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POETRY.

THE EXILE.

A FRAGMENT.

The ship goes forth, in all her pageantry,
To walk the wide sea-waves—her silver wings
Spread in the dying day-light, like a bird
That seeks for summer in a brighter clime!
—One stands upon the deck; and, through the wear
Of waters, watches where the blood-red sun
Sinks o'er his own far valley of the west,
And lights the distant home that never more
Shall come, with all its music—but in dreams!
Never shall vision rise upon his sight
Like that, this moment, o'er the billows fading,
Dim in the distance!—Onward goes the ship,
To meet the rising sun!—but on his soul
Has sunk—more shall not lighten it!—the night
Descending o'er his own Hesperia!

The vessel wanders onwards!—onwards still,
In music and in moonlight!—and the waves—
The little wavelets—lighted by the moon,
Play, like a thousand stars, upon its path!
And the light pennon streams upon a breeze,
Winged with the perfume of far orange-blossoms!
And birds go flashing by, like silver gleams,
Or ride, like snow-flakes, on the dancing waves!
And sounds steal o'er the waters!—and the breeze
Of many a throb, with that delicious thrill
That marks the weariness and peril past,
And—where she rises—hail the glowing East,
Fair as a new-born Venus from the sea!
And eyes look out, where hearts have gone before,
To sigh many a weary day and heavy night—
All, all—save one!

He leans upon the deck,
And, through the waters, sends his spirit forth,
To seek another "land!"—for him—for him,
The ample world has but a single "home";
All else a waste—of water or of pain;
What boots it which!—and the glad land-very comes
Light to his ear—but heavy to his heart,
Marking the spots he never must repress,
That hide the valley where he was a child!
—His mother's white-walled cottage—far away—
Low—like the dove that wanders from the ark,
And never came again!—all this, and more,
A thousand thoughts—each one an agony!
Swells in his bosom!—and he turns to weep,
Among the exiles that greet the lovely land,
Where he is but AN EXILE!

THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

"And ye winna believe it the bogle," said
a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart, as
they sat in the door of her father's cottage on
a fine autumn evening. "Do you hear that,
mither? Andrew will no believe it the bogle."

"Guid be wi' us, Effie," exclaimed Andrew,
a slender and delicate youth, of about
two and twenty, "A bonnie time I wad hae
o' gin I were to heed every auld wife's clatter."

The word "ald wife" had a manifest
effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence.
Her mother immediately opened a battery
upon the young man's prejudices, narrating
that on Anneslie heath, at ten o'clock at
night, a certain apparition was wont to appear,
in the form of a young maiden, above
the usual size, with a wide three-cornered
hat. Sundry other particulars were mentioned,
but Andrew was still incredulous. "He'll
ree that, dearly will he ree it," said Effie, as
she departed.

Many days, however, passed away, and
Effie was evidently much disappointed, to find
that the scepticism of her lover gathered
strength. Nay, he had the audacity to insult,
by jibes and jests, the true believers, and to
call upon them for the reasons of their faith.
Effie was in a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfilled.
Andrew was passing over the moor while the
clock struck ten, for it was his usual practice
to walk at that hour in order to mock the
fears of his future bride. He was just winding
round the thicket, which opened to him a
view of the cottage where Effie dwelt, when
he heard a light step behind him, and in an
instant his feet were tripped up, and he was
laid prostrate on the earth. Upon looking up
he beheld a tall muscular man standing over
him, who, in no courteous manner, desired to
see the contents of his pocket.

"De'il be on ye!" exclaimed the young
forrester, "I hae but ae coin i' the world."
"That coin mair I hae," cried his assailant.
"Faith, I see show ye play for'then,"
said Andrew, and sprang upon his feet.

Andrew was esteemed the best cudgel play-
er for twenty miles round, so that in brief
space he cooled the ardour of his antagonist,
and dealt such visitations upon his skull as
might have made a much firmer head ache
for a fortnight. The man stepped back, and
pausing in his assault, raised his hand to his
head, and buried it in his dark locks. It re-
turned covered with blood. "Thou hast
cracked my crown," he said, "but ye sha'
nae gang scatheless," and, flinging down his
cudgel, he flew on his young foe, and grapp-
ling his body, before he was aware of the
attack, whirled him to the earth with an ap-
palling impetus. "The Lord hae mercy on
me," said Andrew, "I an a dead man."

