

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

VOL. II.—No. 16.]

SATURDAY, 9TH MARCH, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

KATE HENNESSY.

A TALE OF CARRIB O'GUNNIE.

(Continuation.)

The painful interview did not last long; for anxiety, anxious to put an end to the scene, effects of which he dreaded for his daughter, separated, with cruel kindness, the unhappy lovers, and half led and half carried her out the prison.

The sun rose brightly on the harbour of Dublin, gilding with its beams the waters of the bay, that danced and sparkled in the cheerful morning light. The hill of Howth, its outline laid in mist, and the rocky and barren slopes alone visible, lay stretched like a huge master of the deep sleeping on the surface of the waves. The inhabitants of Kingstown Dunleary, as it was then more generally called, were going forth to their daily avocations, and family anchored close by the shore, and lined its deck, lay the bulk, or pilot-boats for convicts under sentence of transportation, its black and ungainly mass a blot on the face of the shining waters.

But the principal object in the scene, and it to which all eyes were now directed, was steadily ship that had come into the harbour evening before, and was moored in the deeper, opposite the Howth light-house. A few of those that admired her gallant rigging and gilded prows, as she lay like a queen, in the offing, thought of the vice and wickedness that were soon to be put within her, or reflected that the breeze which was to the sails, now flapping idly against the mast, would be loaded with the groans and sighs of hundreds, made widows and childless by her departure; she was the transport ship, hired to convey the inmates of the bulk to their final destination.

The supply of water and provisions for the voyage had been put on board at Plymouth, and nothing now remained but to remove the passengers into it. For this purpose numerous small boats assembled under the stern of the prison, and were soon filled with the convicts, who were guarded by soldiers and sailors; a precaution it was found necessary to take, from some instances having occurred of men in a fit of desperation leaping into the sea, and attempting to swim on shore, thus effecting their escape. All day the boats continued plying between the bulk and the transport ship, and the shore was crowded with sons looking on at the removal of the convicts; some of whom, hardened offenders, bowed their contempt of punishment, by muttering, singing, and blaspheming, on their part passage across the bay; while others, resigned sunk in a gloomy and sullen abstraction.

Close to the water's edge, and aloof from the groups of idle gazers on the quay, there stood a female figure wrapped in a blue mantle hood of which was drawn closely over her face. Her shoes were soiled and travel-stained, and her countenance and her sunken blue eyes were rivetted on the transport ship. Who she had recognised in that solitary forlorn form, the pride of her native village, the darling of her old father's heart, the beautiful, the kind Kate Hennessy?

It was indeed she.—Listening only to the tones of her affection and her despair, this young and timid girl, who had never in her life been farther from her home than the city of Limerick, had braved the dangers and fatigues of a journey of upwards of a hundred miles, and travelled alone and on foot to take last farewell of him she had loved "so long, well." She had not communicated her project to any one, for she well knew her father would have opposed it; but, packing up a few trinkets and the little money she had, in a bundle, she had stolen out of her cottage in the dead of night, and commenced her pilgrimage. Had she not been absorbed in her own sorrows—grief of all feelings the most selfish—she would have seen, as she stood now on the quay, that many were there scarcely less wretched than herself. It was indeed a piteous sight, and one that would have moved to sympathy a breast the least alive to the suffer-

ings of its fellow-men, to see the groups of disconsolate women and children, and old men, their grey hairs bowed down with sorrow; their graves, that were assembled on the beach. Many of these wretched creatures had come from very distant parts of Ireland, having shut up their houses, and, accompanied by their whole families, begged their way to Dublin, to see their friends before their departure. They were allowed to go alongside the ship after the convicts had been removed into it; and these latter, each in charge of a sentinel, were permitted to come upon deck for a few minutes, as their names were called out by their friends from below. The bay was now covered with boats freighted with these melancholy cargoes of sorrowing relatives, and many an affecting scene was the scenes that called forth the sympathy of the beholder.

Here, a young woman with a child in her arms, whose innocent and smiling face presented a touching contrast to the grief-worn countenance of its mother, was standing by a half-filled boat, and offering the fare, the treasured two-pence, which she had kept sacred through all the assaults of cold and hunger for this purpose, to the hard-featured Charon, its proprietor.

"Aye, this will do for yourself," sulkily replied the boatman, "but where's the twopence for the child? you don't think I am going to take him for nothing."

