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### POETRY.

(From Bentley's Miscellany.)

#### COUNT CASKO-WHISKEY AND HIS THREE HOUSES. A TEMPERANCE BALLAD.

THERE is a demon in the land,  
A demon fierce and frisky,  
Who steals the souls of mortal men,  
His name is Casko-Whiskey.

Lo! mounted on a fiery steed,  
He rides through towns and villages,  
And calls the workmen from his shop,  
The farmer from his tillage.

Clutch'd in his lank red right hand  
He holds a mighty liquor,  
Whose polished sides run daily o'er,  
With floods of burning liquor.

Around him press the clamorous crowds,  
To taste his liquor greedily;  
But chiefly come the poor old soul—  
The suffering and the needy.

All those oppress'd by grief and debts,  
The dissolute—the lazy,  
Dragg'd tail'd slugs, and shirless men,  
And young girls, low and as crazy.

"Give! give!" they cry, "give, give us drink!"  
Give us your burning liquor,  
We'll empty fast as you can fill  
Your fine capacious bicker.

"Give! give us drink to drown our care,  
And make us light and frisky,  
Give! give! and we will bless thy name,  
Thou good Count Casko-Whiskey!"

And when the demon hears them cry,  
Right merrily he laughs,  
And drives away their sadness,  
And each poor wretch's qualms.

The first drop warms their shivering skin,  
And drives away their sadness,  
The second lights their sunken eyes,  
And fills their souls with gladness.

The third drop makes them shout and roar,  
And play each furious antic,  
The fourth drop makes them very bold,  
The fifth drop makes them frantic!

And still they drink the burning draught,  
Till old Count Casko-Whiskey  
Holds his bluff sides with laughter fierce,  
To see them all so frisky.

More! more! they cry, come give us more!  
More of that right good liquor!  
Fill up old boy, that we may drain  
Down to the dregs your bicker!

The demon spurs his fiery steed,  
And laughs a laugh so hollow,  
Then waves his bieler in the air,  
And beckons them to follow.

On! on! he rides, and onwards rush  
The h-e-l-l as the winds after,  
While over hill and valley wide,  
Resounds his fiendlike laughter.

On! on! they rush through mud and mire,  
On! on! they rush, exclaiming,  
O Casko-Whiskey, give us more,  
More of thy liquor burning!

At last he stops his foaming steed,  
Beside a rushing river,  
Whose waters to the palate sweet,  
Are poison to the liver.

There! I says the demon, drink your fill—  
Drink of those waters meow,  
They'll make your bright eyes clear and full,  
And turn your white skins yellow.

They'll cause the little sense you have  
By inches to forsake you,  
They'll cause your limbs to faint and fall,  
And palsies dire to shake you!

They'll fill your brains with care and grief,  
And of the sour back with fitters,  
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts—  
But never mind—what matters!

Though virtue sink and reason fall,  
And social ties dissolve,  
I'll be your friend in hour of need,  
And find you homes forever!

For I have built three missions high,  
Three strong and goodly houses,  
To lodge at least each jolly soul  
Who all his life carouses!

The first it is a goodly house,  
Black are its walls and high,  
And full of dungeons deep and fast,  
Where death-doom'd felons lie.

The second is a lazar-house,  
Rook, feld, and misery;  
Where, fetter'd by diseases foul  
And hopeless melancholy.

The victims of potatoe deep  
Pine on their couch of sadness;  
Some calling death to end their pain,  
And some imploring madness.

The third house is a spacious house,  
To all but sots appalling!  
Where, by the parish lottery fed,  
Vile in the sunshine crawling,

The worn out drunkards ends his days,  
And eats the dole of others,  
A phlegm and burden to himself,  
An eye-sore to his brothers!

So drink the waters of this stream,  
Drink deep the cup of pain!  
Drink, and like heroes madly rush  
Each man to his undoing!

One of my rambles high and strong,  
One of my goodly houses,  
Is sure to lodge each jolly soul  
Who to the dregs carouses!

Into the stream his course plunges,  
And all the crowd plunged after;  
While over hill and valley wide  
Resounded peals of laughter.

For well he knew, this demon old,  
How vain was all his preaching;  
The razzed crew that round him throng'd  
Were too far gone for teaching.

E'en as they wallow in the stream,  
They cry aloud quite frisky,  
Here's to thy health, thou best of friends!  
Kind, generous Casko-Whiskey!

We care not for thy houses three,  
We live but for the present;  
And merry will we make it yet,  
And quaff these waters pleasant!

Lord laughs the fiend to hear them speak,  
And lifts his brazen bieler—  
Drink, drink! I quoth he, you'll pay your sea!  
I'll have your souls for liquor!

