

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 75.]

WEDNESDAY, 14TH AUGUST, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Porter.

I'LL QUIT MY NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

"I'll quit my native mountains
So beautiful, so dear,
Her crystal streams and fountains,
So pure, so clear—
I'll go where man's a stranger,
O'er earth and over sea,
Seeking every kind of danger,
That I may not think of thee."
"I'll sip of worldly pleasure
Until I drain the cup,
And jovial mirth's full measure
As sparingly fill up;
I'll go, if fate, shall order,
To the depths of the deepest sea,
Or the land's remotest border,
So I may not think of thee."

TOO EARLY WED!

BY MRS. B. C. HALL.

Kind not high things, but condescend to men
estate.—St. PAUL.

"It's what I wanted to spake to your honour
said Sandy Donovan, who had entered
cousin's breakfast-room, and made her his
how; 'it's wha. I wanted my lady, is the
of a loan of two-and-six-pence, if it would
asing to ye; and I'll work it out in any
convenient—either in going messages to
quire, or any where else in the three king-
at a moment's notice; or taking a hand
knives, with Mather Langan, or Mike,
footboy himself, has no mind to be dirt-
hands wid their work and your honour;
ing them to be clane before the quality;
ing the cows home if the old cowboy
be sick, or 'overtaken, which will hap-
any, let alone a boy of his years; or—
be sure," added Sandy after a pause, as
ve weight to some peculiarly onerous ser-
ve was about to prober—"to be sure, yer
or the mather are never in trouble
way, like yer neighbours—if you war,
! there isn't a boy in the barony would
the bailiffs wid greater joy than myself!"
Sandy's eyes brightened, and his hands
ed more firmly the handle of his good
; he looked what he really was, a fine
ome gay-hearted "boy" of about nine-
certainly not 'twenty.

"Well, Sandy," replied my cousin, smiling,
"I'll lead you in the half-crown and you shall
it me, not in labour—for I require my
ands to do their own work—in money, I
sh, ma'am dear, that's hard upon me en-
I'd rather work it out."
"I don't your time your money? Cannot
that time to some other person, and
ge your debt out of the produce?"
"I am no scholar, my lady," he replied,
"I'll shake my shoulders," but I'd rather work it

"I will speak of that by and bye," said
"I'll pay it," you must pay me twopence a-
and tell me what you want with the
own?"
"Well, God bless you, my lady, I'm a made
I'll pay it at the twopence, though I'd
work it out, supposing even it came to
sole."

"My cousin smiled at me significantly, for we
had talked of the impossibility of making
man consider time as a commodity of
and then she asked him, "V. ell, Sandy,
tell me what you want with it?"
"Sandy Donovan twirled his hat between his
fingers, looked down upon the carpet, and hence-
forth I perceived at once the state of
his mind, for he blushed deeply. With the nar-
rowness of an Irishman, he saw I under-
stood his matter; and turning to me, said, "I see
you, my lady, tell the mistress, for I see
you've increased into it already."

"I know that for some time," an-
swered my cousin, "and with the gate-keeper's
key. But what has that to do with the
matters?"
"My cousin is one of those amiable, excellent
souls who, though not brought up in the

country, loving it also with the warmth of Irish
love, can no more comprehend an Irishman's
nature, than can those who, having paid a visit
of two weeks to Dublin, and the County Wick-
low, return with a self-satisfied conviction that
they are fully acquainted with the habits,
manners and feelings of the Irish nation.

"Is it what has it to do with the half-crown,
my lady?" repeated poor Sandy, to my infinite
amusement; "why, thin, just every thing in
life sure; it's to help to pay Father Garraty for
marrying us, my lady! We've made up the
money all to that, mistress dear, and we didn't,
that's I didn't know what to do at all about it,
until I thought I'd make bold with you, ma-
dam, that can feel for us."

"Me feel for you!" exclaimed my cousin
indignantly; "how could you fancy that?"

"Just ma'am, the remembrance of your own
young days, that to be sure you don't look past
yet, long life to you, and the mather too, when
as I've heard tell, you thought the great battle
of Waterloo put betwixt you both for ever, and
he kilt at it, though he's so hearty now; and
sure if the want of the half-crown put betwixt
me and Lucy Hackett, it would be as bad to us
as the battle of Waterloo."

"I never asked my cousin which of the two
topics Sandy touched upon had softened her
most—the sly compliment to her youthful looks
or the allusion to the "great battle," when her
beloved husband had played a distinguished
part. Certainly her after observations had lost
all asperity.

"Well, but Sandy, what provision have you
made for this state of matrimony?"

