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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

MR. EDITOR.—Why it should please L. E. L. to abuse Love's passes my comprehension, for no one since Sappho's day has been more deeply indebted to the passion; and Love might parody the words of Gay's Rose, and say to her—

"Of all the world you should not flout me;
What would your poems be without me?"

"Fair play" is the most English of English expressions; and that both sides of the question may be heard, I inclose you a few verses, which, though not written expressly for the occasion, have, to the best of my knowledge, never appeared in print. I am content that L. E. L. should take the odds of her great name and estimation,—"and trusting my client's cause to the feelings of the fair and brave, who are to give the verdict, I am confident that it will be in his favor; and while they allow L. E. L. an inch or two of latitude in evil-speaking of him who "rules the court, the camp, the grove," they will not sanction her taking as

E. L. L.

[* See the Transcript of Saturday last.]

L'AMORE DOMINATORE.

"That very strain that mourns a broken vow
Is only sweet: because it breathes of love."

I saw an ancient castle stand
In faded light and shade,
As softly o'er the battlements
The glistening sun-beams play'd.

And many a pictured window there
Hath-moored the sunset rays;
The very air the sighs of angels,
And breaths of other days.

And closely there the ivy twined
Around each antique tower,
And blossoming o'er the painted arch
Was seen the sweet wall-flower.

Emblem o' ancient days, when love
Was half the soldier's duty,
And on the cold-clad warrior's helm
Was seen the scarf of beauty.

I saw that castle's fate heir,—
A noble generous youth,—
On his clear brow was honour stamped,
On every feature truth.

And yet there was a listlessness,
A languor in his air;
His spirit flashed not from his eye,
And genius shumbered there.

Time passed—I saw that youth again,
That listlessness was gone,
His eye had caught a keener glance,
His voice a warmer tone.

I marked the man's glowing face,
As he raised the glowing song;
I heard an echo soft and low
The gentle notes prolong.

And soft as on the breath of spring
The tender strains arose,
One word—a name of repeated name—
Was heard in every close.

In gentler notes, in sweeter tones,
It thrilled along the grove;
I shuddered back at every pause;
I shuddered—I was Love!

His country called: his bravest sons
Marched to the battle field,
And British arms, in Britain's cause,
The sons of freedom wield.

That youth was first on crimson stain,
Or on the olive deck;
He dauntless braved the tempest's rage,
The battle fire,—he wreck.

War ceased: they bound his brows with oak;
The youthful war or came,
And grateful thousands lined the way,
And shouted forth his name.

Mild thousand faces, one alone
That graceful warrior sought,
Mild thousand eyes, one eye alone
His answering glance has caught.

The approving loo', the timid smile,
Of yonder blushing maid,
Are more to him than all his fame—
His taill are overpaid.

For her he fought, for her he bled,
Her name his song inspired,
Her gentle love the sole reward
His burning heart required.

Again: I saw a wedded pair;
Around their happy hearth
A group of smiling infants played
In childhood's reckless mirth.

Fondly around the brother's neck
A sister's arm was thrown,
Affection beamed in every look,
Love spoke in every tone.

I mark'd the matron's eye of pride,
I saw the father's smile,—
Ereid I then the hearts of them
Who dare Love's name revile!

Time held his course: again I look'd,
And saw an ancient pile,
Each form had lost the grace of youth,
Age silver'd o'er their hair.

One gentle feeling still unchanged
Each look, each action prove;
It speaks, it breathes in every word,
"Thou chasten'd—but 'tis L. E. L."

I turned to tales of other days,
I read the roll of Fame;
I spoke of many a god-like deed,
And many a deathless name.

Yet still I found the noblest hearts
One softer power could move;
The bravest knelt before his shrine—
The proudest bowed to Love.

Rome's haughtiest son, on Rome herself
The storm of vengeance hurl'd;
All had been lost—Love spoke, and saved
The mistress of the world!

And, more than all, the immortal verse
Was taught by him alone;
He glow'd within the poet's breast,
And song was all his own.