### THE DISPENSATION.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. C. S. HALL.

"I see thee, not ten minutes ago, cross over to the corner of the round meadow, fore-  
nant the hill. I'm thinking they're gone  
down to the Bleach Ground."

"The!—who, Molly?"—continued a  
young man, whose inquiry had elicited the  
the above information from the old village  
gossip, Matty Finn.

"Why, Miss Mary Sullivan and her  
Dublin cousin, Jesse Armstrong, and her  
body else, to be sure; there's no getting sight  
or light to Miss Mary, since that one came to  
the country; not but what she's a nice slip of  
a girl, too, only not to be compared to our own  
born child—as I may call her." The young  
man smiled, and without further observation  
passed on to the "round meadow."

"There's one 'll be there afore ye, my  
boy," said the woman, as she leaned her with-  
ered arm across the half-hatch door and re-  
placed her pipe in her mouth—"and one that  
'll make you look sharp if ye're after the  
same sport. Och hone!—Och hone!" she  
added, after a long pause, "it's sorrowful  
thinking what's afore the young."

I must now briefly explain who were the  
parties that excited even the sympathy of  
Matty Finn.

Two brothers of the name of Sullivan, some  
years previous to the time at which my story  
commences, had quitted the North of Ireland  
to reside in the South. They were skilful,  
honest, and industrious; and the work of their  
hands mutually prospered. After the lapse  
of a few years they were universally looked  
upon as among the most substantial yeomen  
of the country, and were respected alike by  
rich and poor. Cornelius, the younger of the  
two, had established a bleach green, on the

banks of the stream that turned the elder  
brother's mill. The bleacher's dwelling stood  
—always neatly white-washed, and surround-  
ed by wild roses—at the bottom of a little  
dell, through which the clear water murmured  
and sparkled on its course; while the cottage  
of the miller was built by the mill-side. Cor-  
nelius had been blessed with only one child;  
and without the aid of poetic imagination in  
any way, Mary might truly be pronounced a  
most interesting if not a beautiful girl; but her  
father saw no reason why she should be more  
accomplished than her mother, who was, to  
use his own phrase, as clean-skinned—as  
right-handed—as honest, and as pretty a wo-  
man, as you'd see in the country side." Had  
it not been for the miller's son, her cousin  
Alick, I really think she never would have  
learned even to read; but Alick proved himself  
very model of a tutor. The boy would  
sit, hour after hour, pointing with a crow-  
quill to the half-legible words and letters of  
"the read-made-easy,"—coaxing, explain-  
ing, entreating—but never reproving his gen-  
tle little pupil. It was, however, antonish-  
ing, how rapidly Mary improved when she  
could see fairly get through a book; she soon  
became teacher in her turn—would read aloud  
the Seven Champions, and the adventures of  
the robber Fitzgibbon, with so much effect, when  
only thirteen, that Alick who was three years  
older, absolutely began to deliberate whether  
he, in his own proper person, would become  
eight champion, or Fitzgibbon the second.

Alick had only one brother—an elder but not  
a wiser youth; for poor Walter—or, as he  
was usually called, Watty—was considered  
so devoid of intellect, as to be unable to render  
assistance to his father in any way; he was  
impatient of control, idle, and restless; but  
shrewd, witty, and often keen of speech—  
sometimes as just as severe in his remarks;  
scrupulously honest, and full of truth; he  
loved wandering, and submitted to the res-  
traint of a moderate quantity of clothes with  
violent reluctance; had a deep, melodious  
voice, and, in early boyhood, a deadly hatred  
to his brother—changed, however, by a sim-  
ple circumstance into as strong as affection.

The two youths were passing through a distant  
village where Alick had been sent to transact  
some business for his father; strange boys  
gathered round and mocked at Walter, who,  
with a spray of scald poppies in his black  
and flowing curls, presented to their unholy  
feelings an object for faithful scorn; the colour  
deepened on the cheek of the insulted lad, but  
before he could retaliate, Alick turned out a  
tormentoes, and whisked a shillaboo with so  
much spirit, that they fled in all directions;  
one, however—a cowardly, ill-conditioned  
fellow—suddenly turned, and directing a  
stone at the hero, felled him to the earth; in  
another moment Walter was bending over his  
brother, uttering the most piercing shrieks,  
and wringing his hands in bitter agony;  
the effects of the blow were merely stun-  
ning; but the afflicted youth never forgot  
Alick's interference on his behalf; he became  
troublesomely officious and affectionate, and  
would weep like an infant if reproved by him,  
or prevented from following wherever he  
went.

