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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

### POETRY.

#### SUCH THINGS WERE.

"I cannot but remember such things were,  
And were most precious to me."

Such things were! such things were!  
False but precious, brief but fair,  
The eagle with the talon's tread,  
The hawk may like the heron's tread,  
The funny tribe may cleave the air,  
Ere I forget that such things were!

Can I forget my native glen,  
Far from the sands of men!  
The willow tree before the door,  
The flower-crown'd porch, the humble floor!  
Pomp cannot night: but peace dwells there.  
Can I forget that such things were!

Can I forget that fair white face,  
Smiling with such a mournful grace!  
That hand whose thrilling touch me mine?  
Those eyes that did too brightly shine?  
And that low grave, sad and fair—  
Can I forget that such things were!

I would not change these tears, these sighs,  
For all earth's poorest luxuries;  
I would not with my sorrow part  
For a more light but colder heart,  
Nor barter for pomp's casement fare,  
The memory that such things were.

#### THE DISPENSATION.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. C. S. HALL.

(Continued.)

"Tell me!" said Alick eagerly, for 'tis  
first time in his life sacrificing Mary's feelings  
to his own curiosity; "Tell me, Jessie."

Mary, unable to articulate, covered her  
face with her hands, and the giddy girl replied,  
"A gold smoking bottle, with a shamrock-  
shaped stopper, and some letters—true,  
I think—carved on it, one of which, I'd give  
my oath, is an 'S.' Before the sentence was  
finished, poor Mary had fainted; and Alick,  
with flushed cheek and burning brow, was  
supporting her, while Jessie, frightened out  
of her little wit, ran to get some water into  
the stream.

During her momentary absence, Alick (men  
are sometimes the very best of them, most  
impertinently and anomalously curious) had  
drawn the ribbon, by the little bow, from  
beneath the modest kerchief which was care-  
fully folded over her bosom, and kissed the  
three relics with pilgrim-like devotion, as  
they hung outside her dress; when the mis-  
chief-making Jessie returned, Alick placing  
Mary's head on her shoulder, observed, in an  
under tone of deep agitation, "You'd better  
hide that blessing—I mean that unfortunate  
ribbon—before Stephen comes up." Mary did  
so, and then, looking at Alick, exclaimed,  
"Lord save us!—ye're as red in the face as  
a Dublin boaster!"

Previous to Mary's perfect recovery, even  
while Jessie was overwhelming her with  
apologies, assurances, and sorrows, Stephen  
joined the group, and seemed much astonished  
at the restraint visible on the countenance of  
each. Jessie undertook the task of explaining  
the events of the evening, which, like most  
chattering persons, she did, much to her own  
satisfaction, and the dissatisfaction of the  
rest of the party. Stephen thought she  
threw no light on the subject, and Mary and  
Alick fancied she threw too much; the fact  
was, Jessie herself was bewildered; and sur-  
mises, as opposite as the antipodes, crowded  
her pale face in such quick succession, as natu-  
rally to fetter her tongue. On their walk home-  
ward, when they came within sight of the  
Bleach House, Jessie, at a turn of the lane,  
relinquished Mary's arm; Stephen, lover-  
like, availed himself of the opportunity, and  
placed it within his.

"The path's too narrow for three, Stenie,"  
observed Alick, somewhat sharply.

"Walk behind or before, thin, if you like,"  
replied the other quietly.

"I'll do neither one nor the other," replied  
Alick; "but keep y'er own place, and make  
way for y'er betters."

"I will when I see them," was the cutting  
reply.

Mary pressed her cousin's arm to enjoin  
silence, but in vain.  
"If the girls were n't here, I'd soon show  
ye the differ, for all ye carry y'er head so  
high—offering freedoms where they're not ac-  
ceptable, Mister Stephen Cornack!"

"Stephen! Alick!—for the sake of the  
holy saints!" exclaimed both girls at once—  
as the young men regarded each other with  
menacing looks.

"Wha—a-hoo—hoo!"—shouted Walter,  
separating the thick and thorny fuzze hedge  
that bounded the path-way, and springing  
between the contending parties—"What's  
the breeze now!—and what are ye fighten-  
ing my white hair for?" And circling his  
cousin's waist with his arms, he waved a huge  
branch of oak over his head.

"Saint Stephen, if you offer to lay hands  
on Prince Alick, I'll make as neat a little cock-  
taw of ye, as y'er Saint Patrick pitched at."

"For mercy's sake!" said Mary—poussing  
all her strength for the effort, and disengaging  
herself from her wild cousin's support—"do  
not quarrel for nothing. I have known you  
both all my life, and I never asked favour  
from either; but promise me, Alick—Stephen—  
promise to forget this tonight."

"To be sure they'll promise!" exclaimed  
Walter. "Prince Alick will do it for—I  
know what—and Saint Stephen will do it for."  
He seized Stephen by the back of the neck,  
and again waved his laugh, laughing and  
singing—

"Oh, brave King Brian! he know the way  
To any of the good, and he make the way;  
For those who were pad, he knock off their head,  
And those who were some, he killed them dead."

