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(From the Anglo-American.)
GIVE THANKS.

When softly came the wreathing Spring
To dance around the rosy ring,
And still, to raise the early flowers,
The sky flung down refreshing showers—
The Lord was pleased to bless our land:
To scatter round his favours kind;
Then praise him for his liberal hand,
And all his mercies bear in mind!

When summer came, with twilight eyes,
Her path a rainbow in the skies:
Her hands with fragrance dropping sweet,
And roses gathered at her feet—
She brushed the blossoms from the trees,
And left the fruit exposed there,
To court the sunshine and the breeze,
And ripen in the balmy air.

Then Autumn claimed the sovereign day,
And swept the clustering leaves away:
But nourished still the branching root,
And filled the earth with ruddy fruit!
Then raise your fervent hearts to heaven,
Give gracious thanks to God above,
Who all these glorious gifts hath given:
And praise him for his mighty love.

And also, on the stormy deep
Our God did watchful vigils keep;
He bade the billows rage no more,
And brought his vessel safe to shore!
Then bless him for his wondrous grace:
Give thanks for his almighty care:
And bending low, with veiled face,
Lift up the voice of praise and prayer!

Give thanks to God! Glad homage pay!
He swept destruction from our way;
Forbade that fall disease appear,
And bless'd us with a healthy year!
Then sing loud praises to our Lord Divine—
All honour to the Lord Divine—
For he hath overflowed our store
With waving corn, and dashing wine!

But more, my gentle friends, have we
To lift the heart and bend the knee:
For mercies rich, and blessings kind,
That cheer the soul, and raise the mind,
Behold! with links of sovereign love,
The Lord our young affections bound;
So light and comfort from above,
Shall ever in our home be found!

With reverent awe, and holy fire,
Exalt the heart, and strike the lyre!
Oh! sing him a sacred song,
To whom all sacred things belong!
With fervent love and humble voice,
We'll breathe our thankful prayers to heaven;
Praise our kind Father and rejoice
For all the favours he hath given!

THE DESERTERS.

A TALE OF CRIME, FOUNDED ON FACT.
(BY THE EDITOR.)

CHAPTER VI.

In which a little of Mother Burke's machinations appear.

Mother Burke was so positive that Alice and Charley Phillipson were lovers that she was completely thrown off her guard, and suffered Frank Rollick to enter her house whenever he chose; nor did she think proper to watch his interviews with her daughter by the piercing glances of her Cyclopaean eye. So Frank went and came at pleasure, and the mutual passion which had sprung up between him and Alice had full leisure to expand. It also soon became apparent that Mother Burke with her clear penetration, shrewd judgment, and caustic wit, was pleased with the gay laughing manners, hearty generosity, and fun-loving propensities of the young Englishman. She soon found that his keen relish of a joke, and unbounded good humour, eminently qualified him for a listener to one endowed with her superior talents, and also that his simple jokes, and exuberance of mirth were excellent reliefs for her keen satires and racy anecdotes; nay, she even became fond of his company, and if he was absent an evening would chide him for it, for she well knew that some alloy was necessary to soften down the asperities of her disposition. It may appear strange that persons so widely different in feelings and manners should ever seek each others' company, but it is an opinion very generally entertained that we are attracted as much by our very opposites as by affinities. At all events had it not been for religious differences Alice would have been willingly consigned to Frank's care; but he regarded Mother Burke as an old bigot, while she considered him a heretic, born and living without the pale of redemption.

As their intimacy increased Mother Burke not only permitted the evening wanderings of Frank with Alice, accompanied by Sumpney and Harriet, but even requested him to accompany her, arguing in her own mind that this would be the readiest way to cure her daughter of the passion she supposed she entertained for the pedlar. It must not be concluded from this, however, that she did not foresee, and

weigh in her mind, the probability of an attachment being formed between Frank and Alice, but this, she thought, she would most carefully watch, and crush it ere it had progressed too far. Little did she imagine that she had already gained that strength which nothing but death could sever.

