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Porter.

AN ENGLISH SONG,

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh! England is our home,
And Englishmen are we!
Our tongue is known in every clime,
Our flag in every sea!
We will not boast that we alone
The rights of freedom know;
There's many a land that's free beside,
But Eng'nd made it so.
The thunder of her battle-ships
Was heard on many a shore;
But her healing words of peace are heard
Above the cannon's roar.
There let us shout for England—for the world-be-
loved England!
Let such men shout with us, "Hurrah! hurrah for
England!"
God England's dust is rich
With the dead who in her lie—
Her Newtons, Sidneys, Miltons—
Oh! could such beings die!
Yes, died to make us rightful heirs,
To leave, for us, behind,
Strong head and hand to do the right,
And deathless power of mind.
Oh, god-like men of England,
Ye have not lived in vain,
For in many a one of us shall rise
Your mighty men and again!
Let us shout for England—for the young strong
minds of England!
Let patriot, poet, shout with us, "Hurrah! hurrah
for England!"
Mothers and wives of England,
Be to your husbands true:
The welfare of the peopled earth
Is given of God to you!
Ye bear no common sons—the child
Who on your breast doth lie,
Though born within a peasant's shed,
Is meant for doing right,
And let each child of England
Rejoice that it has birth;
For who is born of England's blood
Is powerful in the earth.
Let us shout for England—for the great good
men of England!
Let wives and children shout with us, "Hurrah!
hurrah for England!"

THE REVERSES OF A SEASON.

(Concluded.)

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the
Hume and Rousseauian principles. She
continued to promulgate her maxims in the
low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but
did not remain to profit by them. I hurried
to conceal my sorrow and my disappoint-
ment in the privacy of those apartments, where
on the preceding evening, surrounded by so
many comforts, I had proudly perhaps too
proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness,
and had at large expatiated on my many de-
votional topics of self-gratulation. How miser-
able was that stock of happiness now impar-
tially, but, hopeful as I am, my nature, my san-
guine temperament still unimpaired; and, as I
descended the staircase to my apartment, Mar-
ia's image presented itself in smiles to my
imagination, and I repeated to myself, "my
fortune has gone! My rival has deserted
me! But, Maria! thou, dearest, still remain-
est to me. I'll tranquilize my mind by the
counsel of your daily letter, and then
I'll deliberate and act for myself." I
went to the post but by this time have ar-

approached the table where my cards and
books were constantly deposited—but no let-
ter was there. I could not believe my eyes;
I rang, and asked for my letters—none had
been delivered during my absence from home. "Had
the post by you gone?" "Yes, many an hour
ago." It was too true, then—even Maria
was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was
the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust
was apparently slight—possibly accidental;
but occurring at such a time, it fell with all
the weight of a last and consummating calamity
on one who was already overthrown. I
bit my teeth; I stamped over the floor;
I raved about my arms with the vain and ob-
scure passion of an angry child. My dog,
incensed at the violence of my gestulation,
looked at my large dark eyes upon me, and stared
at my astonishment, as well he might, at the
sudden passion of his master. I saw, an ex-

