

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

POETRY.

VICTORIA.—BY L. E. L.

Videl, grace of the vernal year!
O'er'd be thine to the spring-like reign!
Is not the tint to that fading dear,
Whose banner of blue is the lord of the main!

Lo! ye twine of changeless green,
Constant for ever in leaf and bough;
So may the heart of our maiden Queen
Be always verdant and fresh as now.

O-arnation, faced with many a streak
Of blossoming red on its leafless bough,
May be a type of her manning cheek,
Blent with a tinge of pearly white.

Tansy, though humble an herb it be,
Look not upon it with scornful eye;
On virtue, that lurks in low degrees,
A glance should fall kind from those on high.

Olive, thy branch, date-horn o'er the form,
Was a sign for the surges of death to cease;
So from the lips of our Queen should come
The soft but the sure command of peace.

Rose of England, ceasing from fight,
Turn round thy brow in whose veins are met
The princely blood these roses unite
"In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet."

Iris, to thee the maid of the bow,
That promises hope, her name has given;
Join, then, the wreath, as it befit we throw,
Who beams as a sign of hope from heaven.

Anemone, flower of the wind! is the last
We call,—and our garland is now complete:
Gentle the current, and soft be the blast,
Which Victoria, the Queen of the ocean shall
meet!

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

Reader! didst ever live with a particular
lady? one possessed, not simply with the spir-
it, but to the degree of fidelity I was well
given to a two hours' lecture upon the sin of an
untidied sub-sting, and false a hurricane
about your ears on the enormity of a fractured
glove,—who will be struck speechless at the
sight of a pin, instead of a string; or set a
whole house in an uproar on finding a book on
the table instead of in the bookcase! I have
who have had the misfortune to meet with
such a person will know how to sympathize
with me. Gentle reader! I have passed two
weeks months with a particular lady. I had
often received very pressing invitations to
visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a
snug parsonage about fifty miles from town;
but something or other was continually occur-
ing to prevent me from availing myself of
them. "Man never is, but always to be
sured." Accordingly, on the 17th of
June, 1826, (I shall never forget it, if I live
to the age of old Parr,) leaving a few spare
weeks at my disposal, I set out for my child's
residence. He received me with his wonted
cordiality; but I fancied he looked a little
more care-worn than a man of thirty might
have been expected to look, married as he is
to the woman of his choice, and in the possession
of an easy fortune. Poor fellow! I did
not know that his wife was a precisian—I do
not employ the term in a religious sense.—
The first hint I received of her had from the first
Mr. S., who, removing my hat from the first
peg in the hall to the fourth on these matters; is
a little particular in these matters; is the first
peg is for my hat, the second is for Wil-
liam's, the third for Tom's, and you can re-
serve the fourth, if you please for your own;
and, you know, do not like to have their ar-
rangements interfered with." I promised to
do my best to recollect the order of precedence
with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs
impressed with an awful veneration for a lady
who had contrived to impose so rigid a dis-
cipline on a man, formerly a most disorderly of
mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her fa-
vour by the most studious observance of her
wishes. I might as well have determined to
be Emperor of China? Before the week was
at an end I was a lost man. I always reckon
myself to be tidy, never leaving more than
half of my clothes on the floor of my dressing-
room, nor more than a dozen books about my
apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour.
I do not lose more than a dozen of handker-
chiefs in a month; nor... more than a quar-
ter of an hour's hunt or my hat or gloves
whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found
all this was but as dust in the balance. The
first time I sat down to dinner I made a hor-
rible blunder; for, in my haste to help my
friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a
little out of its place, thereby deranging the
said his zagonal order in which the said dis-