Ah! these were halcyon days for Frank. His work at the Church was immediately in sight of the loved residence, at the distance of not more than two hundred rods, and Alice never stirred out of the house but he saw her; in the morning early milking her cows, and feeding the poultry; in the evening, going to the well for water, to the garden for vegetables, or going to, and returning from, her labours of charity and love; and never did she make her appearance but her eyes were directed towards the Church, and seldom indeed did it happen but a sign of recognition met her gaze, which gracefully extended towards her, as though it were in the act of waiting a kiss; and as seldom did it happen that that kiss was not as playfully and gracefully returned. At noon, during the "dinner hour," Alice would frequently have occasion to go to the garden, where of course she would be extremely busy, but about what it would have been difficult to discover—she would take a run along the path to see her friend Harriet Fuller—or she would scold "Teddy" for neglecting her favourites the cows, and bound away like a young fawn—accompanied by one of her spaniels—to drive them to the spring; and in all these little excursions she was pretty sure to be accompanied by the young Carpenter. Then again in the evening, how did it happen that the proper time for milking her cows was the exact hour at which mechanics quitted their daily labours! Was it chance or design? or a little of each? This the reader must guess, for we can only vouch for the fact, and assure him that Frank was certain to be on the spot in time to carry the flowing pail of milk to the house, and then assist her in directing, and while they were thus engaged, the "Brown Heifer" had stolen off and hid herself among the bushes! All this trouble would detain them until the shades of night were approaching, and many a scold did Frank get from the Mistress of the Boarding House, accompanied by a threat of cold suppers, if he did not come home in time; but then, how would Alice have loved these "plaguy coveys" without his assistance? and who could be angry with the merry Frank Rollick for five consecutive minutes?

Then came the evening rambles by moonlight, the hours of fun and frolic spent in "Tom Jacques' cottage," the staid walks through the fields, and along the margin of the stream on Sunday afternoons—oh! these indeed were halcyon days for our lovers. But how did Mother Burke's scheme progress? she was matching still, or had she at length determined to do what she never yet had done—trust to Providence, and allow matters to take their course? No, no; not she! she knew too well how to manage things to trust to any other power! What did nature know about forming human beings of similar tastes and feelings, so that united they would be most happy, and separated most miserable! What did Providence (thus impudently she argued) know about placing those mysterious impulses and sympathies in our beings, so that we must, to whom our hearts cling immediately, another towards whom we feel indifferent, and a third whom we hate! All these things entered not into her philosophy. She watched her daughter and her acquaintance,—aye, watched them most narrowly,—and at length discovered something like a growing affection for each other, not yet of a serious character, but which might soon become so if suffered to grow unobscured; but she had effected her object—Alice was partially if not wholly estranged from the Pedlar, and she (Mother Burke) would take care that love should never be renewed; and now Frank's race was run—his blissful enjoyment of "time and opportunity" must cease—Alice and he must part.

Ha, these very words, which they imagine the possibility of committing the most fatal errors, and that the affairs upon which they condescended to bestow their incomparable patronage would have been much better if left to take their own course. And in love affairs especially, they seem to forget the days when they were young and the children of impulses themselves, and utterly overlook the fact that while they have become cold and calculating, young people still have hearts! And did it never enter the mind of Mother Burke that Alice and Frank were admirably calculated to ensure each other's happiness through life? and did not the affection she herself had begun to feel for the young man tempt her to let matters take their course? Some such thoughts as these did, most undoubtedly, cross her mind, but they were evanescent as the rainbow; they were soon overpowered by the thought "No! I like him better than the pedlar, certainly, but he too is a heretic!" The she-fiend reasoned thus, and prohibited Alice from rambling any more in the evenings, or holding any intercourse with Frank—whom she forbade ever again to darken her door—and this she not only enjoined under penalty of her own malediction, but also threatened that the slightest indication of disobedience should draw down upon her daughter's head the anathemas of "Mother Church."

Poor Frank! he knew the character of Mother Burke too well to hope aught from her clemency, or to expect her to alter her determination; but yet he thought it would be quite easy to keep up a correspondence with Alice, through their mutual friends Sumpney and Harriet, and not impossible to elude the old woman's vigilance so far as to obtain, occasionally, a stolen interview. But he little thought of the nature of that threat which had been held over the trembling maid—a threat having such tremendous influence over the votaries of the Church of Rome that even the boldest dare not meet it with defiance—a threat which they believe, if carried out, will not only exclude them from Heaven, but render it a meritorious action for any one to cut them off from the face of the earth as things accursed, and to be abhorred.

Frank accordingly sought Harriet, to whom he communicated his hopes and his fears, and placed in her hands a letter which she promised to give to Alice the first opportunity. In this letter he represented in glowing terms the nature of his passion, and the extremity of his regrets, praying her to take pity on him and send him word by Harriet when and where she would favour him with a private interview. Frank

