

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 29.]

WEDNESDAY, 24th APRIL, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## Canada MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

### NOTICE.

HERE will be a GENERAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the Canada Marine Insurance Company, on THURSDAY, 2nd Y next, at One o'clock in the afternoon, the purpose of receiving the Report of the Auditors of Audit. By-Laws framed by the Board and Directors, under the authority of the Act of Incorporation, will also be submitted at the Meeting on that day.

By order,  
W. STEVENSON, Secretary.

M. I. Co.'s Office,  
Sec, 13th April, 1839.

## GARDEN SEEDS.

THE Subscribers beg to inform their customers and the public, that they have received their usual extensive assortment of *English and American* GARDEN, FIELD & FLOWER SEEDS, which they can WARRANT of the growth of the best; detailed Catalogues of which can be had at their store.

MUSSON & SAVAGE,  
Chemists & Druggists,  
Sec, 12th April, 1839.

## TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

THE Committee of the Q. T. A. Society, in calling the attention of the friends of temperance to the following PROSPECTUS, do just state that Subscriptions—

*The Shilling and Sixpence per annum,*  
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE,—  
is received by

Ms. JOHN SHAW, Saint John Street,  
Ms. D. CAMERON, Rue Sous-le-Fort,  
Lower Town, and  
MESSRS. MUSSON & SAVAGE, Baade St.,  
Quebec, 10th April, 1839.

Persons wishing to subscribe, will be kind  
to hand in the amount immediately, as the  
it will not be sent from Montreal without the

## PROSPECTUS

Of the Fifth Volume of the

## QUEBEC TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

THE Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society, in commencing another volume, earnestly request the aid of the friends of Total Abstinence in both Provinces to extend its circulation, by subscribing themselves and procuring as many subscribers as possible. The welfare of our country, the safety of our families, and the prosperity of the Church of Christ, demand vigorous measures in the most effectual way to prevent the progress of its destructive course over the land, and the many means for effecting a reform, and the propagation of truth, through the medium of the press has been, by the blessing of God, one of the most efficacious. Acting upon this belief, the Committee, besides making arrangements to render the *Temperance Advocate* still more interesting, have decided to lower the price of the next vol. to fully HALF, although at the present rates, its support is attended with considerable pecuniary loss. To sustain the undertaking at even a moderate rate, prompt payment to extend its circulation, are absolutely necessary. The friends of temperance are, therefore, appealed to for renewals, in order that the committee may be enabled in some measure from the responsibility assumed, and be enabled to continue the support of a paper so necessary for the success of the Temperance Reformation.

The following are the terms of the fifth volume: delivered in town, if annum, is 3/6 copy, by mail (except to post-masters) postage included, from 10 to 10 copies is 3s. 3/4 annum; from 100, 15. 6d.; 100 and above, 1s. 3d. NO PAID. FORWARDED WITHOUT PAYMENT IN ADVANCE. All communications and remittances to be sent (post paid) to Mr. JAMES COURT, Editor.

E—Copies will be sent (gratis) to every Minister of the Gospel and Schoolmaster whose name are transmitted. Individuals and Societies may pay for the quantities they may wish to take, be applied at reduced prices or gratis, on the proper representation.  
MONTREAL, February, 1839.

## THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

A STORY OF WARK CASTLE.

From Wilson's Tales of the Borders.

A little above Coldstream, on the south side of the Tweed, stands the village of Wark, where a walled mound is all that remains to point out where its proud Castle once stood. "We know that," said some dweller on the Borders may exclaim, "but what has Wark Castle to do with the Order of the Garter?" Our answer to this question simply is, that if tradition may be trusted, or the historian Froissard believed, but for Wark Castle there would have been no Order of the Garter. But this the following story will show. It was early in the autumn of 1342 that David Bruce, king of Scotland, led an army across the Borders, and laid waste the towns and villages of Northumberland as far as Newcastle. The invading army seized upon the cattle, the flocks, the goods, and the gold of the Northumbrians, and they were returning overlaid with spoils, when they passed within two miles of Wark Castle, which was then the property of the Earl of Salisbury. The Earl was absent, but the highest turret of the Castle stood his Countess the peerless Joan Plantagenet, daughter of the Earl of Kent, and cousin of king Edward. Her fair cheeks glowed and her bright eyes flashed indignation as she beheld the long line of the Scottish army pass by laden with the plunder of her countrymen.

