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LOVELY SPRING.

IN ANSWER TO THE POEM ENTITLED "HATEFUL SPRING."

"Thou say'st that spring is hateful, because her blossoms bright
Hide the treasure of thy selfish heart from thine adoring sight;
But what is she to all the burst, and blush and bloom of spring?
How dark the soul, at such a time, that thinks of murthering!"

Thy love has eyes of dewy blue, but spring's young glow-
ing sky
Has a charm that thou canst never find in earthly maiden's eye;
Bright are her lips, but spring's exquisite fairy buds eclipse
The beauty, and the whispered sweets, of thy beloved's lips.

She hath a graceful form thou say'st; go, mark the bow of spring
Sweeping the gloomy arch of heaven—a grand and glorious thing!
And tell me if that rainbow bright, the banner of the storm,
Hath not as perfect symmetry as thy fair idol's form?

Her brow is white; the snowdrop's head is whiter, purer far;
Her voice is soft; but full as soft the linnet's love-songs are.
Dare, selfish spirit! walk abroad on the young bridal car,
And then call hateful, if thou canst, this glorious time of mirth.

All things look up to heaven, and smile; the heart should
Must arise,
And bless the love which sends us down an earthly paradise.
The flowers come forth, like voices sent from some land of love.
And breathe of some more glorious world, like the returning dove.

They come and bless the lowly cot, they crowd the princely bower;
The peasant has her wreath of spring, the queen her favour-
rite flower;
They, sympathising dear ones! come, their tearful heads to wave
Over the dust of those we love, the low and lonely grave.

Ah spring—kind spring! she ne'er forgets the tear-bedewed tomb!
No; she scatters there her youngest buds, and bids them
softly bloom;
She clothes with leaves the lattice of thy dear one's hal-
lowed bower,
To teach thee there are lovely things besides that worship-
ped flower.

Go forth and watch the glorious spring—the love, the bride
of earth!
Spring—blessed spring! so full of heart, and harmony, and
mirth!
Oh, I would have all hearts rejoice, all tongues exalting
sing,
"O God, we bless thy tireless love, for the bright and beam-
ing spring!"

We know the human bosom hath a world of love to pour
At the feet of some fair object it delighteth to adore;
That world of love should all be His who sends His angel
spring;
And, next to Him, to all things bright and beautiful should
cling.

Give me the great, grand heart, as large as it was made to
be,
That takes in God, and heaven, and earth, like a deep and
glorious sea;
That sees the stamp of Beauty broad and wide on every-
thing,
That loves that beauty everywhere—and dearly loves the
spring.

Why dost thou narrow up thy soul to one thing God has
made?
Why should one star of loveliness His boundless sunshine
shade?
Idolater! go, mark the flowers, and hear the bright birds
sing,
And bless the opened hand of love for the gay and glorious
spring!

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Far from his home, 'mid his own healthy mountains,
The young sailor bounded away o'er the main;
Oft did he think of the streams and the fountains,
And scenes he was destined to view ne'er again.
At night, when his hammock so lonely he pressed,
His dreams were of home, and of home's tender ties;

A mother in tenderness hung o'er his breast—
The smiles of a father's love met his eyes.
Such were his bright visions, till morning's clear rays
Stole through the lone cabin and broke his repose;
Then father and mother, and home, fled his gaze,
And daylight brought vision so gay to a close.

Still his heart was elastic, his spirit was light,
And fondly he'd think of the time when again
The bosom maternal should beam with delight,
And perfect enjoyment displace former pain.

Alas! how uncertain, how transient is joy;
The pale angel hover'd aloft in the gale,
And marked as his victim the poor sailor boy,
So friendless, and far from his own native vale.

In distant Calcutta, 'mong India's dark race,
Where Flora bedews her fair crest in the wave,
No kind friend weeps over—no stone marks the place,
Where blooms, undisturbed, the young Sailor's Grave.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BURSCHENSCHAFT.
THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG BY MOONLIGHT—THE
PISTOL DUEL—THE STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

The moon is up! Like old Melrose, you ought to see the
castle of Heidelberg by her silvery ray. The ruined towers
in the clear cold light rise in all their hoary grandeur; the
shattered rampart and the crumbling wall cast their deep sha-
dows athwart the river's breast; the gorgeous masonry of the
elector's palace, the rude strength of the eastern tower, the
fretted pinnacle of the ancient chapel, stand out in bold
relief from the mountain's wooded side.