Such are a few early passages in the history  
of these nearly-related families; they seemed  
more closely knit into one by time and cir-  
cumstance. A few years passed—Mary was  
about eighteen—when another cousin, an  
aunt's daughter, came from Dublin to visit her  
—no trifling event, when we consider that  
Miss Jessie had gone day pupil to a boarding-  
school in Stephen's Green—and informed her  
cousin, in a letter which though "illegantly  
written" was very difficult to read, that she  
would bring her all the bran new fashions,  
and a sky-blue muslin dress! She arrived at  
the appointed time, and certainly dazzled the  
whole village by her finery; a leghorn bon-  
net, spike and span new, with green bunches  
of ribbon under the brim, while from out of  
the middle of each peeped forth a red, red flower,  
like a rose blossoming in a full-grown cabbage;  
then her hair!—such curls!—French curls,  
in full, full, bound up behind in the cockatoe  
fashion, and oiled to the destruction of clean-

liness and white caps; sandalled shoes—  
tortoise-shell combs—figured hand, and a black  
silk cloak. Jessie was a pretty, good-temper-  
ed girl, but partook of the Dublin mania for  
finery; and Mrs. Sullivan declared, that for  
the first week the lassie was in her house, she  
could settle to nothing, from the shows of  
people that came from far and near to get one  
look at the fashions, as exhibited on the per-  
son of Jessie Armstrong.

The young man who had inquired of the  
village gossip, Matty Finn, whether there  
were two damsels had wandered for their evening  
recreation, it may be necessary to state, was  
neither "cousin Alick," nor "poor cousin  
Walter,"—but the nephew and heir apparent  
of little Father Neddy Cornack, parish priest  
of Killane, and licentiate of the college of  
Salamanca. Stephen Cornack proceeded at  
a good pace, in search of the young girls, or,  
sooth to say, in search of one, whom for many  
reasons he hoped some day or other to salute  
as Mrs. Stephen; he was a tall, light youth,  
whose features had more the dark and  
downcast character of the Irishman, than the  
round and joyous expression of the more  
recent settlers; upon this occasion he did not  
seem in a particularly happy mood; for he  
swung his stick from side to side, and most  
industriously decapitated every plant and little  
shrub within his reach. As he passed under  
the branches of a leafy oak, and raised his  
arm for the purpose of d-strying some score  
of juvenile acorns that clustered above his  
head, his weapon of destruction was wrested  
from his hands, and, at the same moment,  
a wild and singular figure dropt from the  
branches. The man of the oak might have served  
as the model of a Hercules; he had on neither  
shoes nor stockings, and his pantaloons hardly  
descended below his knees; a short, light  
jacket was girded round his waist by a broad  
belt of untanned leather; his shirt collar was  
thrown open, displaying a round but sup-  
ply-moulded throat, on which a fine hair was  
well and firmly set; he wore no hat, but his  
hair was bound with a scarlet kerchief, that,  
tied at the side in a large knot, added to his  
picturesque appearance. Though there was  
much of wildness, there was no indication  
of poverty about this wayward being; and as he  
laughed and bowed in mimic humility to the  
priest's nephew, a good deal of keen satire  
of humour played around his well-formed mouth,  
and danced in his large brown eyes, which in  
general were painfully listless to look  
upon. "And had ye no better amusement  
this fine summer evening, Saint Stephen?"  
—he said at last, after many extraordinary  
contortions, and having deliberately broken  
the thick stick with his fingers, as if it were  
a hazel twig—"had ye no better amusement  
than mooking about like an ill-contrived spirit,  
smashing and killing the sweet flowers, that  
the moonbeams kiss and the merry bees break-  
fast on? And then ye must attack the holy  
tree that the birds—the blue wood-quest,  
and my spotted lady-thrush—nestle in, and  
"the (he added in a lower tone) "the good  
people themselves dance under, all the long  
summer nights! Go home, young var; keep  
the holy father's books, and attend to your  
duties; an Irishman should scorn to strike  
any thing that couldn't strike again. Come,  
turn back, my tight chap, for I was just going  
to visit madam wood-quest's young family,  
when ye stopt me."

"Is there a nest in the tree, in earnest,  
Watty?" inquired Stephen, looking up amid  
the branches; "I can't see it!"

"Ye mawkling general!" said Watty,  
"ye think the old parents, that to my knowl-  
edge have brought up honestly nine  
nest-fulls of as pretty birds as ever stretched  
wing, would make a show of their children to  
please you? The longer the wild animals  
live in the world the wiser they get—and  
that's more nor can be said of you or I, Saint  
Stephen."

Stephen did not much relish the com-  
pliment; but he put his hand into his pocket,  
and extracting sixpence held it up before  
Watty, who he supposed had all the love  
of money that frequently characterizes those  
who, although endowed with quickness and