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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(FOR THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.) OF SORROW AND OF LOVE—

“Those twin geni
Who chasten and who purify our hearts.—Byron.”

Thus cheek to cheek, and heart to heart,
Our arms so fondly intertwining,
I love to sit and watch the stars,
As now they beam so calmly shining.

And yonder, love, thy natal star
That looketh down so brightly now,
It sends its lonely ray afar,
To kiss thy cheek, and bathe thy brow.

But lo! a cloud hath dimmed its ray,
—Hath dimmed, yet hath not quenched its light,
For soe, the shadow passed away,
Again it burneth doubly bright.

And such is love, for sorrow's path,
May cast its shadow o'er the soul,
But deep within its stern glow,
Beyond affliction's aetern cloud;

And when the ill hath passed away,
Nor fear, nor doubt, can darken more,
Forth bursts the strong, unclouded beam,
Far, far, more fervid than before.

And such is life—a mixture wise
Of grief and joy within the breast,
While sorrow's cup is deeply drained,
To lead to joy a sweeter zest.

Since God is good, his ends must be,
—And thro' misery's path we're driven,
’Tis but to bid us rightly prize,
The home of rest that waits in Heaven.

DATHAN.

THE LAST BACHELOR.

It was on New Year's Eve in 1830, that twelve young professional men sat round the table of a club room at supper. The cloth had been removed, and nothing was left on the table but an expressive black bottle, and a single thin, spirituelle-looking glass to each member. They had drunk up to the best Burgundy.

The old clock struck eleven, and the last hour of the year was hailed with an uproarious welcome.

“A bumper, gentlemen,” said Harry St. John, the ‘sad dog’ of the club, “brim your beakers, my friends, and let every man be under the table when the ghost of the old year passes over.”

“No, no!” timidly remonstrated Ernest Gontlay, a pale graduate just from the University, who sat modestly at the bottom of the table, “no! it is a sad hour, and not a merry one! Cork the bottle until after twelve! We have lost too many hours of the year to throw away the last! let us be rational until the clock strikes, at least, and then drink if you will. For my part, I never pass these treacherous periods without a chill at my heart. Come, St. John, indulge me this time! Push back the bottle!” The dark eyes of the handsome student flashed as he looked around, and the wild spirits of the club were sobered for a moment—only!

“Good advice,” said Fred Esperel, a young physician, breaking the silence, “but, like my own pills, to be taken at discretion. Sink moralizing, I say. There are times and places even when we must be grave. O! Lavender, fill your glass, and trump philosophy.”

“Another me, but you're all wrong,” hiccupped the dandy who was always sentimental in his cups, Gourlay, there, (I am shocked at your atrocious cravat, by the way, Ernest.) Gontlay is nearer to it—but he smacks of his station; no preaching—let us be (pass the bottle, Tom!) sober. Send for a dozen Champagne—and when the clock strikes tw—twice (those cursed olives make me stutler) send it up—solemnly—for the last surviving man-member—solemnly, I do say?”

“What's there?” thundered Tom Corliss, Corliss, whom till the third botle, had not

spoken a word, and from such symptoms was strongly suspected of being in love, “who would drink it? not I, faith! what 'sit down when eleven such fellows' slept without their pillows? to drink! It an old taste of yours, my dear maccaroni? It would be much better to travestie that whim, and seal a bottle of vinegar for the last bachelor.

The proposition was received with a universal shout of approbation. The vinegar was ordered, with pen, ink and paper. Gourlay wrote out a bond, by which every member bound himself to drink it, in case it fell to his lot on the night the last man save himself, was married; and after passing round the table, it was laid aside, with its irregular signatures, until twelve. As the clock struck, the seal was set upon the bottle, and after a some what thoughtful bumper, charged to his keeping.

It was on the last night of 1830, that a single gentleman sat down alone at the club table in Main street, with a dusty bottle and a single glass before him. The rain was beating violently against the windows, and in a pause of the gust, as he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the solemn tones of the old clock, striking eleven, reached his ear. He started, and seizing the bottle, held it up to the light, with a contraction of the muscles of his face, and a shudder of disgust quite incomprehensible to the solitary servant who waited his pleassure.

“You may leave the room, William,” said he, as the door closed, he drew from his pocket a smoky, time-stained manuscript, and a number of letters, and threw them impatiently on the table. After sitting a moment, and tightening his coat about him in the manner of one who screws up his resolution with some difficulty, he filled his glass from the bottle and drank it with a sudden and hysterical gulp.

