

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. 1. No. 33.]

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 26TH JUNE, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

POETRY.

FIELD FLOWERS.

BY T. CANNIBELL.

Ye field flowers! in the garden's ellipse you, 'tis true,
Yet wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye wait me to summers old,
When the ether tremed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silvers and gold!

I love you for halting me back into deserts
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams
And of broken glaciers breathing their him,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote
And the deep mellow crouch of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your location to find,
When the magic of nature first reach'd on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;
What laved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily notice;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the ripples that tangle their shores.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
For the fever of passion, 'twas ye were
That scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I seek'd on you more, in life's passionate stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

KATE CONNOR.

"Trust me your Lordship's opinion is un-
founded," said the Lady Helen Grave; and as
the noblest uttered the words, her eye
brightened and her cheek flushed with greater
feeling than high-born fashionables generally
deem necessary.

"Indeed?" exclaimed the Earl, looking
up at the animated features of the gold-launder-
ess, and how comes my pretty Helen to
know aught of the matter? methinks she has
learned more than the mysteries of harp and
lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish
tongues; come," he continued, "sit
down on the soft Ottoman, and prove the nega-
tive to my assertion—that the Irish act only
from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last?" en-
quired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she
was bid, (which women by the way, seldom
do, unless they have a point to carry) and
seated herself at her godfather's feet, in the
very spot he wished, playfully tearing her rose-
check on his hand, as she enquired—"O tell
me first how long an impulse can last?"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love,
although acting upon it may embitter a long
life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month,
can it? Then I am quite safe; and now
your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and
must suffer me to tell it in my own way,
rough and all; and moreover, must have
patience. It is about a peasant maiden,
whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too, and
whenever I think of sweet Kate Connor, I
bless God that the aristocracy of virtue, (if I
dare use such a phrase) may be found, in all
its lustre, in an Irish cabin."

"It was on one of the most chill of all
November days, the streets and houses filled
with fog, and the few stragglers in the square,
in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons
in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself,
at that *outré* season, when every body is out
of town, arrived at Brighton; he had been
summoned on business, and I preferred ac-
companying him to remaining on the coast
alone. Not at home to any one, were the
orders issued, when we sat down to dinner.
The cloth had been removed, and papa was
occupying himself in looking over some pa-
pers; from his occasional frown I fancied they
were not of the most agreeable nature. At
last I went to my harp, and played one of the
airs of my country, of which I knew he was
particularly fond. He soon left his seat,
and hissing my forehead with much tenderness,

said—"that strain is too melancholy for me
just now, Helen, for I have received no very
pleasant news from my Irish agent." I ex-
pressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance,
and ventured to make some inquiries as to the
intelligence that had arrived. I cannot under-
stand it," he said; "when we visited there,
it was only from the papers that I heard of the
dreadful murders, horrible outrages, and
malicious burning." All around us was
peace and tranquillity; my rents were as
punctually paid as in England; for in both
countries a tenant, yes—and a good tenant
too—may be sometimes in arrear. I make
allowances for the national character of the
people, and while I admired the contented
and happy faces that smiled joyously over pa-
stures and milk, as if the board had been cov-
ered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured
to make them *desire* more, and then sought to
attach them to me by supplying their new
wants."

"And, dear sir, you succeeded," I said.
"Never were hearts more grateful—never
were traits more sincere, than when we left
them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-
looking agent."

"Hold, Lady Mai-a-perit," interrupted
my father sternly; "I selected Mr. O'Brien;
you can know no thing as to his qualifications.
I believe him to be an upright, but I fear, a
stern man; and I apprehend he has been
made the tool of a party."

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit
the old castle. A winter amongst my native
mountains would afford me more pure grati-
fication than the most successful season in Lon-
don." My father sighed and shook his head.

