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THE DYING BARD'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to thee Erin! I now must depart,
Farewell to thee, land of my soul and my heart,
Yet, though an existence so pleasing must cease,
I lie in thy bosom I slumber in peace.

To all thy sweet rivers for ever adieu;
Farewell to thy mountains, majestic and blue;
Farewell to thy shores, and the voice of the wave,
And the woods, and the winds, and the raptures
they gave.

Over those hills, as I wandered along,
Felt the deep feelings I uttered in song;
And by the broad river, as wild rushing stream,
My spirit for ever delighted to dream.

Farewell to thy valleys, thy rocks, and thy hills,
And the voice of the stream and the music of rills,
And the winds shall be heard, until Nature declines,
At oh! never more must they echo to mine.

Farewell to her shores, to her woods and her waters,
To her generous sons and beautiful daughters;
Farewell to them all, but never to thee,
Thou harp of my soul! for you slumber with me.

With shall not divide us; my harp and my heart
Shall never be severed, and never shall part;
Over sores—never more, shall my harp give a tone,
But silently mingle its dust with thy own.

EMILY, OR THE STRANGER;

AN INTERESTING TALE OF REAL LIFE.

On the road between Shrewsbury and Marton Drayton, in Shropshire, England, lies the beautiful and picturesquely situated village of Hoduct, which consists of one street on the declivity of a many sided hill; the principal or rather the only inn in the place, is the Blue Boar; it is situated nearly opposite to the public market hall or place, in which all sorts of meetings are held; being almost converted into a dancing-school, a theatre, a Methodist chapel, ball room, &c., as occasion may require. The church is a little further off, and the parsonage as usual, a white house surrounded with trees, at one end of the village. A stage coach passes through the village three times a week; and one evening in the month of February, it stopped as usual at the door of the inn, and a strange gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak alighted: the driver handed him a portmanteau, and the coach drove on. The stranger entered the Blue Boar, was shown into a parlor, and desired the landlord to bring him a pint of wine. The waiter was quickly obeyed, the wine set upon the table, and the host proceeded to rouse the unburning embers of the fire, remarking at the same time that it was a cold raw night, his guest assented by a nod. Then said inquiringly, "You call this village Hoduct, do you?" "Yes, Sir," said the host, "and a better little place is not to be found in all England." "So I have heard," said the stranger; "and as you are not upon any of the great roads, I believe you have the reputation of being a primitive and unsophisticated set of people." "Why, as to that, Sir," said the host, "I cannot exactly speak; but, if there be harm in it, I dare say we are. But you know, Sir, I'm only a wintner, and don't trouble my head about these matters." "So much the better," said the stranger smiling, "You shall become a better friend; I may stay with you some weeks, perhaps months. In the meantime, let me have something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to prepare a clean, good bed." "I will, Sir," said the host, and making one of his profoundest bows retired to give the requisite orders, introduced with the deepest respect for his unexpected guest.

The next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just finished ringing, when the stranger walked up the aisle, and dived at random, a pew which happened to be vacant. Instantly every eye was turned towards him, for a new face was too important an object in Hoduct to be left unnoticed. "Who is that? When did he come? With whom does he stay? How long will he be here? Do you think he is handsome?" These and a thousand other questions flew about in whispers from pew to another, whilst the unconscious object

of all this interest cast his eyes calmly, yet penetratingly, around upon the congregation. Nor was it at all to be wondered at that his appearance had caused a sensation among the good people of Hoduct, for he was not the kind of person whom one meets with every day. There was something both in his face and figure that distinguished him from the crowd. You could not look upon him once, and then turn away with indifference. When the service was over, the stranger walked out of the church alone, and remained seated in his parlor at the Blue Boar the remainder of the day. As may be supposed, speculation was busily at work, at more than one tea-table in Hoduct that evening, and conjectures were poured out with the tea, and swallowed with the toast.

