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POETRY.

For the Literary Transcript.

A GIRL'S INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Sleep, Sleep, sweet goddess, from the silent skies
Drop down thy ionian balm upon mine eyes;
Soak up within my brain, each aching thought,
Within my heart, each pang that love hath wrought;
Oh! like a mother's lullaby descend,
And sweet oblivion to my senses lend.

Thou wert not wont to shut me thus, oh Sleep
There was a time when I could fondly weep
Through all my griefs, until thy gentle power
Did close my eyes, and dry the precious shower,
And lay my soul in dreams' sweetest birth,
Till I forgot that sorrow reigned on earth.

Oh! why not come, as when in girlhood's time,
I never heard the clock's sad midnight chime;
In thy dim beauty in the starlight hours,
With cheek of softness, and with breath of flowers,
Slit up my eyelids, hush my heaving breast,
And calm my spirit to a babe-like rest.

No careful dreams upon thy reign intrude!
No daily fears around, permit to brood!
But make me all thine own, I dearly crave—
Thy wing of silence still thy'er me wave,
Each troubled passion sink in slumber deep—
That when I wake, my soul may bless thee, Sleep.
A G. L.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

THE EARL'S PASS.

(Concluded.)

The gentle girl raised her head, and looked enquiringly at her lover; while a slight smile on either cheek showed that she was now smiling at her own apprehensions.

"I have good news, Agatha," continued Gilbert: "what thinkest thou that Friar Egbert hath consented to wed us; ay, and to-morrow night, with thy leave, sweetheart, we shall meet at his little oratory, and in half an hour after, laugh at loves chances, and defy the world to divide us." While he spoke, his eyes flashed in joyful anticipation of the happy moment when he should call all he held dearest on earth his own. He spoke, and his entire soul went with his speech, of future days of happiness and glory—of halcyon pleasures and unceasing delights. His fervid eloquence prevailed; and his pulse throbed with intense rapture as he caught her silver accents murmuring consent to his proposal. One warm embrace told the happiness of the lovers, and they parted.

The next morning at day-break, a single horseman, covered with dust and foam, galloped past the sentry, and dashed into the court yard of Strongbow's dwelling, calling "To arms, to arms!" He delivered a paper to Strongbow; which the earl had no sooner read, than he gave a shout, and commanded his trumpet to sound. In a few minutes, all was bustle and confusion in the different quarters of the town: the armourers were busy with their hammers, knights were mounting their barbed steeds, men-at-arms were readying their pikes and axes, and the bowmen were filling their quivers with the longest shafts. The dauntless earl was accompanied, on his forces, as they arrived to the mound where Castle-street now stands. "The brave Fitzstephens," cried he addressing his soldiers "is defeated in Wexford; and his enemies have driven him into the mountain fastnesses of that country, where he must perish if he is not succoured. His hath led me know this, and calls upon us to march to his rescue; therefore, I cry, to the rescue." The soldiers set the air with shouts of "De Clare to the rescue." The earl turned round, and sharply engaged for his son, of Nichol, a warlike monk, who had assumed the equipments of a mounted archer. "Look where he comes," replied the monk; and presently Gilbert De Clare, in whom our readers will recognise the berandine lover, dressed in a handsome suit of armour, and nodding plume, spurred his white roan up to his father's side.

"We are for Wexford, Gilbert," said the

earl, "where we shall have sore rubbers, I suspect."

"Indeed, Sir," replied Gilbert, "I am sorry that you are taken thus suddenly from us; but, doubt not, I shall keep a watchful guard in your absence."

"Absence!" cried the earl, frowning; "thou shalt go with us. Yes," he continued, raising his gauntleted hand to heaven; "yes, by the sword of Norman William, I have sworn that thou shalt try thy mettle in a full field, ere the beard sprouts on thy chin. Therefore, forward!—soldiers, forward!"

This announcement and determination came like a thunder-clap on poor Gilbert; his fondly-cherished hopes were, at a word, shattered to the ground. His cheeks blanched with the thought that he might possibly lose his beloved Agatha; and he faintly would have expostulated with the harsh resolve that tore him from her arms, but that he knew his father's fierce and unbending temper, now rendered more so by the prospect of blood and battle.

