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POETRY.

A LOVE SONG.

Better make the old oak,
Dear Kate, I do not swear and rave,
Or arch sweet things as many can;
But though my lip no'er plays the slave,
My heart will not disgrace the man.
I prize thee—ay, my bonnie Kate,
So fairly fond this breast can be,
That I would break the strongest fate
If it but left me health and ease.

I do not promise that our life
Shall know no shade on heart or brow;
For human lot and mortal strife
Would mough the clouds of such yow.
But when the flocks of pain and care
Shall teach us we are not divine,
My dearest sorrows thou shalt share,
And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance
The murmurs of dissent may rise;
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
And angry flashes light our eyes.
But we must learn to check the frowns,
To reason rather than to blame;
The wisest ha'e their faults to own,
And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,
For such an honest strain as this;
I love thee dearly, but I hate
The pining rhymer of "his" and "bliss."
There's faith in all I've said or sung,
I woo thee as a man should woo;
And though I lack a homed tongue,
Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

THE BELL MANSHIP.

A TRUE STORY.

Conclusion.

start; and if the brute had seen it, a flush
sion, succeeded by a deadly paleness,
and that the arrow had struck; but she
nothing.

"You don't seem to hear what I said, Mary,
is telling you that Taddy?"

"I heard you, Robert; don't talk so loud;
my body will hear you."

Well, every body has heard it already, I
see. Sukey has ordered such lots of dresses
—and twenty handkerchiefs, with a bonnet,
say, in each of these, from Madame La-
me, the French milliner at Chaudelin,
—and twenty bonnets!—think of that,
Mary?"

Mary did not think at all on the subject, but,
coming up a little courage, enquired who
it was.

Sukey Stobbs, to be sure, his own coun-
tyl you know very well. His father made
match, they say, but I darsay Taddy
glad enough. He'd leave the grocery
store in London, and settle down in Chad-
elin, I say, rare fun, won't it be, for him and
Barrell to live, perhaps, next door to each
other. The two deceivers."

Mary designed no reply; and our friend, the
boy, seemed meditating some other agree-
subject of conversation. Suddenly he
out, as he perceived certain figures ad-
ing down the walk.

"Sukey! here's a lark! Blowed if old
n'sn himself and Sukey ain't coming
the long walk—and, by Jingo!" he
in a still louder voice, "there comes
himself, creeping after 'em as if his
were bleeding."

Here the elegant youth had found time for
exclamations, a hand was laid on his
er—

"Home, Robert," said his father, for it
the old gentleman who addressed him;
"I speak so loud on the public walk—I
our impetuous courage will lead you to
nothing ungentlemanly, if I am insulted
these people. Mary, take my arm, look
and pass on as if you never saw them."
The next time a conversation of much
the kind, though sustained in rather finer
age, took place between the orator and
Plantagenet. But when the parties
came near, though each father kept
hold of his offspring's arm, and carried
his head prestigiously elevated, it was
ble for either of the young people to

look as they had been directed, and their eyes
for a moment, but only a moment, met. A
moment is a century on some occasions. That
single glance showed that, however Capulet
and Montagu might storm, Romeo was still
Romeo, and Juliet Juliet. Taddy's blue coat
looked rather large for him, whether it had
been originally manufactured with an eye to
the possibility of his getting more expanded,
or that grief and sorrow had worn him away;
—and his fine jolly countenance seemed in the
anxious eyes of Mary to wear a far more un-
healthy hue than formerly. But, however
these matters might be, she felt satisfied that
Sukey had no place in Taddy's thoughts, and
was even rejoiced at the looseness of the coat,
and paleness of the cheek. With no outward
recognition—with heads stuck high in the air,
and backs unbent at Maypoles, the fathers
strutted on—the parties pursued their respec-
tive ways, the meeting had taken place, and
each progenitor felt mightily elated that his
quarrel had been taken up by their own flesh
and blood, without giving themselves a mo-
ment's time to reflect that two young people
were, perhaps, sacrificing the happiness of
their lifetime, because two old blockheads
chose to play the fool.

As the distance grew gradually between the
parties, Mr. Simpkinson relaxed his hold of
Taddy's arm; and that gentleman, finding
himself at liberty, slunk cautiously behind.
He suddenly halted over the little walk to the
water-side where he had seen the Yahoo, who
had been watching all these operations from
one of the benches.

"Robert," he said, "by all that's good and
kind, do me just a little favor. Tell Mary I
shall be here to-night at nine o'clock. She
can easily come the way home from her aunt
Margaret's where she can go to tea. Do be
a good-hearted fellow, and tell her. I've
much to say, and daren't stop a moment."

