

POETRY.

FORGET THEE!

"Forget thee!"—of an dream by night, and muse
on thee by day;
If all the warring deep and wild a poet's heart can
pay;
If prayers in absence, heathen for thee to heaven's
protecting power;
If winged thoughts that fit to thee—a thousand in
an hour;
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,
If thus thou call'st "forgetting," then indeed shalt
be forgot.
"Forget thee!"—Did the forest birds forget their
sweetest tune?
"Forget thee!"—Did the sea forget to swell be-
neath the moon?
Did the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's re-
freshing dew?
Thyself forget thee "own dear land" and its
"mountains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long remem-
bered spot;
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou
shalt be forgot.
Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden heart still calm
and fancy free;
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow
less glad for me!
Yet, while that heart is still unwarmed, oh, did not
me to rave,
But let it muse in humble faith, and uncomplaining
love;
If these preserved for patient years, at last avail me
not,
Forget me then;—but never believe that thou can'st
be forgot!

WEALTH AND FASHION.

[CONTINUED.]

"Miss Warner," said Mr. Ellison, one morning at the breakfast table, "I have a special embassy to you. Mr. Burrell called on me yesterday, and after the warmest encomiums on Miss Warner's beauty, wit, and sweetness, asked me if she was engaged. I told him I presumed so. Am I right?" Caroline coloured, but gave an assenting bow. "What was the meaning of that report I heard about you being engaged?" asked Miss Ellison, as Caroline thought very ill-naturedly. "I am not answerable for reports," replied she, blushing still deeper. "Never mind, Miss Warner," said the gentleman; "married ladies always think the right of deflation belongs exclusively to themselves. Mr. Burrell requests permission to call on you this evening, and that you will have the goodness to see him alone. The truth is, he means to offer himself, and you must be prepared with an answer." "Mr. Burrell!" exclaimed she with affected astonishment; "he is not fit enough to be my father." "You grandfather, I should think," said the gentleman. "No matter," said Miss Ellison, "he is exceedingly rich." "Is he thought a man of fashion?" asked Caroline. "Whoever becomes Mrs. Burrell," said Mr. Ellison, "will have the most splendid house, carriages, furniture, et cetera in the city; she will have every thing but a young and agreeable husband." "Is he thought liberal?" said Caroline. "That is not his general character, but probably a young wife may make him so." Evening found Caroline equipped for the interview. Mr. Burrell came at the appointed hour. Notwithstanding his peruke, whiskers, and teeth, were of the best workmanship, the man of sixty stood revealed. His manner of making love certainly did not disgrace his years, as it was quite in the old-fashioned style; he called her "his lovely girl, his adorable charmer." She, in return, was all artlessness, and acknowledged that he had interested her from the first moment of her introduction. She did not think it necessary to add, that she had previously heard of his overflowing coffers. That evening would have decided the fate of Caroline, had she not determined to stipulate for pin money. Though titles could not be introduced into America, she saw no reason why this excellent English custom should not be adopted; she therefore, after whispering the yielding state of her mind, begged him to wait for a more decisive answer, till she had written to her dear parents. The next day Caroline dispatched a letter to her brother, full of ambiguities, but sufficient to alarm her friends. In a short time she received a letter in reply from Horace. "There is one sentence in your letter left unfinished (said he) which fills me with apprehension. You say, 'I am over head and ears in—' and then break off as if unwilling to proceed. You cannot mean over head and

