

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 26.]

SATURDAY, 13TH APRIL, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## FLORENCE WILLESSEN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

‘Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of manly life,  
A tale of silent sufferings, hardly clad  
In bodily form.

WORDSWORTH.

A village in the south of England is one of the loveliest sights in nature; and it is what it is, the very nestling-place of poetry, love, and happiness. It glitters, with its white-washed cottages and garden-walls, among the green trees 'mid which it is embowered, like golden fruits of Spain, peeping from beneath the rich foliage that does but partially conceal them. Its meadows, its stream, its spring church-spire; its hedge-rows, its lanes sweet briar and wild-roses; its lattices, with their clustering jessamine and honey-suckle; its gardens, with their bee hives; its orchard; its stately mansions; and above all, its simple yet cheerful inhabitants, ignorant of great woe, and unwilling to have that ignorance enlightened; all combine to render a village in the south of England the most delightful spot in the universe. How sweet to retire from the world to such a haven of repose, there to cultivate only the purer affections of man's nature, and keep the soul divided, by a low zone, from the grosser atmosphere of a mean existence. There are many little passages of the kind I speak of, and I should be contented with any one of them; although if I had my choice, I should perhaps fix upon Woodburn in preference to all the rest. My affection is more singular, as all my associations connected with the recollection of that village are of a peculiarly melancholy nature. Even there the spoiler, sorrow, had made an entrance; and his victims were not known to me. I will endeavour to recall the story; it is a simple one, but it suits my temper of my mind, and I shall therefore avail myself of this opportunity to narrate it.

It was on a bright summer day, when the dew was still sparkling upon the flowers. She had a book in her hand, but was not reading. She stood wrapped in a thoughtful reverie, with her two eyes fixed on a young rose-bush. I knew not then that it was my old friend's only child, yet I involuntarily gazed upon her. I had never before seen so beautiful a creature, and that, without the shadow of pretence. I cannot describe her features, but their combined effect was irresistible. There was a world of passion, an unattractive depth of feeling in her dark blue eye. I saw a tear start into it, but I thought that called it up was mere sentiment. She had a smile gathered upon her immediately afterwards, and chased away its light the little harbinger of sorrow. At that moment the gate was thrown open, and she entered. He was her lover; I knew it by a glance. A deeper crimson spread itself over her cheek, and her smile kindled into one of intense delight. They stood together; and could not have produced a nobler pair. They seated themselves in the sunshine; they took the book and read aloud. It was a page over which they hung. She leant her white arm on her lover's shoulder, and gazed upon him with a delighted and breathless look. Who is it that has said there is no bliss on earth? Had he seen Edmund Willesden on that calm, blue morning, he would have confessed the absurdity of his opinion. Edmund was the eldest son of the village—a man “to all the country dear.” He was the daughter of an old, respectable, who had served in many a campaign, who now lived in retirement, upon the pension that was given him by government, as the reward of his long and valuable services. She had lost her mother almost before she knew her, and all her filial affection centred in her only surviving parent; he had bestowed upon Edmund, and she was by no means insensible of the value of the gift. They had been companions of infancy. All their recollections of the past were the same, for all their amusements and studies had been similar. But Ed-

mund had made considerable more progress than Florence. Nature had heaped upon him all these mental endowments that constitute genius. She had given him a mind capable of the most profound aspirations; a heart that could feel more deeply, a fancy that could wing a bolder flight, than those of most other youths of his age. He, as yet, knew nothing of the state of society beyond the limits of Woodburn. He had never been more than twenty miles from home during his whole life. But he was now eighteen, and Florence was only a year younger. They had ceased to be boy and girl. She, indeed, would have been contented to have continued as she was forever, blest with her father's and lover's affection; more than happy in the discharge of her domestic duties, in her summer evening rambles, in her looks, her bees, her fruits and her flowers. But Edmund, although he loved her with all the enthusiasm of a first love, had more ambition in his nature. He wished to mingle in the crowd in the pursuit of glory; and he had hopes that he might outstrip some of his competitors. Beside, he was not possessed of an independent fortune; and exertion, therefore, became a duty. His resolution was at once formed; he determined to fix his residence in London for at least a couple of years, and ascertain whether in truth, ability was there its own reward. It was sad news to Florence; but on reflecting on the advantages which Edmund might derive from the execution of the scheme, she looked upon her grief as selfish, and endeavored to restrain it. The evening before he left Woodburn, they took a farewell walk together in her father's garden. Florence had succeeded in keeping up a show of cheerfulness during the day; but as the yellow beams of the setting sun came streaming in through the poplars and elms that lined the wall, and as she thought how often they had seen the sunset before, and how long it would be ere they should see it set again, a chord was touched which vibrated through her heart, and she could no longer restrain her tears. Edmund besought her, with the utmost tenderness of manner, not to give way to emotions so violent; but she only locked his hand more firmly in her own, and, amid convulsive sobs, repeated again and again, “Edmund! I shall never meet more! I am not superstitious, but I know that I am right; I shall never meet more!” Her lover had recourse to every soothing argument he could think of; but though she at length became calm, a gloomy presentiment of her future evil seemed to have taken possession of her mind.

