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Original Poetry.

(FOR THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT.)

CROSSING THE PORTAGE.

It is a vaulted spot of ancient pages,
Or celebrated in historic fame;
Unknown, untreasured by those knowing sages
Who taught old Greece and Egypt with their name,
No thought philosophy—nor thought of wages
For medals for their pains—to all who came;
They trace these woods and mountains trod,
And, as pure, and worshipped here their God.

'Twas a cold birth for such; but these knew not
The sweets of luxury: the chase, the tent,
The cave, the cavern, supplanted them all they sought;

They had no further wants where'er they went:
Here the wild bear, or moose, was hunted, caught,
Or killed by them, and thus their lives were spent.

They had no feather beds, nor plates and platters—
No pony phantoms, to be dash'd to shatters.

They had no sleds, like this I'm jolting in,
And thus were saved a sea of aching bones;
Instead, their feet were swift, and spirit keen,
To conquer in the chase. Like them, their sons
And their sons' sons to this day still had been,
Ver't not for Columbus and his brother done,
Who sought out quarter-worlds by moves the
birds.

I found the biggest,—and, God knows, the
coldest.

But nature still is wonderful: 't is here
The wild, bold, mountain-majesty can vie
With the sublime of any other sphere.

Here is as beautiful and blue a sky,
The pine as tall, the lake as broad and clear—
The broader, clearer, and the hills as high—
Up them, too, 'tis difficult to go,
Foot or sleigh, in this confounded snow.

Fire of pine trees,—on a wintry night,
Extending forty feet or so,—is warm,
Then the kind blaze is flaming high and bright,
And sweeps without, the sounding forest storm!
Then, then we've cluster'd round it with delight,
And raptur'd-grog, and songs, and raptur'd chimes,
As though the quarters off, 'tis own'd were
smoky.

Oh, without grog, enough at times to choke ye.

This is a hint; but hints, if taken, are
A general taken wrong by commissaries—
And so no more of grog: 'tis sweet to bear
Stigmas, and be rewarded, where'er there are
Spire hearts and true, all danger's toils to share,
Lured by love—our Betsey, Annes and Marys—
—Branwick blossoms, which we trust to win-
sters of hope in every change and scene.

I know how, I'd practice the sublime!
And don't you think the subject would inspire
A muse,—ad est, a bard, of olden time,—
And spire of frost, light his poetic fire?
I'd mistle the snows 'tis difficult to rhyme
By modern wights; and the Parzassian choir,
These cold hours, by comfort are outstain'd—
Fact, of which I really am ashamed.

Way, away, o'er yonder frozen river,
Speed o'er the hills, and through the trackless
wild
Of the deep forest, mark the pine branch quiver
With its snow-clustered load; banks piled, and
piled.
With trees of night, which winter's frost can
shiver,
As reeds are broken by a thwarted child.
Way, away, and skim the glassy lakes to
take,
More like glass than Wordsworth's—no mis-
take.

Oh! spite excitement, wild the spirit yearns
For the far lands where quiet beauty dwells;
To other days the wanderer's thoughts will turn,
Though on his eye and mind ayre the spells
Of foreign scenes, from which the soul can learn
The rich ripe love, Nature's bold truth impels
On the all-willing heart. But oh! yet not
And regret, midst all these humbler scenes forgot.

Look thou upon yon waters heading rush
On the high rocks, along its icy bed,
Strong in its strength, to atoms it might crush
Man in his puny daring!—come and tread
Along this verge where stormy torrents gush,
Come thou, o'er whom another land hath shed
The charm of its past days, and feel it there
And regret, midst all these humbler scenes fair.

Alas! alas! find we another theme,
What now have distant lands to do with this?
We see them not, save in our memory's dream,
And taste not, save in thought, our former bliss;
Upon the march we find but little cream,
And on the coast, beef steaks but seldom bite,
Can give me a southern clime for drinking,
And that's your thought, kind reader, too, I'm
thinking.

No doubt grog's good—but nothing equals wine—
The eloquent and ruby wine—We speak with
words
Which lips of gods render not more divine,
When that inspirer propts us—As the birds

Sip the heaven-sent dew, so quaff we thine
Ethereal Italy! Thy generous vine affords
This as a balm to many an aching heart—
Drink—ye, her sons, and from your slavery start!

Yes—starting—by the powers, and so they are—
The caroles are duly ranged and ready—
A fact I think enough to jar and mar!

The prettiest stanza, which perchance had led ye
Another stage or two—or not so far—
But circumstance—uncertain, and unsteady
Has brought my Muse, abruptly to a halt,
Which really—truly stirs, was not my fault.

But I must make "my friends" with circumstance
And my next boon from her I'll give to you
If ye'll receive the gift—seize on chance
And yet like not all blindly to pursue,
As some are led, on many an aimless dance,
By that pert piper, so I had advise,
For list, the trumpet peals 'o' advance, and lead
along.

Another day and night, we live the woods among!

SONG.