pression of tenderness and commiseration in
his looks; and, in an agony of tears—don't
laugh at me, for, in the same situation, under
the same circumstances, you probably would
have done the same—I flung myself down on
the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Nep-
tune, everything on earth has forsaken me but
you—my fortune—my friend—my love—with
my fortune; and you, you alone, my good old
faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of
my affliction!" I stared up, and paced my
apartment backwards and forwards with wide
and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid
succession of painful events, bewildered in my
mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the ex-
tremes!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which
results from the agitation of the mind, I took
up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and
prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my
grief, which could not be found in the quiet of
my home. In leaving the room, my eye ac-
cidentally glanced towards my pistols. My
hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived
that to approach the place where they lay
was like tempting; hell to tempt me; but, a
thought flashed across my mind, that to die
were to punish the unworthy authors of my
sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse
to the hearts of Maria and John; and I took
the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed
them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want
them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through
back and retired streets, with no other motive
to direct me than the necessity of locomotion,
I, at length, found myself on the banks of the
Thames, at no great distance from Westmin-
ster Bridge. My boat was kept near this
place; on the water I should be delivered
from all apprehension of observing eyes. I
should be alone with sorrow and, unfavorable
as the season and weather were, I proceeded
to the spot where my boat was moored. "Bad
time for boating, Mr. Luttrell," said Piner,
who had charge of my gettingy; "it's mortal
cold, and there's rain getting out there to the
windward." But, careless of his good-natured
remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently
from his hand, and proceeded, in angry sen-
sation, to the boat. I pushed her off, and
rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea,
with Neptune lying at my feet. When I had
found myself alone upon the water, with none
to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief,
breaking through all the restraints that had
confin'd it so long as I was expos'd to the in-
spection of my fellow-creatures, discharged
itself in vehement exclamations of indignant
passion. "Fool! Fool that I was to trust
them! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me
now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria, I
should have thought it happiness enough to
have died for you; and you to desert me—to
fall away from me, too, at the moment when a
single smile of yours might have indemnified
me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the
treachery of friendship? As to Fraser, men
are all alike—selfish by nature, habit, educa-
tion. They are trained to baseness, and he is
the wisest man who becomes earliest ac-
quainted with suspicion. He is the happiest,
who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of
attachment, constrains every symp-
tom of attachment within the close imprisonment of a cold
and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be
revenge'd. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverish-
ed—despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the
perfidious shall yet be taught to know,
that he will not be spurn'd with impunity, or
trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture,
accompanying the vehemence of my senti-
ment, interfer'd with the repose of Neptune,
who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the
boat. The dog vented his impatience in a
quick and angry growl. At that moment, my
irritation amounted almost to madness.—
"Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my raper
dog turns against me. He withdraws the
mercenary attachment which my food had
purchased, now that the sources which had
supplied it have become exhausted." I im-
pudged to my dog the frailties of man, and hasten-
ed, in the wild suggestion of the instant,

to take a severe and summary vengeance on
his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my
breast, and order'd him to take the water. I
determined to shoot him as he was swimming,
and then leave him there to die. Neptune
hestitated to obey me. He was scarcely aroused,
perhaps he did not comprehend my command.
My impatience would brook no delay, I was
in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in
the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of
strength, to cast the dog in the river. My
purpose failed—my balance was lost—and, in
a moment of time, I found myself engaged in
a desperate struggle for existence with the
dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot
swim—Death—death in all its terrors—instant-
aneous, inevitable death, was the idea that
press'd upon my mind, and occupied all its
faculties. But poor Neptune required no so-
licitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger
of his master, than he sprang forward to my
rescue, and, sustaining my head above the
water, swam stoutly away with me to the
boat.

When once resented there, as I looked up-
on my preserver shaking the water from his
coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary
had happened, my conscience became pene-
trated with the bitterest feelings of remorse
and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-
condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the
presence of that noble animal, who, having
saved my life at the very moment I was med-
itating his destruction, seemed of too gener-
ous a nature to imagine, that the act he had
performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his
service, or required special gratitude from his
master. Humbled in my own opinion, my in-
dignation against Maria and John Fraser, for
their cruel desertion in my distress, was ex-
changed for a mingled sentiment of tenderness
and forgiveness. Having rowed to the landing-
place, I hastened to take possession of the
best hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune to
it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit
street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first ob-
ject that presented itself to my eye was a note
from my Maria. All the blood in my veins
seemed to rush back towards my heart, and
there to stand trembling at the seat of life and
motion. Who could divine the nature of the
intelligence which that note contained. I
held the paper some minutes in my hand be-
fore I could obtain sufficient command over
myself to open it. That writing conveyed to
me the sentence of my future destiny. Its
purport was pregnant of the misery or happi-
ness of my aiter life. At length, with a sud-
den, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst
the seal asunder, and read:

"Dearest Lionel—I did not write yester-
day, because my aunt had most unexpectedly
determined to return to town to-day. We
left Brighton very early this morning, and are
established at Thomas' Hotel. Come to us
directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton's,
(which, by-the-by, will compel us to
have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a happier
home than we otherwise should have had)
compels you to be busy among law people,
and occupies all your time this morning,
pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to
dinner, at all events you must contrive to be
with us in Berkeley Square some time this
evening. My aunt desires her best love, and
believe me, dearest Lionel, your affectionate
MARIA."

