

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[For the Literary Transcript.]

INES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Another year has closed his way wing, To rest, his thousand brethren among, Beneath the dome of Fame's Eternal King, To slumber there, till from amid the throng Who peal around that throne triumphant song, The Judgment-God confirms the King's decree, Marching as victors—his triumph, in strong— To pour his way of life through all the spheres, And bid the quivering dead confront their vanquished years.

Oh! hark it year,—inexorable gone,— To childhood, youth, and age, another year! O'er some low lightly hush of pinions down! How oft it may have marked the bursting tears, The throbs of rapture, and the gasp of fear, The curse of hatred, and the prayer of faith, The weeping robes, the puffed imperial bays, The flash of wrath, the scowls of lofty stern breath, The wails of Cassius' hope, that guide the good man's death.

Its wings faintly called above the jaws of peace, The parent's heart, the victor's steady care, The barren soil, the fertile land's increase, The happy hearth, the rage of civil war, That wars of nature's wars, a beautiful star Whose rays light's Rhea's foot, beneath glow, That aims the grand old sun of God's own, To scorch the scales of loss from Nature's brow, And raise a mine that on her own overthrow.

"His gone, and we are here; yet on his path How many have not, a firm of wrath, it says beside it, and the throbbing eye of bloom, That glared upon a shrine of life and bloom, In heedless happiness that exulted by, The first was Death; it had been there, on whom Fell the fierce lightning of his righteous eye, Was new-born life, from Death as yet untaught to fly.

The first had many victims, death's abode, With ascending victims, he would dash it's dart At times his eye grew cold and strangely red, And he would wave the spirit to depart, So sweetly, that with scarce a sigh or start, The life would ebb most willingly away; It seemed as if he kissed it from the heart, So gently did he lose the bonds of clay, And send it floating on its bright, upward way.

And while this year is fleeting, are we stre Death hath not had his mission from the sky To summon us? No, no, we rest secure,— We lay our souls, and bid Time have a try To bring the issue to us, we cannot die; As we, by baseness, could, could all content Not Death, but Death's director, God on high, Thou God! 'tis very nigh that we should die May view unfurled on high, the dead, the dawning scroll.

4th January, 1838. A. G. L.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

PREPARATORY APOLOGUES.—From the 16th line down to the close of the first stanza, I have been the apostrophe of Sir John W. G. each evening, "B-hold the maiden modesty of Grub-bill"—till at last my fanciful friend, Frederick Reynolds, with his usual benevolence that he has written, by the advice of his physician, to cure himself of the "Silly Devils."—This reminds me of an old story of a parcel of schoolboys, who had a fashion—lately revived among dandy clerks and apprentices—of smoking tobacco. It was in the time of James the First, whose distaste of the habit and of the noxious weed was manifested by his postulant "Court-guest" against it; but it had no effect upon the boys; they still would away like little Whigs, to show their independence of His Majesty. In short, the young dogs smoked day and night, like the kitchen chimney of a tavern. This, of course, was considered, as much as you can contrive a smell, from the Divine; till, one luckless evening, when the lads were all huddled to ether round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapours of their own creation,—lo! in burst the master, and stood in awful dignity before them. "How now," quoth domine, to the first lad, "how dare you be smoking tobacco?" "Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to head-aches, and a pipe takes off the pain." And you?—and you?—and you? enquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn. One had "a raging tooth"—another the cholera,—the third a cough,—the fourth—in short, they all had something. "Now, sirrah," bestowed the master to the last boy, "what disorder do you smeke for?" Alas! all the excuses were exhausted,—when the interzatted urethra, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking gravely up in domine's face, said in a whining hypocritical tone—"Sir, I smoke for corns." And so,

heret as I am of all other plea,—anticipated in every excuse,—allow me (for want of a better) to affirm that I smoke to cure my corns.—Colman's Random Records.

TALL AND SHORT MEN.

Many people pay a respect to tall folk which they refuse to the short. There have a certain secret pride and pleasure in walking with a friend exactly their height; and also a dissatisfaction, a vague consciousness of inferiority, while with one whose stature exceeds their own. I have often detected them endeavouring to get on the side of the pavement next the wall, which being higher, in a measure, conceals their deficiency, and hints to them on a gratifying level with their companion.

Why should a man be ashamed of being short? Can a solitary reason be given for it? To tall men generally awkward, and as far as my experience teaches, I do not think them remarkable for variety; yet they are seldom without a certain swaggering air, as if they thought themselves better than other people. There is my friend Sappo; he has an excellent heart, and a good head, but he is spoiled by his height. He struts about where there are little men, like a cock in the barn-yard among the hens. Women too are very apt to be taken in by his handsome-bragadocio sort of behaviour, though what they can see in him they do not possess my power of conjecture.

