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ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Literary Transcript.)

THE BROOMSTICK.

Aye, there it stood—
An ancient broomstick, hucked and torn,
Crippled, soiled, and weather-worn,
In solitude!
"Alas!" thought I, "thou poor old stump,
How many a heartless scrub and thump;
Hast thou, in patient silence suffered!
It makes me puff hard!
Oh! what a tale of sweetening tone
Couldst thou recite,
Fragments of spite,
Although thy sweeping tail is gone!
—I stand; could I believe my eyes,—
From out the broomstick seemed to rise
A shadowy head, a pair of shoulders,
A body, and its two upholders,
Then feet:
And lo! in attitude commanding,
The spirit of a broom" was standing
Complete!
In accents dignified, yet bland,
"Fear not," it said, and waved its hand,
"But hearken calmly to my tale,—
Alas! but one continued wail,"

"In early life, I snuffed the breeze
Much the same as other trees:
How keen and fresh it floated through
My leaves, with music as new!
While, from his topaz throne on high,
Our glorious Deity
Threw back his locks of gold, with love divine,
And beamed his own bright smile, majestic
And benign!

Oh! —
—Ho!
Forgive this pause of mute despair,
—Although I'm but a ghost, when'er
Fond memory rushes
Upon my mind, my powers of utterance stop;
A heart flood gushes,
And then—I weep like any water-mop!

Well, all our fates must be fulfilled:—
T was mine to be in childhood killed.
Lopt, and shaped, and neatly banded,
Off to market I was trundled;
And lo! one morn I found myself a broom,
And skimming along a dining-room!

At first I served a venerable dame,
Who ne'er had changed, or wished to change
(her name)

In doods of charity
Her peaceful life-stream glided sweetly by.
Years here I staid, but not in vain,
I always strove experience to gain,
Nor ever let my observations rust,
But swept up wisdom as I swept up dust.

Her memory I shall ever bless,
She used me with such tenderness!
Well, the old girl in "animo-phobia" lived,
[Int] her seventieth natal-day arrived;
But "flesh is frail
As pot or pail,"

So the patient palinist saith;
And she, when seventy staid years had past,
Stept from the path of rectitude at last,
And fell into the arms of—death!

The next I lived with was a "ladies-man";
I little cared to scan
Each harmless, milk-and-water folly
Of this un-petted Molly.

Not withered, yet, by Fortune's frown,
His days were spent in riding round the town,
And earning goodly reputation,
By harsh, affected cackinnation,
Among two-thirds of womankind—
The over simple, and the over kind.

"Hallo!" cried I, "excuse my incivility;
"Where have you learnt such scandalous
scurrility?"

"Pshaw! quoth the sneering sprite, with
stiff-necked gloom,
"Scurrility is innate in a "Brougham."

When from this household I went forth, I
Next served a well-conditioned warty,
Whose ruling passion stood confest

In the tightness of his sack-like vest,
And round luxuriance of limb:
He loved his cook, but ah! she loved not him.
One morn, a vision met my wakening eyes,
That made my hairs with bristling horror rise:

There he stood with open eye
Fixed on the broomstick, silently
Swiftly swinging round to smite,
In breathless fright!
Up I went with a twist and a twirl,
Down I came with a whizz and a whirl,—
Whack!
On his back!

Suddenly the spirit stopped,
And farther utterance dropped;
—O wonderful!—his stature seemed to grow
To something diabolic, and a glow
Scorching and withering, from his features

I yelled, and started up,—my reverie was
gone?
It seems that I, at first, had stood
In musing mood,
With skirts upraised, and back towards the

The true position of an English square,—
And, quite unconscious of my threatened fate,
Stepped back at last, and safe upon the grate!

KORAIL.

THE PLACE OF THE PIOUS.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT ETNA.

[Concluded.]

"In a few seconds, both Antonio and old
Matteo joined him in the corridor, and while
the latter went to wake up the other domesti-
cs, the brothers entered the chamber of their
parents. Both were still sound asleep. Their
meek placid faces lay near each other on the
same pillow, which they had pressed forty
years together; and their white locks, escap-
ing from beneath their caps, partly shaded
their care-worn brows. The mother had evi-
dently fallen asleep in the act of prayer, for
her chaplet was still in her hand, while a
small silver crucifix lay beside her on the pil-
low. The sons glanced at the pleasing sight
for a moment, and then gently waking them,
explained the fearful necessity, and urged
them to make ready for flight. Overcome
with terror, they besought the youths to speed
away and save their own lives, telling them
they had lived long enough, and would be
willing to cast themselves at once on God's
mercy, and abide whatever might happen.
But to this the young men were deaf; and
perceiving that apprehension, joined with age,
had robbed them of all energy, they placed
them on their shoulders, and followed by all
their domestics, descended into the street.