ears in love, for you are no hypocrite; can it be a debt? If you have thoughtlessly involved yourself in expense, do not let it involve influence in forming this connection. I promise you that you shall be extricated from all embarrassment, without its being known; I know that I have more than sufficient for the purpose. Write to me openly and fearlessly; it is not too late to retract."
Such was the purport of the letter. Caroline shed a few natural tears as she folded it up. Horace had discovered one part of the truth; she was in debt, far beyond her means to discharge. It was utterly impossible that she should dress in the style of Mrs. Ellison with her limited means, without running in debt. There were bills at the dressmakers, milliners, and jewelers. Since her engagement, these were unimportant; they were all ready to wait till she returned. Mrs. Ellison, her lover wished to accompany her home, but some remains of feeling prevented her accepting his offer. She was received by her family with unchanged affection. It had been a general agreement, that Benson should not visit there till after Caroline's marriage and departure. She was by that means saved from the mortification of meeting him.
When Horace first communicated to him the purport of Caroline's letter, he received the intelligence with strong emotion; in a short time, however, he grew collected and calm. "There is more," said he, "to mortify my self-love in this affair, than my affection. I have felt almost from the first that we were neither of us satisfied with each other. Often have I sought refuge with Fanny, when wearied with the captives of her sister, and I candidly acknowledge that I have sometimes wished my good genius had directed me to her in the first place." "My dear fellow," said Horace squeezing his hand "let us drop this subject entirely; when Caroline goes to New York, you will visit us as usual."
A new scene was now enacting in the quiet mansion of Mr. Warner. He had made his daughter a present sufficient to amply furnish her wardrobe; beyond that, was not in his power. Her apartment was crowded with silks, satins, shawls, and French flowers; not a chair nor a table, but was loaded with articles of this nature. It was a season of triumph for Caroline; never before had she indulged the exuberance of her really elegant taste, nor even on her late visit at New York where her debts remained unpaid. Once or twice it occurred to her that the world reserve a few hundreds to discharge them; but when is vanity satisfied? There was still something more to purchase, and the whole was soon appropriated.
Frances looked on with a feeling of wonder and regret; there was so much in the whole affair she could not comprehend. She felt impatient to behold the man who could rival Benson, and she once expressed this feeling to her sister. Caroline laughed scornfully; there was no hypocrisy in her character. Had this trait arisen from principle, it might have been a redeeming point; but it rather proceeded from want of feeling; she could not comprehend that what was material to her, would shock others.
"Do you really think, Fanny," said she, "that I am going to marry Burrell for his beauty or his talents? No, my sweet one, it is for his goods and chattels."
"I do not at present envy you any thing you are to possess," said Fanny, quietly; "of all misery that I can imagine, the greatest is giving the hand without the heart. But may I ask, are you going to purchase diamonds?" "I purchase diamonds? Why you dear innocent soul, my father's whole income would not buy me a pair of diamond earrings! No, Burrell desired that he might furnish my bridal jewels; of course they will be diamonds. Mrs. Ellison's are superb, but mine will undoubtedly be more so; Burrell's income is much larger than Ellison's. He has not made me a present worth speaking of since we were engaged, and I have no doubt he means to put all his strength into my diamonds. I perceive you do not enter into my splendid prospects. I forgive you; it is human nature. Never mind, Fanny, when I get settled, I will send for you, and you will have much greater advantages for making a match than I had." "I thank you; but I am sure diamonds would never add to my happiness." "You think so now, because you know nothing of their importance in the world." "I hope I never shall know." "You are deceiving yourself if you imagine all this indifference arises from principle. It is ignorance, pure ignorance."

At length Mr Burrell arrived; his equipage was splendid. He told Caroline "her house wanted only its lovely mistress to render it complete." In the eyes of Horace and Fanny, he was any thing but attractive; but the one most interested, seemed perfectly satisfied. The wedding evening arrived, and still no jewels had been presented. Caroline arrayed herself in her bridal dress, and arranged her hair for the splendid tiara of diamonds, which was so far to surpass Mrs. Ellison's. Radiant in smiles, she descended to the parour, to meet her lover late-a-lete, before the hour appointed for the ceremony arrived. He was the most admiring, the most enraptured of men; and thanking his fair mistress for her attention to his request in permitting him to furnish her wedding jewels, placed a package in her hand. She only waited to express her thanks, and flew to her room to examine, and adorn herself with her treasures. She found Fanny quietly looking up her dresses and putting the apartment in order. "They have come! I have got them!" she exclaimed; "give me a pair of scissors, a knife, any thing," and she began pulling the knot with her slender fingers, and white teeth. At length the package was unfastened, and the little red morocco case appeared before her; for a moment she hesitated, then hastily opened it; it fell from her hand, and she threw herself back, as if in the act of fainting. Frances flew to assist her. "Stand off!" exclaimed Caroline; "I want breath." The struggle was for a moment doubtful, but happily a burst of tears relieved her. It was long and violent, but at length her words found utterance. "A wretch! a monster! an old superannuated fool! it is not too late yet," and she began to tear off the orange blossoms from her glossy tresses.
[To be concluded in our next.]