He was not far from it, for his rude foe was
preparing to put the finishing stroke to his
victory. Suddenly something stirred in the
bushes, and the conqueror, turning away from
his victim, cried out, "The bogle! the bogle!"
and fled precipitately. Andrew ven-
tured to look up. He saw the figure, which
had been described to him, approaching. It
came nearer, and nearer; its face was pale,
and its step was not heard on the grass. At
last it stood by his side, and looked down on
him. Andrew buried his face in his cloak.
Presently the apparition spoke indistinctly
into his teeth, seemed to shatter with cold—
"This is a cauld and an eerie night to be
sae late on Anneslie Muir," and immedi-
ately it glided away. Andrew lay a few
minutes in a trance, and then, arising from
his cold bed, ran hastily towards the cottage
of his mistress. His hat stood an end, and
the vapours of the night sunk chill upon his
brow, as he lifted up the latch and flung him-
self on an oaken seat.

"Preserve us!" cried the old woman,
"why ye are mair than enough to frighten
a body out o' her wits, to come in wi' sic
a jerk, bare-headed, and the red blood spattered
a' o'er your new jerkin. Shame on you, Andrew!
In what mishanter hast thou broken
that faces head o' thine?"

"Peace, mither!" cried the young man,
taking breath, "I hae seen the bogle."

The old lady had a long line of toposches
drawn up in order of march between her lips,
but the mention of the bogle was the signal
for disbanding them. A thousand questions
rushed in rapid succession—"How old was
she? How was she dressed? Who was she
like? What did she say?"

"She was a tall thin woman, about seven
feet high."

"Oh, Andrew!" cried Effie.

"As ugly as sin!"

"Other people tell a different story," said
Effie.

"True, on my bible oath; and then her
beard."

"A beard! Andrew," shrieked Effie, "a
woman with a beard! Forshame Andrew."

"Nay, I will swear it. She had seen full
sixty winters afore she died to trouble us."

"But what was she like, Andrew?" cried
the old woman; "was she like auld Janet
that was drowned in the pond hard by? Or
was she like that auld witch that your master
hanged for stealing a sheep? Or was she
like—"

"Are you sure she was nae like me, Andrew?"
said Effie, looking archly in his face.

"You—Pshaw!—Faith, guid mither, she
was like naebady that I ken, unless it be auld
Elspeth, the cobbler's wife, that was spirited
awa by the abbots, for breaking father Jer-
ome's head wi' a tin trying pan."

"And how was she dressed Andrew?"

"In that horrible three cornered hat, which
may I be blistered if ever I seek to look upon
again, and in a long blue apron."

"Green, Andrew," cried Effie, twirling her
own green apron round her thumb.

"How you like to tease one?" cried the
lover.

Poor Andrew did not at all enter into his
mistress's pleasantries, for he laboured under
great depression of spirits, and never lifted
his eyes from the ground.

"But ye ha' na' said us what she said,
lad?" inquired the old woman, assuming an
air of deeper mystery, as each question was
put and answered in his turn.

"Lord what signifies it whether she said
this or that! Haud your tongue, and get me
some comfort, for to speak truth I'm vera
cauld."

"Weel mayest thou be sae," said Effie,
"for indeed," she continued in a feigned voice
"it was a cauld and an eerie night to be so late
on Anneslie Muir."

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to pass
over his mind. He looked upon the damsel,
and perceived for the first time, that her
large blue eye was laughing at him from under
the shade of a huge three cornered hat.

The next moment he hung over her in an ec-
stasy of gratitude, and smothered with his
kisses the reproaches which she forced upon him
as the penalty of his preservation.

"Seven feet high, Andrew?"

"My dear Effie?"

"As ugly as sin?"

"My darling lassie?"

"And a beard?"

"Na' na', now ye erry the jest o'er far."

"And sixty winters?"

"Sixteen springs, Effie, dear, delightful
smiling springs."

"And Elspeth, the cobbler's wife. Oh,
Andrew! Andrew! I ne'er can forgive you
for the cobbler's wife. And what say you
now, Andrew, is there nae bogie on the
muir?"

"My dear Effie, for your sake, I'll believe
in all the bogies in Christendie."

"That is," said Effie, at the conclusion
of a song and vehement int of nobility, "in
a' that wear three-cornered hats."