Hurra! Hurra! for the march again
O'er glancing snows, and the frozen plain;
Through the towering forest our course we make
O'er the ice-bound river,—and ocean lake,
Dazzling in glory, where the golden sun
Smiles bright and unclouded, till day be done
Our breasts beat high, as we onward go
Through forest and river, o'er lake and snow;
Then resting at night by the pine tree blaze,
The tale and the song our toil repays,
Whilst around and about the watch-fires light
Gleams wildly and fiftal o'er the hues of night—
We care not—we fear not for sorrow or pain;
Hurra! in the morn we are forward again.

Hurra! Hurra! for the march once more,
For the wintry path scarce trod before,
For the mountain and hill, and steepy bank,
For the snow ridges rise like rank on rank;
For the snow birds chirp at closing eye,
When with our song at night we forget to grieve,
We pass the rest we fill the bowl,
And joy stirs merrily with a each soul;
We quit the tree on the circling fire,
And about our song as the draught inspires—
When shadows fall dark from the giant pine,
And the night, when stars are bright in
Hurra! Hurra! for our march once more.

W. R. H.

KATE HENNESSY.

A TALE OF CARRIG O'GURRIEL.

(Continuation.)

"A' thin, why don't you choose one, you
great osthore?" said the man who had
brought him forward.

Martin siu-p'rd up to the girl next him, and
was going to reach out his hand to her, when
the roguish demsel before-mentioned put her-
self between them, crying out.

"A' thin, Martin dear, what did I do to
you, that you don't make choice o' me?"

"Never mind her," exclaimed another,
"sure 'twas with myself you promised to
dance the first jig to-night."

"The cruel deceiver!" said a third, put-
ting her hands to her eyes, and pretending to
sob, "he told me I was his sweet-heart last
Sunday evening."

Poor Martin let his hands drop by his sides,
and looked round in a state of bewilderment.

There was a general laugh.

"Fix, 'tis you're the lucky boy, Martin,"
said one of the men.

"He'll be aiten up, betune them all!" cried
a second.

"'Tis a woe ther but he'll be poisoned some
day with the love philtres they make up for
him," added another.

"Aye or stuck all over with charmed pins,"
said the first speaker.

"Arrah thin, Martin avich, why don't you
marry o' them?" said a young man who
knew his weak point, winking at his neighbour.

"—why don't you marry, and thin you'll be
left in pace for the rest of your life?"

"Sure an' sure," answered Martin, "wouldn't
I marry at wint, and w-likin, only the
masher, long life to his honour, long may he
live! I won't be up to it at all. Yester-
day morning I was up at the house, and he a-
iting his breakfast, to see would he be any way
more agreeable in regard o' the girl at Mung-
ret wid tree fat pigs. Says I, 'I come to
your honour.'—and here Martin involuntarily
took off his hat as though he were actually in
the presence," scraped back one leg, and
pulled down the forelock of his straight hair

in token of submission,—"I come to see you
gi' me leave to change my condition, 'cause you
were ever an' always a good gentleman, long
life to your honour, and long may you live."—
"An' what's the match you're wanting to
make?" says the masher.—"Oh! an' illigant
one, your honour," says I; "tree fat pigs; one
fit to kill at Christmas, and de two others de
finest slips you ever laid eyes on, God bless
'em!"—But what business has de likes o'
you 'id a wife?" says he.—"Och then, long life
to your honour," says I, "long may you
live 'isn't it a poor thing for a boy not to have
a comrade of his own, like de rest of his neigh-
bours?"—"You're a fool," says his honour;
"an' 'tis a houseful o' childher, instead o' de
tree fat pigs, you'd soon have on your floor;
go home," says he, "an' let me hear no more
about it."

"Why, the masher, Martin," said one of
the girls, "is a'most as hard upon you, as your
old mother used to be in past times."

Martin's face became suddenly very grave.

"Ceh, Misthress Green" (he always used
this respectful d-nomination towards her)
"was a fine woman—a mighty fine woman
entirely; and a mortal strong arm she had on
her, long life—rest her soul, I mane; a mighty
good woman she was, Misthress Green, and
'twas she lar'd me all I know."

"Faix then, it's lamed you to talk," cried
the little hump-backed piper, "'twasn't by
haves she done the job. Arrah, step out, man,
and let us see whether you can stir your legs
as well as your tongue, this evening."

Martin eyed; and soon a change came
o'er his outward man, great as the occasion
demanded. With chin on fair, half closed
eyes, mouth drawn down at the corners, his
whole countenance of an imperturbable gravi-
ty, and his arms scrupulously stiffened against
his sides,—did he begin his elaborate perfor-
mance; and, in the most fantastic way, he
the stout substantial heel of his well-benailed
brogues. Leaving him to what, in his case,
was both a business and a pleasure, we return
to the dark corner where we left Kate Hen-
nessy, and find her, not alone, as before, for
her bright eyes are lifted to the face of her
handsome suitor, and her ears are drinking in
the words that fall from his lips.

