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POETRY.

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I go, I go!—And must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood played,
By my own streams I
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone thumbe!

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcome there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glad?
All the sweet counsels, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust in days gone by,
Faded full and free!

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shroud my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!
Bid the stream's voice, where I have dwelt;
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul both felt,
A though restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding vision of the dell,
Set deep that thought!
And let the spirit's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,
With me be fraught!

And Memory answered me: "Will wish and vain!
I have on hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core:
"The place they held in bosoms all their own,
"Soon with aw shadows filed, now flowers o'er-
"Is theirs no more!"

Hast thou such power, O Love!—and Love replied,
"It is not mine!—Four out thy soul's full tide
"Of hope and trust,
"Prayer, tears, devotions, that boon to gain—
"Tis but to write, with the heart's fine train,
"Will words on dust!"

Song! is the gift with THREE I—ask a lay,
Soft, present, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast:
Filled with a truth—each I not for deathless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name
Where it would rest!

And Song made answer: "It is not in me,
"Though called immortal—though my power may
"Be
"All but divine:
"A place of lonely brightness I can give;
"A chageloss on it, where thou with love wouldst
"This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt thou the restless wish fulfil?
And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still
"Each vain regret,
"What if forgotten? All thy soul would crave,
"Thou to within the mantle of the grave,
"Will words forget.

Then did my soul in lone faint sadness die,
As from all nature's voices one reply,
But one was given,
"Earth has no heart, fond dreamer! with a tone
"To give thee back the spirit of thine own—
"Seek it in heaven!"

THE SIMPLE MAN IS THE BEGGAR'S BROTHER.

Many a time, said Nicholas Middlemiss, as he tarried round the skirts and the sleeve of his threadbare coat to examine them, many a time have I heard my mother say to my father—"Roger, Roger, (for that was my father's name,) the simple man is the beggar's brother." But notwithstanding my mother's admonitions, my father certainly was a very simple man. He allowed people to take him in, even while they were laughing in his face at his simplicity. I dinna think that ever there was a week but that somebody or other overreached him, in some transaction or other; for every knave keanin' him to be a simpleton, (a nosy-wax as my mother said,) always laid his family were the simpletons. He had been a manufacturer in Liverpool for many a long year, and at his death he left behind a sister and myself, four hundred pounds each. Be it remembered, however, that his father

before him left him near to three thousand, and that was an uncommon fortune in those days—a fortune I may say that my father might have made his barns dukes by. Had he not been a simple man, his family might have said, that they wouldn't ca' the Duke o' Buccleugh their cousin. But he was simple,—simplicity's sel', (as my mother told him weel about it,)—and he didna leave his barns sae meikle to divide among them, as he had inherited from their grand-father. Yet, if notwithstanding ag his opportunities to make a fortune, he did not even leave us what he had got, he at least left us his simplicity unimpaired. My brothers were honest men,—ovre honest I am sorry to say for the every day transactions of this world,—but they always followed the odious path, and kept their faces in a direction, which if they had foresight enough to see it, was sure to land them in, or on, (just as ye like to take the expression,) their native parish. Now this is a longing after the place o' one's birth for which I have no ambition; but on the parish it did land my brothers. My sister, too, was a poor simple thing, that married a man who had a wife living when he married her; and after he had got every shilling that she had into his possession, he decamped and left her.

But it is not the history of my brothers and sister that I would tell ye about, but my own. With the four hundred pounds which my father left me, I began business as a linen manufacturer,—that is, as a master weaver, on what might be called a respectable scale. The year after I had commenced business upon my own account, and before I was two and twenty, I was taking a walk one Sunday afternoon on the Hawick road, along by Sorbie, and there I met the bonniest lassie, I think, that I had ever seen. It was so struck wi' her appearance that I lost the thread round ane followed her. She was dressed in a duffel coat or pelisse, which I think country folk call a Joseph; but I followed her at a distance, through fields and ower stiles, till I saw her enter a sma' farm-house. There were some bits o' barns, apparently hands' barns, sitting round a sort o' back-doh near the stackyard.