"Am not I a Plantagenet?" she exclaimed, "flows not the blood of England in my veins, and shall I tamely behold our enemies parade the spoils of my country before mine eyes? Ho! wardens!" she continued in a louder tone, "send hither Sir William Montague!"

Sir William was the brother of her husband, and the Governor of the Castle.

"Behold," said she sternly as the governor approached, and pointing towards the Scottish army, "is it well that we should look like imprisoned doves upon you rebel host? Or shall ye, Sir Governor, discharge your duty to your sovereign, if ye strike not one blow for England and revenge?"

"Fair sister," returned the knight, "are an hour after nightfall, and the cry—'for England and the rose of Wark!' shall burst as the shout of death upon the ears of our enemies. A troop of forty horsemen wait but my word to become the messengers of vengeance."

"Good my brother," she replied, while her former frown relaxed into a smile, "and each man who hath done his duty shall in his return drink a cup of wine from the hands of Joan Plantagenet."

Darkness began to gather round the turrets of the Castle and on the highest the gentle figure of the Countess was still indistinctly visible, now walking round it with impatient steps, and again gazing eagerly to obtain another glance of the Scottish army, or counting the fires which sprang up along the lines where they had encamped for the night, when Sir William and forty of the garrison, mounted on fleet steeds, sallied from the gate of the outer wall.

"Our ladye speed ye gallant hearts!" said the fair Joan, as she beheld them sweep past like a dark cloud on their work of blood.

The Scottish army were encamped a little beyond Carham, carousing round their fires from flagons filled with the best wine they had found in the cellars of the Northumbrian nobility; over the fires, suspended from poles, were skins of sheep and of bullocks, rudely sewed into the form of bags and filled with water, these served them as pots, and the flesh of the animals were boiled in their own skins. Amongst the revellers were veterans who had fought by the side of Wallace and of Bruce, and while some recounted the deeds of the patriot, and inspired their comrades with accounts of his lion-like courage and prodigious strength others with the goblet in hand fought Banockburn o'er again. Thus the song, the jest, the laugh, the tale of war and the wine cup, went round amidst the bustle of culinary preparations, and each man laid his arms aside and gave himself up to enjoyment and security.

Suddenly there arose upon their mirth the trampling and neighing of war-steeds, the clang of shields and the shouts of armed men, and naked swords gleamed through the firelight. "For England and the rose of Wark!" exclaimed Sir William Montague—"For England and our ladye!" echoed his followers. They rushed through the Scottish lines like a whirlwind, trampling the late revellers beneath their horses' feet, and fleshing their swords in the bodies of unarmed men. For a time they left carnage behind them and spread destruction before them.

The surprise and panic of the Scottish army, however, were of short duration. "To horse!—to horse!" rang through the camp, and they began to enclose the small but desperate band of assailants on every side.

"England is revenged!—to the Castle with our spoils!" cried Sir William, and they retreated towards Wark, carrying with them a hundred and sixty horses laden with plunder, while the Scots pursued them to the very gates. The Countess hastened to the outer gate to meet them, and as by the torches borne by her attendants she surveyed the number of horses they had taken, and the rich booty which they bore—"Thanks Sir William," cried she, "thanks my gallant countrymen, ye have done bravely, merry England hath still its chivalrous and stout hearts upon the Borders, ye tonight shall each man pledge his layde love in the ruddy wine."

But there was one who welcomed Sir William Montague's return with silent tears—the gentle Madeline Aubrey, the companion of Joan Plantagenet, and the orphan daughter of a valiant knight who had won his golden spurs by the side of the first Edward, and laid down his life in defence of his imbecile son. Madeline was perhaps less beautiful than the Countess, but her very looks spoke love—love ardent, tender and sincere. Her's was the beauty of the summer moon kissing the quiet lake when the nightingale offers up its song—lovely and serene; Joan's was as the sun flashing upon the gilded sea—receiving the morning worship of the lark, and demanding admiration.

"Wherefore are ye sad my sweet Madeline?" said Sir William tenderly, as he drew off his gauntlet and took her fair hand in his. "Joy ye not that I have returned sound in life and limb?"

"Yes, I joy that my William is safe," answered Madeline, "but will our safety last? Think ye not that ye have done desperately, and that the Scottish king with to-morrow's sun will avenge the attack ye have made on his camp to-night?"