'Buttress and buttress alternately
Seem streaked with ebony and ivory.
Magnificent ruin!—in the calm solitude of a summer's eve,
how often, wandering along your stately terraces and noble
gardens, have we mused upon the days of your stately ter-
races and noble gardens, have we mused upon the days of
our feudal past; and those gray walls seemed to us clothed
with the splendours and peopled with the beings of 'The
Past,' and the times would rise before us when those lighted
halls, so desolate now, crowded with princely guests, shone
down upon the silver Necker; when the folds of proud ban-
ners, flung from these ivied battlements, were waving in
the mountain wind; when the plumed troop of stalwart
knights, with glancing spears and silver pennons, would is-
sue from that noble arch—How oft from that garden—a
wilderness of weeds now, but then a trimmed parterre—has
thrilled, perchance upon royal maiden's ear, the lay of love.
That embazoned hall once rang to the echo of the midnight
wassail—bright lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men! Where be they all now? Where is the knight—the
squire—the princely reveler?—the sparkling eye of the
proud beauty?—the haughty baron?—the elector?—the
warrior-bishop?—and the minstrel?—the fiery breast that
broiled with restless ambition?—and the tender heart that
yearned for love?

'All silent now and still, as the green earth that covers them!'
From one dismantled tower, higher than its fellows, we
have stood for hours, gazing upon the varied and unrivalled
beauties of that vast plain which, studded with gardens,
villages, and forests lies spread out like a carpet at your feet
—the fairest prospect in Europe!—the garden of the Rhine!
Away in the distance, far as the eye can reach, rises the dim
outline of the Hartz mountains, where our lion hearted
Richard pined in captivity; the windings of the beautiful
Rhine, far, far away towards Basle, are gleaming in the
rays of the sun; the Cathedral of Worms towers in the dis-
tance—Then come back upon us the palmy days of that
now silent city—the time of the emperor and the diet, when
the glittering pageant and the tournament passed in proud
array before its walls. We look down upon old Spire,
once peopled with princes, bishops and knights, now lang-
uishing in the dust. Over that very plain on which we
are gazing now, once swept, in compact array, the stately
baron, with his troop of stalwart retainers, to Palestine. He
is pictured to us, as in all the vigour of lusty manhood, with
flashing armour and banners flung upon the wind, he passes
on his way.—We see him again, after years of warfare and
toil, travel-stained and weary, with drooping crest and torn
banner, straggling, with a broken host, to his castle home
upon the Rhine again. There stands the old cathedral.—
We see Turane's savage soldiery playing at ball in its
spacious dome, with the skulls of German kings. How many
a scene of splendour and of pomp has passed within view
of those mouldering walls, which the wrath of man and the
lightning of heaven have alike assailed in vain, for still they
stand, a grey and time-worn monument of the glories of the
past, scathed by the tempest and blasted by the lightning of
heaven.

'There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high and battles passed below;
But they who fought are in their bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shreds of dust ere now,
And the bleak battlement shall bear no future blow.'

Many, indeed, have been the curious passages of love and
of war which have passed within sight of these old walls;

but few of the traditions connected with the place are fraught
with more melancholy interest than the history of an occur-
rence which took place some short time since, the closing
scene of which we arrived in time to witness.

After the observations we have just made upon the Ger-
man system of duelling as contrasted with our own, it may
seem inconsistent to narrate the following story; but as we
could scarcely describe the touching and melancholy scene
of the students funeral without narrating also the circum-
stances connected with his death, we prefer incurring the
seemance of so serious a charge rather than diminish the
interest of our narrative, promising, however, as we have
already intimated, that the pistol duel is of very rare occur-
rence in Germany, taking place when it does occur, only in
cases of real injury, where some insult of a grievous nature
has been inflicted; and we do not recollect ever having heard
of an instance which happened except the one we are
about to relate; it is strictly prohibited both by the univer-
sity and the civil law, the principals and the seconds being
liable, according to the circumstances of the case, to the
punishments of death or perpetual banishment.

