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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

POETRY.

TOAST SONG—FOR 25th JUNE, 1838.

The Queen!—this day around the world,
As westward rolls the sun,
The British flag shall dot unfurled
The British cheer shall run.
To her—the great, the fair, the good,
The Sovereign of the free,
Each true heart warm'd by British blood
Vows deep fidelity.
In her—the lovely, young and bright,
We own a right divine;
We'd pour our blood far her in fight,
We pledge her in our wine.
Then fill the goblet high—to drink
Were ungallic; and mean;
As men, we to the lady drink—
As Britons, to the Queen.
The Queen!—beneath her gentle sway,
With equal rights and laws,
May all her subjects truly say,
They own one common cause.
That cause the common good of all
Who are and who have been
Ready alike to stand or fall
With Britain and the Queen.
(Quebec Gazette.)

THE MAN AND THE TABLE.

A poor simple man possessed nothing but a sick wife, six small helpless children, a pine table, and a black dress rather the worse for wear. He made every effort of which he was capable, to support his family—but, as his abilities were small, and he had no money, his efforts were unsuccessful. He consequently complained of fortune, which is usually made responsible for ill success. His wife complained and suffered, his children fasted and cried, and he rested his elbows on his table and meditated. Thus, day after day, the family passed their time.

This man had but one earthly passion, one wish, one fixed idea; and that was to get into office. After ten long years of solicitation he had as yet received no appointment. For all his pains he had secured nothing but a petty thorough knowledge of all the administration localities. He could have gone from the porter's lodge to the private cabinet of the minister blindfold.

On one occasion, about day break—he had not been able to close his eyes the whole night—he leaped with the energy of sudden resolution, from his miserable bed. His poor wife, fearing that hunger had disturbed his reason, followed all his movements with anxious eyes. His first step was carefully to brush and arrange in the best possible order, his decaying suit of black. He next shaved himself with a degree of care and attention quite unusual with him. Having finished dressing, he proceeded to walk back and forth in his little chamber, apparently absorbed in the most profound reflection. When the clock struck nine, he seized his pine table, examined it to see if it was in good condition, took it upon his shoulders and went forth. His wife concluded that he intended to sell it, and the hope thus inspired of being able to provide a little food for her children, lighted up her pale countenance with a melancholy smile.

Half a hour later the Swiss sentinel at the gate of the Minister's hotel encountered a man in a black dress, and hearing a table on his shoulders. Supposing him to be a mechanic bringing home a table he had been ordered to make, the sentinel permitted him to pass unquestioned. The clerk of one of the bureaux, who were rather new and inexperienced in their offices, likewise observed, without mistrust, a new comer among them. He had taken the precaution to bring his table with him, which he sat down in a corner where it would discommode no one, drew an inkstand from his pocket, appropriated an empty chair, and seated himself in an important and busy air. Soon a little bell was heard to ring. The stranger immediately started from his seat, proceeded through the two adjoining rooms like one who was sufficiently familiar with the premises opened the door of one of the cabinets, and with a low

how respectfully asked: "What is wanting, Herr Director?" "I did not wish to speak with you, but with Louis." "Louis has gone out, and therefore I came." "Do you know where the bureau of the army paymaster is?" "Perfectly well, Herr Director." "Go and request him to come to me this afternoon."

At every sound of the bell he continued to evince the same zeal. Before his comrades had time to move, he was always half way to the room whence the sound came. The question was indeed often asked among his comrades what sort of a situation the new comer held—but this latter was so complaisant, obliging, and active in the discharge of every duty, that they suffered him to go on without interruption, while they were consequently left at leisure. He soon became a general favorite, and no one of them any longer troubled himself to learn his origin or the nature of his employment.

But the Director, a great lover of order, at length became curious to know who this new employe could be, whose name did not appear on the list; and the poor man was obliged to undergo much questioning. "Who are you?" "Herr Director, I am always at your command." "Whence came you?" "Your honor may send me where you please, I am every where known." "Who appointed you?" "When your honor had need of me, I am always at hand."

