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## A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

I am for plain, simple love, without any embroidery.—Benjamin and Fletcher.  
I know no ways to mine it in love, but direct! say, I love you: if thou canst love me for this, I will love thee; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is but, for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I will die.—Shakespeare.  
A fair face will wither; a full eye will grow low; but a good heart is the sun and moon; and over the sun and not the moon; and for it shines light and never changes.—Ibid.  
I love thee! but I do not think  
Thy form is perfect grace,  
Nor that the charms of Venus dwell  
In the features of thy face:  
I love thee! but I think I've seen  
A smaller foot than thine;  
I also think I've seen, before,  
An ankle much more fine.  
I love thee! but a brighter eye,  
A ruddier cheek I've known,  
A whiter forehead, and a mouth  
Much prettier than thine o'er;  
I love thee! but I know I've seen  
A whiter neck and hand,  
And tresses, that more lightly wave,  
When by the breezes fanned.  
I love thee! but I do not mean  
To flatter thee, and swear  
That thou art perfect and divine,  
When I don't think you are;  
I love thee! but if thou my love  
Dost scorn, I never do  
Intend to pine and die for thee;  
And yet I love thee too.  
I love thee! for I never saw  
One of the woman kind  
More richly dower'd with the gifts  
Of a pure and noble mind;  
I love thee! for there never was  
A heart more true than thine,  
Or that could touch, so tenderly,  
Responsive chords in mine.

## THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

A STORY OF WARK CASTLE.

From Wilson's Tales of the Borders.

(Continued from our last.)

inate, however, as the resistance of the son was, and bloody as the price indeed paid at which the Castle was to be purchased had too much of the Bruce in his mind to abandon the siege. He began to fill the ditches, and he ordered engines to be used to batter down the walls. The towers were filled, and before the heavy and cruel blows of the engine a breach was made in the outer wall, and with a wild shout on the part of the Scottish troops rushed into the court.  
"Joan Plantagenet disdains ye still!" cried the Countess. "Quail not brave!" she exclaimed, addressing the garrison with deadly aim continued showering arrows upon their besiegers—"Before I Wark Castle shall be my funeral pile!" And mine!" cried Sir William as an arrow struck his hand and became transfused in the visor of one of the Scottish men.  
Madeline glanced towards him, and her eyes gleaming with courage seemed to say "and mine!"  
"And ours!" exclaimed the garrison—"ours!" they repeated more vehemently, waving their swords, "Hurra!" cried "for our lady! St. George! and merry and!"  
"It was the short of valiant but despairing Yet as the danger rose, and as hope less and less, so rose the determination of the Countess—she was present to animate at the place of assault. She distributed gold among them, her very jewels she gave to the bravest; but though they had shed of the best blood in the Scottish army's defence was hopeless, and their courage not save them. Almost their last arrow expended, and they were repelling their assailants from the inner wall with their spears.  
"Woe!" the most formidable enemy of the age, began to assail them from within. It was now that the gentle Madeline, when William endeavoured to inspire her with

hope, replied—"I fear not to die—to die with you!—but tell me not of hope—it is not to be found in the courage of the brave garrison whom famine is depriving of their strength. There is one hope for us—only one, but it is a desperate hope, and I would rather die than risk the life of another."

"Nay, name it dearest," said Sir William eagerly, "and if the heart or hand of man can accomplish it, it shall be attempted."

Madeline hesitated.  
"Speak silly one," said the Countess, who had overheard them, "where lies your hope? Could true knight die in nobler cause? Name it, for I wot ye have a wiser head than a bold heart."

"Name it, do dear Madeline," entreated Sir William.

"King Edward is now in Yorkshire," she replied, "could a messenger be dispatched to him, the Castle might hold out until he hastened to our assistance."

"St. George! and 'tis a happy thought!" replied the Countess. "I have not seen my cousin Edward since we were children together; but how know ye that he is in Yorkshire? I expected that ere now he was conquering the hearts of the dark-eyed dames of Brittany, while his arms conquered the country."

"In dressing the wounds of the aged Scottish nobleman," answered Madeline, "who was yesterday brought into the Castle, he informed me."

"What think ye of your fair lady's plan for our deliverance good brother?" inquired the Countess addressing the Governor.