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE POET.—Thomas
Miller was a basket maker, in Elliott's Row,
Whitechapel, for a long time living in the
most objectionable state of poverty. Sitting between
an apple-stall woman and an oyster-stall, did
he offer his wicker baskets for sale; yet there
amidst the grossness and accreted mass of
ignorance and vice, did the indwelling spark
silently work through his blood and brain, and
the unquenchable fire of genius blaze out
laughingly. The first man who took him by
the hand was the then proprietor of the
Monthly Magazine, in which he wrote, and
received a few shillings for his contributions.
One day, as he was covering over the small
embers of his dying fire, without a penny in
the house, working at a job of two baskets,
for which he was to receive five shillings, a
gentleman entered the room (it was the editor
of *Friendship's Offering*), and asked if his
name was Miller. "Yen," said he, "can't
want you to write something for me. . . . can't
promise to accept it; but if you will send it
to me, I will see what can be done." Miller
rather hesitated; but he asked him if he was
not in great distress, and threw down half-a-
crown to relieve him. On his departure,
Miller sent his wife out for a penny sheet of
paper, a pennyworth of ink, and a pen, and
two pounds of rump-steak. The paper was
brought, and by the light of the fire, he
wrote the beautiful poem of the *Fourteen*.

"Here," said Miller, "is a beautiful poem;
but, dang it, if I think that 'ere chap can
appreciate it." He folded the poem, how-
ever, and wafered it with a piece of bread.

We forgot to say, that when he sat down
to the poem, the two baskets he had to finish,
and for which he sought five shillings,
occurred to him. "Wicker against liter-
ature," said he, and finished the baskets
first. The next day the gentleman called,
told him he thought the poem beautiful, and
threw down two guineas on the table. Miller
had never before possessed such a sum, and
his delight and astonishment may be well
conceived. He actually barred the door: that
night lest he should be robbed. The gentle-
man engaged him to write another, and

another. Poems were written, and guineas
flowed in. Fortune seemed, at last, to smile
upon the poet. His rise upwards has been
very great. The Countess of Blessington, of
whom he speaks in the highest terms, used
to send for him; and there, after sitting
with her, Balwer, D'Israeli, and with his
feet on the Turkey carpet, he had to run
to Waterloo Bridge, or some such place,
to sell baskets! The countess (bless her
heart for it!) used to endeavour to wake him
accept money, which he steadily refused; and
one day she backed him to the door and as
she got him outside, extended her hand,
"Good bye, Miller," when she relinquished
her grasp, he found three sovereigns in his
hand. Mr. Miller is justly proud of his rise,
and does not now ape the gentleman, or de-
spise his former lowliness.—*National Magazine*.

PUNCTUATION.—The true character of a cer-
tain gentleman. He is an old and experi-
enced man in vice and wickedness he is never
taken in opposing the workers of iniquity
he takes delight in the downfall of his neigh-
bours he never rejoices in the prosperity of
his fellow creatures he is always vexed
when the poor are in distress he is always
ready to assist destroying the peace and
happiness of society he takes no pleasure in
serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent
in sowing discord among his friends and ac-
quaintances he takes no pains in laboring to
promote the cause of Christianity he has not
been neglectful in endeavouring to stigmatize
all public teachers he strives hard to build
up Satan's Kingdom he lends no aid for
the support of the gospel among the heath-
en he contributes largely to the friends of
the evil adversary he pays no attention to
good advice he gives great heed to the devil
he will not go to Heaven, he will go where he
will receive a just recompense or reward.

N. B. If, in reading the above, you put
a semicolon at the end of every word in
small capitals, the character of the person
will appear that of a very good man; but, if
you place the semicolon at the termination of
the words in italics, and leave it out at the
first mentioned, you will make him one of
the worst of characters.

THE SUNFLOWER.—The value of this plant,
which is easily cultivated, and ornamental
to the garden, is scarcely known in most parts
of the kingdom. The seed forms a most ex-
cellent and convenient food for poultry, and it
is only necessary to cut off the heads of the
plant when ripe, tie them in bunches and hang
them up in a dry situation, to be used as
wanted. They not only fatten every kind of
poultry, but greatly increase the value of eggs
they lay. When cultivated to a considerable
extent, they are capital food for sheep and pigs,
and for pheasants. The leaves, when dried,
form a good powder for cattle; The dry
stalks burn well, and form an abundance of
straw; and when in bloom the flower is most
attractive to bees.

THE ROYAL SCEPTRE.—The sceptre of Eng-
land is made of gold, the handle plain, the up-
per part wreathed; in length about two
and a half inches and a quarter; in breadth
three inches at the top, and two
inches and a quarter at the bottom. The pomel
of the latter is enriched with rubies, emeralds
and small diamonds, and about five inches and
a half above the handle is embossed and em-
bossed with sapphires. On the top is a mould
with a crown.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Benny, who used
to be in the habitual manner, in course
of conjugal love and fidelity. His husband,
said Benny, "who behaves as badly to his
wife, deserves to have his house burnt over
his head." "If you think so," said Gariot,
"I hope your house is insured."

It is said a little while since, a milk
maid will prevent its turning sour for several
days.