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POETRY.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE EARL OF DURHAM
AT MONTREAL.

BY W. F. HAWLEY.

All hail to thee, Chief, from the oak-land's shore!
The hopes so long nourished in doubt and in pain
Are warmed into life in our bosom once more—
Thou wilt not—thou canst not e'er crush them
again!

We give thee no traitor's low bend of the knee—
We echo no sycophant's unmeaning cry—
We hail thee as freemen should welcome the free!
We hail thee as Britons should bow to the high.

Thy heart is a Briton's—thy rule be the same—
And then should storms come, and the thunder-
bolt fall,

We pledge thee our hearts shall be hard to the
flame,
And our hands be "aye ready" to strike at thy
call!

We fear not the hordes from the land of the slave—
We fear not the shafts of our own latent foe!
The land that we love, far away o'er the sea,
In faith or fear can alone strike the blow!

Go on—and God speed thee! Thy destinies call
To a wild, rugged path where no flowers may
bloom.

Thy course be right onward, though tempests should
fall,
And thy footsteps be shrouded in darkness and
gloom.

Too many have fallen, but yet may we see—
Though dangers and cares may encircle thee
no—
Entwined by the gallant, the good, and the true,
The laurel and olive in pride on thy brow!

(For the Literary Transcript.)

THE BROKEN HEART.

Farewell! in despair
I escape from thy wiles;
Thy frown I can bear,
And even thy smiles.
Take back that dear token
That blessed me before,
The heart you have broken
Can prize it no more.

Now vain were thy favours,
Thy pity more vain;
I am lost, and for ever,
To pleasure to pain.
Words sweetly spoken
Decided me before—
The heart you have broken
Can trust it no more.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

You have all heard of the Cheviot mountains. If you have not, they are a rough, rugged, majestic chain of hills, which a poet might term the Roman wall of Nature; crowned with snow, belted with storms, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the south. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the glens below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untamable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp riveting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old, grey-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, and, for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm indeed were defined neither by hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general signs; but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, hardly sharing a family dinner in the same stye their masters made themselves free of each other's table.

was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of March-

law-house, which unfortunately was built immediately across the "ideal line" dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was that, being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great-grandfather, who it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as their birth-place. They however, were not involved in the same perplexities as their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two-thirds of the kitchen were certainly allowed to be in England; his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and therefore were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter, unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debatable boundary line, which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but, no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter after many arguments and alterations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what country he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman; all his arable land lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collateral related to the Stuarts; and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliots. Peter's speech, indeed, betrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms, a living representation of the Union; for in one world he pronounced the letter *v* with the nasal, masculine sound of the North Briton, and in the next with the liquid hiss of the Northumbrian.

Peter, or, if you prefer it, Peter Elliot, Esquire, of Marchlaw, in the counties of Northumberland and Roxburgh, was forty years the best runner, leaper, and wrestler, between Weolter and Jedburgh. Whipped from his hand the ponderous bullet whizzed through the air like a pigeon on the wing; and the best pouter on the Borders quitted from competition. As a feather in his grasp, he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limb its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists thrunk back, and the spectators burst into a shout. "Well done, Squire! the Squire for ever!" once exclaimed, a servile observer of files. "Squire! who are ye squiring at?" returned Peter. Confound ye! where was ye when I was christened Squire! My name's Peter Elliot—your man, or any body's man, at whatever they like!"

Peter's soul was free, bounding, and buoyant, as the wind that carolled in a zephyr, or slouted in a hurricane, upon his native hills; and his body was thirteen stone of healthy, substantial flesh stored in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but a marriage had wrought no change upon him. They who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl offer an insult to the lovely being who brightens our darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly twenty years had passed over them, but Janet was still as kind, and in his eyes as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows at the altar; and he was still as happy, as generous, and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngling of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow; he was blest in his wife, in his children, in his flocks. He had become richer than his fathers. He was beloved by his neighbours, the tillers of his ground, and his herdsmen; yes, no man envied his prosperity. But a blight passed over the harvest of his joys, and gall was rained into the cup of his felicity.

It was Christmas-day, and a more melancholy-looking sun never rose on a 25th of De-

ember. One vast, sable cloud, like a universal pall, overspread the heavens. For weeks, the ground had been covered with clear, dazzling snow; and as, throughout the day, the rain continued its unweary and monotonous drizzle, the earth assumed a character and appearance melancholy and troubled as the heavens. Like a mastiff that has lost its owner, the wind howled dolefully down the glens, and was re-echoed from the caves of the mountains, as the lamentations of a legion of invisible spirits. The frowning, snow-clad precipices were instinct with motion, as avalanche upon avalanche, the larger burying the less, crowded downward in their tremendous journey to the plain. The simple rivers; the roader streams were swollen into the wild torrent, and, rushing forth as cataracts in fury and in foam, enveloped the valleys in an angry flood. But at Marchlaw the fire blazed blithely; and the kitchen groined beneath the load of preparations for a joyful feast; and glad faces glided from room to room.