"The rents are now so difficult to collect, that
I fear—He paused, and then added abrupt-
ly, "It is very extraordinary, often as I
mentioned it to O'Brien, that I can receive
no information as to the County. You have
written frequently to your poor nurse, and she
must have received the letters—I sent them
over with my own, and they have been ack-
nowledged." He had scarcely finished this
sentence, when we heard the porter in loud
remembrance with a female, who endeavoured
to force her way through the hall. I half-
opened the library door, where we were sit-
ting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption.
"Ah then, sure ye wouldn't have the heart
to turn a poor crumthrum from the door—that's
come such a way, jist to spake tin words to
his Lordship's glory. And don't tell me that
my Lady Hilin wouldn't see me, and she to
the fore." It was enough; I knew the voice
of my nurse's daughter—and would, I do
think, have kissed her with all my heart, but
she fell on her knees, and clapping my hand
firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the
tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost
choaked her utterance—"Holy Mary! Thank
God!—Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful!
—and no ways proud!—and I will have jus-
tice." And then, in a subdued voice, she
added—"Praise to the Lord!—his care never
left me—and I would die content this minute
—only for you, mother dear!—yerself only—
and—." Our powdered knaves, I per-
ceived, smiled and sneered, when they saw
Kate Connor seated that evening by my side
—and my father, (heaven bless him for it!)
opposite to us, in his great arm-chair, listen-
ing to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"When yes left us, we all said that the
winter was come in earnest, and that the sum-
mer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we
struv to please the agent, why not? sure he
was the master yes set over us!—but it doesn't
become the likes o' me, nor wouldn't be man-
ners, to turn my tongue agin him, and he
made as good as a gentleman, to be sure, by
ye'r lordship's notice—which the whole coun-
try knew he was not afore—either by birth
or breeding. Well, my Lady—sure if ye put
a sod o' turf—ving yer presence—in a good
dish, it's only a turf still—and he save us!
been odd Nick's born child!—Lord save us!
when yer honor's smile couldn't brighten him,
—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lie.
First of all, the allowance to my mother was
stopped for damage the pig did to the new
hedges—and thin we were forced to give our

best fowl as a compliment to Mr. O'Brien,
because the goat, (and the castrator without a
tooth!) they said, skinned the trout—then
the priest (yer Lordship said) Father La-
very!—and the agent quarrelled, and so—out
o' spite—he set up a school—and would make
all the children go to learn there—and then
the priest hindered—and to be sure we stood
by the church—and so there was nothin' but
fighting—and the boys gave over work, seeing
that the tip-tops didn't care how things went
—only abusing each other. But it isn't that
I should be bothering your kind honours with.
My brother, near two years ago, picked up
with the health of had company—God knows
how—and got above us all—so grandlike—
wearing a new coat, and a watch, and a jewell-
ring! so—when he got the time o' day in his
pocket, he wouldn't look at the same side of
the way we went—Well, lady dear, this
struck in my mother's heart—yet it was only
the beginning of trouble—she was found in the
dead o' night! continued poor Kate, her voice
trembling—'but ye had it all—'twas all in
the papers—and he was sent beyond seas.
Och! many's the night we have spent crying,
to think of that shame! or on our bare bedded
knees—praying that God might turn his heart.
Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made
no more ado—but said we were a seditious
family, and that he had yer lordship's warrant
to turn us out—and that the cabin—the nate
little cabin ye gave to my mother, was to go
to the gauger."

"He did not dare to say that?" interrupted
my father proudly.—"He did not 'em to use
my name to a falsehood."

"The words—the very word I spoke," ex-
claimed Kate. "Mother," says I, "his lord-
ship wouldn't take back, for the sin of the
son, that he owe to the mother! Sure it
was laid upon me to see her own toy brought
to shame, without being turned out of her
little place, when the snow was on the ground,
in the cold night, when no one was stirring
to say, God save ye. I remember it will
he would not suffer us to take so much as a
blanket, became the bits of things were to be
cont'd the next morning, to pay the rent of a
field which my brother took, but never work-
ed. My poor mother cried like a baby; and
hopping the ould grey cat, that your ladyship
gave her for a token, when it was a small kit,
in her apron, we set off as well as we could
for Mrs. Cassidy's farm. It was more than
two miles from us, and the snow drifted;
and, och! but sorrow weakens a body, and my
mother foundered like, and couldn't walk: so
I covered her over, to wait till she rested a
bit; and sure you token, my lady, kept her
warm, for the harte had the sense almost of a
Christian. Well, I was praying for God to
direct us for the best—but, may be, I'm tir-
ing your honours—when, as if from heaven,
up drives Barney, Kate?"