"Went I?" said the good-natured Robert;
but, on looking round, his suppliant had hur-
ried off and rejoined the party. "Went I?"
—my fine Taddy?—That I will—why, Taddy
has it all so pat, nothing can be so conven-
ient. Went I have some fun out of all this?
Let me see how I can manage." And leaving
the Yahoo in the midst of his, no doubt, bene-
volent meditations, I close this chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunt Margaret's tea-table had never appear-
ed so tiresome in the eyes of Mary Padden.
The old lady's anecdotes seemed to have
grown more pretentiously longer than usual;
the time between the cups more colored, and
the dial hand of the chimney-piece clock ab-
solutely paralyzed. Not that Mary was dying
of actual impatience to meet my good friend
Plantagenet; I will venture to say she would
have survived her disappointment if the meet-
ing had been put off till that day month; but
she felt in the uncomfortable state we may
suppose some criminal to be in, when he is
anxious for the time of his uncertainty to be
over. But in addition to this, she could not
help having a vague suspicion that all was not
right with her new friend, confident, the Yahoo;
for that individual had not been quite
able to conceal the existence of something or
other more than he had told her. He had also
promised to call for her, and conduct her
through the elm walk; and amid Mary's
wonderings and speculations, and in her pre-
sent state of uncertainty, it is not very sur-
prising that Aunt Margaret thought her a very
disagreeable visiter, and even had some slight
idea of altering her will. At the appointed
time, however, the Yahoo appeared, and after
a few delicate insinuations against old maids,
(for the edification of Aunt Margaret,) marched
off his sister, to the mutual relief of the aunt
and niece.

"Wrap yourself well up, Mary," he said,
"the night is very cold and dark. Here, take
old auntie's bonnet and pelisse; what a fool
you are to come out with a bare head, and no
cloak."

"You are very kind, Robert," answered
the sister, astonished no less than pleased at
the affectionate solicitude of her brother.
"I shall not forget how good you have been."

"I darsay you won't," muttered the youth,
"nor Taddy either, if I mistake not; but
come along, stuff your little feet into Aunt
Margaret's pattens, for it has rained very late-
ly, take my arm; forward, march!"

In the meantime a solitary figure was pacing
impatiently up and down the middle walk.
As the hour of nine approached, he seemed
more and more impatient; the walk, partly
from the cloudiness of the evening, and partly
from the unbiagenousness of the foliage, was
nearly dark, and in vain he strained his eyes
in the direction of Aunt Margaret's, to catch
a glimpse of any one approaching. He stood
still, and listened; at last he thought he heard
a distant sound of footsteps, and hastily retreat-
ed to the little beach, surrounded with bushes,
and facing the river. "What a good fellow,"
he muttered half aloud, "that heard Yahoo
has turned. It was so good in him to recom-
mend me dressing in my father's clothes,
gaiters, shoes, and all, besides his broad hat
and spectacles. Even if Mary is seen with a
man, people can't say anything when they
think it is my father; and, besides, it is impos-
sible for him to hear of my having met with
her, as I defy any one to swear to my identity
in these clothes."

"Here we are," said Bob at this moment,
"never mind the bonnet, 'tis Mary, I assure
you. I will go and keep guard, but don't be
long."

Mr. Bob then walked directly towards the
biggest tree in our parish, which is called the
Pilgrim's Elm, and is not above fifty yards south
of the resting place of the lovers. Hidden
from observation, even if it had been daylight,
behind its gigantic trunk stood no other than
Mr. Padden himself.

"You see I all I say ain't true, father,"
said the son; "you go and watch them—such
bbling and cooing never was—disgraceful
phantom!"

The old gentleman said nothing, but stole
quietly to the south end of the little clump
of bushes, from which he could catch dim glimpses
of human figures, and hear indistinct mur-
murs of human voices. The conversation be-
tween the lovers, as indeed I believe is fitting
on such occasions, was carried on in a tone
which would scarcely have reached an ear
placed nearer to them than that of M. Padden.
A very short time sufficed to explain to each
other their sorrow at the disagreement of their
fathers; and, as I do not pretend to paint Mary
as altogether perfect, I will not deny that she
made enquiries about Sukey Stubbs, though
she felt convinced without Plantagenet's as-
sertions, that there was no real ground for the
report. When Taddy had told her that such
an idea had never entered into any body's
head, and was a vile creation of Master Bob's
malice, Mary could not refrain from raising
her voice a little, while she said,

"My brother is certainly the most spiteful
and malicious wretch in all the world!"

"A good thrashing would do him no harm,"
said the rejoinder of Plantagenet, in the same
tone.

