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## THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Is the steamer of England—'t floats o'er the  
brave—  
Is the fairest unfurled o'er the land or the wave?  
Is it though brightest in story and matchless in fight,  
Is the herald of mercy as well as of might.  
The cause of the wronged may it ever be first—  
Its tyrants are humbled and letters are burst;  
"Justice" the war-shout, and dastard is he  
Who would scruple to die 'neath the Flag of the  
Free!

May trail o'er the halcyons a bullet-torn rag,  
Flutter in shreds from the battlement's crag;  
At the shot whistle through it as fast as it may,  
It sweeps the last glorious tatter away—  
But matter! we'd hoist the blue jacket on high,  
The soldier's red rash from the spear-head should  
fly;  
Though it were but a riband, the foeman should see  
The proud signal, and own it—the Flag of the Free!

Have we ever looked out from a far distant shore  
To mark the gay pennon each passing ship bore;  
And watched every speck that arose on the foam,  
Hope of glad tidings from country and home:  
As our straining eye caught the bold colours at  
last,  
And seen the dear bark bounding on to us fast?  
Then, have our hearts leapt how precious  
can be  
The fair steamer of England—the Flag of the Free!

## KATE HENNESSY.

A TALE OF CARRIG O'GUNNIE.

New tone—'t's by most like divine  
To all I e'er of dreamt or knew,  
When time, later than, cold time once  
Oh, mercy! must I have lost too?—MOORE.

There are few more picturesque ruins in the  
south of Ireland than those of Carrig O'Gunnie  
Castle, situated not far from the banks of  
Shannon, and at about five miles' distance  
from the city of Limerick. The name signifies  
"the rock of the candle," and it is so  
called from a legend—what old castle in Ire-  
land is without one?—of a sup-natural light,  
rich in times of yore was wont to blaze after  
set on the highest point of the building,  
its un-arbitrary torch was kindled by a malig-  
nant hag, whose care it was to feed the flame;  
and who to the luckless wight who dared to  
take his eye to "the rock" after she had ta-  
ken her nightly station there—death or defor-  
mity was sure to be his portion.

The shortest exposure to the withering glare  
of the witch's candle was fatal, and many  
tales are current among the peasantry of  
baleful effects. The light is now quenched,  
and nought remains of the once mighty  
stress but dilapidated walls and mouldering  
ruins, whose massive fragments show how  
strong, and yet how vain, was the resistance  
opposed to the assaults of William the  
third, before whose cannon they fell. The  
ruins are covered with a pall, these relics of for-  
getfulness; and when banners were wont to  
wave, the foxglove unfolds its crimson blossoms  
to the breeze. The soil, once red with  
the blood of the foe, and which so often re-  
sounded to the tread of "mail-clad men," is  
now barrowed by innumerable flocks of timo-  
rous rabbits, which at the slightest noise are  
in scudding away in hundreds, to their un-  
ground retreats, or the shelter of the spread-  
ing "lady fern," with which the soil is cover-  
ed. The owl and the bat fit at nightfall round  
gloomy towers, and startle with their  
strange noises the belated peasant, who hur-  
ries by with the feeling of awe which super-  
stition always flings around such ruins in Ire-  
land, and while he wraps his toadie closely  
round him, and pulls his hat over his eyes,  
he sees himself with a muttered prayer, or  
usual exclamation of "God come between  
and harm this blessed night."

In the day-time, however, when the cheer-  
ful sun has put to flight the phantoms and  
apes,  
"Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,"  
Carrig O'Gunnie Castle is the frequent resort  
of many of the country people, but of various  
pups of "felicity hunters" from more dis-  
tant parts. The eminence on which it is built  
commands an extensive and not unpictu-  
resque prospect. Immediately at the foot,  
on the landward side, its sloping fields bright-  
ening in the sunshine, lies the snug glebe, em-  
bowered in trees so close that you can dis-  
tinguish the neatly trimmed hedge rows, and  
trace the gravelled avenue that leads to the  
parish church of Killeedy at its gate. Further  
on, are the woods of Elm Park and Lord C's  
improvements, with the village of Clarina to  
the left. On the river side the rock steps  
suddenly down, rendering the ascent to the  
castle by that way steep and precipitous. Very  
lovely is the view on a calm summer's  
evening when the sun is setting behind the  
distant hills of Clare, and gilding with its red  
and glowing light the majestic Shannon and  
the winding Maiza, a little tributary river which  
forms various fairy islets in its meandering  
course; and pleasant it is to watch the graceful  
brig, or the humbler turf boat, with its red  
sails glowing in the sunset, as it proceeds slowly  
by the luxuriant woods of Cooper Hill and  
Tervoe, towards the city of Limerick, which  
is seen in the distance, far as the eye can reach,  
its cathedral piercing the cloud of smoke and  
vapour that hangs over the town.

