

POETRY.

[The following manly and truly English song, by Barry Cornwall, is founded on a superstitious notion common among sailors, that the shark will follow a vessel on board which any person is about to die, until the body is consigned to the deep. The music is by Phillips, and is most spirited, and excellently adapted to the words. If we meet the encouragement we hope for, it may possibly be in our power occasionally to give the music as well as the words of a few of the new songs brought out in Europe, which, though very popular at home, are long in finding their way to Canada.]

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how manly we ride along the sea,
The morning is all sunshine, the wind is blowing free;
The billows are all sparkling and bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins the blood is running bright.
All nature knows our triumph: strange birds around us sweep,
Strange things come up to look at us, the masters of the deep;
In our wake, like any servant, follows even the bold shark—
Oh! proud must be our Admiral of such a bonny bark.
Oh! proud must be our Admiral,—though he is pale to-day,
Of twice five hundred iron men, who all his nod obey,
Who've fought for him and conquered, and won with sweat and gore,
Nobility which he shall have when'er we touch the shore.
Oh! would I were our Admiral, to order with a word—
To lose a dozen drops of blood, and straight stand up a Lord;
I'd shout to yonder shark there, which follows in our lee,
"Some day I'll make thee carry me like lightning through the sea."
Our Admiral grew paler and paler as we flew,
Still talked to his officers, and smiled upon his crew;
And he looked up to the heavens, and he looked down on the sea,
And at last he saw the creature that was following in our lee.
He shook—'twas but an instant,—for speedily the tide
Ran crimson to his heart, until all chances be denied.
It threw boldness on his forehead, and gave firmness to his breath,
And he looked like some grim warrior new risen up from death.
That night a horrid whisper fell upon us where we lay,
And we knew our fine old Admiral was changing into clay;
And we heard the wash of waters, though nothing could we see,
But a foamy splash and plunge amid the billows on our lee.
Till dawn we watched the body in its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset it was along into the deep;
And never from that moment, save one shudder through the sea,
Saw we or heard the creature that had followed in our lee.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LOVE'S MEMORIES.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you love remember,
And there's pansies, that's for thought."
No—we may strive to deceive ourselves as much as we please—we may endeavour to harden our hearts into profridity, and pamper our senses into vice—but one touch of true nature shivers the delusion into atoms in an instant: one flash of passionate recollection makes the soul writhe under its influence, and floods the eyes with gushing tears, from a spritz which, do we what we may, will never become dry.
First Love?—No. None but romantic boys and maiden misses ever talk of such frippery. Scarcely a man indeed can lay his finger upon what actually was his first love. He was in love at fifteen, at twelve, at eight: which merits the name of his first love? He has been in love with his sisters play-fellow, and his schoolmaster's daughter, and his washer-woman's niece: were any of these his first love? Is it the precocious gallantry of the archin in his mother's drawing-room; or the novel reading, acquiring sentiment of the

boy at his first school; that is to be called by that title, which is supposed to denominate all that is fervent and fresh and passionate and pure—first love? It is sheer nonsense to talk of it. No, it is not the first love, but the love the great passion of our existence—the one chapter of our hearts' history—the date to which we refer every thing—from which we count every thing—which is never absent from our mind, and yet which we shrink from contemplating—it is this, which truly is what first love is vainly fabled—it is this from which now we strive madly to escape, to which now we revert with entrancing fondness; it is this, which has burnt in upon our heart its brand, and which, be it for good, or be it for evil, never can be effaced.

It is to be said, we never can love but once; the truth is, we never can love but once thus. Like the rad of Aton, it swallows all minor attachments; but they have existed nevertheless. And afterwards? Alas! we may rush into the thick of the world; we may seek women, and excite our senses, and inflame our imaginations, till we almost think we love again; but there are moments when we are alone, when the thoughts of other days are revived by something which strikes upon the eye, or the ear, by something we stumble upon in a book, or by the unaided and spontaneous act of memory itself, when we find how poor, how rapid, how false are all the factitious feelings we have been fostering within us: the sudden pang shoots across the brain; the choking sensation fixes on the throat; the ache which precedes tears is felt behind our eyes, and we grind our teeth in agony as we "lift up our voice and weep aloud."

