

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. I. No. 89.]

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, 20TH SEPTEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

POETRY.

I AM ALL ALONE.

I am all alone!—and the visions that play
Round life's young days, have passed away;
And the songs are hushed that gladness sing;
And the hopes that I cherished have made them
wings;
And the light of my heart is dimmed and gone,
And I sit in my sorrow,—and all alone!

And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,
And friends have departed—one by one;
And memory sits, while lonely hours,
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,
And weeps o'er the chalice, when no one is near
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear!

And the home of my childhood is distant far,
And I walk in a land where strangers are;
And the looks that I meet and the sounds that I hear
Are not light to my spirit, nor song to my ear;
And sunshine is round me,—which I cannot see,
And eyes that beam kindness,—but not for me!

And the song goes round, and the glowing smile,
But I am desolate all the while!
And faces are bright and I'm glad,
And nothing, I think, but my heart is sad!
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom!

I wander about like a shadow of pain,
With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my brain;
And I list, with a start, to the gushing of gladness,—
Oh! how it grates on a bosom all sadness!—
So, I turn from a world where I never was known,
To sit in my sorrow,—and all alone!

THE CAMDENTOWN BAKER.

About two years since I was brought to London on business. I employed my time pleasantly. Being almost a stranger, to that great Babylon—which is daily creeping onward on all sides, and enclosing in its huge vortex the surrounding villages that, in the days of our grandfathers, were a distance from town—being then, as I have said, a stranger to the sights of this sight-seeing metropolis, I made as much of the time as I was disposed as I could.

Having one day no exhibition determined on—no panorama, picture gallery, or other place that attracts a gaping crowd, in view for my day's diversion, I strolled towards Kensington Gardens. The day was splendid; a midsummer sun, bright and pleasant, warmed the poor mortals who were within its influence; thousands of busy people thronged the streets; intent each on his own pleasure or his business, they jostled and hustled each other along.

Speculating on the crowded sample of human life around me, I walked forward, and almost forgot, in my mental abstraction, that which was passing on all sides. Suddenly my reverie was broken, and my speculations put to flight by the contemplation of a strange looking figure that presented itself in my path. A man lean, with an attitude of almost theatrical despondency, against a tree. He was dressed in a threadbare but military-looking frock; pantaloons, skin-tight and sloped over the boot (which latter was no longer shapely or new), eased his nether limbs; and, to complete his apparel, a pair of formidable spurs graced his heels.

He wore a sallow-looking, but yet not pale. He wore the appearance of being neither ill-fated, nor yet absolutely in want; and a huge moustache and favoris covered the lower part of his visage, save where, now and then, a white tooth stole its way into light while he opened a capacious mouth—to sigh. A guitar, decorated with a broad blue ribbon, lay by his side. Reader, do not fling down your book and exclaim—romantic trash! Such it is not; nay, I pledge myself to cause a laugh to displace your sneer ere we part. A laugh to displace to tell you, lay by his side; slowly raising the instrument, he passed the ribbon gracefully over the cap and tarished good tassel that adorned his head, and bending over it, he commenced a plaintive song. I am not particularly musical, but it struck me that,

though he sang sweetly, and with passable execution, yet, that he was by no means master of the imperfect, and, indeed, difficult instrument with which he accompanied himself. I listened anxiously for the words of his song, but it was in a language that I had never heard before. I strained my ear again, but I could not anywhere distinguish a word that I recognized as familiar.

A crowd was collecting fast: I passed on fearful of my pockets being lightened of their trilling load, and walked some considerable distance through the gardens. I loitered in the glorious sunshine, and watched the merry groups of children that sported in the warm air. At length I began to experience a sensation which was all subject to, from the peasant to the prince; I involuntarily I turned homeward—reader, I was hungry. Yes; oh, most potent appetite, how many of our actions doest not thou influence with thine irresistible sway!

Again I mused, and again I had I forgotten my fellow-mortals; not in speculating on their frailties, or their wants, but simply, carelessly, singly, willy nilly and sojely, cogitating—what I should have for dinner. "Thrum, thrum—thrum thy, thrum ti-tee." What! not gone yet? No, by Jove; I am here, in the identical spot where I left him more than an hour ago. But his audience had increased seven-fold; old and young, rich and poor—the chimney sweeper and gentleman in the nanken tights, with a watchchain depending from the upper part thereof about as large as a steepie hung by the bell-ropes—were collected round the musician in a motley group.