"Madeline said it would be a desperate attempt," replied he thoughtfully—"and it would indeed be desperate—it is impossible."

"Out on thy knightlyhood man!" rejoined the Countess—"is this the far-famed chivalry of Sir William Montague!—why, it is the disposition of your own fair lady, whom verily ye cannot believe chivalrous to a fault. But is it to Joan Plantagenet that ye talk of impossibilities? I will stake thee my dowry against fair Madeline's, I find a hundred men in this poor garrison ready to dare and do what you declare impossible."

"You find not too, fair sister," said Sir William proudly.

"O! say not one—not one!" whispered Madeline earnestly.

Upon every man in the Castle did the Countess urge the dangerous mission—she entreated, she threatened, she offered the most liberal, the most tempting rewards, but the boldest rejected them with dismay.

The Scottish army lay encompassing them around,—their sentinels were upon the watch almost at every step, and to venture beyond the gates of the Castle seemed but to meet death and to seek it.

"At midnight have my fleetest horse in readiness," said Sir William addressing his attendant—"what no man dare I will!"

"My brother!—thanks!—thanks!" exclaimed the Countess in a tone of joy.

Madeline clasped her hands together,—her cheeks became pale,—her voice faltered,—she burst into tears.

"Weep not loved one," said Sir William, "the heavens favor the enterprise which my Madeline conceives. Should the storm increase there is hope—it is possible—it will be accomplished!"—and while he yet spoke the lightning glared along the walls of the Castle, and the loud thunder pealed over the battlements. Yet Madeline wept, and repented that she had spoken of the possibility of deliverance.

As it drew towards midnight the terrors of the storm increased; the fierce hail poured down in sheets and rattled upon the earth,—the thunder almost incessantly roared louder and more loud, or when it ceased the angry wind moaned through the woods, like a chained giant in the grasp of an enemy,—and the impenetrable darkness was rendered more dismal by the blue glare of the lightning flashing to and fro.

Silently the Castle-gate was unbarred, and Sir William throwing himself into the saddle, dashed his spurs into the sides of his courser and bounded off at its utmost speed, followed

by the adieux of his countrymen and the tears of Madeline. The gate was scarce barred behind him ere he was dashing through the midst of the Scottish host. But the noise of the warring elements drowned the trampling of his horse's feet, or where they were indistinctly heard for a few moments the sound had ceased, and the horse and its rider were invisible, ere the sentinels who had sought refuge from the fury of the storm in the tents could perceive them.

He passed through the Scottish line in safety; and proceeding by way of Mospeth and Newcastle, on the third day he reached the camp of King Edward near Knaresborough. The gay and chivalrous monarch, at the head of a portion of his army, like a true knight hastened to the relief of his distressed cousin.

David, however, having heard of the approach of Edward at the head of an army more numerous than his own, and his nobles representing to him that the rich and weighty booty which they had taken in their inroad into England, together with the oxen and the horses, would be awkward incumbrances in a battle, he reluctantly abandoned the siege of the Castle, and commenced his march towards Jelf Forest about six hours before the arrival of Edward and Sir William Montague.

Madeline took the hand of her lover as he entered, and tears of silent joy fell down her cheeks; but the Countess forgot to thank him in her eagerness to display her beauty and her gratitude in the eyes of her sovereign and kinsman. The young monarch gazed enraptured on the fair face of his lovely cousin, and it was evident while he gazed in her eyes he thought not of gentle Philippa, the wife of his boyhood—nor was it less evident that she, flattered by the gallantry of her princely relative forgot her absent husband though in the presence of his brother. Edward finding that it would be imprudent to follow the Scottish army into the Forest, addressing the Countess, said "our knights expected, fair coz, to have tried the temper of their lances on the Scottish shields, but as it may not be, in honour of your deliverance, to-morrow we proclaim a tournament to be held in the Castle-yard, when each true knight shall prove on the morion of his antagonist whose lady-love is the fairest."

The eyes of the Countess flashed joy, and she smiled, well pleased at the proposal of the sovereign—but Madeline trembled as she heard it.