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

TACT AND TALENT.
Talent is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen snell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent to one. Take them each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be named; while tact keeps the house in a roar night after night with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the bar, and see them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is just at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on so fast, and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints, and by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing—tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way. Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation, and tact is blessed by deferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into a place with a sweet si-

lence and glibness of movements, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It has all the air of composure, and all the power and force of genius.

VALUE OF INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY.—Both the main and the hair springs of watches are made of steel first drawn into wire. In the former description of springs, the workman gives to the material its wonderful elasticity, by hammering it out upon an anvil; it is then ground, hardened, cooled, and tempered by nitric acid, as we see it. The manufacture of the latter article has frequently been selected as an illustration of the extent to which the value of a material of small intrinsic worth may be raised by his application of industry and ingenuity. A pound of crude iron costs but five-pence; it is converted into steel; that steel is made into watch-springs, every one of which is sold for half-a-guinea and weighs only the twelfth of a grain. After deducting for waste, there are in the pound weight 2000 grains; it, therefore, affords steel for 20,000 watch-springs, the value of which at half a guinea each, is 50,000 guineas!

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE IN RUSSIA.—Cases of longevity are not only much more common, but also more extraordinary in respect to a greater duration, in Russia than in any other part of Europe; thus, from the report of the holy synod, published in 1827, it appears that there were living in 1820, among those who profess the Greek-Russian religion throughout the Empire, not fewer than 848 males, who were 100 and more years old, among whom 52 had passed the age of 120, 4 were between 125 and 130 years of age. Of 600,881 males who died in 1820, 2785 had passed the age of 90 years; 1462 that of 80; and 528 that of 100, among the latter, 59 were more than 113 years of age; 21, more than 120; 7, more than 124; and one was 160 years old at his death.

STATISTICS REGARDING DENMARK.—A Buffalo (United States) paper states that there is not enough in that wood of 24 men to make a pig-squeaker, weighing 24 lbs. How much grass there is in their faces the Yankee authority says it not.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—A gentleman finding his servant impatient, said, "What, drunk again, Sam! A second year for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again?" "No, massa, I were drunk, massa, same drunk," replied Sam.

In certain cases the most favorite cry is "order," but the universal practice disorder.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.
[In submitting a new paper to the judgment of the public, it becomes a duty incumbent on the conductor to state what are the objects contemplated in its publication.]
Briefly then,—the design of this paper will be to yield instruction and amusement to the domestic and social circle. It will contain choice extracts from the latest European and American periodicals,—selections from new, popular and entertaining works of the most celebrated authors, with other interesting literary and scientific publications.
The news of the day, compressed into as small a compass as possible, yet sufficiently comprehensive to convey a just and general knowledge of the principal political and miscellaneous events, will also be given.
Its columns will at all times be open to receive such communications as are adapted to the character of the work; and the known talent and taste existing in Quebec justify the hope we entertain that the value of our publication will be enhanced by frequent contributions.
The publication in this city of such a paper as the one now proposed has by many been long considered a desideratum; and the kindly disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipations that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement and success.
Quebec, 6th December, 1837

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING, BY THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE, At the Office, No. 4, St. Antoine Street, leading to Huel's Wharf