To thee, O Love! in youth's bright days,
Our purst joys we owe;
To thee we owe the ties of home,
From thee all blessings flow.

Hail, then, to thee! and at thy shrine
Let every mortal bend,
As husband, father, brother, son,
As lover, or as friend.

They cannot paint thee. Not the forms
Which youthful poets see,
When dreaming of the maids they love,
Are half so fair as thee.

THE DISMAL MAN.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan."—Campbell.

Jeremiah Nightshade was born in a dull back street in London, just at daybreak before the fires were lighted, one thick, foggy, raw, chilly, damp, drizzly, utterly comfortless November morning. The dismal appearance of the world when he first popped his head into it made such an impression upon him, that he never got the better of it, and as he grew up, he still continued to look at everything in a very bad light. All matters, great and small, presented themselves to his vision through a hazy and discoloured atmosphere. This earth he regarded as a huge storehouse of sorrows, trials, and tribulations; and his ideas concerning the next were not by any means of a comfortable character.

Jeremiah Nightshade was never known to smile. He used to look in the dictionary for the meaning of "cheerfulness," and words of similar import; and as for laughter, he regarded it as a singular and most extraordinary natural phenomenon—a strange affection—a spasmodic contraction of the facial muscles—a distressing and dangerous convulsion; and he was wont to say, that if people generally were only aware of the number of their species that had gone off in laughing hysterics, they would be a little more cautious how they gave way to such a senseless and utterly unaccountable propensity.

Jeremiah's face was very thin and of a most funereal aspect. He undoubtedly belonged to the very extensive family of the "Croakers," yet he was a good deal unlike the vulgar body of that disagreeable brotherhood. He was not morose, or spleen-tick, or

ill-natured; but simply lugubrious, sad, mournful, melancholy, and most unduly impressed with the calamities of existence. He was no raven—he desired not to croak evil tidings in order to render others unhappy, but naturally and unconsciously infected them with unhappiness, if his humour could be so styled. His horror of anything like merriment or jocularity was much of the same morbid character as that of the old gentleman in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," whose dislike of noise is so excessive, that all his servants have to think about it or trouble him in reality, he was, therefore, troubled at all things. Property in the funds to the amount of five thousand pounds, besides ten shares in that capital speculation, the "London Cemetery Company," relieved him from the necessity of struggling against physical wants and difficulties; and the consequence was, that he had full time and leisure to indulge mental malady which had latterly increased to such an extent, that all in the neighbourhood troubled with an exuberance of spirits, were recommended by their friends to go and take a dose of Nightshade.

Jeremiah was somewhat of a literary turn. His library was not extensive certainly, but then it was grave and solid. Nothing light, or trivial, or amusing was admitted there. "Young's Night Thoughts," "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," "Dodd's Prolusions on Death," "Drelincourt on Death," "Blair's Grave," with other works of a similar character, a few volumes of Shipwrecks and Remarkable Calamities, "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," "Harrison's Diseases of the Human Frame," etc. etc., made up the staple of his light literature; and never was he more pleasantly or tranquilly unhappy than when seated over one of those enervating volumes on a dull, dreary evening, with the rain pattering monotonously on the almost deserted street, the silence of which remained unbroken except by the hollow knocking at, and opening and closing of an occasional door, as some shivering citizens sought shelter for the night in his humble domicile. This suited him exactly, and was what he termed sober and rational enjoyment.

Mr. Nightshade lodged in a house rented by a worthy clock and watchmaker, of the name of Phillips. This man was just the antipodes of Nightshade. He was not unlike a bottle of ginger pop; his body being of the shape of that particular kind of bottle, and his spirits full as light, brisk, and airy as the pleasurable beverage contained therein. He arose early and worked late, in order to procure for seven matrimonial tokens which his wife, an industrious woman, (as it would appear,) had presented him with; and he sang and whistled all the time he worked. The shadow of care never fell upon him, except, indeed, when he came in contact and entered into conversation with Mr. Nightshade. This did him good in some shape. It had a sedative effect, allaying the effervescence of his spirits. It regulated him; or his great fault was that he did everything in a hurry, and his watches, like himself, went rather too fast.