"St. George! and I pray he may!" added Sir William. "I am the dependant of my brother, with no fortune but my sword, and I should glory beneath the eyes of my Madeline to win such renown as would gain a dowry worthy of her hand."

"When that hand is given," added she, "your Madeline will seek no honour but her William's heart."

"Well, sweetest," rejoined he, "I know that ye rejoice not in the tournament, nor delight in the battle-field, yet would ye mourn to see your own true knight vanquished in the one or turn craven on the other. Let Scotland's king bestow us if he will, and then with this good sword shall I prove my love for Madeline."

"Madeline is an orphan," added she, "and the sword has made her such. She knows your courage as she knows your love, and she asks no farther proofs. The deed of chivalry may make the layde proud of her knight, but it cannot win her affection."

"Well, sweet one," said he playfully, "I should love to see thy pretty face in a monk's cowl, thou dost preach of peace right potently. But come love, wherefore are ye so sad—what troubles thee?"

"'Tis for you I fear," she replied. "I know your daring, and I know that danger threatens us,—and oh! Madeline's hands could not deck your bosom for the battle,—though in her own breast she would receive the stroke of death to shield it. For my sake be not too rash; for oh! in the silent hours of midnight

when the spirits of the dead visit the earth, and the souls of the living mingle with them in dreams, I have seen my father and my mother, and they have seemed to weep over my orphan—they have called on me to follow them,—and I have thought of you, and the shout of battle and the clash of swords has mingled in my ears, and when I would have clasped your hands, the shroud has appeared my bridal garment."

"Come love, 'tis an idle fancy," said he tenderly, "dream no more. But that they have mewed me up in this dull Castle where honour seeks me not, and reward awaits not, ere now my Madeline had worn her wedding garment. But cheer up, I will not be rash, though for that fair brow I would win a coronet."

"'Tis an honour I covet not," said she, "nor would I risk thy safety for a moment to wear a crown."

Madeline was right in her apprehension that King David would revenge the attack that had been made on the rear of his army. When with the morning sun he beheld two hundred of his soldiers lying dead upon the ground, "Now by my halidame," said he, "and for this outrage I will not leave one stone of Wark Castle upon another, but its ruins shall rise as a cairn over the graves of these men."

Before noon the entire Scottish host were encamped around the Castle, and the young King sent a messenger to the gates demanding the Countess, and Sir William to surrender.

"Surrender! boasting Scot!" said the chivalrous Joan, "doth your boy king think that a Plantagenet will yield to a Bruce! Back and tell him that ere a Scot among ye enter these gates, ye shall tread Joan Plantagenet in the dust, and the bodies of the bravest of your army shall fill the ditches of the Castle that their comrades may pass over."

"I take not my answer from a woman's tongue," replied the herald; "what say ye Sir Governor?—do ye surrender in peace, or choose ye that we raze Wark Castle with the ground?"

"If King David can he may," was the brief and bold reply of Sir William Montague, "yet it were better for him that he should have tarried in Scotland until his beard be grown than that he should attempt it."

"Ye speak boldly," answered the herald, "but ye shall not fare the worse by reason of your free speech when a passage shall be made through these walls for the Scottish army to enter."

The messenger having intimated the refusal of the governor to surrender to his prince, preparations were instantly made to commence the siege. The besieged, however, did not behold the preparations of their enemies and remain inactive. Every means of defence was got in readiness. The Countess hastened from post to post, inspiring the garrison with words of heroism, and stimulating them with rewards. Even the gentle Madeline shewed that her soul could rise with the occasion worthy of a soldier's love, and she too went from man to man cheering them on, and with her sweet and silver tones seemed to rob even death of half its terror. Sir William's heart swelled with delight as he beheld her mild eye lighted up with enthusiasm, and heard her voice, which was as music to his ear, giving courage to the faint-hearted and heroism to the brave.

"Heaven bless my Madeline!" said he taking her hand, "ye have taught me to know what true courage is, and our besiegers shall feel it. They may raze the walls of the Castle with the ground as they have threatened, but it shall be at a price that Scotland can never forget, and even then my Madeline shall be safe. Farewell now love, but as night gathers round we must again prepare to assume the part of assailants."

"You must!—I know you must!" she replied, "yet be not too rash,—attempt not more than a brave man ought,—or all may be lost,—you too may perish, and who then would protect your Madeline?"

He pressed her hand to his breast,—again he cried "Farewell!" and hastening to a troop of horsemen who only waited his commands to rally from the gate upon the camp of their