

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Literary Transcript.) TO DEATH.

Come, friend of the soulless, rescue of despair.
Thou cure of earth's bitterest woes,
In thy silent study is oblivion, and there
Alone can I hope to repose.

M. J. D.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LATE ENGLISH POETS.

Poetry, more than any other species of literature, has its crisis. From the day of Chaucer to those of Coleridge, it must be apparent to every student of our history, that there have been periods of unproductive darkness, as if genius were prevented with the same laws which regulate the material world, wherein a period is often followed by a season of sterility.

The last remarkable cycle in the poetical history of England may be said to have commenced with the first efforts of Lord Byron, and to still continue in the genius of Wordsworth, Southey, and of Moore. A more distinguished era has seldom adorned the history of letters. The combined genius of such spirits as Byron, Shelley, Scott, Coleridge, Moore, Lamb and Wordsworth, causing their united rays on a single scale, could not do otherwise than effect a revolution in the character of English poetry. And a revolution has been effected, when proceeding from the effects of their united genius, has produced far more beneficial results than could have followed from any single genius of any one of them, now very excellent. Had Byron been the only distinguished poet of his age, his great influence exerted by his works on the literary world would have produced a host of imitators, and we should have no poetical effusions unmingled with coarseness, banality, prate, and Don Juanism. Had Scott held unvaried sway, we should yet hear of knight and Border legends, and Highland tales; Shelley would have inundated the world with cold and polished measure; Moore, with the gorgeous display and enervating luxuries of the East; and Coleridge would have enthralled the reading public with German horrors, or wrapt it in the clouds of metaphysical speculation.

Thus the talents of all these excellent authors, countering the faults of each other, have, with their combined beauties, changed materially the great features of English poetry. They have introduced a greater freedom of expression, a purer strain of thought, and a smoother and more polished diction.

Coleridge.—Of all the poets we have enumerated, Samuel Taylor Coleridge seems to have possessed the most marked and peculiar genius; his attachment to the occult and the antique, acting on a mind of strong metaphysical tendency, joined to a pure delicate, and tender train of feeling, produced a character of rare endowments and singular construction. His poetry breathes in every line originality and touching pathos. Whether the reader listens to the gently flowing lines so sweetly descriptive of the lovely "Gonevieve," or traverses the wild waves and tracks the sun-warped deck with the "Ancient Mariner," or wanders through the tangled wood with "Christabel," he is seized from the perusal of Coleridge's poetry with the conviction that he has read the work of no common author. In conversation Coleridge was unvaried, and his testimony is borne to the fascinating sentiments which spell-bound his delighted audience. His great, unacquiescable fault was indolence. He rarely had the perseverance to finish any of his works; and Christabel, left not half complete, gives an annoying proof of this want of energy.

Shelley.—Of Shelley many different opinions have been formed. Lamb did not like him; but Lamb's taste can hardly be considered a fit criterion in all matters. Sergeant Talford has remarked, and we think with great justice, that Shelley only wanted age to mature his style, and experience to settle his character, to arrive at far greater poetical celebrity than his untimely fate permitted. Certain it is, that in point of rhythm, he is almost without an equal. Take for example his exquisite translation of Goethe's mysterious prometheus to "The Forest."

"The Sun makes music, as of old,
Within the arch spaces of heaven
On his prostrated circle cleft
With thunder-spoken—like angels—even
Gain strength by gazing on that eye,
Though none be meaning fathom may;
The world's unsheltered countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.

And softly, and sweet, with rapid lightning
The planet earth spins silently,
Alternately ethereal brightness
With dark and deadest night." \* \* \*

Its length prevents us from quoting the whole of this beautiful translation, which is distinguished in melody, and the easy flow of harmonious diction. As a man, Shelley certainly labored under most singular errors, not the least of which was his disregard of public opinion. It is the part of wisdom not to differ from the rest of mankind in external observances of matters in themselves inconsequential. How much the more then is a man bound to regard them, when the experience of age has proved their utility, and necessity for the comfort and happiness of mankind.