waited a week (seven years to a lover) for an answer, and when it came not he again sought Harriet; but she could only tell him that she had presented his letter to Alice, who had received it with signs of the deepest emotion, but had as yet given him no answer in return. Frank saw that Harriet was evidently concealing something from him, and hinted his suspicions, but she cut him short in such a decisive manner, by saying that whenever she should receive a communication from Alice, whether verbal or otherwise, she would not fail to deliver it, that he was fain to forbear further questioning. Weeks and months passed by, and all intercourse between him and Alice had not only ceased, but whenever he entered "Tom Jacques' residence Harriet treated him very coldly, and when he saw her out of doors she shunned him—aye, she the betrothed of his friend, to shun him with whom she had been so intimately acquainted! The thought was maddening, and the more so because she continued to be on the most intimate terms with Alice, and since she appeared to decline the task he knew of no other means by which he could renew his intercourse with that good girl. All this was more than he could bear, and Frank was no longer the gayest of the gay; he was no longer absent from his boarding house at meal time, but the mistress of the establishment declared that she would much rather he would take his accustomed rambles, and return with a sound appetite, although it did give her some trouble, than to be punctual in attendance and scarcely taste a mouthful. Poor Frank! no more was his ringing laugh heard proceeding from whatever company he might be in—no more did the song accompany the sound of his hammer or his plane. By day he was silent and abstracted; in the evenings he shut himself up in his room, or wandered forth alone, and on Sunday he sought the recesses of the forest, where he mused and gave vent to his grief. His spirits and elasticity had departed together, and he moped about in solitude. Company was exceedingly distasteful to him, and the slightest sound of mirth grated discordantly upon his ear. His colour had departed, his fullness of body disappeared, he grew lean and sallow, and his eyes were sunken.

Observant people said Frank was in a consumption, and that he would die; but observant people are sometimes mistaken, for when they see a gay, high-spirited young man suddenly stricken down by some calamity, they are not aware of the devil within, which struggles with and eventually overcomes their despair. After the lapse of several months Frank once more became himself again—at least in the opinion of the casual observer—he recovered his wonted health and appetite, again sought company, of which he again became the very soul; but notwithstanding all these visible and outward signs, Frank was not himself. His moral man had undergone a great and palpable change; his jokes and puns were no longer impudent, but deep; his songs were no longer light partook of the nature of a sneer; his songs in praise of woman, and her constancy, were changed for those in which a coquette figures largely, and were sometimes lewd; he shunned the society of his old friend Sumpney, and spent his nights in company with debauchees; the inebriating cup had extraordinary fascinations for him, and he no longer dreaded earning the reputation of a drunkard; and last of all he sought a cure for the pure and holy love of Alice in the society of females of equivocal character. Those who had at first rejoiced at Frank's recovery, soon started at his immorality, then talked to him, and last of all, and best of all, they shunned him. But let not the religious bigot apply the curses of the scriptures to every poor fellow whose lot is similar to Frank's; nor let the no less bigoted cold-water man sneer at him. They know not, neither can they figure to themselves the overwhelming horror—the indescribable anguish—of a man whose first made conscious that the object of their choice can never be theirs, and that a void is left in their breasts which time and other objects can never again fill—a blot left upon their memories which even the waters of Lethe could never obliterate! Oh! what a crushing of hopes accompanies the first consciousness that a passion of this nature is hopeless! What loathing of life, and praying for death! If aught in the world could justify a man for rushing into the presence of his Maker with a hand stained with his own blood, surely it would be this! What remains for a person thus situated, to look forward to, and hope for, in this life? Nothing! absolutely nothing! And strong in this deed must be the mind which can effectually resist that wretchedness in a round of dissipation. Aye, let bigots censure, and hypocrites sneer, but Frank was an object of pity, for nothing but dissipation could have saved him from death. It may indeed be urged that death is preferable to dissipation, but Frank considered himself a personage exalted with his despair, which impelled him to the course he pursued.

(To be Continued.)

RETROSPECTIONS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY A. B.

NO. II.—EDWARD VI.

The ingenuity and sweetness of his disposition had raised in all good and learned men, the greatest expectations possible. * * * He gave us an essay of virtue, though he did not long live to give a pattern of it.—CARDEN.

The Council of Regency appointed by Henry VIII.'s last Will, was singularly and capriciously selected. Among the sixteen executors invested with the administration of the Government and the care of the young King's person were men of the most notoriously opposite views on religious subjects. The Primate Crammer, an avowed reformer, found himself seated at the same board with Tonstall, bishop of Durham, an eminent Catholic prelate. The two Seymours, uncles of the King, and Dudley, Lord Lisle, were regarded as the leaders of the Protestant party; whilst the schemed, towards the end of the last reign, the destruction of Crammer and Queen Catharine Parr, by an impeachment for heresy. The dexterity of that able woman extricated her from imminent danger, and procured for the disconcerted "keeper of the Royal conscience," the memorable address of "knave, yet, arrant knave, beast and fool," from his indulgent master.