"Oh, I'll promise," said Stephen, dog-  
golly saying the thing to offend Miss Mary Sul-  
livan, but that I'll do or care about a bit of a promise  
more than my other boy bring; it's no  
matter, and keeps a body in practice; only  
to oblige her." He held out his hand, which  
Alick frankly took; and peace restored, they  
proceeded to the Bleach Green—Walter jump-  
ing and singing with evident glee, but contin-  
uing, at the same time, a cat-like inspec-  
tion of the party.

"Come on, and take supper, Stephen; I  
see the potatoes are up, and my aunt promised  
as some beans and bacon, is a treat, to-night,"  
said the kind-hearted Miller's son; but Stephen  
declined, while Walter went to him,  
and with a solemn look, he pretended to brush  
something off his shoulder. "The black boy  
sticks like a buzz on ye, aye—wash him off  
with holy water when ye goe home," then  
sprang over the rude palings that separated  
the green from the neat court-yard.

Stephen Cornack went on his way, but not  
rejoicing; and when he entered his uncle's  
dwelling, he sat down on the three-legged  
stool, opposite the priest, in evident ill  
humour.

Father Neddy Cornack fitted as neatly  
into his arm-chair as a nut does in its shell; he  
was a little tun of a man, upon which the  
head stool without any visible connexion with  
the body; his face was seamed and browned  
in open defiance of beauty and age; his nose  
was pug-nose and purple; his brows heavy and  
movable, and it was only when they were  
wrinkled up in two or three folds that the  
peering, and really bright twinkling of two  
little grey eyes, informed you that if the  
creature possessed power in proportion to its  
cunning it would indeed be fierce and dan-  
gerous. The thing would have made an ad-  
mirable attorney, but a bad counsellor, and  
certainly was a very unfit director of the  
spiritual or temporal affairs of the parish,  
which he endeavoured to rule—not guide.

It has been my lot to know, esteem, and  
love, true and loyal members of the Catholic  
Church. I have looked upon many priests  
and friars with veneration and respect—I have  
delighted in observing their kindness, their  
gentleness, and their honest discharge of what  
they considered duty—I have known them to  
make great sacrifices, and endure much pa-

tiently; and I say it to their credit, that I never  
met but one among them in any way resem-  
bling the person whom I have endeavoured to  
describe. Without being gifted with the good-  
deal of the tact and artifice belonging to that  
subtle sect—which he used, to bind his  
familiar associates—with a hot and fiery tem-  
perament, that subdued when the other  
lacked. He had not interfered much with the  
Sabbatians; they were liberal, and performed  
their duties regularly; had stations twice  
in the year at their respective houses, and paid  
to priest, as well as minister, "tythes of all  
they possessed," but they were more enlight-  
ened than their neighbours, and so Father  
Neddy wisely thought that "it was better to  
let well-enough alone." He had anxiously  
urged the wedding of his nephew with Mary,  
Sue was considered "the best fortune" for  
many miles round; and the match was de-  
cidedly desirable—for Stephen was one of those  
contented Irish youths who, disdaining either  
mental or bodily exertion, as incompatible  
with "gentle faith or breeding," trust first to  
their relations, and afterwards to chance, for  
good, health, and all other necessities.

The priest's best parlour was furnished  
precisely as occasion required; when there  
was "grand company," the long settle was  
brought from the kitchen, and its dirt and de-  
corations concealed by a flowered bed-curtain,  
thrown over and pinned round it by the old  
house-keeper, who had the fish talent of  
making one thing like Shakespeare's player,  
"play many parts"—then Father Neddy's  
dressing-table (as it was called) stood in  
laidon helplessness between the dimly-shewing  
windows—and a piece on it (the cracked por-  
celains turned to the wall) were two or three  
old-fashioned china jars, filled with a few  
flowers, that conscious of being out of char-  
acter, or affected by the smoky atmosphere,  
drooped and died—"within an hour." On the  
evening to which I particularly allude, no  
such luxuries were present; a green bottle, a  
large, thick glass tumbler with a tin foot,  
and an empty jug, were on the solitary round  
oak table that graced the centre; to the right  
of this was the priest's high-cushioned easy-  
chair, and the little footstool upon which his  
feet stood; he reclined perfectly at his ease—  
his hands just meeting over his rotund per-  
son, his mouth open, his eyes shut—a very  
Catholican of devotion. As his nephew en-  
tered, a grating sound intimated that he was  
aware of the circumstance; but he neither  
altered his position nor elevated his brows, so  
that whether he un-locked his eyes or not was  
doubtful. Stephen first pulled forth some of  
the dead leaves that garnished the rusty grate;  
then contemplated the extraordinary vessel,  
that, hanging over the chimney-piece, dis-  
played a crucifix at the top, and a well, or  
cup, at the bottom, calculated to hold about  
a pint of holy water; and finally pushed the  
dog over the cat, which the lady resented in  
a very cat-like fashion, and the rencontre  
between the animals perfectly aroused the  
sleepy priest.

