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POETRY.

REMEMBRANCE.

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh—All.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wanders;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends.

With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Forn from his mother's arms,
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?

Condemned to suffer through the day
Restrain which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
How lengthens as the counts the hours,

Before his wretched return,
Forn hand control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam;

And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth exerts the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
In consolation find?

Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah! no! for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blunted or betray'd,

The fabled bliss destroy;
And youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Matured manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous wishes run;

Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.

Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

A HOLE IN THE POCKET.

In this lies the true secret of economy—the care of sixpences. Many people throw them away without remorse or consideration—not reflecting that a penny a day is more than three dollars a year. We should complain loudly if a head tax of that amount were laid upon us; but when we come to add all that we uselessly tax ourselves for our penny expenses, we shall find that we waste in this way annually quite enough to supply a family with winter fuel.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket and I felt in my breeches pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was all empty space—which is very different from specie; so said Mrs. Slackwater, "I've lost it my dear; positively, there must be hole in my pocket!" "Oh! saw it up," said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stebbins—"How did that ice-cream set?" said Tom; "It set," said I, "like the sun, gloriously." And, as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice-creams; however, I held my peace for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and, even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, "Ah! isn't there!"

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who, like a dutiful helpmate as she is, always gave

me her loose change to keep, called for a 25 cent piece that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping, "there was a poor woman at the door," she said, "that she'd promised it to for certain." "Well, wait a moment," I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other; "but vacancy returned a horrid groan." "On my soul," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plenary pockets is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater. "Sure! try, that I am, it's gone! totally gone."—My wife dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

"That evening, I allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species 'husband.'" I was very loath to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bare some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob Mrs. Slackwater is a Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home, the fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her 25 cent piece, which I had invested, in smoke—that is to say, cigars; and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloons pockets.

These things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pocket leaked worse and worse; even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted, the pages slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate—as an Irish song says,

And such was the fate of Poor Paddy O'More,
That his purse had the more notes, as he had the fewer.

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Asylum; I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," said she, "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame to him," I replied, "he can't afford it; he can but just scrape along any how, and in these times it aint right for him to do it." My wife smiled in her mild way, and took the paper back to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I would go with her and see the Bowens, and as I had no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about \$600 a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of house-keeping. We were admitted by Ned and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been school-mates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshment, an article which we never have at home, but always went when elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bowen don't keep within his income."

"He does," she replied. "But how can he on \$600?" was my answer; "if he gives \$10 to this charity and \$5 to that, and live so snug and comfortable too?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"Certainly, if you can." "His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to go without 20 or \$30 worth of ribbons and laces, as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to his health, as it is to

yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice cream, or apples at 100 per cent, on market price, or oranges at 12 cents apiece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used; in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, he has no hole in his pocket."

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick!—but me? I should rather say it sewed me up, me and my pockets too; they never have been in holes since that evening.

ORATORY OF LORD CHATHAM.—He controlled the purposes of others because he was strong in his own obdurate self-will. He convinced his followers by never doubting himself. He did not argue, but assert; he took what he chose for granted, instead of making a question of it. He was not a dealer in moot-points. He seized on some stronghold in the argument, and held it fast with a convulsive grasp—or wrested the weapons out of his adversaries' hands by main force. He entered the lists like a gladiator. He made political controversy a contest of political skill and courage. He was not wasting time in long-winded discussions with his opponents, but tried to disarm them by a word, by a glance of his eye, so that they should not dare to contradict or confront him again. He did not wheedle, or palliate, or equivocate, or make a studied appeal to the passions or the passions—he dictated his opinions to the House of Commons. "He spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes."—But if he did not produce such an effect either by reason or imagination, how did he produce it? The principle by which he exerted his influence over others [and it is a principle of which some speakers that I might mention seem not to have an idea, even in the most enlightened age] was sympathy. He himself evidently had a strong possession of his subject, a thorough conviction, an intense interest; and this communicated itself from his manner, from the tones of his voice, from his commanding attitudes and eager gestures, instinctively and unavoidably to his hearers. His will was surcharged with electrical matter like a voltaic battery; and all who stood within its reach felt the full force of the shock. Zeal will do more than knowledge. To say the truth, there is little knowledge,—no ingenuity, no parade of individual details, not much attempt at general argument, neither wit nor fancy in his speeches—but there are a few plain truths told home: whatever he says, he does not mince the matter, but in the most unequivocal manner, and with the fullest sense of its importance, in clear, short, pithy, old English sentences. The most obvious things, as he puts them, appear like axioms—so that he appears, as it were, the genius of common sense personified; and in turning to his speech you fancy that you have met with [at last] one honest statesman [—Lord Chatham commenced his career in the intrigues of a camp and the bustle of a mess-room; where he probably learnt that the way to govern others is to make your will your warrant, and your word a law. If he had spent the early part of his life, like Mr. Burke, in writing a treatise on the sublime and beautiful, and in dreaming over the abstract nature and causes of things, he would never have taken the lead he did in the British service.—Hazlitt.]