"Provision is it my lady?" answered Sandy
with another turn of his hat; "we've lots of
love, mistress dear; it'll hold out till the
grave shuts over us, I'll go bail for that."

"But, Sandy, you can't live on love?"
"It's cruel poor living without it—that I
know, ma'am, any way," he replied right read-
ily.

"But there will be two to feed instead of
one at your father's; for Lucy cannot continue
at the lodge."

"Nor doesn't want, ma'am—I've built her
a cabin off the corner of my father's three acres,
and there's a few sticks in it already. She's
no great eater, and the pratees are cheap
enough, thank God!"

"But by and bye, you will have more than
two to feed."

"Please God," was Sandy's quiet reply.

"Sandy," I said, "I am sure your choice
is a good one; Lucy is a pretty, cheerful, in-
dustrious little girl, not yet eighteen, I think—
too young to take the heavy cares of peasant
life upon her. I will not say she will change,
because that is what Irish women seldom do;
but I must say you are laying the foundation
of certain misery, both for her and yourself, by
not waiting until you have some thing to begin
life with."

"Ah, thin, ma'am dear, it's a shame for ye
to be evenin' sorrow to a bridegroom."

"You even it, as you call it, to yourself,
Sandy; look there!" I pointed from the
window to a beggar woman who was coming
up the lawn, followed by a troop of children.
"Look there! how would you like to bring
the light-hearted fond girl you love to a fate
like that? And yet such are the effects of ver-
y early marriages, combined with, or rather
the first step to imprudence. You are both
young; labour in your several vocations for
five or six years; you have much to love and
labour for; and at the end of that period, by
God's blessing on your industry, you'll have
something to begin with—enough to furnish a
cabin comfortably, and a short purse to defray
first expenses."

"But, ma'am dear, sure we can work as well
together, and get the comfortable cabin and the
short purse after."

"No—you will not have the same motives;
circumstances will bend you down. If Lucy
becomes the mother of children at so early an
age, her exertions will be cramped."

"She'd work the better," interrupted
Sandy.

"She would be, as all Irish women are, the
most affectionate mother in the world; but
marrying so young, old age will come upon

her prematurely. Her eyes will grow dim,
and her hair turn gray before her time; her
bodily strength must fail; and what woman
can knit, or spin, or sew for her, with a tribe
of little half-starved children round her feet?
It is not too late to change your resolution. I
will see Lucy; I will reason with her; I
know she will wait for you. Work on singly
a little longer. She will be your reward; and,
believe me, such a prudential course will ren-
der your future life prosperous and happy."

"What can a young man save out of in-
fance or a stilling a-day, my lady?" said
Sandy.

"What could he spare at that rate for the
support of a wife, what for the support of a
family of children?"

"Bedad!" answered Sandy, twisting his
shoulders, his invariable practice when in a
hobble, "Bedad! I don't know; only they
all does the same, and sure we'll be no worse
off than our neighbours."

"But Lucy, poor pretty Lucy, who has
been more tenderly brought up than her neigh-
bours; surely, Sandy, you would not wish to
bring her into trouble?"

"Poverty, I may bring her to—God help
us!—but her's none of us made up against
that; but I'll work my fingers to the bone to
keep her from trouble. I'll own she's too
good for me; though that's not her own
thought. But I'll say this: sorra a boy in the
town land will make a better husband, let the
other be who he may. Sure, ma'am, there's
nothing in the poverty you think of, to fright-
en us. We've been looking at it ever since
we were born more or less. We get used to
it, in these parts."

"You bring it on yourselves. Nothing keeps
down either young man or woman so much as a
tribe of infants before there is any thing to give
them."

"Bedad, so it does," replied the young
man, with the most perfect composure; "but
how can we help it?—the craythurs ax noth-
ing but pratees and salt, and grow up fine men
and women on it, that flog the world for
beauty."

In fact, in no shape could we place poverty
so as to render her aspect more hideous than he
knew it to be; but his naturally gay spirit
rose against the idea that either Lucy or he
was doomed to encounter it; or if they were,
he laid his thoughts upon the favourite phrase
of those who are not able to help themselves.
"We'll get over it by the help of God!" or,
"We'll not be worse off than our neighbours,"
or, "Something'll turn up for good." Some-
times he would parry my argument by wit,
sometimes by laughter—always respectful, yet
mercifully laughing; and so, seeing he was
determined upon an early marriage, and consequent
poverty, I resolved to appeal to Lucy.

"She's a great fool," said her grandmother
at the lodge, who had brought her up; "but
if the worst come to the worst, she'll be no
worse than her neighbours." Here was a
pretty argument in favour of misery, by one
who was old enough to have known better.