And so it remained impossible to discover the origin of this faithful officer. Thus passed a month, on the last day of the month our hero saw the pay roll passed round, and heard the clinking of the tray which his comrades received. This was one of the saddest moments of his life—he now saw himself in the midst of the fair stream, he felt himself dying, of thirst and could not apply a drop of the water to his lips. He however here up so manfully, and appeared so enthusiastic, that one would have supposed he was at least a chancery clerk.

The Director saw with astonishment that the pay roll bore no additional name. Again, he rung his silver bell, and the new officers entered the summons as promptly as if he had been called by name. He was received with the question, in angry tone: "What office do you hold?" "I am myself waiting for a decision of that question, and in the mean time have been endeavoring to give some proof of my zeal and capacity." "But tell me instantly, who sent you here?"

In speaking these words, the voice of the Director became really terrible. The poor devil trembled from head to foot; the sight of the salary which the others had received, had exhausted his moral, as hunger had his physical power. He fell upon his knees, and in a tone of anguish cried: "Alas, your honor, if you must know who sent me here, it was my sick wife and my six starving children. Now, you know the whole. Turn me out, if you have heart to do it."

Mercy prevailed in the heart of the Director; moreover, it was found to be a very pleasant joke—it furnished an anecdote which the minister could relate to his guests after dinner. The man was retained as a messenger, and a regular salary allowed him. His wife and children are provided with food every day, and he wears a blue coat with large yellow buttons, like other public servants. He is perfectly happy, and never omits to remark to any one who will hear him: "I am no longer a useless loafer, but have a stake in the country as well as others."

ORIGIN OF CHESS.

The following account of the origin of chess, is given by the Arabian writers. At the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian era, India was governed by a young and powerful monarch, of an excellent disposition, but who was greatly corrupted by his flatterers. This young prince soon forgot that monarchs ought to be the fathers of their people: that the love of the people for their king is the only solid support of the throne, and that they constitute all his strength and

power. It was in vain that the brahmins and rajahs repeated to him these important maxims. Intoxicated by his greatness, which he imagined to be unalterable, he despised their wise remonstrances. Then a brahmin, named Sissa, undertook, in an indirect manner, to open the eyes of the prince. With this view he invented the game of chess, in which the king, though the most important out of the pieces, is powerless to attack without the assistance of his subjects.

The game speedily became celebrated; the king of India heard talk of it, and wished to learn it. Sissa, while explaining the rules of it, gave him a taste for those momentous truths, to which, till this moment, he had refused to listen.

The prince, who possessed both feeling and gratitude, changed his conduct, and gave the brahmin the choice of his recompense. Sissa required to be delivered to him the number of grains of wheat which would be produced by all the squares of the chess-board, one being given for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, still doubling the amount till the sixty-fourth square. The king, without difficulty, acceded to a request of such apparent moderation; but when his treasurer had calculated the quantity, they found that the king had engaged to perform a thing to which not all his riches nor his vast states would suffice. They found, in reality, that the amount of these grains of wheat would be equal to sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four cities, each containing one thousand and two hundred granaries, each granary containing one hundred seventy-four thousand seven hundred and sixty-two measures, each measure consisting of thirty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight grains. Of this circumstance the brahmin availed himself to make the king sensible how much sovereigns ought to be on their guard against those who surround them, and how much they ought to fear lest even their best intentions should be perverted to similar ends.

"YOURS FAITHFULLY."