On such an evening as we have been de-  
scribing, in the autumn of the year 1822—a year  
memorable in that part of the country to all  
classes of persons, two figures were seen slowly  
descending the hill from the castle; they  
were apparently little alive to the scenery  
which they were attempting to portray, for  
the eyes of both were bent on the ground. The  
one, a young peasant in the first bloom of  
manhood, was tall and athletic in figure, and  
in his open and generous countenance the re-  
freshing signs of youth was blended with an ex-  
pression of hardihood and manly daring beyond  
his years. He was dressed in the ordinary  
garb of a peasant—a light coloured frieze coat  
and straw hat, with his shirt collar open in  
front so as to display the throat, according to  
the usual custom among the men of his class.  
He carried in his hand a stout crab-thorn stick,  
or shillelagh, calculated to prove a powerful  
weapon when wielded by so muscular an arm,  
but which was now harmlessly employed in de-  
capitating the dockweeds and thistle-down that  
grew in the path that he was treading.

The young man's companion was a girl of  
unusual freshness and beauty. Her dress dif-  
fered in nothing but the cut, almost approach-  
ing to coquetry, with which it was adorned,  
from that universally worn by the country  
maiden of the south of Ireland:—a brown  
stuff gown, the skirt of which was turned up  
and fastened behind, so as to allow an under-  
petticoat of a blue colour to be visible from the  
knees downwards, a check apron, a necker-  
chief of a bright orange—(strange that this  
protestant colour should be so popular in the  
south)—and a pair of small brogues, completed  
her costume.

Her hair, which was of a jet black, luxu-  
riant and glossy, was parted à la Madonna in  
front, and gathered up at the back into that  
circular knot, which gives to the head a coun-  
tour at once so graceful and classical;—a mode  
of coiffure accurately preserved in McClise's  
exquisite, though we fear, alas! too flattering,  
specimens of the "daughters of Erin," in his  
admired painting of "All Hallow E'en."

The smiles that came and went, calling into  
life a thousand dimples that played about her  
rosy mouth and rounded cheek, had now van-  
ished, and the usual laughing slyness and  
coquetry of her dark blue eyes was chang-  
ed to an expression of deep tenderness, as  
with an anxious gaze she followed the down-  
cast looks of her companion.

"Don't take on that away, Maurice dear,"  
she said, after a long pause, "things may turn  
out better than you expect;—any how, there's  
no use in fretting;—we must hope for the  
best."

"A' where's the use o' hoping?" exclaimed  
the young man bitterly,—"whom's the use in  
it?—but sure 'tis only myself to be blame-  
ful and omdamn that I was to be thinking o'  
you, or looking at you, or speaking to you, at  
all at all!—what business had the likes o' me

o dare to lift my eyes to you, an' your father,  
the strong farmer he is. Och then, Kate  
avourneen, many an' many's the time since I  
first saw you, that I wished you were as poor,  
an' as humble, as e'er a girl in the place this  
blessed day;—an' that your father's gould an'  
his substance was at the bottom of the Shan-  
non beyond, for as much as he thinks of it."

"Whisht—whisht, Maurice," said Kate,  
"don't say a word agin my father;—'tis not  
fitting for me to be listening to such language  
from you. But indeed, after all, 'tis myself  
that's the worst off in it:—you're a man, Mau-  
rice, an' you can take your spade on your  
shoulder, an' go off to the fair or the market,  
or may be over across to England all the way,  
in harvest, an' you'll see fine places an' fine  
countries, an' soon forget ould times, an' the  
girl you left behind;—but poor Kate must stay  
at home with a sore heart, an' the spinning;  
an' many a time in the long evenings, when  
the place is quiet, an' the flax betime her fin-  
gers, she'll be thinking, an' thinking—"  
And here the poor girl's voice faltered, and she  
was obliged to stop;—her bosom heaved, and  
her eyes filled with tears, at the picture her  
father had conjured up.

Her lover stood still, and leaning on his  
stick, gazed absently on her as she struggled  
with her emotions.

"Cautheen," he said, "darling o' the  
world;—if mortal man dar'd to say, that Mau-  
rice Carmody would do the likes o' that to the  
girl of his heart,—that he'd lave her to pine at  
home, an' he way taking his diversion out o'  
foreign parts,—he'd get that from this arm  
would make him repent his words as long as  
the breath was in his body. 'Tis belying you  
are, Kate, taking that way o' my going from  
you;—your own boy, that would throw him-  
self from the top of that castle over this very  
minute if it was your bidding, or if it would do  
you the smallest service in life!"

"But you can do me a service, Maurice,"  
replied the young woman, brushing away her  
tears with the corner of her apron; "you can  
do me, aye, an' yourself too, a service. Lis-  
ten to me:—My father isn't against you at all  
at all as much as you think, nor wouldn't be,  
only you're your own enemy entirely. 'Tisn't  
silver or gould that Michael Hennessy wants  
for his daughter, an' there's nothing would  
hinder him from giving her to a quiet, decent,  
well-behaved boy that keeps at home, an'  
minds his business; but Maurice, a night  
walker, an' one that follows bad company,  
an' bad courses, 'll never get a girl of his for  
a wife; an' as long as—"

The dark eye of the young man kindled  
while his companion was speaking,—he drew  
himself up proudly, and was about to inter-  
rupt her with a violent exclamation, when she  
laid her hand gently on his arm, and looking  
into his face said,—"Maurice, I know what  
you are going to say;—what you're going to  
tell me; what you often did before, about  
sighting the country, an' the people, an' all  
that; but be said by me—do now, avich;—  
lave the country, and the people to them that  
knows more about such things than yourself;  
—where's the good o' bringing yourself into  
trouble for what you'll never be the better  
by; an' you'll find how my father 'll turn to  
you when he sees you quiet and industrious,  
take my word for it."

