

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Good night! good night! she said,—and she is gone,
And sad, sweet thoughts upon my bosom press;
The fields around me in their stony dress,
The silent heaven in starry loveliness,
And moonshine beauty looth down above,
Cease not, sweet thoughts; y'our influence is to bless;
Like angels' whispers through my heart ye move,
And sing of holy hope, and calm and happy love.

And yet 'tis all deceitful. Yonder cloud,
That rises slowly in the far-off west,
Will soon envelope with funereal shroud,
This lovely scene of still and smiling rest.
And so with man, and such the human breast:
At times, and but at intervals, I ween,
With happy hopes and mild affections blest,
Till some dark misery mingles o'er the scene,
And all feels doubly drear, from joys that just have been.

Nor chance the cause of woe, whom oft we blame;
A poor excuse, to turn the edge away
Of fierce Remorse, or bitter biting Shame,
And hush the voice within, which else would say
Our folly causes our misery: God doth lay
His chastening hand in Wisdom on our brow,
And long forgotten sin, oh child of clay,
May be the scourges of thy bosom now,
Piling the hearts' deep founts until they overflow.

Or haply thou art strong, and standest sure,
Unbowed him whose will commissions Fate,
Alas! while robed in sin dost thou secure?
The Lord of Death may leave the Heavenly gate
To smile, and bring a prayer for grace—too late;
Awake, while yet thy God in mercy call,
For mercy smiles in grief, however great,
Shake off the lethargy thy soul enthral,
And, when thou meetest Death, smile as his arrow falls.

A. G. L.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE PLEASURES OF BEING UNWELL.

BY CHARLES LANIER.

A pretty severe fit of indisposition, which under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me, this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such, for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a bed, and draw day light curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a legal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient loathes it there! How capricious he acts without control! How kind-like he waxes his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and flung upon, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes sides often than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuseth him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness incarnate upon him as his only duty. It is the Two Tables of the Law to him. He is not to think of any thing but how to get better. What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on the strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callosities of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintner, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only. He lies pitying himself, hating, and moaning to himself; he yearns to over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself. He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself, studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations. He makes the most of himself; cherishing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals as he hath eyes or sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from himself—upon his poor aching head, that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a loz, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he plies his long, clammy, attendant layers. He compassionates himself all over;

and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart. He is his own sympathiser, and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the Doctor makes his daily call: and even in the lines of that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as the sick man. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his doubts so carefully for fear of rustling—in no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours teach him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on in the house, soothes him, whilst he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know any thing—not to think of any thing. Servants gliding up & down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exact knowledge would be a burthen to him; he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking "who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchic prerogatives. Compare the silent tread and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demoneur, the uncerimonious goings in and coming out,—slapping of doos and leaving them open,—of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness—throw, let me rather call it—the elbow-chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinketh a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye? The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presenc chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bed room! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is made every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so soon a time since, when to make it was a service not to be thought of at off-noon than three or four days revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to encroachments of unwholesome winds which his shaken frame detected; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days of spite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fit of furrow was a historical record of some sickly posture, some unaverting turn, some seeking for a little ease, and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's disease of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed!—this man of news—of chit—of every thing but physic; can this be he, who so lately came hither on the patient and his rival enemy, as on a solemn embassy from Nature, to reinstate herself into a high mediating post?

Phew! "Is some old woman.
Farewell with him, all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the house-hold
—the doat-like stillness, felt from out its inmost chambers—the noble all-embracing
the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-altention—the so-called kind eyes of distemper solemnly fixed upon itself—wonder, though he exulted—the man a world unto himself—his own the best.

What a speak is he—twinkle into!

SLEEP.—What a beautiful thing is sleep! There is no row to do, no mischief to all enduring, to which "nature's soft rust" cannot bring some alleviation! It is the available Lethæan cup of the soul, above all stimulation, and beyond all price.

THE POETRY OF DEEDS.

BY JOHN MACKAY WELSON.

I am not aware if poetry, as existing in deeds and visible objects, has hitherto been treated of by any writer; and perhaps the idea may appear to some to be wholly visionary. To those who consider poetry is merely a thing of words and measured syllables, I would not address myself. Poetry is a living, a thrilling, an exciting something. Its principles are universal as motion itself. It is the language of the soul—it is its actions. It is the grasping of the heart and its passions. It is, and is in, every thing that elevates a man from the prose around him. Poetry is enthusiasm—is every or any thing in which is beauty or power. It exists in the power of producing effect, and in the effect produced. The whole life of Napoleon, for example, was one great and splendid epic; his very existence was a concentration of it. There are more noble and sublime instances of poetry in some of his addresses to his army previous to engagements, than in almost any production of the age. Some have asserted that they are mere bombast—but bombast is as light as air, —poetry is power!—and the speeches of Napoleon had power to produce effects like a universal earthquake. Take but the following sentence, as an example, and let the reader picture a host of splendidly armed and panoplied Mameluke cavalry, covering the plain before the army of the conqueror; while on his right hand appeared the sacred river of Egypt—the mountains of Mohrattan—the cities of Cairo and of classic Memphis; and on his left, the everlasting pyramids kissed heaven. At such a moment—while his army held their breath for the charge—"Go!" said he, pointing to the pyramids—"Go!" and I think "that from the height of those monuments—" forty ages survey our conduct!"