"Here the uproar and confusion were in-
describable. At several points the lava had
cast down the walls, or flowed over them,
and was pouring through the city, firing the
houses, or overthrowing every thing in its
course. Multitudes of people thronged the
streets. The light reflecting from the fiery
clouds above shed a tremendous splendour over
the scene, and augmented the resemblance to
hell existing in other of its features: for all
the worst passions of the worst men were now
let loose; and while the earth roared beneath
the sea, and thunder rolled overhead, numbers
of miscreants scoured the city, plundering the
palaces, murdering the weak, for the riches
they sought to bear away, and struggling with
each other, with bloody knives and daggers,
for the spoils they had collected by crime.—
Elsewhere, as the pious sons passed onward,
bearing their parents from approaching destruc-
tion, other groups, agitated by different pas-
sions, presented themselves. Some toiled
along beneath a load of gold and jewels—
others hurried on, leading their wives or chil-
dren by the hand—while others, neither caring
for, nor heeding ought but self, rushed
tamulouly towards the northern gate, the
road from which, lying over a highly raised
causeway, promised the best chance of escape.
There were, in that fearful hour, husbands

who deserted their wives, and wives who fled
before their husbands, there were even par-
ents who forgot their offspring, and escaped
empty-handed towards the gate. But affec-
tion in most cases, proved triumphant over
every other feeling. Men thronged the streets
with their trembling consorts in their arms—
women bore along their infants—sisters and
brothers fled together—but, save in the case
of Tomaso and Antonio, the aged found no
one mindful of their claims.

"The noise of the confused and agitated
multitude thronging the narrow streets, and
trampling on all who fell, resembled that of
the ocean, when it burst tempestuously on
some rocky shore. Scouts and groans, and
murmurs and curses, fell upon the ear togeth-
er, as urged by the blind instinct of self pre-
servation, each man strove to outstrip his
neighbour, and be first to reach the gate. Com-
passion, friendship, generosity seemed to
have become extinct. Every thought predom-
inant in the mass, appeared to revolve round
one point—self; or, if any feeling overleaped
this narrow circle, it strayed no farther than
household associations impelled.—Through
this fierce and irrational crowd, Tomaso and
Antonio, encumbered by their several burdens,
made their way, with incredible difficulty.
The pavement, meanwhile, shook violently
beneath their feet, and at length the earth-
quake grew so terrible, that a great part of the
city fell, and every one apprehended lest some
vast chasm should yawn in his path, and en-
gulf him in a instant.

"By degrees, however—almost floating on-
ward in a sea of men—they attained the gate,
and felt the comparatively cool breeze of the
country on their cheeks. But the cause way,
raised considerably above the level of the sur-
rounding fields, was far too narrow to afford
footing for all the fugitives. Numbers were
consequently thrust down its sloping sides to
the plain below, where the lava tide was
spreading rapidly. Among these were the
brothers. Terror had necessarily seized, join-
ing the first, upon every man, but their fears
augmented now, as they discovered, on look-
ing around, that their chances of escape
were still slighter than they hoped. Behind
the homes of their childhood, with every
source of subsistence which either they or
their forefathers had stored up, were already
wrapped in the flames of one universal conflag-
ration. Cast forth together, to the number
of sixty thousand—houseless, half naked un-
provided with a single meal, in the midst of
unparalleled lightnings and thunders, upon a
country rocking beneath their footsteps like a
galley's deck in a tempest, they beheld no
place of refuge, not a single spot where they
might hope to hush their alarms, or preserve
existence even in destitution. Before them,
towards the north ran a deep ravine, extending
from the roots of Etna to the sea, and down
this, a fiery torrent, it was now discovered,
had begun to pour itself. Every one in a mo-
ment, understood their position. Could they
traverse that hollow before the lava should
have reached, and borne away the frail bridge,
it might yet, peradventure, be well with
them; but if not, nothing remained but to
perish in the fires already nearly encircling
the space where on they stood.

