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## Poetry.

### SONG OF THE GREEK AMAZON.

BY W. C. BRANT.

I buckle to my slender side  
The pistol and the scimitar,  
And in my maiden flows and pride  
Am come to share the tasks of war.  
And yonder stands my fiery steed  
That paws the ground, and neighs to go,  
My charger is of the Arab breed—  
I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain spring,  
At which I dress my ruffled hair;  
My dimmed and dusty arms I bring,  
And wash away the blood-stain there.  
Why should I guard from wind and sun  
This cheek, whose virgin rose is fed?  
It was for one—oh! only one—  
I kept its bloom, and it is dead.

But they who slew him—unaware  
Of coward murders—lurking—  
And left him to the fowls of air,  
Are yet alive—and they must die.  
They slew him; and my virgin year  
Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now,  
And many an Otium dame, in tears,  
Shall rue the Grecian maiden's vow!

I touched the lute in better days,  
I led in dance the joyous band;  
Ah! they may move to martial lays  
Whose hand can touch a lover's hand,  
The march of hosts that late to meet  
Seems gayer than the dance to me,  
The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet  
As the fierce shouts of victory.

### HORRORS OF WAR.

How few think of the real horrors of war, as has been enacted within a few years! We all of battle afar off, in South America or Asia, and of thousands killed—but we have been so used to running over such accounts at a few dwell upon them with that shudder which would come over them were they to see the reality of the picture!

I have had my attention turned to this particularly just now, from reading some incidents relative to Waterloo—that theatre whereon the fate of Bonaparte was sealed.

But few of us do not know that the battle of Waterloo was the last that man of blood fought. Many of the nations of Europe, fearful of the colossal power he was acquiring, conspired to crush him—and the village of Waterloo was the plain whereon they met. Bonaparte, who had his human destiny depended on the battle—did his antagonists. The battle was fought with most dreadful carnage, on both sides. A spectator (on the day after) of the field of carnage, into which a quiet village was turned, has described the scene presented. We can appreciate fully, that the olive branch of peace is over us, when we have thus the details of war, clothed in all his terrors, held up to our vision.

He says—When the sun rose, the battle field presented the most terrible spectacle of carnage. The dead lay in thousands. With human pain and agony were over. But on them a multitude of maimed wretches were mingled, mutilated by wounds, and mangled by thirst and hunger. On the surface of the two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying in the luxurious crop of ripe grain, which had covered the field, and was reduced to litter, trampled down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon wheels. Helmets, shattered fire-arms, broken swords, and all the variety of military ornaments—caps and highland kilts, the pennon, drums and bugles, all mingled in inextricable confusion.

In many places, the dead lay four deep on another! marking the spot, where some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of the French batteries—Outside, lancers and cuirassiers were strewed thickly on the earth. Farther on, a trace the spot where the cavalry of the French and English had encountered. Chased and hunted had intermingled, and the beautiful Norman horse of the imperial guard were

interspersed with the gory chargers which had carried Albion's Chivalry. Here the heavy dragoon, with "Erin's" badge upon his helmet, was grappled in death with the Polish lancer!

Could the melancholy appearance of the field of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolations, for the objects of its love!—Mothers, and wives, and children, were for days, occupied in that mournful duty—and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe, intermingled as they were, often rendered the affectionate attempt futile, that would rescue from this heap of mortality, a father or son, a brother or friend, to give him the last rites of sepulture!

This is but faint picture of one only of the sanguinary battles that have been enacted on the surface of the earth! How much have they to answer, who have mentioned them!—when between the great mass of the contending parties, there was no hardness toward each other. The same writer has a case in point, showing how little of ill blood there is between contending parties:

