to fasten a pair of handcuffs round Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed, indeed, almost unconscious of what was doing, when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl of four years old, who, having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from the bed, and made her way unperceived towards her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out, "Send away naughty men, granddaddy—naughty men frighten Amy." The springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom were touched electri-