Oh it is at such moments that we feel the vanity, the folly, the wickedness of the excitements we seek at ordinary times so ardently! What is the feverish heat produced by these mental dreams in comparison with the fine generous glow of early passion? What are these excites forced in the hot bed of society when thus brought in contrast with the fresh and fragrant flowers of unassisted nature? We feel all their worthlessness.

Better, better indeed, are such hours when they recur. Yet who would resign the memory of that bitter? Who would resign that heart throbs, though it shakes the whole frame to agony? When a man fully finally to rest, if any man ever can do so, the feelings springing from that love, he becomes at once pale, jaundiced—not misanthropic, but worse—indifferent to all mankind, inaccessible to all emotions. This is not the calm of peacefulness; it is the cold, frozen, stone-like calm of indifference. Rather would I have the keen heart-ache, and the flash of anguish, which such recollections shoot across the soul, than that such recollections should exist, and yet leave me without any emotion.

There are few persons, in whom, after the first flush of youth is passed, some firm unshakable of this kind does not exist; differing, indeed vastly, in point of intensity, as the countless varieties of circumstance and disposition may occasion; but still there is some one great chord, which, when touched, overpowers all other tones of feeling; some master tint, whose hue is ever outbreaking through the whole picture of life. I have often thought, when in society, if I were furnished with a talisman, by which to strike upon this chord, to call into view this colour in every bosom, what an infinite variety of human passion would be displayed!—what a strong contrast, in many instances, between the outer husk and the kernel within! And, indeed, any one, whose eye has been alive and perception keen, to the characteristics which occasionally break through the unity of even the smallest demagogue, must have seen the flash of intense recollection called forth by circumstances, trivial perhaps in themselves, but sufficiently indicative of the nature of the feeling, to which they give rise. We see the calm cold eye flash with burning light; we see the countenance, on which an habitual sneer has fixed itself, mantle for a moment, with an expression of the softest tenderness; we see a deep shade cover the brightest countenance with gloom; the master chord has been struck, the one great feeling has been touched!

Love?—Yes! it is this, which as it is happy or unfortunate gives the colour to our life. And easier would it be to wash the hue from the Ethiope's skin, than that complexion—be it brilliant, be it gloomy, from our hearts. It is the prevailing thread, running through the whole woof of our existence; at every turn it reappears, and we carry it with us to the last.

Time may soften its influence, and render its recurrence upon the mind less frequent; but there are moments when it will be heard; there are seasons when like the mighty dream, it breaks down all the dikes and dams, that worldly intercourse has raised to keep it out, and it rushes at once into its ancient channel. The days of our early feelings do not indeed rise upon us unbroken and entire; we look through the mist of years, and it is only their more salient, and towering parts, that the eye of memory can reach. These are the landmarks of our way through life; they never sink beneath the horizon. And it is very much from this cause that such recollections are always of an agitating nature. It is to those circumstances of delight and of pain which have moved us the most strongly, that we look. The gentler feelings, which have existed during the course of our attachment, are now lost to view; or, at the most, are blended into one indistinct and shadowy mass. But the higher and fiercer emotions, those of death and intensity remain. Every accident of time, place, and circumstance, which relates to them is gathered in the heart, or rather has nestled there of itself. How minutely, how vividly, do some passages of our existence burn, as they are, beneath a heap of past years, dwell in our minds! They seem recent as yesterday; every whispered word, every tone, look, and gesture, are remembered with an accuracy, which is startlingly contrasted with the fading of more ordinarily occurrences. Distance vanishes—time is as nothing—these things remain fresh and real as at the first moment. Alas! it gives the heart, when the truth recurs, that they are only memory's illusion!

Love?—Can I seek, by rousing the heart again to make it forget the storms which have formerly passed over it? Can I hope that it can ever feel what it has felt, or, be what it has been, the glow of the ardour of passion, the soft delicious thrill of tenderness, the engrossing devotion of every word, action, feeling, thought to one object; can I know these again? No, not as I have known them—that is impossible.

"STOP MY PAPER."