"There never was, and probably never will be, so powerful an example of the influence of national confidence and courtesy, remaining unimpaired even during the continuance of a ferocious engagement, as that which Talavera exhibits. \* \* \* All the morning the battle raged, and the day assault was as unsuccessful as the night attack had proved. Both armies had lain on the ground, but none had slept—the trooper with his horse's bridle round his arm—the soldier, in momentary expectation of a fresh attempt, listened in every nook for the enemy's approach. No wonder, then, that a sultry day in July found both sides overcome with heat and hunger—and by a sort of common assent, long before noon, hostilities ceased, and the French cooked their dinners, while the English brewed wine and brand served out. Then it was that a curious scene presented itself, a small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause that the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops produced, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old acquaintances. All aspect of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would appear more like an allied force than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed—the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermingled upon the hard contended field; and, to the honor of both it is told, each endeavored to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies without distinction. Suddenly the bugles sounded—the drums beat to arms—many of the rival soldiers shook hands and parted with the expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes after they were again at the bayonet's point."

(From the New-York Herald.)

### THE VIRGIN QUEEN OF ENGLAND—A LITTLE NAPOLEON IN PETTICOATS.

Why is it that in this republican country—this pure democracy—this great locofoco hive why is it, that every body, man and woman, takes such an interest in the young, spotless, fair, interesting virgin Queen of England! There is more interest felt about her movements—and more enthusiasm created about her fate—than for all the sovereigns that God ever made out of old leather and punella. Young and old—locofoco and conservative—democrat and federalist—read, and talk, and speculate, on England's maiden Queen. Why is it so?

At the last accounts, she was at Windsor Castle, enjoying the bewitching scenery of that delightful spot. Windsor Castle, if it had a little American sunshine—if a pure American atmosphere hung over it—would be one of the sweetest spots in Europe. With the fog, and mists, and showers, and cloudy weather of England, it is even a lovely place. This re-

fresh, and Brighton, are the great favorites of Victoria, for, though young in years, she is matured in feelings and thoughts.

Probably the interest with which she is invested in this country, arises from the singularity of her position. In no other age—in no other country, has such a mighty nation as England been tranquilly governed by a fair and interesting young woman. It is the first time, in the history of empires, that such a singular and poetical juncture in human affairs has taken place. Elizabeth was a maiden queen—but Elizabeth was past the meridian of life when she succeeded to the crown of her father. She was ordinary and commonplace—Victoria is young and pretty—petite like a fairy—but full of spirit, good sense and feeling.

On one occasion, the ladies of her suite were overheard by, discussing, in whispers, the probability of her marriage. "Ladies," said she—"it is all very natural for you to talk of that event—but, I can assure you, that your thoughts are all in advance of mine." After a pause, during which the "pale cast of thought" gave its hue to her fair cheek, she added, with a sigh—"if I were married to-morrow, every error of my government would be laid to my charge, and my husband"—but here she stooped in mid career, and instantly changed the conversation.

Her spirits are also proud and imperious, at the same time that she has much good feeling and depth of reflection. In the garden attached to Buckingham Palace, one day she ordered the Lady in Waiting to bring her a shawl. The Lady in Waiting nodded to one of the maids of honor—the latter, in her turn, nodded to another, and that other neglected to obey instantly, having probably been engaged in a flirtation with a page. The Queen repeated her order with some emphasis. The ladies started—and the shawl was brought. As she drew its ample folds round her classical bust, she put on a look of some severity, and said to the attendant—"I have neglected to take place again."

The personal influence of the young queen is increasing as her energy and talents are unfolded. She acts from strong and natural impulses. There is, to be sure, a little of the young woman in them, but still they are becoming. She believes the old to be to be her personal foes, and never hesitates to express her feelings. To the Duchess of Northumberland she said one day—"I know you are my enemy—but yet I love you." Melbourne and Palmston are both great personal favorites with the Queen. They are very attentive to her little whims, and with polished manners, she is much captivated. She has a very high regard for the Duke of Wellington, and never takes any important step without seeing him.

The Queen of England, from her character, her youth, her power, occupies a more important position in human affairs, than any other person now alive.—Not in England alone does she excite enthusiasm—throughout Europe and America, there is an intense feeling of interest felt for her position and destiny. In England, she is the idol of the mob—the divinity of the masses. Wherever I went, I could see this. In this republican country, among all classes, she excites as much interest, though of a more refined and poetical character. In England, party and faction mix with the sentiment—but it is a pure abstraction—a vision of the imagination—a throb of the heart alone.