The cause of the reformation was strengthened by the

elevation of the elder Seymour, now created Duke of Somerset, to the Protectorate, and the forced resignation of the Chancellor. But the conflict of religion was raging, not only within the Cabinet, but throughout the whole Kingdom. The new doctrines were favourably received in large cities and sea-port towns through which polemical works and translations of the scriptures were widely circulated. In these places, too, the communications with the reformed churches on the continent were of course more frequent. But in many of the rural districts, a deep attachment to the old religion was still cherished. Henry VIII. had, in fact, fostered this feeling by the very measure he adopted to subvert it. The suppression of the monasteries (as effected by him) was doubly disastrous. It deprived the poorer classes of almost the only resource which, in those days, interposed between them and utter destitution. It scattered over the face of the country, a crowd of shelterless monks, exasperated by the remembrance of their grievances, and prepared to enlist in every village and hamlet the popular sympathies in the cause of Catholicism. Talents and energies hitherto buried in the cloister, were made subservient to the strengthening of old habits and prejudices among those orders of the people which are always found least willing to abandon them. In the various insurrections which disturbed the reign of Edward VI., the general cry of the peasantry was for the restoration of the monasteries and the *abbey lands*. The funds arising from the dissolution of the Religious Houses might have been employed with benefit to the latest posterity in the endowment of charitable and educational institutions; expended as they chiefly were, in feeding the rapacity of Henry and his Courtiers, they were worse than useless.

On the whole the reign of Edward was favourable to the progress of civil and religious liberty. The very first Parliament summoned by the Protector proceeded to annul the many constructive treasons which disgraced the statute book of the late king, and the persecuting act of the six articles. This is not the place to give even an abstract of the important innovations which followed. They were directed by the superior wisdom and caution of the Primate, and strenuously resisted by the fiery zeal of Bonner, Bishop of London, and the energy of Gardiner of Winchester. Every proposed change was violently and ably combated by the latter ecclesiastic; the denial of the real presence; the new Homages; the English Liturgy; the translation of the Bible; the extending the cup to the Laity; the discuss of images; the marriage of the Clergy.

To own the truth, there was no statesman, no prelate, no courtier of Henry VIII., who was not driven by the imperious tyranny of his royal master to the commission of unworthy actions. Thus neither the memory of Sir Thomas More, the one hand, or of Crammer on the other, has descended unstained to posterity. But Gardiner seems more than ordinarily culpable. Of his sincerity and consistency we may form our opinion from one single fact. In the previous reign he published a work attempting to prove the illegitimacy of the Princess Mary, and denying the authority of the Pope. He lived to become first minister of the one, and to restore the supremacy of the other. Henry foresaw the evils he might one day bring upon his country; he steadily refused to add his name to the Council of Regency, alleging, that he, and he alone, knew how to control his ambition. The active and determined opposition of one so distinguished by clerical rank and talent, could not but impede the progress of a religious revolution, which the party in power sincerely believed to be necessary. He lost his bishopric, and was even subjected to a temporary imprisonment. On comparing this treatment with many other acts of the age, it does not appear inordinately severe. At all events, if Gardiner flattered himself that he justified his cruelly savage retaliation in a subsequent reign, historical truth must decide against him.

The Duke of Somerset and his brother, the Lord High Admiral, was now opposed to each other. The latter, who had married the Queen Dowager, paid his addresses to the Princess Elizabeth, after his wife's death, in a manner (even in those days) highly indecorous. His intrigues created a factious spirit among the Protestant party which afforded matter of triumph to their enemies. Step by step, the brothers were led by their common foes into a situation where the destruction of the one might almost appear essential to the safety of the other. A Prince who had not yet attained his majority, wanted authority to effect a reconciliation; after some struggles of natural emotion, it was determined to proceed, by attainder, against the Admiral. If Somerset was guilty of a great crime in assenting to the death of so near a relation, he expiated the offence by his own humiliation and death on the scaffold not long after.

The prime agent of both these catastrophes was Dudley, Lord Lisle, afterwards successively created Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland; a man for whom the scaffold was also in reserve. After the fall of the Seymours, he became indisputably the leader in the Council of Regency. His crimes, his projects, and his fate, deserve consideration on two important grounds; first, as they illustrate the baneful effects of Henry the eighth's caprice; secondly, as they have been injuriously and falsely mixed up with the character of the English reformation.

I. By declaring at different times the illegality of his first two marriages, the late King had shaken the confidence of the nation in the legitimacy of both his daughters. Doubts once raised on such a subject could never be wholly removed. No Parliamentary recantations, no royal rescripts, no formal statutes could silence altogether the expression of individual opinion on matters so vitally connected with the future prospects of the Kingdom. All who had claims, however remote, to the crown, felt their expectations roused, and their interests affected by these discussions.

Again, when Henry, by his last will, gave preference to the House of Suffolk over that of Stewart, he did all in his power to weaken the principles of hereditary succession. In his hatred to the Royal Family of Scotland, he unwittingly raised up in the posterity of his second sister, most dangerous rivals to his own children.

II. When Northumberland found himself in full possession of almost regal power, his son Lord Guilford was married to the Lady Jane Grey the eldest grand-niece of Henry VIII. His ambitious and unprincipled design was to place her on the throne of England, and to gain his ends he affected in public and in private, in the bed chamber of his dying Sovereign and at the Council board, the warmest attachment to the Protestant religion. The young prince