I was not of a tall man on any consideration. He is a very good fellow, but he is not a very good fellow. He has a very good head, but he is not a very good head. He has a very good heart, but he is not a very good heart. He has a very good body, but he is not a very good body. He has a very good soul, but he is not a very good soul. He has a very good spirit, but he is not a very good spirit. He has a very good mind, but he is not a very good mind. He has a very good will, but he is not a very good will. He has a very good power, but he is not a very good power. He has a very good strength, but he is not a very good strength. He has a very good courage, but he is not a very good courage. He has a very good wisdom, but he is not a very good wisdom. He has a very good knowledge, but he is not a very good knowledge. He has a very good skill, but he is not a very good skill. He has a very good art, but he is not a very good art. He has a very good science, but he is not a very good science. He has a very good philosophy, but he is not a very good philosophy. He has a very good literature, but he is not a very good literature. He has a very good history, but he is not a very good history. He has a very good geography, but he is not a very good geography. He has a very good astronomy, but he is not a very good astronomy. He has a very good medicine, but he is not a very good medicine. He has a very good law, but he is not a very good law. He has a very good politics, but he is not a very good politics. He has a very good economics, but he is not a very good economics. He has a very good metaphysics, but he is not a very good metaphysics. He has a very good logic, but he is not a very good logic. He has a very good ethics, but he is not a very good ethics. He has a very good aesthetics, but he is not a very good aesthetics. He has a very good poetics, but he is not a very good poetics. He has a very good rhetoric, but he is not a very good rhetoric. He has a very good grammar, but he is not a very good grammar. He has a very good orthography, but he is not a very good orthography. He has a very good syntax, but he is not a very good syntax. He has a very good semantics, but he is not a very good semantics. He has a very good lexicology, but he is not a very good lexicology. He has a very good etymology, but he is not a very good etymology. He has a very good phonology, but he is not a very good phonology. He has a very good morphology, but he is not a very good morphology. He has a very good syntax, but he is not a very good syntax. He has a very good semantics, but he is not a very good semantics. He has a very good lexicology, but he is not a very good lexicology. He has a very good etymology, but he is not a very good etymology. He has a very good phonology, but he is not a very good phonology. He has a very good morphology, but he is not a very good morphology.

LEGAL DISSENTIONS.—The following happy parody on the weaknesses of legal philosophy, occurs in a work, entitled "The Mechanics of Law-Making."— "If a man would give to another an orange, according to law, instead of saying, 'I give you that orange,' which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology, 'an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein,' the phrase would run thus:—'I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, claim and advantage of, and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to life, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now entitled to life, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, any thing heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, indenture or instruments, of what nature or kind soever to the contrary notwithstanding.' Such is the language of lawyers; and it is very gravely held by the most learned men among them; but by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange, would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.

FRANCIS HUGELAND BRITAIN.—There is something singularly beautiful and affecting in the following epitaph, which an old newspaper reports as translated from one (in Gaelic probably) in the parish church of Glenelg, in Argyleshire. "I had she lies here in the dust, and her memory fills me with grief; silent is the tongue of melody, and the hand of elegance is now at rest. No more shall the poor give thee his blessing, nor shall the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock; the tear shall thou not wipe away from the eye of the wretched. Where now, Oh! feeble, is thy wonted help? No more, my fair, shall we meet thee in the social hall; no more shall we sit at thy hospitable board. Gone for ever is the sound of mirth—the kind, the candid, the meek, is now to more. Who can express our grief? Flow, ye tears of woe!"

A GOOD REASON.—An honest farmer was asked why he did not subscribe to a newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many papers, and I haven't read them through yet."

"HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE."—Two Irish labouring bricklayers were working at some houses, and one of them was boasting of the steadiness with which he could carry a load to any height that might be required. The other contradicted the point, and the conversation ended in a bet that he could not carry him, in his bed, to the top of the build-

ing. The experiment was made. Pat placed himself in the bed, and his comrade, after a great deal of care and exertion, succeeded in raising him up and bringing him down safely. The loser, without any reflection on the dancer he had escaped, observed to the winner, "Well, to be sure, I've lost, but don't you remember about the third story you made a slip—I was then in hopes."

FAIRER AS FAIR.—An unpopular actor being announced in the Dublin play-bills to perform Richard the Third, was prevented by sudden indisposition. On this disappointment being communicated by the manager from the stage, a man in the pit sprang up, and addressing the audience, said, "Gentlemen, you busy are your apes!"

FAIRER AS FAIR.—The following extraordinary advertisements appear in a Western (U.S.) paper:— "To THE PUBLIC, I the undersigned, deprecate having given my consent to Mr. Francis Vallet, for his union with my daughter, Melanie Young, and that she herself had given him her faith; but that by her having received some bad advice, she has changed her notions and refused the hand of Mr. Vallet without any legitimate cause. It is for this reason, that I submit this notice to the public, as a reparation for any mischief that might happen to Mr. Vallet, and to let him know that I regret very much the alliance did not take place. JAMES YOUNG, Bayou Mette, Sept. 18th, 1837.

There can be no dependence put in the merits of affectionate love, that may hereafter be shown to any one by Miss Melanie Young, because she has sworn love to me more than one thousand times in a month, but as the time for her to unite herself with me approached, she recalled all her promises, and would not realize them. I give this notice to the public, so as to keep in future my honest man from being duped by the perfidy of Miss Melanie Young. FRANCIS VALLET, Point Noire, 18th Sept., 1837.

PERSPECTUS 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 conductor to state what are the objects contemplated in its publication. The design of this paper will be to supply instruction and enjoyment to the domestic and social circle. It will contain choice extracts from the latest European and American periodicals,—selections from new, popular and other amusing works of the most celebrated authors, with other interesting literature (and so forth) to be chosen as the news of the day, expressed 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.

In columns will at all times be open to receive such communications as a regular and honorable character of the work and we know them and acknowledge in a Quarterlyly be kept to 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 by kindly disposition which has already been entered in behalf of our undertaking warrants our confident anticipations that THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT will meet with encouragement and success.

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Mr. R. H. RUSSELL, Agent for the Literary Transcript, is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c. Quebec, 6th December, 1837. THOMAS J. DONOUGLIE, PRINTER.