How comes it to be so? How can it be explained philosophically? Very easily. In the classic age of Greece, the brilliant fancy and refined feelings of that wonderful people, clothed every power of matter and of mind with the attributes of humanity. Wisdom was represented as a young woman with classical features, starting from the head of Juno—Love was pictured forth as another beautiful, enchanting, and luscious—rising from the waves that flows gently around the rock of Salamis—the Graces walked over the lawns and threaded the groves—and the Naiads reclined on the flowery vales, or laved their naked beauties in the limpid streams. Political power has been heretofore held by woman, but never, in the history of the world,

still now, has the power of an empire, on which the sun never sets, been wielded by an intelligent, sensible, amiable, interesting, pretty fascinating young woman, with a fine figure, exquisite taste, fair face, auburn hair, rosy lips, small feet, and graceful in every movement. The poetical feelings of fifty centuries have collected around Victoria, and given her a name and a fame, that is perfectly unique. If England is to be preserved from a radical and bloody revolution, it is the influence which this young woman of destiny exercises over the imagination of the masses, an influence that may prevent, check, or moderate its force. If the Canadian Patriots are defeated in all their attempts to excite American sympathy for their cause, it is owing to the singular influence which that young girl exercises over the imagination of the Republic. Fanny Wright may speak till doomsday—her hollow cheeks—wild air, short red hair, high cheek bones, haggard appearance, cannot stand for a moment, before the soft smiles, and sweet looks and dimpled cheeks of fair Victoria.

These are not idle fancies. We do verily believe, that the Virgin Queen of England is destined to be one of the most extraordinary characters of the present age, or any century. She is a little Napoleon in petticoats—as determined, as lofty, as generous, as original as he was. Wait and see.

### MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

TYPE STICKERS.—We casually mentioned a day or two ago that the newly elected Mayor of Baltimore was a son of time since a journeyman printer. The instances are not rare in which those bred to the profession of printing have become distinguished and honored. To say nothing of Franklin, the beacon light of the craft, we have in our day more than one instance of this honorable distinction. Isaac Hill, the Governor of New Hampshire, was a journeyman printer; Samuel T. Arr-stroy, late Mayor of this city, was once a journeyman printer; Mr. Knapp, the Secretary of State in Vermont, was a printer. And what is more consequent, in the editorial profession, some of the most distinguished were bred in the craft. Our neighbour Greene, the popular editor of the Morning Post, was once a ragged little roller boy. Mr. Homer of the Gazette, was brought up on pica and brevier. We recollect, many years since, of seeing a tow-headed, overgrown boy, in an obscure printing office in Vermont. That boy is now Mr. Greely, the talented editor of the New Yorker. Of equally obscure origin was the editor of the New York Spirit of the Times, Mr. William T. Porter.—The first we saw of Deacon Weld, the editor of the New York Sun, and a clever writer for various magazines, &c. was in a printing office at Lowell, when he was no higher in grade than a "printer's devil." The truth is, if a boy has genius, the art of printing will draw it out and set it to work. Printers, with the same amount of natural talent, always make the most popular editors, because they imitate the tact of the profession. Schooled among "types and shadows," they have every opportunity of studying public taste, and of diversifying their minds so as to meet the various wants of their various readers. The discipline of their minds may not be so severe and rigid as that required for eminence in the legal profession; but this is a peculiarity which the great mass of readers care nothing about. Tact—give us editorial tact. In our profession it is every thing.—Boston Times.

ATTRIBUTES OF NEWSPAPER READERS.—Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into seven classes. He says:—"First, the ill-natured look at the list of bankrupts; Second, the poor to the price of bread; third, Stock jobbers to the lies of the day; fourth, The old maid to the marriages; fifth, The prodigal to the deaths; sixth, The monopolist to the hopes of a wet and bad harvest; seventh, The boarding school, and all other young misses to matters relating to Great Green."