"'Tis true for me, Kate;—the music, an'
the dancing, an' all the laughing an' joking,
makes my very heart sink down within me,
thinking that I'm the only boy of 'em all that
can't give his hand to the girl he loves, an'
lade her out when the jig strikes up. An'
ever an' always the thought does be coming
before me, an' I do be picturin' to myself the
little cabin, with the floor sweep' up clean in
the evening, an' the table out, and the pot of
potatoes down for supper on the bright turf
fire, and your own smile' face, Cautheen, at
the door to welcome me home, and give you
sally, 'as he told me I was his sweet-heart last
Sunday evening."

"Well, Maurice," replied Kate, smiling
and blushing at the little domestic picture he
had drawn, "and what's to hinder that from
happening one of these days, more especially
after the promise you gave me last Tuesday?"
I declare my heart is as light as a thistle-down,
ever since that evening at the well, an' when-
ever I pass by that place, an' feel that the words
you said come across me, I feel as if I had
wings upon me like the youngbirds, and could
fly up in the air for gladness."

The joyous tone of her voice, and the bright
and sparkling countenance on which his eyes
were riveted, could not fail to chase away the
gloom that hung on the brow of Maurice; but
Kate was soon led off to the dance, and their
enlivening influence removed. He continued
to gaze on her, his mind forcibly occupied with
the wighty obstacles that lay in his road to
her father's favour, when a few words of a
conversation that was going on in another
corner of the barn arrested his attention.

The group towards whom he now eagerly
turned, consisted of "Misther" Hennessy
(a titular distinction which the acquisition of
a few acres of land and some stock had procur-
ed for him), and two or three village "mag-
nates," who were discussing the affairs of the
country with a sagacity and vehemence that

would have done credit to more exalted poli-
ticians.

"But the notice," said one, "of that was the
master stroke of all; the best deal thing that
has been done by 'em from the beginning
on't."

"Aye," said another elderly sage,—"I read
it myself, ever' word from first to last;—it
was ported up on the church-door Wednesday
morning, an' was the finest written thing ever
you seen; I brought up Misther Hennessy
here to look at it."

"You did, sure enough," answered Hen-
nessy, "an' such writin' an' spellin', an'
figurin', never came across my two eyes afore
or since. 'Twas a wonder of a notice,—bar-
ring the sense of it, which I don't say I rightly
approve; but for writin', why there isn't a
school-master from this to Limerick, could
match the likes of it."

Maurice's cheeks burned, and his breath
came quickly, as these words fell from the lips
of the father of his beloved;—he approached
nearer, and listened with intense interest.

"I wonder who it was they got to do it
for them, at all at all," said the first speaker
—"the boy must be an illigant scholar, sure
enough."

"Scholar!" exclaimed Hennessy, who
owed his rise in the world more to his skill in
the merits of a pig than to his literary attain-
ments, and who was therefore an admirer of
letters—"scholar!" he cried, striking his
stick vehemently on the ground,—"I'll tell
you what, man, the boy that wrote that notice
is fit to go to the college in Dublin,—so he is;
an' a burning shame and pity it is that such a
one should be said or led by bad advisers, for
there's the makings of a great man in him
whosoever he is, I'll be bail, as sure as my
name's Mick Hennessy."

Maurice could contain himself no longer,
with a bounding heart and sparkling eye, he
and avowed himself the writer of the notice,
piece of penmanship. Hennessy eyed him
complacently for a moment; then extending
his hand, and cordially grasping that of the
young man, he made him sit down beside him
on the wooden bench. Their conversation was
inaudible to the others; it was brief but ani-
mated, and, at its close, Carmody started up,
and cast an eager and inquiring glance all round
the barn. The object of his search was not
there, and he pushed through the crowd into
the open space outside the door, where many
of the dancers had gone to breathe the fresh air
out of the heated atmosphere within. Kate
Hennessy was standing at a little distance,
alone, and with her back to the revellers.

With one elastic bound did her exulting lover
clear the space that lay between them, and
uttering a cry of joy, which hitherto repress-
ed now burst from him in the exuberance of his
feelings, he flung his arms round her. The
startled girl extricated herself from him, an
intignant flush crimsoning her temples as she
pushed him angrily away, exclaiming, "Maurice
Carmody, are you drunk, or are you mad,
or what's come over you?"

"I ax your pardon, Kate," answered the
rebuked Maurice, "for forgetting myself—I
couldn't help it—I meant no offense. I'm
neither drunk nor mad, excepting indeed 'twas
the joy that's in me this blessed night;—for
oh, Cautheen avore! your own words are
comin' true! I told all to your father, an'
about my promise that evening fornicat the
ould castle over, an' he's forgave me every
thing; an' one whole year I'm to be on thial,
an' then—"

Maurice finished the sentence
by flourishing his head, and cutting a caper in
the air.

That evening he walked with Cautheen to
her home, for the first time, as her authorised
suitor, for, though her father knew of the long
attachment between them, and admired young
Carmody as "a fine likely boy," still he never
would sanction it, as long as he suspected
him of having any thing to do with the distur-
bers of the public peace. Maurice lingered
with his beloved at the threshold of her abode,
till roused by Hennessy with the exclamation
of "Come, boy, ye'll have time enough to say
all ye have got to tell one another in the next