Byron.—What shall we say of Byron, of whom so much has already been said? Byron, whom some of his readers elevate to the stars, while others have liberally prepared for him a berth in the fiery pit of Ignominia. Lord Byron appears to us to have been a man of superior talents, of the highest order of genius, and of most acute and susceptible feelings; but all his more noble qualities were marred by an ill regulated mind. That total want of sympathy with the busy world—the rock on which genius has so often split—would in his mind effect a feeling of injury and persecution. His genius wore and fretted his physical system, and he became morbid, irritable, and sensitive. With all his affected carelessness of public opinion, and disregard of criticism he was sorely susceptible of slight or misrepresentation. Such feelings must both with unimpeded bitterness in his early "scorching satire" of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and in a much somewhat temperate manner, we trace them in a hundred passages of that extraordinary and dangerous poem, surpassing in genius, care and polish, not subtle and pernicious in its tendency, Don Juan.

The poetry of Lord Byron abounds in jewels of rare price. In beauty of description, and the most graphic touches, almost every line of Child Harold might be quoted as unsurpassed. In the opening of the Bardo of Abydos we find a gorgeousness of description and luxurious richness of verse, somewhat unlike his usual style, and bearing some analogy to the flowing metre of Anacreon Moore. In Don Juan, the description of Julia and of Haidée, the shipwreck, the beautiful verses of the "Isles of Greece," and the little romance of the "Black Friar," are gems so brilliant as to cause us still more to regret the laser metal in which the artist has chosen to set them. Manfred, Werner, the two Foscari, and Marino Faliero, are fine dramatic pieces. Mazeppa is a beautiful tale, told with great beauty and simplicity. Testimony has been borne to its excellence by the crowded and delighted audiences which have so often feasted their eyes and ears with the beauties of its dramatic representation: though for our own part we prefer the quiet rapture of the poem in our closet to the brilliant exhibition of the stage. The lesser poems of Lord Byron are beautiful in the extreme, and many of them "as familiar as household words" to every one at all conversant with polite literature.

Byron was not a man to bear with patience the taunts and calumnies of his cotemporary. With his fiery, his irritable temperament, and the keenness of his satire, kept him continually at swords' points; and the description of his namesake in "Love's Labour Lost," may, with some justice, be applied to his way of avenging himself on the public for private wrongs—

"Oh how I heard of you, my lord Byron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flourishes;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That be within the mercy of your wit."

Scott.—The poetry of Sir Walter Scott is a remeal of the old English Metrical Romance;

suffering only from the ancient black letter ballads of the olden time, in its greater length superior polish, and modern phraseology. Strictly national in their character, and dwelling on times and scenes familiar to the feeling and endeared to the recollections of his countrymen, the Poetical Romances of Sir Walter produced a deep impression and soon attained to great popularity. But the sameness necessarily consequent on poetry of this kind, after a while tired on the public mind, and unless the genius of its author had taken another turn, and poured out its rich stores of antiquarian lore in his admirable novels, he would have achieved a comparatively small niche in the Temple of Fame. It is the author of Waverley that we recognize in Sir Walter Scott; far more than the head of Rokeby, or the Minister of Borer Waters. Sir Walter Scott was a great antiquarian, and he lived in imagination among men and matters whose career was obscured to the rest of mankind by the lapse of centuries. He would doubtless have figured among the Border Chiefs himself, had it been his luck to have entered the world some two hundred years before its actual novelty. His strong attachment to days of yore and customs long since gone by, was evinced, as all the world knows, by his fanciful decorations of Abbotsford. Possessed of a kind and gentle heart, and a most honorable and upright mind, his life was a pattern for the imitator not only of authors but of mankind. It ever a good man breathed, Sir Walter Scott was. Whether he is justly entitled to the appellation of poet, seems more doubtful; that he had a "snack at rhyme," and has written many pleasing animated Romances in verse, no one can deny. But it is not merely the jingling of rhyme or neatness of expression, that constitutes poetry. Lusty imaginations, a soaring spirit, remarkable and splendid attributes of the soul, are the necessary attributes of the poet. Whether Sir Walter Scott, with all his excellencies of character, and fine genius, possessed these qualifications is a question to be determined by the perusal of his Metrical Romances.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.—One day at the table of the late Dr. Pearce, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose in his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace.—For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised." The effect was irresistible.

The Salem Gazette says, that "a notorious beer drinker is dying by inches." Not quite so fast as that, waggoner, he is only going out by exchange.

An exchange paper mentions the marriage of a Mr. John Sweet, to Miss Anne Sour, probably they mean to set up the lemonade business.

A Mr. George Wise having married a Miss Ann Fife, Bass said their children would be half Fife.