Peter Elliot kept Christmas, not so much because it was Christmas, as in honour of it; being the birth-day of Thomas, his first-born, who that day entered his nineteenth year. With a father's love his heart yearned for all his children, but Thomas was the pride of his eyes. Cards of apology had not then found their way among our Border hills; and as all knew that, although Peter admitted no spirits within his threshold, nor a drunkard at his table, he was nevertheless no niggard in his hospitality, his invitations were accepted without ceremony. The guests were assembled; and, the kitchen being the only apartment in the building large enough to contain them, the cloth was spread upon a long, clean, oaken table, stretching from England into Scotland. On the English end of the board were placed a ponderous plum pudding, studded with temptation, and a smoking sirloin; on Scotland, a savoury and well-seasoned haggis, with a sheep's head and trotters; while the intermediate space was filled with the good things in this life common to both kingdoms and to the season.

The guests from the north and from the south were arranged promiscuously. Every seat was filled—save one. The chair by Peter's right hand remained unoccupied. He had raised his hand before his eyes, and besought a blessing on what was placed before them, and was preparing to carve for his visitors, when his eyes fell upon the vacant chair. The knife dropped upon the table. Anxiety flashed across his countenance, like an arrow from an unseen hand.

"Janet, where is Thomas?" he inquired; "have none of ye seen him?" and without waiting an answer he continued, "How is it possible he can be absent at a time like this? And on such a day, too? Excuse me a minute, friends, till I just step out and see if I can find him. Since ever I kept this day, as many of ye has always been at my right hand in that very chair, and I canna think of beginning our dinner while I see it empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all," said a port young sheep-farmer, named Johnson, "I will step into it till Master Thomas arrive."

"Ye are not a feather, young man," said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter returned not. The guests became hungry, peevish, and gloomy, while an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliot, whose good-nature was the most prominent feature in her character, strove by every possible effort to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, "to have gone to seek him when he kenned the dinner wouldna keep. And I am sure Thomas kenned it would be ready at one o'clock to-morrow. It is sae unthinking and unfeeling like to keep folk waiting." And, endeavoring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow,

she continued, in an anxious whisper, "Did ye see naething o' him, Elizabeth, biny?"

The maiden blushed deeply; the question evidently gave freedom to a fear, which had for some time been an unwilling prisoner in the brightest eyes in the room; and the possibly "No," that trembled from her lips, was audible only to the ear of the inquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliot dispatched one of her children after another, in quest of their father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings more cheering than the message of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came. She perceived the prodder of her guests beginning to withdraw, and observing that Thomas's absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlikely either to him or his father, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for such treatment; but it was needless waiting, and she concluded they would use no ceremony, but just begin."

No second invitation was necessary. Good gracious appears to be restored; and sipping, like the last son. For a moment, Mrs. Elliot momentarily partook in the restoration of cheerfulness; but a low sigh of her elbow again drew the colour from her rosy cheeks. Her eyes wandered to the further end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband and the vacant chair of her first-born. Her heart fell heavily into her; all the mother rushed into her bosom; and, rising from the table, "What in the world can be the meaning of this?" said she, as she hurried with a troubled countenance towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshold.

"Where have ye been, Peter?" said she, eagerly; "have ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he; "is he no east on yet?" and, with a melancholy glance, his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair. His lips quivered, his tongue faltered.

"Gude forbid me!" said he; "and such a day for even an enemy to be out in! I've been up and down every way that I can think on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell o' him. Ye'll excuse me, neighbours," he added, leaving the house; "I must away again, for I canna see."

"I can be myself, friends," said Adam Bell, a Jacobite-looking Northumbrian, "that a father's heart is as sensitive as the apple of his eye; and I think ye would show a want of natural sympathy and respect for our worthy old neighbor, if ye didna every one get his foot into the stirrup, without loss of time, and assist him in his search. For, in my rough country way of thinking, it must be something particularly out of the common that could tempt Thomas to be amissing. Indeed, I needna say temp, for there could be no inclination in the way. And our hills," he concluded in a lower tone, "as we not were absent in other respects besides the breaking up of the storm."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Elliot, wringing her hands, "I have had the coming of this about me for days and days. My head was growing dizzy with thinking, but thoughts come stealing upon me like sheets, and I felt a lonely something about me here, without being able to tell the cause—but the cause is come at last! And my dear Thomas—the very pride and staff of my life—is lost!—lost to me forever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliot," replied the Northumbrian, "it is an awfy matter to say consoose yourself, for them that dinna ken what it is to feel. But, at the same time, it is plain, countr' way o' thinking, we are to be waddy ready to believe the worst, we are to hear my father say, and I've as often marked it myself, that, before ye are to happen to a body, there is a something to answer them, like a cloud before the sun; a short of dumb whispering o' the heart from the other world. And though I trust there is naething of the kind in the case, yet, as ye observe, when I find the