And she was really true! This was by far
the kindest note I had ever received. Maria
was constant, and my wicked suspicions were
only in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was
I to blame! how severely did my folly de-
serve punishment!

In five minutes after the first reading of
Maria's note, I was descending the staircase,
and prepared to obey her summons. A car-
riage stopped suddenly before the house—the
raper was loudly and violently beaten with a
hurried hand—the street door flew open; and
John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last
evening, pale with watching and fatigue, and
travel, and excitement, burst like an unex-
pected apparition upon my sight. He rushed
towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it

with the energy of an almost convulsive joy,
exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time; I
thought I should be; deuced good horses too,
or we should never have beat him."

"What do you mean? beat whom?"
"The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did they
not tell you I had got scent of the starting,
and was off after him within an hour of his
departure?"

"No, indeed, John, they never told me
that."
"Well, never mind, I overtook him within
five miles of Canterbury, and horse-whipped
him within an inch of his life."
"And—--and—the money?"

"Oh, I've lodged that at Coult's. I thought
it best to put it out of danger at once. So I
drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty
thousand pounds in a place of security, before
I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe."

"I had been humbled and ashamed of my-
self before—if I had repent'd my disgusting
suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this expla-
nation of John Fraser's absence was very little
calculated to restore me to my former happy
state of self-approbation. Taking my friend
by the arm, and call'g Neptune, I said, "By
and bye John, you shall be thanked as you
ought to be for all your kindness; cut you
must first forgive me. I have been cruelly
unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Nep-
tune here. Come with me to Berkeley-
square. You shall there hear the confession
of my past rashness and folly; and when my
heart is once delivered from the burden of self
reproach that now oppresses it, there will be
room for the expansion of those happier feel-
ings, which your friendship and Maria's ten-
derness have everlastingly planted there.—
Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute
my mind which is injurious to those I love.
The world's a good world; the women are all
true, and the dogs are all attached and
staunch."

"I can't for the life of me, understand,
Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in
the course of half an hour—seated on the
sofa, with Maria on the one side of me, with
John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune
lying at my feet, I had related the painful
tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard
myself affectionately pitied and forgiven; and
concluded, in the possession of unmingled hap-
piness, the series of my day's reverses.

Miscellaneous.

Friends.—Experience has taught me that
the only friends we can call our own—that
know no change—are those over whom the
grave has closed; the seal of death is the only
seal of friendship. No wonder, then, that we
cherish the memory of those who loved us, and
comfort ourselves with the thought that they
were unchanged to the last. The regret we
feel at such affliction has something in it that
softens our hearts, and renders us better. We
feel more kindly disposed to our fellow crea-
tures, because we are better satisfied with our-
selves—first, for the being able to excite affec-
tion; and secondly, for the gratitude with
which we repay it—to the memory of those we
have lost; but the regret we feel at the aliena-
tion, or unkindness of those we trusted and loved,
is so mingled with bitter feelings, that it sears
the heart, dries up the fountain of kindness in
our breast and disgusts us with human nature,
by wounding our self love in its most vulner-
able part: the showing that we have failed to
excite affection where we had lavished ours.—
One may learn to bear this uncomplainingly
and with outward calm: but the impression is
indelible, and he must be made with different
materials to the generality of men, who does
not become a cynic, if he becomes nothing
worse, after suffering such a disappointment.

Special Verdict.—Three young men were
recently tried in Caltaragus county, for shoot-
ing and mortally wounding a dog. The writ-
ten verdict of the jury was: "all three guilty;
plaintiff's damages assessed at six pence; and
each of the defendants to have another shot at
the dog!"