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## POETRY.

### SONNET TO THE QUEEN.

When some fair bark first glides into the sea,  
Glad shouts of thousands echo to the sky,  
And as she leaves the land fond hearts beat high  
With hope and fear; and prayers are heard, that he  
Who steers and calms the deep, her guide may be;  
That over sunny seas her path may lie;  
And that she still may find, when storms are high,  
Safe anchor underneath some sheltering lee.  
Even so thy subjects' hopes and prayers, fair Queen!  
Go with thee:—stead above thy bark my bread,  
And rocks and shoals beset these unknown ways;  
But thou in virtue bold may'st steer serene  
Through tempests; England's glory and her good  
The lead-star of thy course, and Heaven thy stay.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

### DAVID SWAN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which naturally influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, of which they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford as a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David, until we find him at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in fine grocery linen, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Worn out, he kissed it with his thirty lips, and then, sitting himself on the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday, and his grizzly hair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured sweetly beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky, overhead, and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, about, on horse-back, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among the busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, rejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the charming fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse; an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road side. But eulogies, praise, meretricious eulogies, and indifference, were all one, or nearly all nothing to David Swan.

We had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought

to a stand still, nearly in front of David's resting place. A lurch-pin had fallen out of the wheels to fly off. The damage was slight, and merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in their carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. From what depth he draws that easy breath? Such sleep as that brought on wit out an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would support health, and an untroubled mind."

"And youth, besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet, he does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his, than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way-side and the maple shade were as a secret chamber with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down on him, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I manage as likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet nature was bending over him, just ready to let fall a bushel of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such a case, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor who had fallen asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady persuasively.

"The coach is all ready sir," said the servant blandly.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing any thing so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. She turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep beside the spring. Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed chamber, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But, there was a peril nearer the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of the bushes, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. As free-hearted as she was, David did not get the girl attacked the intruder with the handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and dove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed ac-

complished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Here, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain, by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl. She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way-side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again, had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps which were down about their brows. The dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the eye one sent them, and now, in the interim of their business, had taken the jointed profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow.

"Hist!—See that bundle under his head!"

The other villain nodded, winked and jerked.

"I'll bet you a horn of brany," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket book, or a snug little horde of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and while one pointed the danger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt, and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should be suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never known a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," whispered the other.

But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Fahaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

The man with the dagger, thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness,

that they might be said to have gone their way rejoicing. In a few hours, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor one imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glory of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had unstrung, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred—now moved his lips, without a sound—now, talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday restlessness of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage coach.—He started up with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger!" shouted he.

"Room on top?" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of greenish vicissitude. He knew not that a platoon of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon his waters—nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur—nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superstitious Providence, that, while witless and unsuspected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity even in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available.

**FEELING AND REASON.**—Feelings are stars, which are guides only when the sky is clear; but reason is the needle, which aids us even when the former are obscured.

**SYMPATHY WITH DELICATE FEELINGS.**—A display of delicate feeling provokes contempt in some minds; as the same music which inspires the nightingale, sets the dog a-barking.

A crack-brained man asked a young lady, "if she would let him spend the evening with her." "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I want." "Why?" replied he, "you need not be so fussy—I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

Experimental philosophy—telling a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.

**Certain Beauty for the Small Pox.**—A gentleman of fortune in this city, whose money-getting talents had been but little aided by an early education, was told yesterday that the small pox was quite prevalent, and he exclaimed—"Well, I declare, Dr. R.—shall assassinate all my children this very day."—*Boston Post.*

**History.**—An up-country editor calls Alexander the Great, "The haughty Roman." Oh Scissors!

The editor of the Cincinnati News says, that the editor of the Boston Times, "has been a long time married, and has more children than you could shake a stick at—to which the Times' editor retorts, by saying—"We should like to see a man that dare to shake a stick at' one of our children."

"Mr. Reed, pa, wants to borrow your newspaper."

"I'll lend him my breakfast if that will do, as I haven't read the paper yet."

**WONDERFUL CHANGES.**—The Swedish city of Gottenburgh is built principally of stone from Aberdeen, and it is a well-known fact that the dust-heap which was wont to grace the top of Gray's lun lane, is now a component part of the city of Moncey, to which it was exported as a material for brick-making, after the conflagration of that city. Greater changes than these are daily brought about by cur