A year elapsed, and Edmund's early dream had become more than realized. He had risen into fame at once; his reputation as a man of genius was acknowledged throughout his native land. His fortune was secured, and his name had already become illustrious. Every where his society was courted, and his opinions listened to with deference and admiration. There seemed to be no honours to which he might not aspire; no rank in society to which he might not hope to attain. His ardent spirit and his growing ambition, became only the more insatiable. Every difficulty had yielded before him; he had flown upon the wings of success; his life had hitherto been a brilliant dream—a dream which he saw no prospect of immediate awakening.

It was evening, and he was alone in her splendid drawing-room, with the loveliest woman in London—the daughter of a viscount. A hundred lamps, reflected by a hundred mirrors, shone around them. There was to be a magnificent entertainment, but the company had not yet arrived. Edmund, and the lady Matilda, would not have cared had they never arrived at all. They sat near each other, and talked in low, soft tones of all that youth and beauty have best to talk about. Edmund had never felt so vain in his life before; for there were hundreds in the metropolis, blest with all the advantages of rank and birth, who would have given both their titles and their fortunes to have secured one of those smiles which the proud maiden now lavished upon him. And she—she had read his works, she thought of his fame, she looked upon his elegant form and handsome features, and forgot the hundred

and men have looked up to him as to a demigod. Florence Willesden was never heard of beyond the limits of Woodburn till now.

**MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.**

**ESSENTIALITIES OF ALFIERI.**—Alfieri, that eccentric Italian and fine poet, was partial to long hair floating about, as we see the poor Ophelias. One day he was leaning against a sideboard, decorated with a costly Chinese tea service, when by a sudden movement of his tresses, down went one of the tea-cups. The lady of the mansion took the liberty of telling him that he had spoiled the service and he might as well have broken them all; when instantly Alfieri, without uttering a syllable, or changing countenance, swept on the whole service upon the floor. Again, he at the theatre of Tuin, was rolling over a side box, into which his lovely auburn tresses fell, and wherein was a lady. She broke out into the most violent ecstasies upon his locks, and kept repeating the same; but the wacker was mute; he was for the present ungrateful. Next morning, however, the lady received a parcel, containing all the hair of the poet's head, with the following billet.—“If you like the hair, here it is; but, for heaven's sake let me alone.”

**CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.**—A lawyer at a circuit town in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said, “I know what you want sir; you have lost something.” “Yes, I have lost a ten pound note.” “Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is.” “Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign for you.” “No sir, I want no reward for being honest; but,” looking at him with a knowing grin, “wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it.”

**POWERFUL INDUCEMENT.**—The following tempting invitation appears upon a window in a gin-palace, in the Elysian neighbourhood of Seven Dials, London:—“Stop! stop! stop! Here you may get the regular knock-me-down, sew-me-up, do-me-brown, ask-me-how, come-it-strong, out-and-out, genuine never-spit, cream-of-the-walley, price two pence the glass including a tusk and a dash of caraway.”

**THE PLANTAGENETS.**—Fulke, earl of Anjou, having been guilty of some crime, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land and submit to castigation. He acquiesced, habituated himself in lowly attire, and as a mark of humility wore a sprig of broom in his cap. The expiation finished, Fulke adopted the name of Plantagenet, from the Latin name of the broom, *Planta-genesia*. His descendants continued the name, and many successive nobles of the line of Anjou decorated their helmets with this plant. The arms of Richard I. were two lions combatant. Crest, a plantagenista, or broom-sprig. Upon his great seal a broom-sprig is placed on each side of the throne.

**Heart.**—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

**HUMMING-BIRD.**—There is a species of humming-bird in the East, *trochilus minimus*, so very small, that the ladies of these countries in which it is found not infrequently, on account of the transcendent beauty and splendour of the tiny creature, wear the dead bird for an ear-drop. It feeds almost precisely like insects, on the refined nectar of plants, while on the wing. It has a missile tongue. When captured, this delicately organized little creature expires instantly.

**CHATTERTON.**—The unfortunate Chatterton was amusing himself one day in company with a friend reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deeply sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him