As might be expected Jeremiah and he regarded one another as prodies. They could not at all account for each other. "What can make Mr. Nightshade so unhappy?" he volentely conjectured Phillips, whenever the dolorous visage of Jeremiah darkened his door-way. "What does that man get to laugh at?" soliloquized Jeremiah a dozen times daily, as the hearty laugh of the man e watches ever and anon started him in the midst of some digital speculation—it is awfully thoughtless of him, considering that he has a wife and seven children, and provisions on the fire, too!" But Phillips was a man of thought—he was a man of action. He did his best for the day, and took no heed for to-morrow; his faith in being provided for was immense. With Jeremiah, on the contrary, "coming events" invariably darkens their shadows before;" and not seldom in gloomy shadows they were. He was ev-

"perplexed with fear of change;" "doubts and scruples shook him strongly." "We are told from high authority that we are all made of clay; yet really it was rather puzzling to think how two such very different kinds of animals could have been constructed out of anything like the same materials.

A favourite morning employment of Jeremiah's was to gain admission into the different churchyards of the metropolis, and edify himself by reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He had been twice apprehended on suspicion of being a resurrectionist on the look out, yet he could not resist the temptation of visiting these congenial spots; and this it was that principally induced him to become such an extensive purchaser of shares in the "London Cemetery Company," in order that he might follow the bent of his humour undisturbed. After impregnating himself with grave aphorisms and sepulchral reflections he used to come home to dinner, when, as he had to pass through the shop of the whistling, singing, care-defying watchmaker—the tenor of his thoughts, would be interrupted by some such strain as—

"Come, lady, life's a whirligig—
Round we whirl,
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,
Merry go down's the life for me!"

"Eh! Mr. Nightshade. Live and laugh—that's my motto."

"And a very foolish motto it is, allow me to impress upon you, Mr. Phillips: you especially for a man of your years! You cannot in the course of nature expect to live long. Really you astonish me. I should think that the awful reflections which your employment must naturally generate, would—"

"Awful reflections!"
"Awful reflections!" Does not every tick of the watch in your hands remind you that you are hastening to the worms? I would think every stroke of the clocks around you would be a warning! Why, sir, you are five minutes nearer your grave since I entered this very shop!"

Jeremiah having just seen five minutes in the said shop, the truth of this assertion was undeniable.

"Lord, Mr. Nightshade, I never think of such things. All I want is to make and sell as many watches as will provide for myself and family—God bless them!"

"Really, Mr. Phillips, you are as happy and as thoughtless as a child! It is very unbecomingly—very. I will lend you 'Drelincourt on Death.'"

"La! Mr. Nightshade," cried Mrs. Phillips from the inner shop—how you talk! You should get a wife, and a parcel of young, merry faces round you, and then you would have no time for such dismal fancies."

This was too bad of Mrs. Phillips. The mere idea of Jeremiah being the proprietor of "merry faces," was most preposterous.

"A wife!" groined Jeremiah, as he seated himself in his solitary apartment—"a wife! What to do? To have a light, gadding, giggling, flitting, fantastical woman disturbing and perplexing my solemn thoughts day and night! To find myself chained to a shrew, a vixen, perchance worse! Children! noisy incumbrances that might grow up monsters of iniquity and end their days upon a scaffold! Children! that might have a legal, and not a natural claim upon me! Oh! the contingencies of marriage are fearful! No, no—no wife!"

How sho-tighted are mortals; how irresistible is the passion of love! Six weeks after it is anti-matrimonial soliloquy, Mr. Nightshade found himself a married man.

The thing came about in this way. A pillow lady of the name of Starling took advice a next door to Mr. Phillips. Mrs. Phillips and a were not long in putting up a sort of womanhood friendship or acquaintance in the visible manifestation of which was, that they now and then went and drank out of each other's cups. It so fell out, that at one of these hyson or romberg meetings at the house of Mrs. P., Mr. Nightshade