"If I thought that," replied Maurice, after  
a brief struggle with himself, "I would,  
Cautheen,—I would for your sake, give up  
all dealings with the boys that's putting me up  
to the courses you're talking about."

"The heavens bless you, Maurice, for that  
word," said the girl, joyfully, "the heavens  
bless an' reward you! An' will you promise  
me now, that you will hence-forward an' d' an'  
for ever, have nothing in the whole world to  
do with them—good nor bad?"

"I can't promise you that," said the young  
man, his brow darkening, "for I'm bound to  
them,—bound to do a turn for them this very  
night."

"Then," said the girl, clasping her hands  
and walking away a few paces—"you may  
take your last look at Kate Hennessy, for her  
father will never hear of her marrying one  
that's inclined as you are."

"Stop, Cautheen, stop," said her lover,  
following her with eager steps, and exclaiming,  
as he again stood before her, "would you be  
after making a traitor of me?" She did not  
answer, and he went on—

"I'm bound, as I told you,—bound hand an'  
foot for this night; and as I'm in for it, I must  
be as good as my word;—but, Cautheen, I  
swear to you now by Him that's over us,—and  
there's more hearkening to me this moment  
than we can see," he added, taking off his  
hat, and looking round at the haun'd spots on  
which the evening shadows were fast descend-  
ing—"I swear to you by all that is holy, from  
this night out, Maurice Carmody will have no  
more to do or to say with them that's displas-  
ing to you or yours, than the child unborn."

In joyful accents did the delighted Kate  
pour out her thanks and blessings upon her lover  
for his unexpected promise. "An' now,"  
she said, "tis late, an' I must be bidding you  
good night;—remember, Maurice dear, what  
you're after telling me, 'd be sure in the end  
all will go right. But in the mean time, don't  
let on a word to any one; an' mind—me must  
not be seen together."

"No,—but I'll meet you at the dance-house  
won't I, avourneen, on Sunday? You'll be  
there with your father, Cautheen?"

"That will I," she answered; "an' now  
good evening, Maurice."

"Good evening kindly, asthore,—an' safe  
home, an' a kind welcome to you wherever  
you go."

"Tis hard," he added, musingly, as he  
stood watching her retreating figure by a little  
well, whose crystal stream shaded from the  
moonday sun by the overhanging branches of a  
limber sally, furnished the village maidens  
with an inexhaustible supply of water for their  
household purposes—"Tis hard to give up the  
cause after all, an' perhaps be called a desert-  
er into the bargain;—but she's a jewel of a  
girl, an' well worth it. I must thry an' keep  
this night's work a secret from her father;—  
'tis only a few strokes of a pen after all, an'  
I can bind the boys to hold silence, an' not  
let on to any one, who done the job for them."  
—So saying, Maurice Carmody walked quick-  
ly away towards his cabin.

The country, at the time of which we are  
speaking, was in a state of unusual insubordi-  
nation; nightly expeditions in search of arms,  
and secret meetings of the discontented, were  
common among the peasantry. To meet these  
disturbances the district had been put under  
the "Insurrection Act," and any one found  
out of his own house after eight o'clock at  
night, without the requisite pass, or certificate  
from a magistrate, was forthwith sentenced to  
transportation. These measures, though severe,  
were called for by the exigence of the times,  
and were in full force at the period  
when our story occurred.

The taste for dancing, however, that fa-  
vorite amusement of the lower orders, was not to  
be checked by the restrs into which they  
laboured, and accordingly the dance-house, on  
the Sunday evening before alluded to, was  
crowded with a motly group, of all ages and  
both sexes, dressed in their best attire and  
brightest smiles, for the occasion. The scene  
of the revels was an old waste barn, which  
had been hired at a moderate yearly rent, by  
Johnny Brian, the little hump-backed piper,  
for the purposes of amusement; and at the en-  
trance, in the three-fold capacity of proprie-  
tor, door-keeper, and musician, sat Johnny  
himself,—an old hat by his side, destined to  
receive the pence, half-pence, and sometimes  
even silver, deposited in it by each comer on  
arriving, according to his or her respective  
means. These offerings frequently amounted to  
no inconsiderable sum before the end of the  
evening, and Johnny used to reckon it an in-  
different night's work that did not enable him  
to pocket seven or eight shillings at the least.

The dancing had not begun when Michael  
Hennessy and his daughter entered the barn;  
and the latter, taking advantage of the confusion  
and general greeting that were going forward,  
glided into a dark corner, where she was able  
to remain unnoticed.

"Arrah! what's come over ye at all at all  
to-night, boys and girls, that ye're not dan-