"Oh," sobbed the woman, "tis all—all I have, it is indeed; and hard enough it was for me to keep that same, an' we starvin'. I'll hold the baby in my arms, sir, I will; an' I won't take up any room at all; but let him over for the love of God; his poor father's heart is bound up in him."

"Foot!" growled the man, "as if the lump of a boy wouldn't be as heavy in your arms as anywhere else in the boat. Pay down the money for him, I say; or if you don't, leave him there behind you or the quay, and don't be keeping me waiting when there's good money to be earned elsewhere."

"I have n't it, indeed. I have n't it!" exclaimed the poor creature, "this is the very last penny I'm worth in the wide world; but, oh I sailor dear," she added, throwing herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, "if you have any pity in you, think of the wife that's on your own floor this day, an' o' your child at her breast, and do take the both of us to the ship, an' let the father, that's going away over the salt seas, get one look at his boy he'll never see again. Do, now, sailor dear, an' may the blessing o' the miserabe be with you wherever you go!"

"Take your hands off o' me woman!" muttered the hardened wretch, "I gave you your answer already." And he jumped into his boat and pushed it from the shore.

Farther an old grey-headed man sat on the ground, rocking his body to and fro, while the big tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks. A bundle lay beside him, and the knot of the old coloured handkerchief of which it was composed having become untied, the contents, a few oranges, some gingerbread cakes, and a little packet of tea and tobacco, were exposed to view. A gentleman passing by, stopped to inquire the cause of his grief. "Ah, sir," he said, "my only son is over in that ship! I don't come in; he deserted it. God's will be done! By dint of pinching an' denying myself, I had scraped together as much as would buy these little things in the bundle for him against the long voyage. I kept barely the twopence to carry me over, an' when I got to the ship, they told me he had been called up already on the deck this morning in a mistake for another man, and that the same person was only allowed to come on it once, by reason of there being so many aboard. His turn was over—they couldn't let him up again."

The gentleman was much moved at the distress of the poor old man. He took out a crown-piece and laid it down before him; but money, that powerful alchemy which turns into joy so many of the woes of life, was of no avail in this case. The old man probably had never seen so much at one time before, yet he looked on it with indifference. He took off his hat, and returning the silver to the gentleman,

said, respectfully, "I humbly thank you, sir, for your kindness; I hope your honour won't be offended at my giving back the money; but," he added in a faltering tone, "I'm thinking I'll not live long enough to spend it." So saying, he rose and walked away, leaving the bundle on which he had lavished his boardings on the ground behind him.

The day was far advanced when the desolate figure of poor Kate attracted the attention of a weather-beaten seaman on the beach. He went up to her, and said, in a rough but good-natured tone—"An' is there nobody in the ship yonder you'll be wishing to see, my young woman?" Kate tried to answer, but the words seemed to stick in her throat, and her lips only moved.

"I've got a snug little skiff o' my own moored out there," continued the man, "an' I'll take you over quiet an' easy by yourself, if you wish it; for you seem a decent, modest young woman, an' maybe wouldn't like to be mixing with them unfortunate poor craylins in the boat byrant; only spake the word, an' I'll take you across to your father or your sweetheart, or whoever he is, in less than no time."

"O thank you, thank you kindly!" exclaimed Kate, in faltering accents, "but—but—do not expect me."

"Och, that makes no differ in life, not the laste," said the good-natured sailor, "I'll give him a hail when we get alongside, an' he'll be up on the deck when his turn comes, never fear. Come along then, an' cheer up, my good girl; never spoil your purty face with fretting; seven years will be soon going over, an' what are they to a young cratur like you that's little more than a child, God bless you?"

The poor girl's lips quivered, and her cheek grew paler as she felt how fruitless was to her this well meant consolation. Her kind friend succeeded in procuring for her a few precious moments' interview with Carmody. It was an unhop'd-for blessing to the unfortunate young man; and his wonder at seeing her there so far from home, alone and unprotected, was great, as might be imagined.

When the last sad parting was over, and the good-hearted old sailor had returned with his charge to the shore, he proposed taking her to his cabin, where he said his wife would give her a hearty welcome; but she declined his friendly offer, and resumed her station at the water's edge, unwilling to lose sight for an instant of the vessel that contained all that was dear to her upon earth. That whole night and the next day she continued her unwearied watch, heedless of the cold blast that blew from the sea, or of the spray that washed over her delicate form, unused to such hardships. She gazed with breathless anxiety on all the preparations for sailing that were going on in the ship, and every successive heave at the anchor made by the seamen, as their deep and prolonged cry resounded along the shore, seemed to rend her very heart-strings, for she knew they were loosening the only tie that still bound her lover to the land of his birth. At length the arrangements were completed, the sails were set, the anchor was weighed, and amid the shouts and waving of hats of those on the quay the gallant ship quitted her moorings.