es were arranged. I discovered my mishap
on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar
offence. Secondly, I sat next the evening
with the cushion a full finger's breadth be-
hind the cane-work of my chair; and what is worse,
I do not know that I should have been aware
of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's
feelings had not, at length, overpowered every
other consideration, and at last burst forth with,
"Excuse me, Mr. —, but do play put your
cushion straight; it always me beyond mea-
sure to see it otherwise." My third offence
was displacing the brazier-stand from its cen-
tral position between the candlesticks. My
fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perus-
ing on the piano-forte, its proper place being
a table in the middle of the room, on which
all books in present use were ordered to re-
pose. My fifth,—out in snuff I should never
have done, were I to enumerate every sepa-
rate enormity of which I was guilty. My
friend S's drawing-room had as good a right
to exhibit a picture of "Steel trap and spring
guns" as any park I am acquainted with. In
one place you were in danger of having your
legs snapt off, and in another your nose. There
never was a house so atrociously neat; every
chair and table knew its duty; the very chin-
ney ornaments had been "trained up in the
way they should go," and woe to the unlucky
wight who should make them "depart from
it." Even those "chartered libertines," the
children and dogs, were taught to be as de-
vout and hypocritical as the matronly tabby
cat herself, who sat with her fore feet together
and her tail curved round her as exactly as if
she had been worked in an ut-razz, instead of
being a living mouse. It was the utmost
stretch of my friend's marital authority to get
his favourite spaniel admitted to the honors of
his parlour; and even this privilege is only
granted in his master's presence. If Carlo
attempts to pop his untidy brown nose into
the room when S. is from home, he sets off
directly with as much consciousness in his
ears and tail, as if he had been convicted of a
larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the
application of the broomstick. As to the
children, heaven help them! I believe that
they look forward to their evening visit to
the drawing-room with much the same sort of
feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mo-
ther, or I should rather say, not that she
means to be so; but she has taken it into her
head, that "preach and forgive too" is the
way to bring up children; and that as young
people have sometimes their memories, it is
necessary to put them verbally in mind of
their duties.
"From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve."
So it is with her servants; if one of them
leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for
a second, she hears of it for a month after-
wards. I wonder how they endure it! I
sometimes thought that, from long practice,
they do not heed it; as a friend of mine who
lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me
he does not hear the infernal noise of the
coaches and carts in the front of his house,
nor of a contending brazier, with hammers,
or of his rear from morning till night. The
worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows
a moment's peace to husband, children, or
but such jewels are too costly for every day
wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his
heart, and would be content to exchange
half-a-dozen of his wife's tormenting good
qualities for the sake of being allowed a little
common-place repose.
I never shall forget the delight I felt on
entering my own house, after entering her
thralldom for two months. I absolutely re-
velled in disorder, and gloried in my littles.
I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another;
pushed all the chairs into the middle of the
room, and narrowly escaped kicking my
faithful Christopher for offering to put it in
order again. That cursed "spirit of order!"
I am sure it is a spirit of evil even to S.—
For my own part, I do so exercise the phrase,
that if I were a Member of the House of
Commons, and the order of the day were cal-
led for, I should make it a rule to walk out.—
Since my return home, I have positively pro-
hibited the use of the word in my house, and
nearly quarrelled me for the last ten years, be-
cause he has a rascally shopman, who will
persist in a snuffing at my door, (I hear him
now from my parlour window.) "Any order
this morning?" Confound the fellow! that
is his knock. I will go out and offer him
half-a-crown to change his phrase! When
at school,
"Order is heaven's first law."
used to be our round-text copy; but were I

doomed to transcribe the sentiment an-
nounce my days of adolescence, I should take
the liberty of suggesting the new reading
of—
"Order is hell's first law,"
for I feel satisfied that Satan himself is a par-
ticular gentleman.—Literary Magnet.

UGLINESS.

Perhaps no lady was ever more reconciled
to positive ugliness in her own person than
the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the
Regent d'Orléans, the mother of the Regent
d'Orléans, who governed France during the
minority of Louis XV. Thus she speaks of
her own appearance and manners:—"From
my earliest years I was aware how ordinary
my appearance was, and did not see that
people should look at me attentively. I never
paid any attention to dress, because diamonds
and dress were sure to attract attention. On
great days my husband used to make me rouge,
which I did greatly against my will, as I hate
every thing that incommodes me. One day I
made the Countess de Sausons laugh heartily.
She asked me why I never turned my head
whenever I passed before a mirror—because I had
body else did? I answered, because I had
too much self-love to bear the sight of my
own ugliness! I must have been very ugly
in my youth. I had no sort of features; with
intelligent twinkling eyes, a stout snub nose,
and long thick lips, the whole of my physiognomy
was far from attractive. My face was large,
with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and
stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of
person. Except for the goodness of my dis-
position, no one would have endured me. It
was impossible to discover anything like in-
telligence in my eyes, except with a micro-
scope. Perhaps there was not on the face of
the earth such another pair of ugly hands as
mine. The king often told me so, and set
me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure
of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be
always the next to laugh at it. He suc-
ceeded very well, though I must confess it
furnished me with a good stock of materials
for laughter.

DREAMING.