Clara Von Rosenberg was one of the loveliest maidens not
only in Heidelberg, but in the whole principality of Baden.
Tall, and of matchless symmetry, her graceful figure was just
expanding into the bloom of womanhood; her smile was like
the delicate hue of the rose; and her soft brown hair waved
in glossy curls from a brow bright with intelligence, and
fairer than the snow; while her dove-like eyes of the deep-
est blue, fringed by long dark lashes, beamed with a gentle
light, which, in the days of chivalry, would have sent half
the champions of Christendom into the lists to sliver a spear
for one single glance. She was one of those rare beings
seemed almost too beautiful for the atmosphere of this every-
day world; and her beauty was only to be equalled by her
sweet and amiable mind. Of course, the students had by far
too much good taste not to go half mad for the love of so
peerless a damsel; and the gentle Clara had, in fact, turned
the heads of half the university. To use the words of She-
ridan's song—

'Friends in all the aged she met,
And lovers in the young.'

Whenever a ball was given, the young nobles—aye,
even the Crown Prince himself—would go to engage her hand
for the dance a month before. If you passed along the Av-
enue of a summer's night, rising from the old acacia trees
which waved beneath her mother's dwelling, the silver
strains of the serenade brought by some spell-bound lover,
would be sure to fall upon the ear. Many a lover had sighed
for her in vain; but of all the numerous aspirants to her fa-
vour the Count Ernst Von Newenberg was the only one
who seemed to have any chance of success. Young, rich,
handsome and fascinating, with some of the oldest blood of
Saxony in his veins, Von Newenberg was the idol of his as-
sociates, and the picked man of his chœur.—One of the first
wordsmen of the university; his aim at the 'yag' was as
unerring as his guard at the duel was true. At the revel
his laugh was the merriest, and his song the lightest; while
his generous and open temper, and the unaffected simplicity
of his manner, made his society courted by all. No one was
so frequently the gentle Clara's partner in the dance, or her
companion in those mountain rambles which, accompanied
with her mother and sisters, were her delight; and at length
the world gave it out—and we believe the world was for-
once in the right—that the flower of the 'Odenwald' had
become the betrothed of the Count Von Newenberg.

As ill-fate would have it, there was then a student at the
university, who it is said had also been an aspirant for the
smiles of the gentle Clara, and who in person as well as
character was widely different from the Count. He was a
Saxonian noble; dark and grim in his aspect; fierce and over-
bearing in temper; in every respect as opposite as possible
from his more favoured rival was he who was known by the
appellation of the Black Baron. His stormy passions had
never brooked control; and when, at last to his dismay, he
learned that the beautiful Clara had blessed another with
her heart, from that moment an intense and deadly hatred of
Von Newenberg seized possession of his whole being, and he
eagerly sought some opportunity of fastening a quarrel
upon him; which Ernst, though brave as a lion by nature,
yet being of a quiet and unassuming temper, took every pre-
caution to avoid. Matters had been going on in this way
for some time, when it was announced in the papers that a
ball would take place in the Museum on New Year's Eve.
No sooner was this fact made public than the Baron, who,
we suppose, wished to have one chance more, repaired to
Clara's dwelling, and requested her hand for a certain dance,
and as it is not the etiquette of the country in such cases for
a lady to refuse, the fair Clara yielded a reluctant assent.—
Unfortunately, however, she made some mistake, and acci-
dentally marked the Baron's name down for the wrong
dance on the little 'karte der balle' which in Germany is
furnished before hand to every lady by the master of the ce-
remonies. The evening arrived and never did the beauty
of the "Odenwald" appear more bewitching, attired in a
robe of snowy white, with no ornament save a solitary rose
in the silken tresses of her dark hair. Those who saw her
that night floating in the graceful waltz declared that their
eyes never glided along a more perfect vision of youthfulness.

loveliness. She was just about to dance with the count,
when the black baron appeared with an ominous and scowl-
ing brow.