"And calm and smooth it seemed to win its moonlight way before the wind As if it bore all peace within."

Not left one breaking heart behind."

A "breaking heart" indeed was hers who followed with straining eyes the lessening sails, till they seemed but a speck on the horizon, and at last finally disappeared. Then truly she felt that her lover was gone,—gone! and for ever; and with the bitter conviction there came a few blinding tears, the first she had shed since Maurice's apprehension, which forced themselves painfully to her eyes an' fell so big and so burning, that they slowly scorched the cheek down which they slowly rolled. Her nerves, which had been wound up to an unusual pitch for the effort she had made, now that the object was attained, became suddenly unstrung, and worn out with fatigue, and faint from want of food, she sank down on the beach in a state of exhaustion. The tears, which hitherto had seemed con-

gealed into a frozen mass that weighed upon her heart, now flowed more freely, and she wept long in silence and bitterness,—for real grief is seldom vehement in its expression. The thought, too, of her old father, and of what he must have suffered at her sudden disappearance, came into her mind, and in her remorse for her unkindness towards him, and keen self-upbraidings, even Maurice Carmody was for awhile forgotten. She rose, determined to employ the remnant of her failing strength in seeking out the abode of the old boatman, who she hoped would put her in a way of getting back to Limerick, or to return on foot in her present weakened state was impossible.

(To be continued.)

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Evening Dresses.—The fashion of covering the head in this winter more generally adopted, even by very young married ladies, that we have ever known it. We must cite a singularly pretty little cap, styled the bonnet guirlande; it is of tulle, excessively small, placed quite at the back of the head, and encircled with a wreath of flowers. The bonnet Vestale, ornamented with health blossoms, is also an elegant novelty; and the bonnet puff has the imposing air of the old style with the lightness of the new.

New Materials for Evening Dress.—In reviving the fashions of the seventeenth century, we have also revived the superb silks and brocades that were then employed.

General Observations on Evening and Ball Robes.—Black velvet and satin robes are very much in vogue; several are trimmed with velvet flowers, of very vivid colours. Coloured velvet or satin dresses, or those Pekin, trimmed with black lace flounces, are also very fashionable; they have the corsages made tight, and encircled with lace mantillas of the flat kind, some of which forms point upon the shoulders and bosom. Short sleeves, tight at the top, but trimmed at the bottom with bouillons or manchettes. Several ball dresses have the fronts disposed en tablier, and decorated with rich gothic lace; they are also sometimes trimmed with gold or silver blond lace, or with the material of the robe. Organdy dresses, which we must observe, are of the most exquisite fineness and transparency, are embroidered in small patterns of sprigs upon the ground. The flounces which trim these dresses are cut high, and embroidered in pattern somewhat "ferret" from that of the ground, but yet bearing a resemblance to it.

Ball Dress Material.—Besides tulle, gauze of various kinds, crape, and organdy, all of which are in favour, we have to announce two new satins—satin istasis, the ground of which has the appearance of white lace thrown over satin, flowered in colours, and satin ezergum, embroidered in very rich and elegant patterns.

Shawls.—Thibet fringe is in great favour for trimming shawls, both of velvet and satin. The most elegant of their superb fringes have a heading of velvet, with patterns of silk and gold in relief.

Cloaks.—Witzcheunas, both of velvet and satin, are adopted in carriage dress. It is yet early in the season for their appearance. Short cloaks trimmed with sable are also in great request; they are in general made with a large collar in the fur. One of the most elegant novelties of the month is a black satin cloak, bordered with an embroidery of oak leaves, in two shades of green chenille, and edged with a full fall of double-grounded black lace.

Pelisses are very much in vogue, both for carriage and promenade dress. There are two kinds in favour. Those worn over robes are wadded, and have the lining quilted throughout. These are composed of satin, and may be trimmed either with velvet or fur, but the latter is preferred.

Fashionable colours have not varied since our last number, but we observe that black increases in favour in every department of the toilette in which it can be employed.

WOMAN.

It has been often remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand, no heart like a woman's heart; and there is not. A