“Bah! it cuts like a sword. And so here I am—the last bachelor! I little thought it ten years ago, this night. How fresh it is in my mind! Ten years since I put the seal upon that bottle with my own hand! It seems impossible. How distinctly I remember those dozen rascally Benedictines who are laughing at me to-night, seated around this very table, and roaring at my proposition! All married—St. John, and Fred Esperel, and little Gourlay, and to-night, last of all, O! Lavender has got before me with his cursed alacrity. And I am—its useless to deny it—the old bachelor. I Tom Corliss—that am as soft, in my nature as a ‘milk diet’!—that could fall in love, any time in my life, from mere popinquity! I—that never saw a bright eye, nor touched a delicate finger, nor heard a treble voice without I, Tom Corliss—an old bachelor! Was it for this I complimented one for her beauty and another for her wit? Was it for this I played shadow three nights successively to one, and haunted the pleasant home of another for months, until I became pale as a ghost, and lean as Shakespeare's ‘slipped pentagon’?”

“Was it for this,” I say, “that I have danced with time-out-of-mind wall-flowers, and puckered my wits into birth-days' rhymes, and played groomsman monthly and semi-monthly, at an unknown expense, for new kersies, meres and bridal ser-mades? Oh, Tom Corliss! I Tom Corliss! thou hast beaten the bush for every body, but hast caught no bird for thyself!”

And so—they have each written me a letter for these promised.—Let me see:—
Dear Tom—How is the vinegar? I think I see you with the bottle before you? Who would have dreamed that you would drink it? Poor Tom, I am married as you know, and my childrening “we are seven,” I am very happy—very, my wife—(you know her)—is a woman of education, and knows every thing. I can't say but she knows too much. Her learning does pester me, now and then—I confess that if I were to marry again, it would be a woman that didn't read Greek; Farewell, Tom. Merry and be virtuous.

Yours,

HARRY.

N. B.—Never marry a woman of talents.”
Ha! ha! “happy—very happy!” Humbug, my dear Harry. Your wife is a dnee, as virulent as vegegens, and you the most unhappy of Benedictines. So much for your crowing. We'll see another!

Tom, I pity thee. Thou poor, flannel-wrapped, forsaken, giddy bachelor! I drink thy vinegar and goddam! Here am I, blessed as Abraham. My wife is the most innocent—(that's her fault by the way)—the most innocent creature that lives. She loves me to a foolish degree. She has no opinion but mine—no will of her own—(except such as I give her, you understand)—no faults, and no prominent propensities. I am as happy as I can expect in this sad world. Marry, Tom, marry. “The world must be peopled.”

Thine ever,
N. B.—Don't marry a woman that is remarkable for her simplicity.”

I envy not thee, Fred Esperel! Thy wife is a fool, and thy children, egregious ninnies, every one! Thou wouldst give the whole bunch of their carrot heads for thy liberty again. Once more—

Tom, my lad, get married!—Matrimony,” you know, “is like Jeremiah's figs—the good are very good”—(the rest of the quotation is misap.) My wife is the prettiest woman in the city. (I wish she was't by the way!) My house is the resort of all the gay fellows about town. I'm quite the thing (my wife is, that is to say) every where. I am excessively happy—excessively—assure yourself of that. I grow thin, they say—but that's age. And I've lost my habit of laughing—but that's proper, as I'm vestryman. On the whole however, I'm tolerably contented, and I think I shall live yet ten years—if my wife settles down, as she will, you know. God-bless you, Tom, how is the vinegar? Well—marry? mind that.

Yours always,

N. B.—I can't marry a beauty if I were you, Tom.

Poor Tom! His wife's a belle, and he's as jealous as blue Bessie—dying absolutely of corrosion. It's eating him up by inches Hang the letter! they make me melancholy. Once more and I'll throw the boding thing into the fire—

My Sweet Tom—I hope the gods have promised thee a new weasand. The vinegar improves, doubtless, by age. It must be a satisfaction, too, that is the nectar of your own bottles. Here am I—the happiest dog that is copied. My wife (I took warning from Gourlay) is not run after by a pack of puppies. She's not handsome, heaven knows—(I wish she were a trifle prettier) but she's as good as Dorcas. Ah! how we walk and talk, evenings. (I prefer that time, as I can imagine her pretty, when I don't see her, you know Tom.) And how we sit in the dim light of the parlor, and gaze at each other's just perceptible figure and sight!—Ah, Tom! marry and be blessed—as I am!