"Uttering a loud cry, resembling that of
despair, the whole multitude accordingly
made a tremendous rush towards the bridge
nearly two miles distant. Events now, how-
ever, crowded faster upon each other than I
can describe them. Dangers, imminent and
appalling, pressed on all sides. Surging for-
ward at their heels, ready to overwhelm
the wretch who lingered, was an ocean of
lava—on the right lay the sea—troubled,
dark, and thundering on the tremulous shore;
and, on the left, toward Etna—wrapped in
flames and smoke. In front, indeed, Provi-
dence appeared to have opened them a path-
way, as for the Hebrews through the Red
Sea; and in that direction every foot speeded
and every eye was turned save those of the
pious brothers, who, unable to regain the
road, struck off sadly, but with all the vigor
they possessed, towards a small knoll, rising
dusky and groves and copes on the left.

"Having advanced a considerable way
they stopped short, panting and breathless;
upon which their mother" cried out—"Leave
us, my children. The Almighty requires
that we render up the life he has bestowed;
and who can snatch us out of his hands?
We already stand upon the brink of the
grave, and a few days, at best will lay us
low in it. But for you, my children God may
have many years in store. Fly, therefore, I
conjure you, by a mother's love—save your-
selves! Save the last hopes of our house!
O let me not behold the extinction of our
race, and, in my last moments, think that I
nursed you in vain!"

"Ay, my brave boys," added the father,
"ye must fly! I command you. We have
lived long enough, since we have seen our
children ready to lay down their lives for us.
Thank God! thank God for this! Receive
my blessing, both of you. Receive it—a
father's blessing, and run for your lives. Let
me embrace you, my sons! Come, cling for
the last time to my heart. There, there!
Fly, now, and gain yonder dusky knoll. Ye
will be safe there, and I shall die in peace."

"The sons made no reply, but hid their
faces in their cloaks, and wept.

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "ye
would not after all, disobey your father?"

"Ay, for this once," replied Tomaso, "and
shall obtain your forgiveness. Let us die to-
gether, if we must die. For though life be,
indeed, sweet to me, and pleasant, I will not
whenever betide, abandon those who love
me. But behold the lava approach—
it there is not a moment to lose."

"Then they again proceeded steering
their course toward the hillock before men-
tioned whereon they hoped to find safety, as
it seemed too high to be reached by the lava,
and too high to be removed as hillocks often
are, from its foundations. Hope brightened,
every step, in their countenance; but on
drawing near, long before they reached the
edge of the deep channel which surrounded
it, saw terrors fall upon them, for a red light
shooting up between the bushes, betrayed
the existence of a lava torrent flowing between
them and the haven of their hopes. This dis-
covery nearly paralysed all their energies.
Nevertheless proceeding in the same direction,
they at length came up to the brink of the
chasm, and, looking down, saw a fiery tor-
rent, full ten yards in breadth, rolling be-
tween them and the woody eminence they
had looked to as their last refuge. Here the
whole family stood still, silently gazing at
each other, or casting wild glances at the
tremendous scene that met their eyes on every
side. For a moment, the awful spectacle
before them induced oblivion even of their
own peril. All the horrors of Erebus, save
its utter hopelessness, were there. Looking
downwards, from the slightly rising ground
on which they stood, the eye discovered that
a broad stream of lava, filling a hollow they
had crossed unperceived, now flowed between
them and the multitude. Many had reached
the bridge in time, and effected their escape;
but by far the greater number, feeble by
nature, or encumbered with what they sought
to save, had been intercepted in their flight
and now stood on a patch of ground, slightly
raised above the general level, but encircled
by the fiery deluge which rose every moment,
and narrowed the dimensions of their standing
place, scorching them as it came nearer, to
madness, and every wave bringing death to
numbers on the edge of that terrific circle.
Piercing and fearful were the cries that rose
from those despairing creatures. They seemed
to rend the very heavens, and to be echoed
back by the superincumbent clouds. And the
little family group which stood the only
earthly spectators of the scene, looked on,
not with the curious interest felt by persons
beholding a shipwreck from the shore, but
as wretches floating on a plank may be sup-
posed, to witness the going down of the main
deck, at a hopeless distance out at sea.
They expected, in less than one hour, to ex-
perience the same pang,—to be cut off by
the same fate. Every shout, therefore—
every loud groan—every external manifesta-