"Who lives there dearies?" says I to them, pointing aw' my finger to the farm-house.
"Ned Thompson," says they.
"And who was that bonny lassie," asked I, "that gae'd in just the now?"
"He! he! he!" the barns laughed, and gied me nae answer. So I put my question to them again, and one o' the auldest o' them, a lassie about thirteen, said—"It was the maister's daughter sir, the laird's bonny Jenny—if ye like I'll gae to and tell her that a gentleman wishes to speak to her."

I certainly was very proud o' the barn taking me to be a gentleman, but I couldna think o' meeting Miss Thompson, even if she should come out to see me, wi' such an introduction, for I was sure I would make a fool o' myself; and I said to the bit lassie—"No I think ye himny, I'm obliged to ye; and at her little companions' he! he! he!" and laughed the louder at my expense, which had I not been a simple man, I never would have placed it in their power to do.

So I went away, thinking on her face as if I had been looking at it in a glass a' the time; and to make a long story short, within three months I miss Jenny Thompson and me became particularly weel acquaint. But my mother, who had none o' the simpleness that came by my father's side o' the house, was then living, and when Jenny and I were on the eve o' being publicly cried in the kirk, she clapped her affidavit against it.

"Nicol," said she, "as son as ye are o' mine, ye're a poor simpleton gonsel. There isn't a barn that I have among ye to mend another. Ye are your father ovre again, every one o' ye,—each one more simple than another. Will ye marry a tupsie that has nae recommendation but a doll's face, and bring shame and sorrow to your door?"

I flew into a rampaging passion wi' my mother for levelling Jenny to either shame or sorrow; but she maintained that married ye should not be if she could prevent it; and she

certainly said and did every thing that lay in her power to render me jealous. She might as weel have lectured to a whistle or rock. I believed Jenny to be as pure as the dew that fallth upon a lily before sunrise in May. But on the very night before we were to be married, and when I went to fit on the gloves and the ring—to my horror and inexpressible surprise, who should I see in the farm yard, (for it was a fine star-light, night,) but my Jenny,—my thrice cried bride,—wi' her hand upon the shoulder o' the auldest son o' her father's laird, and his arm round her waist. My first impulse was to run into the stackyard where they were and to knock him down; but he was a strong lad, and thinks I, "second thoughts are best." I was resolved, however, that my mother should find I wasna such a simpleton as she gie'd me out to be,—so I turned round upon my heel and went home, saying to myself as the song says—

"If this be the way of courtin' a wife,
I'll never look after another,
But I'll away home and live single my life,
And I'll away hame to my mother!"

When I went hame, and informed her of what I had seen, and of what I had done, the auld woman clapped me upon the shoulder, and says she—"Nicholas my man, I am glad that your own een have been made a witness in the matter of which your mother forewarned ye. Ye was about to bring disgrace upon your family, but I trust he was never enough to be a warning to ye. O Nicholas! they that marry a wife merely for the sake o' a bonny face, or for being a smart dancer, or any thing o' that kind, never repeat it but once, and that is for ever. Marriage, lad, lifts the veil from the face o' beauty, and causes it to be looked upon as an every-day thing; and even if ye were short-sighted before, marriage will make ye see through spectacles that will suit your sight, whether ye will or no. Dinna think that I am against ye taking a wife, for I ken it is the best thing that a young man can do. Had your father not married me when he did, he would have died a beggar instead o' leaving ye what he did. And specially a simple creature like you Nicholas, needs one to take care o' him. But ye must not expect to meet wi' such a one in every bonny face, handsome waist, or smart ankle that ye meet wi'. Na, na, na! ye must look to the heart, and the disposition or temper, and the affection for you. These are the grand points that ye are to study, and not the beauty o' the face, the shape o' the waist, (which a mantua-maker has a principal hand in making,) the colour o' the een, or the texture o' the hair. These are things that are forgotten before ye have been married a twalmouth; but the feelings o' the heart, and the sentiments o' the soul, ay rin pure Nicholas, and grow stronger and stronger, just like a bit burn oozi'g frae a hill, and wimpling down its side, waxin larger and larger, and gathering strength on strength as it runs, until it meets the sea like a great river; and even so it is wi' the affections o' the heart between man and wife, where they really love and understand each other; for they begin wi' the bit spring o' courtship, following the same course, gathering strength, and flowing side by side, until they fall into the ocean o' eternity as a united river that cannot be divided! No, son, if ye will take a wife I hope ye have seen enough to convince ye that she ought never to be the bonny Miss Thompson. But if I might advise ye in the matter, there is our own servant, Nancy Bowmaker, a young lass, a weelfared lass and as weel behaved as she is good-looking. She has lived wi' us now for four years, and from term to term I never have had to quarrel her. I never saw her encouraging lads about the house,—I never missed the value o' a pin since she came to it,—I never even saw her light a candle at the fire, or keep the cruisy burning when she had naething to do but to spin, or to knit. Now, Nicholas, if ye will be looking after a wife, I say that ye canna do better than just draw up wi' Nancy Bowmaker."

