

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

## POETRY.

### LINES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH.

I said to Sorrow's pelling storm,  
That beat against my breast,  
"Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,  
And lay it low at rest;  
But still the spirit that now broods  
Thy tempest raging high,  
Undaunted on its fury looks  
With steadfast eye."

I said to Fenry's meagre train,  
"Advance!—your threats I leave;  
My last poor life-drop we may drain,  
And crush me to the grave;  
But still the spirit which endures  
Shall mock your force the while,  
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours  
With bitter smile."

I said to proud Neglect and Scorn,  
"Pass on!—I loved you not;  
Though thus untraced and forlorn,  
By you I am forgot;  
My spirit which, untamed and free,  
No scolds of yours annoys,  
Drives from its own noxiousity  
Its high-born joys."

I said to Friendship's menacing blow,  
"Strike deep!—my heart shall bear;  
Thou canst but add one letter we  
To those already there;  
And still the spirit which sustains  
This last severe distress,  
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,  
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,  
"Ah, sure!—oh, why delay?  
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,  
A weak reluctant prey;  
For still this spirit, firm and free,  
Triumphant o'er sin's way,  
Bright as its own eternity,  
Shall pass away."

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

### THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot, under orders to embark for India,—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what the soldiers call the "bed of glory."—were assembled in the barrack-yard of Chatham, to be inspected previous to their passing on board the transport which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely daybreak when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen saluting forth from their quarters, to join their ranks, with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow. Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some individual with a dearer title to his regard than either; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughing among the assembled groups.

The second battalion was to remain in England; and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed; for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots which were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment; and which should remain behind. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbiter. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend, Captain Loder, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered round the flag-sergeant, who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "To Go!"—and all the others containing the fatal words "To Remain!"—It was a moment of dreadful suspense; and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenance of human beings as in the features of each of the soldier's wives who composed that group. One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing.—Another succeeded, and giving a loud hurra, ran off to the distant tanks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hesitating steps; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an un-

natural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the sergeant's cap, and I saw, by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and, with a deep groan, fell back and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every present, that she remained unnoticed until all the tickets had been drawn and the greater part of the women left the spot. I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground gazing upon her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheeks.

Captain Loder advanced towards them.—"I am sorry Henry Jenkins," said he, "that fate has been against you; but bear up, and be stout-hearted."

"I am so, captain," said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face; "but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she soon to be a mother."

"Oh captain," sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh, take me with him—take me with him—take me with him—for the love of God, do take me with my husband, captain."

The gallant officer was himself in tears.—He knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company; and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the suffering he cannot alleviate. At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the good captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do you want, my good fellow?" said the officer.

"My name's John Carty, please yer honor;—and I belong to the second battalion."

"And what do you want here?"

"Only, yer honor," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife, they are sorrow-hearted at parting, I am after thinking."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, yer honor, they say 'tis a deadly lad, and I know I'm fit for service, and if yer honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond's company, and let me take his place in your's yer honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of them, I'm thinking."

Captain Loder considered a few minutes, and directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officer's quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the spot where he had left them.

"Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife."

"Thank yer honor," said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground, and rushed into each other's arms. "Oh bless you captain," said the soldier, as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. "Oh! bless him forever!" said the wife, "bless him with prosperity and a happy heart! bless his wife and bless his children!" and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, "may you never want a friend when I am far from you,—you, my good lad, and your amiable wife!" passed on to his company while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the County of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages, but which now afforded no information to the traveller, as age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and enquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine, intelligent lad, of about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he were going to any particular house in the village.

"No my little lad," said the soldier, "but it is on the high road to Frome, and I have friends there; but in truth, I am wearied, and perhaps may find in your village some person

who will befriended a poor fellow, and look to God for his reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, he dearly loves to look upon a red coat. If you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome."

"And you can tell us stories about foreign parts," said the younger lad, a fine chubby cheeked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress.