If there be one born in Britain, who can hear the name of Nelson pronounced without enthusiasm, he is a blot upon his country. No man can think of the hero of Teneriffe,—of the Nile,—of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, without glorying in the idea that he is his countryman. The name of Nelson was the talisman of victory. His very presence was inspiration. The record of his last triumph is a poem more imperishable than the *Iliad* itself. Think of the poetic power of his last signal—"England expects that every man will do his duty!" This was the last signal of Nelson—the last whisper of the God of battles to his servant. The sentiment which a whisper hovering between the confines of earth and immortality, breathed only by the Angel of Death and of Victory, as he descended to wait for the soul of the hero! Was there not poetry in the feeling that followed, when courage became sublimity, when the loud, long shout of ten thousand voices rushed along its flight,—arresting the astonished seabird in its flight,—silencing the deep-toned voice of the waters, and falling on the dismaying hearts of their enemies, saying—"Every Englishman will do his duty!"

EFFECT OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON HAIR.

My own head, which in England was soft, silky, and almost straight, began immediately after my arrival at Alexandria, to curl, to grow crisp, strong, and coarse; and before I reached Egypt resembled bare-hair to the south, and was all disposed in ringlets about my face. This is no doubt to be accounted for by the extreme dryness of the air, which, operating through several thousand years, has, in the interior, changed the hair of the negro into a kind of coarse wool.—(St. John's Travels.)

TUNE LOVE.

Hast thou not observed, Davis, that the future husband has lame feet? Yes, papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then she seeks to me no child and pleases thyself London, p' your attention to his feet."
"Well, Davis, I've your woman generally 'look at a man's face.'" "I too, papa," was her answer; "but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm—Stilling, and how could I love him?"

SECRETS.

The duty of keeping secrets need not happily be pressed by Sir Philip Sydney, who says, "What is mine, even to a thief, is his; but the secret of my friend is not mine."

A familiar letter by one of Congress's ablest utterances follows:—"Let me hope that it is not to think that he thus a secret's independence of the hearts of his sisters. There is not so important a thing in nature as the sure lock of an assured man, confident of success.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

PRICES OF MEAT, BUTTER, EGGS, &c.
IN THE QUEBEC MARKET.

Saturday Morning, 10th February.		a. d.	s. d.
Beef, per lb.	—	0	2 0 5
Mutton, per lb.	—	0	4 0 0
Do. per quarter	—	2	6 3 6
Vest, per lb.	—	0	6 0 0 7
Pork, per lb.	—	0	4 0 0 6
Rooms of Beef (corrod.)	—	0	5 0 0 0
Briquets, do.	—	0	5 0 0 0
Tongues, do.	—	2	0 2 8
Fowls, per couple	—	2	6 0 3 6
Duck, per couple	—	4	0 4 6
Turkeys, per couple	—	8	6 4 2 8
Geese, per couple	—	6	0 7 0
Chick, (a. d.) fresh, per lb.	—	0	4 0 0 0
Butter, (fresh) per lb.	—	1	3 1 6
Do. (salt) in tins, per lb.	—	0	9 0 0 0
Eggs, per dozen	—	1	0 0 0 0
Potatoes, per bushel	—	1	6 0 0 0
Turnips, per bushel	—	1	3 0 0 0
Apples, per bushel	—	2	0 0 0 0
Feas, per do.	—	6	0 4 6
Hay, per bushel	—	1	8 2 0 0
Hay, per hundred bundles	—	23	0 37 6
Straw, do.	—	12	6 15 0
Fire-wood, per cord	—	10	0 12 6

LEMONADE.—To the rinds of ten lemons, pared very thin, put one pound of fine loaf-sugar, and two quarts of spring-water, boiling hot; stir it to dissolve the sugar; let it stand twenty-four hours, covered close; then squeeze in the juice of the ten lemons; add one pint of white wine; boil a pint of new milk, pour it hot on the ingredients; when cold, run it through a close filtering-bag, which will be fit for immediate use.

RED CURRANT WINE.—Take seventy pounds red currants, bruised and pressed, good moist sugar fifty-five pounds, water sufficient to fill up a fifteen-gallon cask, ferment; this produces a very pleasant red wine, rather tart, but keeps well.

APPLES.—The preservation of apples is now brought to great perfection, by keeping them in jars secure from the action of air; but there is one method of preparing them for culinary purposes which is not practised in this country. Any good baking sort, which is liable to rot, if preled and cut into slices about the thickness of one-sixth of an inch, and dried in the sun, or in a slow oven, till sufficiently desiccated, may be afterwards kept in boxes in a dry place for a considerable time, and only require to be soaked in water for an hour or two before using.

TO INCREASE THE ODOUR OF ROSES.—Plant a large onion by the side of the rose-tree in such a manner that it shall touch the root of the latter. The rose which will be produced will have an odour much stronger and more agreeable than such as have not been thus treated; and the water distilled from these roses is equally superior to that prepared by means of ordinary rose leaves.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

IN submitting a new paper to the judgment of the public, it becomes a duty incumbent on the conductors 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 circles. It will contain choice selections 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 as fully and comprehensively as to convey a just and general knowledge of the principal political and mercantile events, will also be given.

It 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 to 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 long been long considered a desideratum; and the happy disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipations that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement everywhere.

Mr. R. D. BELL, Agent for the Literary Transcript, is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c.

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