"By the foot of Pharaoh!" he exclaimed  
"and that's the first oath I've sworn to-day."  
"I'll make an example of ye if ye don't let  
the bastle alone; there's no place in the house  
whin ye're in it; the poor old cat—the  
cratur!—can't escape ye! pusheen! pusheen!  
agra!—never heed him! Is that the work  
ye've been after all day? Holy Mother!  
I'll engage it's far from ye to go down to that  
beggary bi-guard, Lanty Murphy—and put  
him in mind of the barley mule he never  
sint; and it's long till ye'd gather a few geese  
or turkey eggs in your dandy pockets, though  
ye're ready enough to ate 'em, when they  
come into the house; and more than 'in times,  
and tin to the back o' that, I've tould ye to  
spake to Jeremiah Calagan, about the bill he  
sint in for my new jock, after his 'greering;  
to set the last two christ'mings forenint it; and  
though I dare say ye've been philandrin' at  
the Bleach Green, it's long till ye'd put in a  
word about the low-tin, that's waiting to  
be whitened these three weeks—and—"

"It's little I expect from the Bleach Green,"

interrupted the hopeful Stephen; "and if ye  
knew all, uncle, instead of blowing me up,  
ye'd be advising me how to act with that boy,  
Alick Sullivan, who I see plainly—fool as I  
was, not to see it afore—has undermined me  
with Mary."

"Father'shin!" replied the priest, "that's  
one of your notions, because ye haven't cou-  
rage to ask the girl to marry ye; sure, I know  
how they love each other—just like brother  
and sister. I'd like to see first cousins marry  
in my parish—the heretics!—barring I get  
'em a Dispensation—a hily matter, I'm  
thinking!"

"For all that, it's as true as light's in  
heaven; he intentioned to knock me down for  
walkin' with her this evening; and that mad  
brother of his, made upon game of your re-  
ference."

I wish you, my gentle reader, had seen the  
Reverend Neddy Cornack at that moment;  
he rose from his seat, swelled and bluffed  
about the room in proportionate rage, and at  
length broke forth into the following misela-  
neous ejaculations:

"I'll excommunicate 'em all! To dare to  
spoke of me after that sort! I suppose the  
next thing 'il be that they 'il think for them-  
selves, as if their conscience was their own!  
And I nat parish priest of this entire parish of  
Kilbane!—answer me that—and see if I  
don't have my own way! Saint Peter and  
Saint Ambrose—and Saint Obadiah—and all  
the Saints!—make game of me! Oh, the  
heavenly assembly of Babylonians! Let them  
do it without a Dispensation! I'll send every  
mother's son of them to the Holy Island bare-  
footed—I'll make 'em say three ayvs for  
every bit they put in their mouths! And as  
for that dancing, hopping knave, I'll lay the  
length and breadth of my Danlin riding-whip  
over his unchristian shoulders! I'll go down  
to the Bleach Green this minute, and make  
them pay well for abouting!"

"It was only the one that had no sense  
that did so, uncle dear," interrupted Stephen,  
feeling that he had gone too far, and that the  
priest would really go out; for he had taken  
his great coat off the peg, and fastened it un-  
der his throat by the solitary button which gen-  
erally secured it. "As to the rest, they  
always state ye as becomes God-fearing peo-  
ple; and, any way, it might be better to  
walk with them on the sly, may-be."

"Demean myself to work on the sly with  
my own people! I scorn y'er advice, Stephen  
Cornack! I'll show 'em what's what—  
tate the nephew of their parish priest that  
way!—refuse 'im, indeed!"

"I was n't to say refused, Sir," stammered  
Stephen, "because I had n't asked—  
that's not asked kindly."

"And how dare you be after putting me  
into a passion for nothin' you poor, pitiful  
sheerfen! It's an don't know how to make  
love to a young woman, could n't ye just ask  
me to shew ye, and not wait till the wind  
changes? D'ye think I've been hearing  
confessions from all manner of faynals for  
the last forty years, without knowing how to  
manage 'em—and to presume to come to me  
with your misrepresentations! Stephen!  
Stephen!—ye're a great sinner!—how often  
have I tould you that telling a lie to me was  
quite a different thing from telling it to any  
one else; will ye never learn discrimination?  
Oh, Stephen!—you must say double prayers  
this night, for desaving the church!"

The nephew explained—the coat was re-  
quired—whisky punch resorted to as peace-  
maker between the hopeful pair—and mea-  
sures, which will be explained hereafter,  
were planned and resolved upon.

It is refreshing, after such a scene, to re-  
vert to that which on the same evening took  
place at the Bleach Green. When the frugal  
supper, seasoned with a due portion of good  
humour, though of a less bounteous nature  
than usual, had been discussed, Mary silently  
and quietly arose to withdraw; but as she  
passed her father, he looked upon her with  
even more than ordinary tenderness, and  
said, "Mary, darling, what ails ye? Y'er  
cheek is pale as y'er own white roses! What  
ails my lily-bud?"