With a sorrowful heart, he took his place in the rear of the advancing ranks, and brooded in silence over his misery. Nor was he selfish in his feelings; he trembled when he thought of Agatha, and the terrible pangs she should endure when she learned that he was exposed to all the perils of a wild and barbarous warfare; and how she should upbraid him with neglecting to send her some token by which she might still hope for a continuance of his constancy. He pictured her abandoned to grief, weary with watching and weeping in the solitude of her chamber, with none to pour the words of comfort into her ear, and to assuage her sorrows. In the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the fate that made him noble, and compelled him to support, by deeds of hardy valour, the adventurous honour of his blood. He recoiled from the scenes of war his alarmed soul depicted; and, after devising and giving up a thousand plans of relief, he came to the desperate resolution of risking honour, fame, and manhood, by returning to Dublin. Filled with this unfortunate idea, he watched every opportunity to escape. At length one offered itself. About noon, the army had, by winding paths, passed an extensive bog, and were entering the intricate mazes of an oak forest, when Gilbert, on the pretence of recalling stragglers, rode back to the extreme rear, where he busied himself bringing up the scattered soldiers into the line of march. No sooner, however, was the gleam of the last helmet lost in the dark umbrage of the forest, than he turned his horse's head, and made for Dublin, with as much speed as his jaded charger could bear him.

As the shades of evening fell, he entered the dusky city; and it is scarcely necessary to say, that, on that night, at the appointed hour, Gilbert De Clare and the beautiful Agatha became one in holy wedlock. In the mean time, Gilbert was not missed on the march; and the army continued its course uninterrupted until it drew near "The Earl's Pass," already mentioned. Here were found many traces of the enemy; such as the smoking embers of half-extinguished fires, and large trees hewn down and laid across the path, to intercept the march. Loud hilloos were heard; and numbers of Irish appeared on the hills, hovering about the flanks of the army. Strongbow took precautionary measures to ensure himself against surprise; and, having overcome the difficulties on the road, pushed forward. The Irish clans, however, were increasing their numbers every moment, and seemed, by their movements, as if they were concentrating their strength with a view to stop the further progress of the earl's army. Presently a wild shout was raised; and a ferocious-looking chieftain named O'Ryan, with a numerous force, appeared in front, and commenced an attack by letting fly a shower of arrows and stones. In an instant the engagement was general; and Strongbow's soldiers were assailed on all sides with such fury, that the English were driven back ere they could well recover the first panic of surprise. The

tremendous bravery of their leader, however, inspired them with courage; and they rallied with irresistible strength: every long shaft of the English archers told with deadly aim, while the arrows of the Irish fell harmless from the mailed breasts of their adversaries. Still the Irish were far more numerous than the English; and they were bidding fair to win the day, when an arrow from the bow of Nichol, the monk, pierced the brain of the Irish chief, who instantly dropped dead. This event decided the fate of the day: the Irish, dismayed at the death of their leader, fled in the utmost confusion, and were pursued by the English with considerable slaughter. The battle lasted till dark, when the army rested for the night in the defiles of "The Earl's Pass."

As the morning dawned, the earl was pacing the green spot in front of his rude tent; his doublet unbraced, and a cap drawn far over his forehead. The usual savage gloom sat on his brow. "Eustace!" he called aloud; and his favourite squire was promptly in attendance.

"Eustace, heard'st thou aught since of my son?"

"No, my Lord."

"Think'st thou he fled to Dublin?"

"So many gallant knights have avowed."

"Fled—fled just before the battle, saidst thou?"

"Even so, my Lord."

"Eustace," said the earl, in a subdued but determined tone of voice, "send a herald to Dublin, on the instant, and let him proclaim Gilbert De Clare, son to the earl of Cheppaw a traitor to his king, and a recreant knight; and see that such a sum be set upon his head as shall induce the affectionate citizens to deliver him up to justice; and such penalties appended to harbouring him, as shall make their fingers ache to catch him. Eustace, I charge thee, as thou valuest thy life, see that my commands are put in force to the letter."

As the earl spoke, he clenched his hands, and bit his nether lip so violently, that the effect, feigning personal harm might be the result of further delay, vanished, without a murmur, to do his moody master's bidding.

The earl retired to his tent, where he sat a long time, buried in profound melancholy: his thoughts were of his son. Brave himself, he abhorred cowardice in others as an unpardonable vice; and (as he deemed) the ignominious flight of his son, on the eve of battle, called on him to make a terrible example for the general good. At the expense of parental feelings, of his peace, and perhaps of his popularity, he determined to sacrifice his son. With such bloody reflections as these did the earl fill up his otherwise vacant thoughts; and was about deliberating as to the mode of his child's execution, when a loud huzza from the soldiery called him to his feet. A horse at full speed stopped suddenly at the tent: a horseman leaped from the saddle, rushed into the tent, and Gilbert De Clare was kneeling at the feet of his father.