A few days elapsed, and the stranger was almost forgotten; for there was to be a subscription assembly in Hoduct, which entirely engrossed the minds of the villagers: so important an event not having taken place for nearly half a century before. Great preparations were made, and at length the important night arrived; at nine o'clock, which was considered a fashionable hour, the hall was nearly full, and the first country dance (for quadrilles were not then known to the villagers of Hoduct) was led off by the eldest son of the old squire of the village, who conducted the chosen divinity of his heart, the only daughter of one of the justices of the peace for the county of Shropshire, gracefully through its mazes. Enjoyment was at its height, when suddenly the merriment was checked, and more than usual bustle pervaded the room. The stranger had entered it; and there was something so different in his looks and manner from any of the other male creatures present, that everybody surveyed him with renewed curiosity, which was at first tinged with awe. "Who can he be?" was the question that instantly started up like a crocus in many a maiden's throbbing bosom. "He knows nobody, and nobody knows him; surely he will never think of asking any body to dance."

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers in a corner of the room by himself, and they were almost beginning to forget he was present. But he was not idle; he was attentively observing every group and every individual in the room. And judging by the various expressions of his countenance, one would have thought he could read character at a glance. He did not seem to regard the generality of the company present with a very favorable eye. At length, however, something like a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams. His eye fell on Emily Somers, and appeared to rest where it fell, with no small degree of pleasure. No wonder; Emily was not what is generally called beautiful; but there was a sweetness, a modesty, a gentleness about her, that charmed the more the longer it was observed. Her winning smiles, her unclouded temper, and affectionate disposition, threw their hallowed influence around her wherever she went. She was the only child of a widowed mother. Her father was an officer in the army, and fell in battle, and the pension of an officer's widow was all they had to support them. It was to Emily Somers that the stranger first addressed himself and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before, of course; but concluding that he had come there with some of her friends, and being but little acquainted with the arbitrary rules of etiquette, she immediately with a frank artlessness, smiled an acceptance of his request, and they joined the merry dancers on the light fantastic toe. At the close of the evening's amusements, the stranger requested permission to accompany Mrs. and Miss Somers to their residence, which was granted; and upon taking his leave of them for the night, he asked if he might be permitted to visit them the next day, which was assented to by Mrs. Somers. On the following morning he called to pay his respects to them, and so won upon their favor by his pleasing and gentlemanly behavior that he was soon allowed to be their daily visitor at Joy Cottage; but notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, which was observed with no small degree of

jealousy by some of the female villagers of Hoduct, he remained almost as great a stranger at the Cottage as when they first became acquainted with him; except that he had informed them his name was Frederick Burleigh, that he was a single young man and of a respectable family.

The gossip of the village were not sparing in their remarks of wonder and astonishment, that Mrs. Somers would allow a person whom she had never seen in her life, before the sight of the ball, to become a daily visitor at her house; it was very imprudent, wasn't it? for aught she knew he might be a married man, a swindler, or what not. Such was the scandal of the village. Mrs. Somers, however, regarded not the idle talk of her neighbors, which she looked upon only as the offspring of envy and jealousy; for to a well cultivated mind she added considerable experience of the world, therefore it did not take her long to discover that their new friend was, in every sense of the word, a man whose habits and manners entitled him to the name and rank of gentleman; and she thought, too, that she saw in him, after a short intercourse, many of those nobler qualities which raise the individual to a high and merited rank among his fellow men. As for Emily, she loved his society, she scarcely knew why; yet, when she endeavored to discover the cause, she found it no difficult matter to convince herself that there was something about him so infinitely superior to all the men she had ever seen before, that she was only obeying the dictates of reason in admiring and esteeming him. Her admiration and esteem continued to increase in proportion as she became better acquainted with him, and this sentiment seemed indeed to be mutual; for he now spent his time almost continually in her society. The stranger was fond of music, and Emily, besides being a proficient on the piano-forte, possessed a very fine natural voice, which she had cultivated with great care, and consequently played and sang with great taste and judgment. Nor did she sing or play unwearied; for Burleigh taught her the language of Petrarch and Tasso—the most enchanting of all modern languages; and being well versed in the use of the pencil, he taught her how to give landscapes a richer finish and a bolder effect. They read together; and as they looked with a smile into each other's countenances, the fascinating pages of fiction seemed to acquire a tenfold interest. These were evenings not only of calm and dear delight, but of deep-felt happiness—long, long to be remembered.