"You old abominable flit!" thought Mr.
Padden, before whose eyes flitted indistinctly
the cloak and bonnet of his sister, Aunt Mar-
garet; "and you, you old dabbler," turn-
ing his look on the peculiar hat and lang-
backed coat of his antagonist, Mr. Simpkin-
son—"I'll work you both for this. I'll expose
them both, if Margaret had ten times five thou-
sand pounds. Malicious wretch! thrashing
indeed! most ungentlemanly language! very
ill!"

The old gentleman, however, managed to
restrain his wrath within peaceable bounds,
and strained every nerve to catch some more
of the conversation. But it appears to have
sunk into quieter channels, and glided at
its own sweet will from the past to the future,
and, indeed, through all the tenses of the verb
amare.

"Come, now, I must go," said Mary,
"it's getting late."

"Not yet, my dear girl, we may not meet
again for a long time;" and while Mary rose
to go, and Taddy argued to detain her, I will
not undertake to swear that the broad hat of

the gentleman did not lift up the front of the
straw bonnet in a very peculiar fashion.

"Kissed her, by all that's beastly!" ejacu-
lated Mr. Padden, as he hurried round the
clump to confront them as they emerged into
the middle walk—"If he isn't a parolito, and
an alucination too, or something worse, if
anything can be worse, I'm no gentleman,
that's all."

As he rushed to the north end of the bushes,
he came suddenly on the object of his search,
but Mary had disappeared. Mr. Simpkinson
had his mouth apparently so filled with big
words, that they tumbled and jostled over each
other in their effort to escape.

"Sir," he began, "in all my experience
of the subtleties of private conspiracy and re-
bellion, this is the grand climacteric and apex.
Here have I been listening to the plans of your
daughter, who is deluding my son."

"My daughter?" broke in Mr. Padden,
"your son, sir! My sister you mean, and
yourself—most ungentlemanly behavior!
Haven't I seen you with my own eyes, salute
that foolish old woman, for the sake of her five
thousand pounds in the four per cents—haven't
I heard you say that a thrashing, sir—a thrash-
ing would do me good; your conduct is un-
gentlemanly, sir—very ungentlemanly in-
deed!"

"What? you mean, sir, your hypercritical
paradigma? hasn't your own son, Robert,
told me the whole plot; that you told your
daughter to disguise herself like her aunt, to
have the opportunity of meeting John Planta-
genet Simpkinson, my son? Haven't I seen
their meeting? I pause for a reply?"

"This won't do with me, Mr. Simpkinson,
nor with any gentleman. There is no mistak-
ing your hat and coat—nor your sister Mar-
garet's cloak and bonnet; and, as her nearest
relation, I shall see that she is not trifled with
—goodnight, sir."

"By no means, sir," exclaimed the orator,
"this is a point involving gigantic considera-
tions of preponderance and importance. Your
daughter has inveigled my son to this candle-
stick meeting, and you now cast the iniquity
upon me. You shall account for this before we
part."

A low whistle at this instant hindered the
two chiefs inhabitants of Buzzleton from giv-
ing each other a bloody nose; for no sooner
was the whistle heard than the *fons et origo*
malii, the identical Mr. Tapps, the bellman,
assisted by his former rival, Mr. Hicks, who,
by way of a compensation, had been made su-
pernumerary constable, rushed forward on the
selligerents, and arrested them, informing
them, at the same time, that his worship the
mayor had received information from Mr. Ro-
bert Padden of their intention to fight a duel.

Here was confusion worse confounded.—
Our two dignitaries to be marched in charge
of the authorities to his worship's house, and
thence, after examination, to be either bound
over to keep the peace, or consigned to the
cage! Mutual danger smoothed the way in a
great measure to a mutual accommodation, and
when at last our magnates appeared in the
mayor's parlour, they seemed to have almost
renewed their ancient friendship. The elo-
quence of Mr. Simpkinson had seldom shown
so much as in his explanation to the mayor of
all the circumstances of the case; but that
official being perhaps not so deeply read in Ci-
cero as were becoming for so high an officer,
professed himself at a loss to comprehend
one syllable of the whole transaction. Under
these circumstances he judged it best to send
for all the parties implicated, and after the
 lapse of a few minutes, all had obeyed his
summons, with the exception of the Yahoo.
Mr. Plantagenet, on parting from Mary, had
returned to the walk, and having nothing
better to do, had carried into execution his long
cherished resolution of thrashing that unfor-
tunate victim to his heart's content: an op-
eration for which it is highly probable he could
not have had a better opportunity if he had
waited a century; for our whole civic force
was occupied guarding the prisoners at the
mayor's, and the night was dark, and the walk
deserted.

It may be observed, as an illustration of the