Of all the silly, silly, short sighted, ridiculous phrases, this, as it is frequently used, is the most idle and unmeaning. We are called an infant nation, and truly we often individually conduct ourselves like children. We have a certain class of subscribers who take the Mirror, and profess to like its contents, till, by-and-by, an opinion meets their sagacity? Turn to their nearest companion with a passing comment upon the error they think they have detected?—or direct a brief communication to the editor, begging to dissent therefrom in the same pages where the article which dispensed them has appeared? No. Get into a passion, and, as if you knew, stamp and swear, and instantly, before you have time to cool on their lip, write a letter, commencing with—"Stop my paper!" If we say rents are exorbitantly high and landlords should be too generous to take advantage of an accidental circumstance—around comes a broad hat and gold-headed cane with—"Sir, stop my paper!" Does an actor receive a bit of advice? The green-room is too hot to hold him, till relieved by those revereatful words—"stop my paper!" If we ever praise one, some envious rival strals gloomily in, with—"Sir if you please, stop my paper!" We dare not hope to navigate the ocean with steamboats, but our paper is "stopped" by a ship captain. Our doctor nearly left us the other day, because a correspondent had praised an enemy of your college?—and we expect a strict facing" in the office presently, on account of something which we understand somebody has said against some law suit, in we do not remember what court. But all these affairs were out-done yesterday by the following:—We were sitting in our elbow chair, ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice—when a little withered Frenchman, with a cowhide as long as himself, and twice as heavy, rushed into our presence. "Sair?" as he stopped to breathe. "Well, Sair?" "Monieur?" he stopped again to take breath. "Diable Monsieur!" and he flourished his instrument about his head. "Really, my friend," said we, smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, "when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be the master of our own leisure." "No, Sair; I have come to homeship you wis dis cow hide!" We took a pistol from a drawer, cocked it and aimed it at his head. "Pardon, Sair," said

the Frenchman, "I will first give you some little explanation. Monsieur, if you have writ dis article?" We looked it over, and acknowledged ourselves the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvement in railroads, and estimating that this mode of travelling would one day supersede every other. "You have writ dat in your paper?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, den, Sair—stop you dem papier! I have live quarante-neuf ans. I have devoted all my life to ride de balloon! I shall look to find every one wis his little balloon—to ride horse lack to de air—to go round de world in one summer, and make me rich like Monsieur Astain vis de big hotel. Well, Monsieur, now you put piece in you dem papier to say dat de railroad, Monsieur, de little railroad supersede—vins supersede,—dat is what you say—supersede everything else, Monsieur, legar, I have de honor to inform you dat de railroad nevair supersede de balloon; and also, Monsieur—ventreben: stop you dem papier!"—(New York Mirror.)

INSECTS.—Many spiders, moths and beetles, counterfeit death when in danger, and no torture will make them show signs of life while the danger continues. Gossamer consists of the fine threads of the fine spider covered with dew. The flea, grasshopper, and locust jump two hundred times their own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man. An ant's nest consists of males and females, who have wings; and also of neuters. The females enjoy the same pre-eminence as among bees; but the manners of ants are more varied; and system, order, and end mark all their varied reasonings and labour. They have long and tenacious memories, know each other, and distinguish any stranger. They carry on systematic wars, and practice, all the arts of attack and defence. Man himself is not more savage in war; but they are citizen soldiers, and not hired and trained for butchery and murder. They also practice slavery, making slaves of whom they overcome. They keep asses as men keep cows, for the juice which they yield. Their nests are formed at pleasure, and their eggs of various forms. In Brazil they are almost masters of the country, and in Africa not less formidable. There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays two hundred and fifty eggs. Bees, beetles, dragon flies, gnats, spiders, etc. have been observed to have minute Acari, or mites on their bodies.

THE BRAIN.—The brain of a new born infant weighs about ten ounces; that of an adult generally three pounds and a half. Apothecaries' weight, frequently a little less. But if the mind of an adult has been long devoted to thought—if he has been engaged in a constant study, his brain is usually increased beyond this weight. The brain of Byron, for instance, is said to have weighed four pounds and a half; and that of the illustrious Cuvier, four pounds three ounces and a half. The size of this organ increases from the time of birth till manhood, remains stationary from this period until old age, and then diminishes in bulk and weight.

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, and 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 friends of talent and taste existing in Quebec, will be happy to ascertain that the value of our publication will be enhanced by frequent contributions.

The publication in this city of such a paper as he 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. DONOCHUE, PRINTER.