"She'll sup sorrow for it I daresay, but we
all have our taste of it one way or other,"
Lucy had all smiles and tears. Sandy and she
had learnt out of the same "Read-a-made-
easy" at school; they had gone to their "duty"
together. She had been promised to him, and
no thought of any one else had ever come
across her heart. She was willing to wait for
him till the day of her death, only, may be,
for what she could tell, it would be the same
thing in five years as it was then—there was
nothing to make it better—the old loved each
other the more who spent their sunny days
together. I knew full well there is compara-
tively little misery caused among the lower
classes in Ireland by the want of connubial
affection. Cottage trouble has its sweet con-
soling drop of love in the bottom of every cup
of sorrow. Lucy seemed prepared for both.

She did not attempt to deny that she loved
Sandy, it "was so natural to love him; she
never had a brother, and he had been more
than a brother to her since she was the height
of a rose-bush." I could not look on the young
beauty—so fair, so truthful, so earnest, so
bright—without a feeling of deep grief, for I

could not but anticipate what was to follow.
She had not the ambition which characterises
the young English bride in the same sphere of
life; she knew that poverty would be her
dower, but she had made up her mind to en-
counter it with him she loved. "Her uncle,"
she said, "had promised them half an acre,
or may be more, by and by, and then they'd
do 'bravely.'" "Why not wait for it?"
"And sure we must wait for it," she replied,
with great naïveté, "for he won't give it to
us now." In her quiet modest way, Lucy
was as firm as Sandy. "You perceive," said
my cousin, "persons who seek to intimidate
them by pointing out the miseries of poverty,
fail; they see it so often that they yield to
rather than withstand it, or sometimes rather
than avoid it, if the means of avoiding it
disturbs their pre-conceived opinions."

"They are always acting from impulse ra-
ther than reason; they run into danger, and
then ask you how they might have kept out of
it," said I, sadly provoked with those foolish
young persons.

"It is easy to see how it will end" observed
my cousin.

"Car! you give them a little land to ba-
sin on?"

"My dear friend, if we were to give land to
all the silly youths who marry without the
prospect of even potato food from one day to
another, we should not have an acre left to
ourselves. These early marriages are sources
of the great evils of Ireland, and can never be
prevented, as long as the peasantry have no
ambition to elevate themselves in the scale of
society by means of better clothes, and better
dwellings than they generally possess. A man
that is satisfied that his wife should beg while
he reaps the English harvests, and that his
children should go barefoot, cannot raise him-
self."

"But he is not so satisfied," I said, "neces-
sarily compels it."

"A necessity induced," observed my quiet
cousin, "by being too early wed." She was
quite right. I have heard of cases where ab-
solute boys and girls have been wedded pa-
rents; and it is no uncommon thing to meet a
grandfather in the very prime of life; I would
not be thought an advocate for restraining, ex-
cept to very reasonable bounds, the greatest
blessing which the Almighty bestows upon his
creatures—the power to be happy by making
another happy. But I would have my humble
fellow-countrymen and country women more
duly reflect before they adopt a course upon
which nearly all, if not all the comfort, and I
may add integrity of their after lives must de-
pend. If marriage has its consolations in ad-
versity, and its endearments in prosperity,
courtship also hath both, besides a greater pro-
portion of that which is the strongest and truest
stimulus to exertion—HOPES! It excites all to
economy, prudence, and sobriety, by a continual
manifestation of their utility in bringing nearer
the consummation of dearly cherished purpose;
money will be saved, when an object is directly
achieved by saving; labour will be undertak-
en with cheerfulness, when its recompense is
clearly and distinctly seen; and, in short, the
future will be perpetually in the eye,
in the mind, and in the heart. On the
other hand, poverty—too often the parent of sin
—is always an effectual barrier against social
improvement; prudence is shut out, when its
beneficial influence is only remotely antici-
pated; and those who find it difficult to pro-
cure the necessities, never think of searching out
the comforts of life. My design, however,
is to exhibit and illustrate evils, less by precept
than example; many will listen to a story who
slumber over a sermon; and a picture may be
made to speak more eloquently than words.

To be continued.

MR. WILLIS IN ENGLAND.—We are grieved
at finding Mr. Willis in a fair way of lapsing
into his old indiscretion, of publishing what he
hears in the confidence of social intercourse.
One of his late letters, which we find copied
into a Baltimore paper, contains the following
paragraphs:—

In the course of the evening I found my-
self vis-a-vis in the quadrille to the Queen's