Early on the following morning the Castle-yard was fitted up for the tournament. The monarch and the Countess were seated on a dais covered with a purple canopy, and the latter held in her hand a ring which gleamed as a morning-star, and which the monarch had taken from his finger, that she might bestow it upon the victor. Near their feet sat Madeline, an unwilling spectator of the conflict. The names of combatants were known to the pursuivants only, and each entered the lists armed with lance and spear, with their visors down, and having for defence a shield, a sort of cuirass, the helmet, gauntlet and gorget. Several knights had been wounded, and many dismounted, but the interest of the day turned upon the combat of two, who already had each discomfited three. They contended long and keenly, their strength, their skill, their activity seemed equal. Victory hung suspended between them.

"Our lady!" exclaimed the monarch rising with delight, "but they fight bravely! Who may they be? Were it not that he cannot yet be in England, I should say the knight in dark armour is Sir John Aubrey."

Madeline uttered a suppressed scream, and cast round a look of mingled agony and surprise at the monarch, but the half stifled cry was drowned by the spectators, who at that moment burst into a shout—the knight in dark armour was unhorsed—his conqueror suddenly placed his lance to his breast, but as suddenly withdrew it, and stretching out his mailed hand to the other, said—"Rise mine equal!—'twas thy horse's fault and none of thine that chance gave me the victory, though I wished it much." The conqueror of the day approached the canopy beneath which the mo-

narch and the Countess sat, and kneeling before the dais, received the ring from her hands. While she had held the splendid bauble in her hands during the contest, conscious of her own beauty, of which Border minstrel and foreign troubadour had sung, she expected on placing it in the hands of the victor, to behold it in homage laid again at her feet. But it was not so. The knight on receiving it bowed his head, and stepping back again knelt before the lowly seat of Madeline.

"Accept this dear Madeline," whispered he, and she flushed and started at the voice which she knew and loved. The Countess cast a glance of envy on her companion as she beheld the victor at her feet, yet it was but one, which passed away as the young monarch poured his practised flatteries in her ear.

The king commanded that the two last combatants should raise their visors. The victor still standing by the side of Madeline beyed—it was Sir William Montague.

"Ha! Montague!" said the monarch, "is it you! Well for your gallant bearing to-day you shall accompany us to France—we shall need such hands as thine to secure the sceptre of our lawful kingdom. But what modest flower is this that ye deck with your hard-won diamond?" "I added he glancing towards Madeline, and without waiting a reply he turned to the Countess, saying, "is she of thy suite dear coz? She hath a fair face worthy the hand- maiden of Beauty's Queen."

The Countess liked not his inquiries, but nevertheless was flattered by the compliment with which he concluded, and she replied that she was the orphan daughter of her father's friend, and the worshipful divinity of Sir William. The other combatant now approached also, and kneeling in front of the dais, raised his visor.

"Aubrey!" exclaimed the monarch.

"My brother!" cried Madeline, starting to his side.

"Your brother!" responded Sir William.

"What! my little Madeline a woman?" replied the stranger. "Bless thee my own sister!"

"What?" exclaimed the monarch, "the pargon of our tournament the sister of bold Aubrey!—and you too the combatant against her chosen champion! Had ye spilled blood on either side, the days' sport might have spoiled a bridal. But whence came ye, Aubrey, and when?"

"My liege," replied the other, "having arrived at Knaresborough, on the day after the departure of your majesty, I hastened thither to inform your Grace that France lies open to our arms, and our troops are eager to embark."

(Concluded in our next.)

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A barrister had a small ulcer on the leg, which was difficult to heal, and he determined to apply to Mr. Abernethy. Aware of his impatience and eccentricity, he, immediately upon entering his room, began to pull down his stocking. "Holloa! holloa! what the devil are you at?" said the surgeon. "I don't want to see your leg; that will do—put it up, put it up." The patient did so, but justly dissatisfied with the imperfect manner in which his case had been considered, he, instead of the usual fee, placed a shilling only upon the table. "What is this?" said Mr. A. "Oh," replied the barrister, "that will do—put it up, put it up," and coolly walked away.—*Mr. Pettigrew's Medical Portrait Gallery.*

*Suett's Landlady.*—Suett had at one time a landlady who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid, yeelp gin, a beverage which Suett himself by no means held in abhorrence. She would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion—"Betty, go and get a quarter loaf and half a quarter of gin." Off started Betty; she was speedily recalled—"Betty, make it half a quarter loaf and a quarter of gin;" but Betty had never got fairly across the threshold on the mission ere the voice was again heard—"Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well snaks it all gin."