Many of the phenomena of dreaming are
very obscure and difficult to be accounted for.
This interesting branch of mental philosophy is
too generally neglected. Men commonly
will not think twice on a subject, whose ap-
parently insupportable anomalies occasioned
them, at first thought, perplexity and disap-
pointment. Who can tell what parts of the
human body are exercised in dreaming? Why
do we sometimes, but not always, dream?—
In short, why do we dream at all?
At midnight, into a bedchamber, where
all is silent except the ticking of a watch; I
gently draw aside the dusky drapery of the
bed, and there is disclosed to me the figure of
a man—pale, motionless, motionless—closely
hugged in the embraces of death's mimic—in
a world asleep. I examine him more nar-
rowly; it is evident that his senses—those in-
lets to the understanding—are closed; and
consequently, can convey to the mind no in-
formation from without. I touch him rather
roughly; but he is insensible of the contact.
I whisper—I speak loudly; he hears me not.
The light of my candle flares on his eye-ball,
through the half-opened lid; but his powers
of vision are not roused into exertion. His
powers of smell are not excited on exposure
to fragrant, or even stimulating odours; and
though, of course, the expedient would be ra-
ther difficult, I may fairly infer, that his or-
gans of taste, for a while, forego their opera-
tions. I gaze on this strange figure—a man
cut off, *pro tempore*, from all intercourse with
the external world—a substantial abstraction;
and may I not well be amazed, when, on
suddenly awakening the subject of my specu-
lations, he peevishly exclaims, "Why did
you disturb me? I have been dreaming
gloriously! You have plucked me from a
paradisaical scene of fruits, flowers, and gold-
en sun-light—fragrant odours, bewildering
melody—from throngs of playful sylphs and
hours?—why did you wake me?" I do in-
sist upon it, that this circumstance—dreaming—
affords a very powerful evidence of the
soul's immortality, and capacity for a separate
existence.—Monthly Magazine.

THE STAGE AND THE PIERAGE.

"Nearly are allied,
And thine partitions do the two divide."
The famous Earl of Peterborough, the hero
of the war of the succession in Spain, married
in or about the year 1713, the celebrated
Anastasia Robinson, a songstress.

Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord
Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquess
of Powis, and only daughter of James, first
Earl of Waidegrave, took, "for better for
worse," on the 31st of January, 1739, John
Beard, Esq., of the Theatre Royal, Covent
Garden.

Charles, the third Duke of Bolton, married,
secondly, in 1701, Miss Fenton, the original
Poly in *The Beggar's Opera*. It is said
that, on his marriage once threatening a separate
maintenance, she knelt down and sang—"Oh!
pouder well!" in a style so tenderly persua-
sive, that he had not the heart to fulfil his in-
tention.

Lady Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of the
Earl of Abingdon, married Signor Gallini,
one of the *corps de ballet* at the King's Thea-
tre. The date of the marriage is not
known.

In 1764, Lady Susanah-Sarah-Louisa
Stanger, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester,
married William O'Brien, of Hunsford,
Dorsetshire, Esq., a favourite concubine on
the London boards, and a contemporary of
Garrique, Mosely, and Barry.

The Countess of Derby, the Noble Earl's
second wife, who died in 1829, was a Miss
Fenton, of the Cork Theatre.

The late Earl of Craven married, 13th Decem-
ber, 1807, Miss Branton, a popular ac-
tress, of Covent Garden Theatre, and mother
of the present Earl of Craven, born 18th July,
1809.

The Beggar's Opera now put another cor-
omet on the bows of another Poly; Mary
Catherine Epton, called also Poly Epton, in
1813 became the wife of Lord Anson, ne-
phew of the late Baron Thurlow, nominated
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain in
1778. His Lordship dying unmarried, he
was succeeded by his nephew, Edward Ho-
well Thurlow, Esq., as second Baron, who
married Miss Norton, by whom, who died in
1830, he had issue Edward Thomas, the pre-
sent peer, and two other sons.

Lord William Lennox espoused Miss Pas-
ton (now the celebrated Miss Wood), which
marriage was dissolved by the laws of Scot-
land in 1830.

The Earl of Harrington, 7th of April, 1831,
married the fascinating Maria Foote, and has
one son, Lord Petreham.

The late Duchess of St. Albans was Miss
Mellon, of the Fotheringhay Theatre, who was
married to and subsequently became the wife
of Thomas Coutts, Esq., an eminent popu-
lar banker, when she married the present
Duke of St. Albans, June 10th, 1827. Her
Grace, like indeed all the fortunate wives and
heroines whom we have been enumerating,
had the good sense not to forget her freckles
hours on the stage; and, as an instance, it
may be mentioned that, on passing through
Macclesfield a few years ago, she visited the
site of a barn theatre (long since demolished),
and pointed out to one of her attendants the
humble dwelling in which she had once lodg-
ed. She also, on this occasion, afforded an
example of that charitable disposition which
prevails to an eminent degree, among players,
by presenting a handsome souvenir to an old
and decayed performer, who had often per-
formed with her before a Macclesfield au-
dience.

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