"I wish, my dear lord, you could have
seen Kate Connor, when I asked the question
—the way-worn girl looked absolutely beau-
tiful. I must tell you, that she had ex-
changed, by my desire, her tattered gown
and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart
dress of my waiting-maid's—which, if it were
not correctly put on, looked, to my taste, all
the better. Her face was pale, but her fine,
dark, intelligent eyes gave it much and varied
expression; her beautiful hair—ever Lafont's
trim cap could not keep it within proper
bounds—acted, probably, by former bad
habits, came straying (or, as she would call
it, *straggling*) down her neck, and her mobile
mouth was garished with teeth which many
a duchess would envy; she was sitting on a
low seat, her crossed hands resting on her
knees, and was going through her narrative
in as straightforward a manner as could be ex-
pected; but my unfortunate question as to the
identity of Barney put her out—'face, fore-
head, neck, were crimsoned in an instant;
papa turned away his head to smile, and I
flushed from pure sympathy."

"Barney—Barney—Cassidy—my lady,"
she replied at length, rolling up Lafont's
flounce in lieu of her apron—and a great
true friend of—of—my mother's—"

"And of yours also, I suspect, Kate,"
said my father.

"We were neighbour's childer, plus
our honourable lordship, and only natural if
we had a family—"

"Love for each other," said my lordly
papa; for once condescending to banter.

"It would be far from the likes of me to
contradict yer honours," she stammered forth
at length.

"Go on with your story," said I, gravely.

"I'm thinking my lord, and my lady, I
left off in the snow—no—he was come up
with the cart—well, to be sure, he took us
to his mother's house; and och! my lady, but
it's in the walls of the poor cabins ye find
hearts!—not that I'm down-running the gin-
try, who, to be sure, knows better manners—
but it's a great blessing to the traveller to
have a warm fire, and dry lodgings, and share
of whatever's going—*all for the love of God—*
and *eat and ale folle* with it. Well, to be
sure, they never looked to our property; and
Barney thought to persuade me to make my
mother his mother, and never heeded would
grace that had come to the family; and know-
ing his heart was set on me, his mother did the
same; and my own mother too, the cratur!
wanted me settled; well, they all cried and
wished it done off at once, and it was a sore
trial that. "Barney," says I, "let go my
hand—should yer whisk all o' ye, for the
blessed Virgin's sake, and don't be making
me mad entirely,"—and I seemed to gain
strength, though my heart was bursting.

"Look," says I, "bitter wrong has been
done us—but no matter! I know our honora-
ble landlord had neither act nor part in it—
how could he? and my mind imagines, that
my lady has often written to you, mother—
if it isn't in her to forget ould friends; but
I'll tell you what I'll do—there's no body we
know, barring his reverence, and the school-
master, could tell the right of it to his hon-
our's glory upon paper; his reverence wouldn't
meddle nor make in it, and the school-master's
a friend of the agent's; so ye see, dears, I'll
jest go fair and say off to London myself, an'
see his lordship, an' make him *smile*; and,
before I could say my say, they all—all but
Barney—set up such a scornful laugh at me,
as never was heard. "She's mad," says
another—"where's the money to pay your
expenses?"—says a third—"and how could
you find your way, that doesn't know a step
o' the road, even to Dublin?" says a fourth.
Well, I waited till they were all done, and
then took the thing quietly. "I don't think,"
says I, "there's either madness or folly in
trying to get one's own again. As to the
money, it's but little of that I want, for I
have the use of my limbs and can walk; and
it'll go hard if one of ye's want lend me a
pound, or may be thirty shillings—and no
one will lose by Kate Connor, to the value
of a brass farthing; and as to not knowing the
road, sure I've a tongue in my head—and if
I hadn't, the great God that ticks the in-
nocent swallows their way over the salt seas,
will do as much for a poor girl who puts all
her trust in him." "My heart's against it,"
said Barney, "but she's in the right;" and
then he wanted to persuade me to go before
the priest with him; "but no," said I, "I'll
never do that till I find justice—I'll never
bring both shame and poverty to an honest
boy's hearthstone. I'll not be bring yer noble
honors any longer with the sorry, and all
that, wain I'll them. They'd have for'd
me to take more than the thirty shillings—
God knows how they rised that same—but I
thought it enough; and by the time I reached
Dublin, there was eight of it gone—small way
the rest lasted—and I was ill three days from
the sea in Liverpool. Och—when I got a good
piece of the way—when my bits o' rag
were all sold—my feet were bleeding, and
the doors of the sweet white cottages
shut against me, and I was too! "to go
to my parish," thin—thin—I left I was
in the land of the cowl heart'd stranger.
Och! the English are a fine honest people,
but no ways tender. Well, my lord, the
hardest temptation I had to all, (and here
Lady Helen looked up into her godfather's