The next day, by a strange curiosity, I was led to the same spot the same hour. There he was again—yes; the same despondent attitude—the graceful, yet theatrical bend. Again his guitar was slung majestically from his shoulders, and his "thrum thrum—thrum thy, thrum," again attracted the wondering loiterers of the garden. What was he, who could be he? Poor fellow! what a miserable lot is his, thought I. No tongue utters a familiar sound; men speak, but it is to thee but a dumb show; none hast thou to whisper thee a consolation for the days that are passed—none to tell of hope for the days to come.

"Mr. Robinson requests the honor of Mr. J.'s company to a musical soiree on Thursday evening next, to meet a distinguished foreigner.

"Kensington Terrace, Monday.

"R. S. Y. P." Such was the card I found left at my lodgings by a professional friend, who thought he should confer an obligation in persuading his better half to "do me the honour" of asking me to a musical soiree. Though disliking most universally everything and anything approximating to this description of party, I went.

I found the house of my friend on "Kensington Terrace," as my card informed me, and boldly made my way up stairs to the first landing. Suffocating, insupportable absolutely, was the air on that landing—gentlemen and ladies crushed indiscriminately into a miserable space, while the room to which it formed the entrance was, I suppose, very nearly at the boiling point of Fahrenheit's thermometer. "Nimparte," whispered I to myself; I stay and carry out the fainting ladies who may be handed over the heads of the people on their journey towards the outer air.

After a time, I was carried along with the undulating crowd into the interior of the "salon de musique," and found myself, by a process of locomotion with which I was hitherto unacquainted, standing opposite to a lady who I presumed, from her general deportment in the chair, was the "dame de maison." Of course, hap-hazard, I made my bow, when Robinson, who was close by, whispered something to his amiable spouse. Immediately she rose, and, acknowledging my courtesy, she requested permission to present me to "the distinguished foreigner." Reader, my heart jumped at the thought. Yes; I, even I, might become acquainted with a German prince, or

perhaps an archduke of Bohemia, or—God knows who.

"Count Spallantatsky," said the hostess allow me to make known to you my friend Mr. J.—"

He turned at the words; it was—there was no mistaking it—it was my friend of Kensington Garden no more. "I thought he had something to do about him," flashed through my mind as I bowed low to the man of the hairy visage.

"Comment se va-t'il, Monsieur," said he: "you play guitar, are you?"

"No, have not that honor," muttered I, scarce knowing what it was I said.

Ab! beautiful! ve, grande indeed—splendidee amusement. Dare you shooed learn—learnie play this grande chote?"

"Can't," said I; "no talent that way, sure you—not the least?"

"Ah! I see," said he; "ver good. I peety moshe you, poor man; not never able for devert your time. Ver well, Madame Robinson, shall I commangee? Eh bien done—thrum, thrum—thrum ty, thrum ti-tee."

"Splendid! capital! beautiful, ain't it? Really those Polish airs are so magnificent, I love 'em so handsome too. Fity him very much; I lost all his property—all, every stick, of course." A politician of the liberal school here pronounced an indignant anathema against the barbarous Russian Czar. A benevolent lady, who prided herself on being a linguist, advanced to address him in French. She uttered—

"Permettez moi d'être votre negociant—interprete—avec ces gens ci—peak for you—allow me."

"Ah! merci, mille mercies; tanks, very moshe tanks, mais je vous prie. I prefer to learn speak English. I wish, well for talker, dans cette langue, you will excuse."

Spallantatski had a mortal aversion to any language but English. He was "moshe obliged" to the ladies that wished to get him tutious; but he could not communicate his French or Polish ideas if he did not know the tongue into which he translated them. No, "he preferred bien to learn English."

He became a prodigious favourite. There was no soiree without a mile-and-a-half of Kensington Gardens without Spallantatski.

Two men were walking idly up Piccadilly, they were clothed in soiled and tattered great coats, with remnants of sundry capes hanging from the shoulders of them. Hais had they, but they were in the classification of that item of "lies," or "dates," or "caters,"—or any thing else rather than regular built hats; they were, in fact, under the denomination of what is called, in the language of hats, "four-in-hands" that is to say, coachmen's "Golgotheri." One had a heavy red cotton handkerchief rolled round his neck, with the spiral end protruding at right angles to his apology for a shirt; the other supplied the place of a cravat with a worsted comforter.

"Bill," said one of them "I'm blow'd if this here'll ever do; ve does no work this ere fine vether, them damned busses gits all to do except vot the cabbin picks up to keep 'em from starvin."

"Jem," said his companion, "I think ve ought to git up a petishun to the comity for Martin's cruelty to animals, in order to puttyve reglar hours for takin of exercise to sitch 'osses an men as 'as no work; for I'm bless'd if I aint gitt all natter that any 'oss culd live that's got nothin to do all day but stand—'it's enuf to tire the life out of any four-footed beast, so it is."