The young ladies of Kennelbeck eat Indian pepper to make them dance light.

"Alack a day!" cried an old lawyer, upon hearing the loss of a sheep load of grinnings. "The three were dull before," but I suppose they will be duller than ever.

SAMUEL TOZER, BUTCHER.
STALL No. 1, UPPER TOWN MARKET.
DEBS respectfully return thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support he has heretofore received, and takes this opportunity of informing them that he has always on hand Corned Hams of Beef, Broiled, &c.; also, Mutton for Saddles and Hamlets, all of the very best quality.
Quebec, 13th January, 1828.

GEORGE HANN, FURRIER, 22, ROBERT STREET, UPPER TOWN.
DEBS to inform his Friends and the public, that he has his intention solely to leave Quebec for England, and he would thank those who are indebted to him to settle their accounts without delay; and those to whom he is indebted are requested to present their accounts for payment.
Quebec, 17th February, 1828.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
OPEN EVERY DAY from TEN A.M. till TEN P.M. (Sundays excepted) No. 5, John-Street opposite to Mr. Hall, Grocer.
Subscription for one month, - - - - - 1 6
Do for single vol., - - - - - 0 2
Quebec, 28th February, 1828.

MORRISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

NOTICE.
THE subscribers of general Agents for Morrison's Pills, have appointed WILLIAM WATKINS, Sub-Agent for the Upper Town, No. 27, St. John Street.

LEGGE & Co.
That the public may be able to form some idea of Morrison's Pills by their great consumption, the following calculation was made by Mr. WATKINS, Clerk to the Stamp Office, Somerset House, in a period of six years, (part only of the time that Morrison's Pills have been before the public,) the number of stamps delivered for that medicine amounted to three million, nine hundred, and one thousand.

The object in passing the foregoing before the public is to deduce therefrom the following powerful argument in favour of Mr. Morrison's system, and to which the public attention is directed, namely, that it was only by using an anti-acid purgative Hygeian system could possibly have been established. It is clear that all the medical men in England, or the world, put together, have not read a system of vegetable purgation to the extent and in manner prescribed by the Hygeians. How, therefore, can they (much less individually) know any thing about the extent of its progress?

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THE SUBSCRIBERS especially beg leave to inform the gentle and citizens of Quebec, that they have about the large and extensive premises in Anne Street, opposite the English Cathedral, where they attend to every article business on an extensive scale, and hope to give general satisfaction. Carriages painted in the best style, and with the purest materials.
C. & J. SAURIN.
Quebec, 11th March, 1828.

FOR SALE.
AN EXCELLENT ANCHRONICAL CLOCK by Johnson & Frothingham, London; a Two Day CHRONOMETER; and a Superior SIMPLICISSIMA.
MARTYNS, Clock-maker, &c. &c.
St. Peter Street, John Jan. 1828.

NEW PARTNERSHIP.

PIANO FORTÉ, CABINET, CHAIR & SOFA MANUFACTORY,
Cavendish, Tuning, Hanging, Metal Making, &c.,
No. 27, SAINT JOHN STREET.
The premises formerly occupied by J. & J. Thornton JAMES MCKENZIE retains cordial thanks to his Friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has hitherto received, and informs them that he has now entered into Partnership with THOMAS BOWLES, an experienced Musical Instrument and Cabinet Maker, from New-York. MCKENZIE & BOWLES beg to express their hope, that from the excellence of their materials their skill as workmen, and the very general nature of their establishment, they will be able promptly to execute all orders with which they may be favoured in the above mentioned, and in the FANCY line, in such a manner as to meet the unequalled approbation and increasing preference and patronage of their employers.
Piano Fortes and other Instruments carefully repaired.
Quebec, 29th January, 1828.

T. BROOKBANK, HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, GLAZIER, &c.
No. 4, Arsenal Street, opposite the Ordnance Store.
IN thanking his thanks to those who have hitherto patronized him, while in connection with Mr. BOOTH, respectfully announces to them, and the citizens generally, that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT, and trusts that he may be favored with a continuance of that support, which he shall be his study to merit.
February 24, 1828.

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THY Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business, most respectfully intimates that he has constantly on hand a Choice Assortment of Wines, Spirituous Liquors, Groceries, &c., all of the best quality.
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Opposite the Gate of the Jesuits' Barrack
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