This is a very common mode of subscription—so common, that, like "your most obedient servant," it means just nothing at all. It is used alike by the faithful as lover and faithless friend; and I was lately not a little amused, to see it attached to a note from my lawyer, enclosed in a very long bill, of so great a length, indeed, that I question whether a long life will enable me to pay it. Struck with the discrepancy between the act and expressed intention of my kind friend, I began to muse on the general inconsistency which prevails as regards men's professions and their deeds. The physician enters your room and says "I am very sorry to see you so ill;" while he is, in fact, very happy to have an opportunity of exercising his skill both on your purse and constitution. Congratulations on events of doubtful promise are generally more numerous and hearty than on more suspicious occasions; because, of all the people who "wish you joy," three fourths at least care nothing about the matter; and the other fourth may be divided into sincere friends and determined enemies, the latter of whom have their own private reasons for wishing you evil. Visits of condolence are, in reality, just a "pope" pique to see how adversity or affliction has before declared, a set of very selfish beings; and if it were not for the rules of courtesy and the "laws of polished society," the earthly would so far prevail over the celestial portion of our nature, as to degrade us to the level of the "beasts that perish."

But this truth obtains no belief in the early period of life; there is an immaturity that "stirs within us," and that rises against any idea of an end or termination either to our joys or sorrows. In youth, "yours ever faithfully," flow from our pens with all the ardor and recklessness of young love and friendship; we fancy our attachments are to outlive time, and make vows of everlasting affection and inviolable constancy, which are so often only

written and spoken to be "exhaled" and forgotten. It remains for those advanced in years to see the uncertainty of a fulfillment of such promises.

Welcome, then, those little agreeable deceptions by which society is held together, and by which we are made to believe ourselves surrounded by at least as many friends again as we possess; adversity, when it comes, will try them, rid us of the false many, and attach more closely the true and chosen few, who will remain ours under all circumstances through the present existence, and are such as we may hope to meet happily in that which is to come. Being once in possession of such treasures, we should be cautious of damping by coldness, or losing by neglect, the love of those who have shown, through life, that in subscribing themselves "yours, faithfully," they meant something more than any lawyer.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—He who enjoys the prose of life only, and not its poetry, has at best a poor and imperfect enjoyment; it is as though he was placed in an autumn, rich in harvest, but with no birds to give life or expression to its scenery.

Love.—Love, in its first dim and imperfect shape, is but imagination concentrated on one object. It is a genius of the heart, resembling that of the intellect; it appeals to, it stirs up, it evokes the sentiments and sympathies that lie most latent in our nature. Its sign is the spirit that moves over the ocean and rouses the Anadyomene into life. Therefore is it, that mind produces affections deeper than those of external form; therefore, it is, that women are worshippers of glory, which is the palpable and visible representative of a genius whose operations they cannot always comprehend. Genius has so much in common with love, the imagination that animates one is so much the property of the other, that there is not a surer sign of the existence of genius than the love that it creates and bequeaths. It penetrates deeper than the reason; it binds a nobler captive than the fancy. As the sun upon the dial, it gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light. Nations are its worshippers and its worships; and posterity loans from its oracles to dream—to aspire—to adore!—*Bulwer's Alice; or, the Mysteries.*

SYMPATHY.—How trifling a change in the temperature of our hearts, can make us feel warm or cool towards others, and they toward us? Morning furs frost into dew; evening dew into frost. Which shall we cry?

AFFECTION AND ADVERSITY.—Oh! how strong is our affection, when all things else around us are fleeing away and breaking, and when, in spite of them all, the lends of love are unbroken, and the light of love undimmed, and it claps our shattered beings and spirits in its firm embrace, like the rainbow bending, unmoved and unchanged, over the scattered waters of a cataract!

EQUALITY.—Dr. Beecher, in one of his lectures, says, there is but one way of securing universal equality to man—and that is to regard every honest employment as honorable, and then for every man to learn, in whatever state he may be, there with to be content, and to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor.

WELL ANSWERED.—A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her. "Come along sir." A would-be-witty gentleman stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with "Is it me mankind you called?" "Oh, no sir," said she, with great composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

ADVANTAGE OF BEING A POOL.—Mr. Lane, in his book on Egypt, says that in Cairo, "An idiot, or fool, is regarded as a being whose mind is in heaven, while his greater part dwingles among ordinary mortals; consequently he is considered an especial favorite in heaven."

London is said to contain, on an average, 20,000 thieves, 20,000 beggars, and about 10,000 professed gamblers.