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.—This coinage is the subject of a fable almost universally believed throughout the empire. It is supposed there never were more struck than three, the die breaking at the third, and consequently that a Queen Anne farthing is, from extreme rarity, the most valuable coin in existence. How this notion should have been impressed at first, and since become so prevalent, is incomprehensible. In reality, there were seven coinages of farthings in Anne's reign, and the numbers of each were by no means small, though only one was designed for circulation. Specimens of all these may be seen in the British Museum, and a collection in London possessed from fifteen to twenty of that design for circulation. On one, dated 1713,

there is a figure of Peace in her ear, with the inscription *Pax Massa Per Oboes*—Peace sent throughout the world—no doubt a boast meant by her majesty's unpopular ministry to brazen out the ignominy which they incurred by the settlement of the affairs at Utrecht. In consequence of the prevailing belief, it often happens that a poor peasant in some remote part of the country, who has chance to obtain a Queen Anne farthing, sets off with it to London, in the hope of making his fortune by selling it. Even from Ireland journeys of this kind are sometimes undertaken; on one occasion, a man and his wife travelled thence to London with a Queen Anne farthing. It is needless to say that these poor people are invariably disappointed, the ordinary farthing of this sovereign being only worth about seven shillings to a collector. Mr. Tilt, the medalist, mentions in his work on the Roman Denarius, that he has only heard one origin assigned to the superstition. Many years since, a lady of Yorkshire, having lost a Queen Anne farthing, which, for some particular reason, had a great value in her eyes, advertised for its recovery, offering a considerable reward for its recovery. The vulgar readily transmitted the sentimental idea to an absolute value, and as usual soon conceived a reason in fact for what was nothing but a fallacy of their own understandings.

MONEY SIGNAL.—Among all the stupendous works of Nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific beauties and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, leaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive. The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle is about sixty feet square. On one side is a single rock, about twenty feet high, on which as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the cradle beneath, his favoured servant received the tables of the Law. The ruins of a church and a convent are still to be seen upon the mountain, to which, before the convent below was built, monks and hermits used to retire, and sing the praises of God upon his chosen hill. Near this, also in ruins, stands a Mohammedan mosque; for on this sacred spot the followers of Christ and Mohammed have united in worshipping the true and living God. Under the chapel is a hermit's cell, where, in the iron age of fanaticism, the anchorites lingered out his days in fasting, meditation and prayer.

SMOLLETT'S TESTIMONY IN FAVOUR OF TEMPERANCE.—A correspondent has directed our attention to the following extract from Smollett's Travels through France and Italy, published in London in 1776. This testimony in favour of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, from so eminent a man and physician as Tobias Smollett, is so early a period, ought to be generally known. In letter 39, p. 260, he says:

"It must be owned that all the peasants [i. e. of France] who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive size in comparison to those who use milk, beer, or even water; and it is a constant observation that when there is a scarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy than in those seasons when it abounds. The longer I live, the more I am convinced, that wine and all fermented liquors are pernicious to the human constitution; and that for the preservation of health and exhilaration of the spirits there is no beverage comparable to simple water.