"Bill," said the other, "I'll give you a henigmy, jist to fill your belly with, as you've nothin else at present. Vot's the reason ve're precious like humberllas?"

"Bless'd if I know," answered Jem. "I vas never no good at makin out of them things, any more than at picking out pockets, vich I takes to be a 'compishment of the same natur, 'cos they're both only jist grotup in the dark."

"D'ye give it up?" said Bill.

"I gives it up without remorse, as the cab 'ous said ven he took leave o' the cab."

"Vell, then, the reason is, becos ve're only called off the stand ven the vet wether coons," answered Bill.

"Hoo, hoo," laughed his companion. "Bill, it's a sorry riddle; it puts one in mind o' a hungry belly."

"Jem, ve ought for to be the best calculators in Lunnon ve 'eckney coachman," said Bill.

"Vy so?" asked Jem.

"Tell you vy. It's sitch a precious sight o' time since you or I got a fare 'at ve're learnin substraashun every day."

"Bill," said Jem, "ven's the last time you had a fare?"

"Bless'd!" said Bill; "vell, if ever—vot did'n you hear?"

"No; vot's got the matter now?"

"Blow'd if ever I see so stupid a fellur; you did'n hear at the stand 'bout my last fare, an' it ater being in all the newspapers, as a living instance o' fatal credulity?"

"Go along, Bill; let's 'ave it now then," said Jem.

"Vell," said Bill, "you know'd a fellur as was wally de sham to a gen'lman in black, as they called Cornel Villyger?"

"Vot's that? the tall gemman as snok'd himself into a dropsy, is it?"

"Yes, that's the very man; don't you 'member, ven you vas a cad, he giv'd a half a sov'n 'stead o' a sixpence vone day?"

"I 'member the 'alf sov'n, but in course I forgets the gemman as gived it."

"Vell, it's the wally de sham I wants at present; an' the black man, the gemman, takes this here fellur abroad with him, and there's no standing of his ven he comes home. He vas ater bein in all sorts of forin parts, and sitch like tomozty, and he comes back a danglin of chains an' terecatouts. Vell, the master dies, and in course the wally gets a share o' the bones; welly, welly, welly, welly; he sets up 'bisuit and bread shop in Camdentown, and then it's 'pull devil, pull baker,' for the devil himself couldn't stand him."

"Vone day he'd be a figged out in the dead man's clothes, and a moustaches all over his face, and a yellow-head stick in his hand, and audin on a borrow'd 'oss to Epsom or sitch-like; an' I'm blow'd but you couldn't tell witch it vas—Dick Stubbs the gemman vas taking off a baker, or Dick Stubbs the baker vas taking off a gemman."

"Vell, know the devil couldn't stand that any more than a baker. I drove down that there line o' road vone't or twice with a fare 'casionaly, and in course I stopp'd for a roll sometimes."

"My man, sis he vone evenin. 'Vell,' says I, 'vot then, my man?' 'You're cussed stiff,' sis he. 'Very vell,' sis I again. 'Vill you do a job on the sly?' sis he. 'I vill,' sis I, 'if I gits paid for it.' 'Certainly,' sis he. 'Drive down here to-night,' sis he. 'bout eight o'clock.' 'Very vell; I'll come for certain,' says I, drivin off."

"Vell," sis he, 'you're come are you? ven I drove up 'bout quarter to eight. 'Light,' sis I. 'Len a hand,' sis he, 'to put in your fare.' 'Certainly I vill.' 'Very vell, sis, I'm blow'd but we put up 'bout twenty-four 'sides into the vone small coach as I drove then."

"Dammé, Bil," said Jem, "you're twigging now."

"Passels, man; passels," said Bill; "twenty-four passels. There was two sets of chuna an a guss jugg, an a basket o' German silver forks, knives, an' spoons, ditto; g'annom board and a tetter bed; a small nam chair and a Turkish pipe, and dif'rent others too tejus to menshuan."

"Vell," said Jem, "go on."

"Vell, sir, ve drove off in great style—Dick on the box 'longside me; an' ve vas rattlin off pritty stout ven 'piceman 'D, twenty-eight, sees us [I'm blow'd if I don't think them 'ere new 'pice is bro't up to scent jist like tarries]. 'Holloo!' P' sis he, 've're you going for now?' 'Drive like a tuncer,' sis Stubbs nudging me. 'Cordingly, I pull up and walks the 'osses.' 'Holloo, ho!' sis the 'piceman. 'Stubbs never pre'fends to mind him. Hoy! stop, and be damn'd to you,' sis