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## POETRY.

### THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

BY MISS HEMANS.

Rocks of my country! let the loud  
Your crestéd heights array;  
And rise ye like a fortress proud,  
Above the surge and spray!  
My spirit greets you as ye stand,  
Breasting the billow's foam;  
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,  
The favored land of home!  
I have left sunny shores behind,  
Lighting up classic shores,  
And music in the southern wind,  
And sunshine on the vines.  
The breathings of the zephyr flowers  
Have floated o'er my way,  
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours,  
Has sooth'd me with its lay.  
The Isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,  
The purple banners of Rome—  
Yes, all are glorious; yet again  
I bless thee, land of home!  
For thine the Sabbath peace, my land!  
And thine the guard of heaven;  
And thine the dead, the noble band  
That make thee holy earth.  
Their voices meet me in thy breast;  
Their steps are on thy plains;  
Their manes, by old majestic trees,  
Are whisper'd round thy fane:  
Their blood hath mingled with the tide  
Of thy exulting sea;  
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,  
To live and die for thee!

### LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

"And is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me, nurse?" asked the Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled and hid her face in Amy's cloak, when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels, with their crossed paltans, before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of State were confined, and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take her last farewell, was then confined under sentence of death.

"Yes, my dear child," returned Amy, sorrowfully; "my Lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him. Shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?"

"No," replied Lady Lucy, resolutely; "I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is."

Yet she clung closer to the arms of her attendant, as they were admitted into the gloomy precincts of the buildings, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced round her, and she whispered to her nurse: "Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward the Fifth, and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you," said old Amy, in an encouraging tone.

"And was not good King Henry the Sixth murdered here also, by that same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination was full of the records of deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place, many of which had been related to her by Bridget Holdworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the tower, on charge of high treason.

"But do you think the King will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child, as they ascended the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush! hush! dear child, you must not think of these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my Lord, your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent until they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when, forgetting every thing else in her joy at seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses. Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter, and overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at her tender age (for she had only just completed her ninth year, and had lost her mother), he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

"Why do you cry dear papa?" asked the innocent child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own hall again?"

"Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl on his knee: "I shall never come again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason, which means an offence against the King, and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on tower hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple bar, or London bridge."

At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

"Be composed, my dear child," said Lord Preston, "for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side of the grave."

"No, no! dear papa," cried she, "they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast to your neck, that they shall not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you."

"My dearest love, this is all simple talking," said Lord Preston. "I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Do you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?"

"O yes, papa! and I recollect he hid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange, was at my age," replied Lady Lucy, with great animation.

"Well, my child, very shortly after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who married his daughter, came over to England and drove King James out of his place and kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange King and Queen in his stead."

"But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her," said Lady Lucy earnestly.

"Hush, hush! my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for perhaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his kingdom, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a King of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not believe she would have consented to sign the death warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Preston with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master, "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my Lord, if your pardon were very earnestly intreated of her by some of your friends."

"Alas! my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favoring the cause of King James."

"Dear papa! let me go to the Queen, and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. "I will so beg and pray her to spare your life"

dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Simple child!" exclaimed her father, "what should you be able to say to the Queen that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say, and he has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petition."

Her father clasped her to his bosom and said, "Thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the Queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to the Queen, papa? for even if she should be angry with me, and answer harshly, I should be thinking too much about you, father, to mind it; or if she were to send me to the tower and cut off my head, she could only kill my body but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of One who is greater than any king or queen upon earth."

"You are right, my child, to fear God, and have no other fear," said her father. "It is He who has perhaps put it into your heart to plead with the Queen for my life; which if it be His pleasure to grant, I shall feel it indeed a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perils of death, which now encompass me; but if it should be otherwise, His will be done. He promised to be a father to the fatherless, and he will not forsake my good and dutiful child when I am low in the dust."

"But how will Lady Lucy gain admittance to the Queen's presence, my Lord," asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and child.

"I will write a letter to her grandmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accompany the matter."

As she wrote a few hasty lines to that lady, which he gave to his daughter, telling her she was to go the next day to Hampton Court properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the Queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though the little girl wept at parting with her father, yet she left the tower with a far more composed than she entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope. She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that He would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning, before the lark had sung her matin, Lady Lucy was up and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided, as the most suitable garb for a daughter whose only surviving parent was under sentence of death. The servants, who had been informed of their young lady's intention to solicit the Queen for her father's freedom were assembled in the entrance hall to see her depart; and as she passed through them, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary, and the old butler, they shed tears, and bade God bless her and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before her ladyship was out of bed and having told her artless tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter. Lady Clarendon, who was wife to the Queen's uncle, was very kind to her young granddaughter, but plainly told her she must not reckon on her influence with the Queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law, therefore she dared not solicit the Queen on behalf of her friend Lord Preston, against whom her majesty was so deeply exasperated that she had declared she would not show him any mercy.

"Oh!" said the little girl, "if I could only see the Queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I should plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life that she could not refuse me, I'm sure."

"Poor child, what could you say to the Queen?" asked the Countess? compassionately.

"Only let me see her and you shall hear," rejoined Lady Lucy.

"Well, my love, it were a pity but what you then should have an opportunity," said Lady Clarendon; "but much I fear thy little heart will fail thee, and when thou seest the Queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable."

"God will direct the words of my lips," said the little girl, with tears in her eyes.

The countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little granddaughter; and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the palace gallery, where the Queen usually passed an hour in walking, after her return from chapel, which she attended every morning.

Her majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon and Lady Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavored to direct the anxious impatience of her little friend by pointing out to her the portraits with which it was adorned.

"I know that gentleman well," said the child pointing to a noble whole-length portrait of James the Second. "That is the portrait of the deposed King James, Queen Mary's father," observed the Countess, sighing and a very striking likeness it is of that unfortunate monarch—but hark, here comes the Queen with her chamberlain and ladies from chapel;—now Lucy is the time. I will step into the recess yonder, but you must remain alone, standing where you are, and when her majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on the knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies is the Queen. Be of good courage, and address yourself to her."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail her; and while her lips moved vigorously in fervent prayer to the Almighty for His assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the Queen's approach; and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manners, and, above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the Queen's attention and interest; she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston her color rose. She frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on, but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxious interest that amounted to agony, losing all awe of royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping the Queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father—my dear, dear father, royal lady!" Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things, but forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words "mercy, mercy, for my father, gracious Queen!" till her vehement emotion choked her voice; and throwing her arms around the Queen's neck, she leaned her head against her majesty's persons for support, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were more than commonly affecting. It was a daughter, not beyond the season of infancy, overmastering the timidity of that tender age, to become the suppliant to an offended sovereign for the life of a father. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner, but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a matter of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mild, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming with tears, to face the Queen.

"He may be so to you, child," returned her majesty, "but he has broken the law of his country, and therefore must die."

"But you can pardon him if you choose to do so, madam," replied Lucy; "and I have