Yours truly,

P. S.—Marry a woman that is at least pretty, Tom.

The gods forbid that I should marry one like your, Phil! She is enough to make one's face ache! And so you are all discontented—on 's wife is too smart, and another's too simple, another's too pretty, and another's too plain. And what might not mine have been, had I too, been irreparably a husband!

Well, I am an old bachelor. I didn't think it though, till now. How hard it is to believe one's self past any thing in this world! And is it my lot, with all my peculiar fitness for matrimony—with all my dreams of woman, my rousances, my aspirations after happiness—it is my lot to be laid on the shelf, after all. Am I to be shunned by sixteen as a bore—to be pointed at by school boys as an “old bachelor”—(shocking title!)—to be invited to superannuated tea-drinkings—to be quizzed with solicit tions for founding hospitals—to be asked of my rheumatism, and pestered for snuff, and recommended to warm-chairs! Heaven pity me!

But not so fast. What is the prodigious

difference. What if I were married! I should have to pay for a whole house instead of a part—to feed Heaven knows how many mouths instead of one—to give up my whole bed for a half or quarter—to dine at another's hour and not at my own—to adopt another's friendships, and submit my own to her pleassure—to give up my nap later dinner for a romp with the child—to turn my library into a nursery, and my quiet fireside into a Babe! to call on my wife's cronies, and humor my wife's palate at the expense of my own cronies and palate. “But there's domestic felicity,” says the imp at my elbow, “and interchange of sentiment, and sweet reliance, and the respectability of a man with a family, and duty to the state, and perpetuation of name, and comfort, and attention, and love.” Chances, mere chances—prizes in a lottery—a 1, and a whole life the price of a ticket.

And why not live single then. What should I have then, which I cannot have now. Company at my table? I can have it when I like—and what's best, such as I like. Personal attention? Half a wife's spending money will purchase the most assiduous. Love? What need have I of that? or how long does it last when it is compulsory? Is there a treasure in my heart that will ranker if it is not spent? Have I affections that will gnaw like hunger if they are not fed? Most I love and be loved to be happy? I thought so once. It's a secret however. I loved! but the heart's treasure was unminsted, its affections unprized, by one whom, above all others, I cared should value and esteem them. And then I crushed them. It cost a strong effort, and a twelve month's time to accomplish it. But it was done; and the pure fountains of strong and holy feeling were sealed and became dust—dry, parched and barren as the scorching sands of the Syrian desert. Oh! how a single word could even now revive them, and like the prophet's rod on Horeb's sterile rock, cause them again to gush forth, in all the strength, the fulness, and the living beauty of departed years! But I dream.

Can there be no real happiness without the union wedlock brings—the identity of hope and feeling it creates in the proud, stern spirit of man, and the affectionate heart of woman. Possibly it may be so, possibly not.

I'll look into it the first time I feel metaphysical. The last night of 1840 has not come yet.

IMPUDENCE.—The following trick to raise a good bottle of wine free gratis for nothing, is the “cap sheaf” of all the pieces of impudence we have heard of lately. In the present instance a genteel looking loafer entered a store in this city, in the shape of wine, and a splendid article in the shape of man, and at a time when he knew the master had gone to dinner and nobody but a small boy left in attendance. Entering with all the importance of a regular wholesale dealer, our loafer commenced with,

“Is Mr—”

“No, sir—he's just stepped out—gone to dinner, sir.”

“What time do you expect him back, boy?”

“Not short of an hour sir; it generally takes him about an hour to eat his dinner.”

“Not under an hour? Well, I'm told Mr.

—, has a fine specimen of old Madeira. He told me to call and taste it, but as he isn't in and I'm in something of a hurry, I wish you would bring out a bottle as a sample and I'll see what it is.”

“Yes sir,” said the little boy, who immediately brought forth a bottle of pure old stuff itself.—The loafer took the wine, held it up to see its quality, and color, drew the cork, took a small sip, snacked his lips, and inquired,

“Boy; have you any ice?”

“No sir; we never keep any.”

“Never mind, it's about cool enough. Any thing in the shape of crackers and cheese about? They help to get a correct idea of the wine.”

“Nothing of the kind, sir.”

“All the same thing—I believe I had some in my pocket. I always carry them with me