Spring flew rapidly on. March, with her winds and clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and sunshine, no longer lingered; and May came smiling up the blue—blue sky, scattering her roses over the green surface of creation. The stranger entered the little garden that surrounded Joy Cottage, one evening, before sunset. Emily saw him from the window, and came out to meet him. She held in her hand an open letter. "This is from my cousin Henry," said she; "his regiment has returned from the continent, and he will be with us to-morrow or the next day. We shall be so glad to see him! You have often heard us talk of Henry? He and I were playmates when we were children; and though it is a long time since we parted, I am sure I should know him again within an hour." "Indeed," said the stranger, almost starting, "then you must have loved him very much and very constantly too." "O yes! I loved him as a brother," Burleigh breathed more easily. "I am sure you will love him too," Emily added. "Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I also must love, Miss Somers.—But I shall not see your cousin at present. I must leave Hoduct to-morrow." "To-morrow! leave Hoduct to-morrow!?" Emily grew very pale and leaned for support on a sun-dial, near which they were standing. "Good Heavens! that emotion—can it be possible? Miss Somers—Emily—is it to part with me you are thus grieved?" "Your departure, Sir, is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected; are you never to return again—are we never to see you more?" "Do you

wish to see me again?" "Oh! how can you ask it?" "Emily, hitherto I have been known to you under a cloud of mystery—as a solitary being, without a friend or acquaintance in the world—an outcast apparently from society—either sinned against or sinned—without fortune or expectancy of fortune—and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness you have shown me?" "Pity! what! pity you! Oh, Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know you are, I should not pity you, I should—She stopped, confused, and a deep blush spread over her face, she burst into tears, and would have sunk to the ground had not her lover caught her in his arms. "Think of me thus," he whispered, "till we meet again, and we may both be happy." "O! I will think of thee thus forever!" They had reached the cottage door. "God bless you, Emily," said the stranger; "I dare not see your mother; tell her of my departure, but tell her that ere autumn has faded into winter, I shall be here again. Farewell, dearest, farewell!" She felt a hot and hurried kiss upon her cheek; and when she ventured to look around, he was gone.

Henry arrived next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs. Somers felt for Emily more than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honor of the stranger than she had hitherto been aware of, and she trembled to think of the probability that in the busy world he might soon forget the very existence of Hoduct, or any of its inhabitants. Emily entertained better hopes, but they were the result probably of the sanguine and unsuspecting temperament of youth. Her cousin, meanwhile, exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable. He was a young, frank, handsome soldier, who had leapt into the very middle of many a lady's heart; but he was not destined to leap into Emily's. She had enclosed it within too strong a line of circumvallation. After a three month's siege it was found to be impregnable. So Henry, who really loved his cousin, next to his king and country, thinking it folly to endanger his peace or waste his time any longer, one morning shook Mrs. Somers and Emily warmly by the hand, and took his departure to join his regiment again.

Autumn came; the leaves grew red, brown, yellow and purple, then dropped from the branches of the trees, and lay rustling in heaps upon the path below. The last lingering wain conveyed from the fields their golden treasure. The days were bright, clear, calm, and chill; the nights were full of stars, and the ground was wet with dew, which, ere the morning dawned, was changed into a silvery hoar frost. The robin hopped across the garden walks. But the stranger came not. Darker days and longer nights succeeded. The trees were stripped of their foliage, and the fields had lost their verdure. Winter burst upon the earth, and storms went careering through the firmament. But still the stranger came not. The lustre of Emily's eye grew dim; but yet she smiled, and looked as if she would have made herself believe that there was hope. And so there was; for the coach once more stopped at the Blue Boar; and the stranger, wrapped in his blue travelling cloak, once more alighted from it. Language cannot convey to the mind of the reader the delight experienced by Mrs. Somers and her daughter at the return of the stranger, who had so faithfully and honorably redeemed his pledge. Emily's eye soon regained its wonted lustre. But there was still another trial to be made. Would she marry him? In putting the question, he said, "my family is respectable, and it is not wealth I seek, I have an independence, at least equal I should hope to our wishes; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about me I cannot unravel until you are indisobably mine." It was a point of no slight difficulty; Emily entrusted its decision entirely to her mother. Her mother found that the stranger was inflexible in his purpose, and she also saw