"Joy, joy!" exclaimed the almost breathless youth; "joy to thy victory, most noble father."

"Coward!" roared the earl, quivering with rage, "darest thou mock me by naming my victory—me whom thou hast disgraced for ever by thy rank cowardice?"

"I am no coward, my lord," replied Gilbert, standing up proudly, and repelling the charge as well by gesture as by words.

"Thou liest, traitor—slave—scandalous coward," continued the earl, swelling with rage as he spoke. "The blood of the Norman De Clare no more flows in thy veins than does the noble spirit of the falcon inhabit the body of the mousetrap owl." "Coward!"—and he struck the youth across the face with his scabbard.

"By St. Mary, a blow!" cried Gilbert, as instinctively he laid his hand on his dagger.

"Traitor!" cried the earl, "wouldst thou add parricide to thy cowardice?" and, losing all possession of himself in the whirlwind of his passion, he drew his sword, and buried it to the hilt in the bosom of his son.

The ill-fated young man fell, and expired without a groan; and at that instant the fearful cry that had first started the earl on the night of his nuptials, wafted through the tent.

The earl's passion passed away as suddenly as it had been kindled; and when he saw before him the stiffening and gory body of his only son, he tore his beard in a frenzy of grief, cast himself on the corpse, and gave way to the most violent, but, alas! unavailing flood of lamentations. When his attendants entered, and beheld the melancholy spectacle, it was with the utmost difficulty they could remove the earl from the cold remains of his murdered son. The body was sent to Dublin, where it was interred in Christ's Church; and the now heart-broken earl moved towards Wexford no longer a sceptic in the prophetic knowledge of the spirit that had foretold the bloody tragedy of "THE EARL'S PASS."

Reader, on the south side of the great aisle of Christ's cathedral lies the rude tomb of Stronglow and his son, on which was formerly the following epitaph, probably the work of some enemy, to perpetuate the memory of the unfortunate event is calls to mind:—

"Nate ingrate, meli pugnanti terga dedisti.
Non mihi, sed Geni, Regno quoque terga dedisti."

FAMILY DISTINCTIONS.—A Commodore's Son.—From a diverting story told in the Norfolk Herald, we derive the particulars annexed:

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the warm-hearted Dr. C. one of Erin's favorite sons, in consequence of persecution for opinion, (as the country emigrated to the city of New-York, where he was received with open arms, and soon made himself comfortable. He lived with all his feelings as they ought to be. His heart was always in the right place, and his head was seldom wrong. His conversation of every description knew where to find a friend. When he had money, they shared—when he had none, he gave good advice—which was always well meant. But to my story; the doctor had a servant girl named Kitty, (she too was from the Emerald Isle) who had waited on us for months; and occasionally had a word or two with the visitors. After some time I missed her, and had just enquired what had become of Kitty for the last three weeks—when you should come in without knocking, but Kitty herself. All in the room spoke to her most kindly—the good old Doctor particularly. Many kind enquiries were made; she was employed elsewhere, and was doing well. Kitty walked near the Doctor, modestly bent her head, and the following dialogue took place, to which there were about six respectable witnesses, as the lawyers would say:

Kitty.—I want to kinsult, ye, Sir.
Dr. C.—Well, Kitty, spake out, my dear, we are all friends here.

Kitty.—I've a notion of getting marrid, sir, I have!

Dr. C.—Well, 'faith there's not much harm in that, sometimes; but who is the fortunate man, Kitty?

Kitty.—Why, sir, it's one Jemy McLaughlin.

Dr. C.—Oh, ho! he's a countryman of ours, he?

Kitty.—Yes he is Sir—and there is n't a likelier boy among 'em!

Dr. C.—Faith, Kitty, I suspect you have made up your mind to marry him—whatever my advice may be?

Kitty.—Indeed I have, sir—for they told me that good husbands were scarce in the country, and I thought I'd better take him while I had the chance—feavin' somebody else might snap him up!

Dr. C.—Oh! by the powers—then it is all settled. But, Kitty, what's his business—his trade—how will he support you—what is he?

Kitty.—What is he? why, his father's a commodore!

Dr. C.—The Devil is—his father a Commodore!

Kitty.—(quite nettled) Yes, kit sir, his father is a Commodore.