So my mother ended her long-winded harangue, which I had hardly patience to listen to. In the course o' the week, the fathers o' Miss Jenny Thompson called upon me, to see why I had not fulfilled my engagement by taking her before the minister, and declaring her to be my wife. I stood before them like a man touched wi' a flash o' lightning—pale as death and trembling like a leaf. But when they began to talk big ower me, and threaten me wi' bringing the terrors o' the law upon my head,—(and be it remembered I have an exceeding horror o' the law, and would rather lose a pound any day, than spend six and eight-pence, which is the least ye can spend upon it,)—but as good luck would have it, while they were stamping their feet, and shaking their nerves in my face, my mother came forward to where we were standing, and says she to me—"Nicholas, what is a' this about? What does Mr. Thompson and his sons want?"

The very sound o' her voice inspired me; I regained my strength and my courage as the eagle renews its age. And simple man as I was—"Sir," said I, "what is it that ye mean? Gae ask your daughter who it was that had his arm round her waist on Thursday night last, and her hand upon his shoulder! Go to him to marry her!—but dinna have the audacity to look me in the face."

"Weel said Nicol," whispered my mother, coming behind me, and clapping me on the back, "aye aye act in that manner my man." And both her father and her brother stood looking one to another for an answer, and slunk away without saying another word either about the law or our marriage—I found I had gotten the whip-hand o' them most completely. So there never was another word between me and bonny Jenny Thomson, who within a month ran away wi' the son o' her father's laird—and poor bizzzy, I am sorry to say, her end wasna a good one.

My mother, however, always kept teasing me about Nancy Bowmaker, and saying what a notable wife she would make. Now some folk are foolish enough to say that they couldna like any body that was in a manner forced upon them. And nae doubt, if either a father or a mother, or any body else that has power to comply, and actually love the person in opposition to a command. Yet this I will say that my mother's sermons to me about Nancy Bowmaker, and my being always creged to her upon that account, caused me to think more about her than I did concerning any other woman under the sun. And ye canna think lang about any lass in particular, without beginning to have a sort o' regard for her as it were. In short, I began to find that I liked Nancy just as weel as I had done Jenny: we were fore married, and a most excellent and affectionate wife she has been to me, even to this day.

It was now that I began the world in good earnest. But though my wife was an active woman, I was still the same simple, easy-imposed-upon, sort o' being that I had always been. Every rogue in the country-side very soon became acquainted wi' my disposition. I had no reason to complain o' my business, for orders poured in upon me faster than I was able to supply them. Only somehow or other,—and I thought it very strange,—mone y dinna come in sae fast as the orders. My wife said to me—"This trade will never do Nicholas, ye will gang on dour, trusting, until ye trust yourself to the door. Therefore do as I advise ye, and look after the siller."

"O my dear," said I, "they are good customers, and I canna offend them for the sake o' a few pounds. I have no doubt but they are safe enough."

"Safe or no safe," quoth she, "get ye your accounts settled. Their siller will do as meikle for ye as their cotton. Take a woman's advice for once, and remember, that short accounts make long friends." Look ye after your money."

I couldna but confess that there was a green deal o' truth in what Mrs. Middlemiss (that is my wife) said to me. But I had not hee turn for doing things I could not be so sharp