'Fraulein,' said he, I think you promised me this dance.'
'No,' replied Clara, showing him her little tablet, 'I have
your name down for the next. This one I promised to the
Count Von Newenberg.' The baron's eyes flashed fire as
he rudely replied, 'You must certainly be mistaken. You
promised me the second "Schottisch"; this is it, and I can-
not let you off.' 'Well,' said Clara, 'As the mistake must
have been mine, Herr Baron, if the Count will be good
enough to excuse me until the next dance, I have no objec-
tion to dance this with you.' Count Newenberg, replied
the Baron, 'has no voice in the matter. If you do not
dance with me now, you shall dance with no one else to-
night.' The blood mounted up to the Count's temples at
the savage rudeness of this speech; but curbing his indigna-
tion, he quietly replied, 'The Fraulein dances with me this
time, and any such language as you have just used must not
be repeated.' The poor Fraulein was inconsolable. She
entrusted Ernst to allow her to withdraw from the dance,
but this the Count would by no means permit. Gaily floated
the music's voluptuous swells; round went the dance; be-
neath the lovely light of the Fraulein's beautiful eyes, Ernst
forgot his passage with the moody Baron; but that night
was the last time he ever pressed the slender waist of the
lovely Clara, and he listened then to the silver tones of that
voice whose sound upon earth was never to greet his ear
again. Upon arriving at his lodgings, Ernst found one of
the Saxonian Chœur waiting for him, with a cartel from the
baron. He had hoped that the affair was over, but he little
knew the fierce and vindictive spirit of his rival.

'Go back,' he said, 'and tell the Baron that in this case
if any message ought to come at all it should be from me;
he made use of language which few others would have
brooked, but I have forgiven him, I do not seek his life.'

'Count,' replied the Saxonian, 'the baron is determined,
and he desires me to add, that if you show any disinclination
to meet him he will take the first opportunity of insulting
you in public.'

'Let him, if he dares,' replied Ernst, and the Saxonian de-
parted.

The next day, however, a collision took place, unneces-
sary for us to describe; suffice to say that the Baron was so
violent and outrageous in his conduct that a meeting was con-
sidered inevitable. The challenged party in such cases
has always his choice of weapons, and the Count Von New-
enberg had to select between the pleasant alternative of the
crooked sabre or the pistol; as he knew his opponent was at
the very least fully his match with the sabre, and had, be-
sides, the advantages of superior height and strength, he
chose the latter, and the Black Baron went nearly mad
with rage when he heard of this selection; he stamped about
like a maniac, cursed his stars, his second and every body
else.

'I hoped I had him in my power,' said he, grinding his
teeth—'but this cursed chance will spoil all. Von Newen-
berg never misses his mark, so that unless I can get the first
shot I am a dead man.'

The hour was fixed for seven o'clock the following morn-
ing; the place was the garden behind the castle, and the
count spent the rest of the day among his friends, not daring
to trust himself with the sight of his beloved Clara.—
Morning dawned, the crisp frost sparkled upon the ground,
the air was sharp and bracing, every blade of grass and
leaf glittered like a diamond in the dew, as Ernst and his
friend walked up the avenue of old lime trees which leads
to the 'Alte Schloss'; having reached the garden they
found the baron and his party already on the ground—the
former was pacing to and fro, with his hat drawn over his
face. After some discussion the seconds decided that they
should fight what is called the barrier duel, in which the
combatants are posted at a certain distance, and may ad-
vance to a given limit, firing during their progress at any
time they please, so that, of course, the party who reserves
his fire, if he is not hit himself, has the life of his opponent
in his hands. The ground was measured, the space within
which each might advance twelve paces, was marked out,
and a pistol having been placed in the hands of the com-
batants, each of them took up his position. 'Our anxiety,'
said my informant, himself an eye-witness, was now at the
highest. The baron appeared in an entire suit of black, his
coat buttoned up to his chin, and not a vestige of any other
colour to be seen upon which the eye could rest for an aim.
While the count, flinging off his cloak, appeared in his ordi-
nary costume, his frock-coat lying loosely open, and disco-
vering a light-coloured waistcoat. 'Let him have his fair
chance,' said he taking a small gold snuff-box from his wait-
coat pocket, and handing it to his second, who took the op-
portunity of advising him in a whisper, to button his coat.—
Each party now advanced slowly in the direction of the other,
the black baron covering all the while his opponent with
his pistol, now and then lowering it so as to secure his aim,
while the count advanced with firm and composed step,
with his weapon to the ground; suddenly he raised it slight-
ly; the bright barrel glanced for a moment in the sun, his
hand was steady, and his aim true—he fired; a thin puff of
blue smoke floated to leeward, and the Black Baron's right