The boys gave instruction to their intelligent dog, who they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence, and, in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof, and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends, Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those who, in all human probability were indebted to him for their evitable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story further than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm; and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling; and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," said the wise man, "and it shall be returned to thee after many days."

### LAUGHABLE ANECDOTE: A MAN MARRIED AGAINST HIS WILL.—C—, who was a captain, on half-pay, of the British service, lodged several years ago in the Exchange Coffee House, which was then kept by an old couple, whose age prevented their attending properly to their business, obliging them to confide in the management of a bar-maid, upon whom they placed much dependence, and to whom they paid a liberal salary. As C—'s circumstances were not very affluent, as is generally the case with half-pays; and he was, besides, of an extravagant turn of mind, necessity often compelled him to borrow money, at different times from the bar-maid, who was a prudent woman, and had laid by the savings of a few years. He lived in the house for several months together; during which time he paid attention to her, making love to her every opportunity, and always promising marriage, of which, by-the-by, he had not the slightest notion. As he was continually making one excuse or another for delaying the nuptials, and he was now upwards of £200 in her debt, for cash lent to him, she determined on having either the man or the money; and, going into his room one morning, as he lay in bed, demanded that he should either pay her what she had lent him, or immediately fulfil his oft-repeated promise of marriage. C—, as usual, made some excuse; but it would not do, she was resolved, she said, to be no longer trifled with, as she had been for months back, but to have justice immediately done. She then produced a marriage license, which she had previously procured, and informed C—, that the clergyman was then waiting at the Church to marry them; and that unless he complied, and honorably redeemed the pledges he had so often made, she would have him arrested and sent to prison, from which it was then no easy matter to get out, by two bailiffs, whom she had then on the stairs, outside the room, waiting to see if their services would be required. At this moment, C— heard the men on the stairs cough; and knowing, from their hoarse, he began to think seriously of his situation; and, after a few minutes' consideration reluctantly yielded to her demand, requesting at the same time, that the ceremony might be deferred until evening. To this, however, she would not agree; nor would she quit the room until accompanied by him. It was certainly a curious scene to behold the captain, with the fair and fat bar-maid leaning upon his arm, marching down the Strand, at slow time, towards St. Martin's Church, now and then casting a mournful look behind him, and as often encountering the keen and watchful glances of John Doe and Richard Roe, who failed not to bring up the rear, and that, too, in close order. As soon as the cere-

mony had concluded, the same gentlemen, politely taking off their hats, made each of them a low bow, and wishing the newly married couple every happiness, immediately retired. C— and his bride returned to the coffee-house, where they were received with great kindness, by the master and mistress, who, notwithstanding the short notice, had a comfortable wedding breakfast prepared for them.—(Capt. Harley's Veteran, or Forty Years in the British Service.)

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.—The particulars of the following incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge; and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers.—

"In a sea-port town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached on Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse,—to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath,—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leant his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came here that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he too cried, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected!—throw now!' But the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark, his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now living under sentence of death, for murder, in the jail of this city; the third, my brethren,"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow.—"The third, my brethren, is HE WHO NOW ADDRESSES YOU!—listen to him!"

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

IN submitting a new paper to the judgment of the public, it becomes a duty incumbent on the conductors to state what are the objects contemplated in its publication. Briefly then,—the design of this paper will be to yield instruction and amusement to the domestic and social circle. It will contain choice extracts from the latest European and American periodicals,—selections from new, popular and entertaining works of the most celebrated authors, with other interesting literary and scientific publications. The news of the day, compressed into as small a compass as possible, yet sufficiently comprehensive to convey a just and general knowledge of the principal political and miscellaneous events, will also be given. Its columns will at all times be open to receive such communications as are adapted to the character of the work; and the known talent and taste existing in Quebec justify the hope we entertain that the value of our publication will be enhanced by frequent contributions. The publication in this city of such a paper as the one now proposed has by many been long considered a desideratum; and the kindly disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipation that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement and success. Quebec, 6th December, 1837.

THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE, PRINTER.