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## WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

BY MISS M. C.

We are passing away, we are passing away,  
Like the mist of the morn in the glory of day;  
Like the hour that first to the grey-eyed dawn,  
Told that the darkness of night had gone,  
Like that dash of the east in the glance of the sun,  
As it quenches the light of the stars one by one.

We are passing away, we are passing away,  
As the swift flash of lightning o'er heaven doth play,  
As the roar of the thunder, re-echoing to earth,  
Dies just as 'tis telling the tale of its birth,  
So do our proud names live a moment in story,  
Then fade from the page in the height of its glory.

We are passing away from the sorrows of life,  
Like the panic-struck warrior from the scenes of his strife;  
Like the winds that told of the coming storm,  
Now hushed in awe at its dread form,  
Like the swelling of waves o'er the dark rolling main,  
Proudly heaving its bosom then sinking again.

We are passing away like the dew from the flowers,  
Like the hawking cloud from the brow of the sky,  
Like the breeze that comes gently whispering by,  
Like the bud that first told that the summer was nigh,  
Like the light that glowed in the violet's eye,  
The conqueror's of earth cannot lengthen a day.

To marshal their armies in battle array,  
Or swell their proud trophies of war,  
While back to the camp rolls the welcome "Huzzah!"  
When shaking strong thrones in their sternest wrath,  
Time urges them on in their destined path,  
Time urges them on in their destined path.

We are passing away like some musical tone,  
That hath come from afar by the night winds borne,  
For a moment it thrills on the depths of our heart,  
Then in silence it melts as it departs;  
The soft notes may linger in memory a while,  
But that too must pass with the tear and the smile.

We are passing away, we are passing away,  
All things are fast yielding to nature's decay,  
From the oak that roots firmer the ruler it blows,  
To the delicate flint on the cheek of the rose,  
The "White armed Queen of the forest," displays,  
Her glories a moment then swiftly decays.

We are passing away, we are passing away,  
More swift than the warmth of a summer sun's ray;  
We are passing away like a song of the night,  
That the nightingale sings by the moon's silvery light,  
Like a farewell's last sound that dies on the ear,  
Like the heart's deep sigh from whence gusheth the tear.

We are hastening on down the dark stream of time,  
Like a homeward-bound ship from some foreign clime,  
Our lives silvery cord will soon loosen its hold,  
And the pitcher will break and the bright golden bowl,  
While the quivering lip and the heart once so gay,  
Will pass with that useless spirit away.

Time is speeding on as with the fierce rushing blast,  
And our happiest hours will the soonest be past,  
The days that beamed bright as the sunbeams of truth,  
Will change into darkness and close in our youth,  
Time hurries each hour that once lighted the eye,  
And hurries it down on its bosom to die.

## SCENE IN A RUSSIAN GARRISON.

On the 22nd of May 1841, one of the battalions composing part of the military colony recently established by the Russian Government at Novgorod, and which in the singularity of its organization, resembles the Prussian Landwehr, was drawn up in line on the parade-ground attached to the immense barracks constructed a few years since in the most solitary and ancient part of the town, not far from the church of Saint Sophia. In front of the line formed in that mechanical regularity and precision which have made the Russian foot-soldiers such admirable automations, stood General L-off. He was a man fifty years of age; remarkable for his rigid deportment, his leanness, his tawny complexion, and his large gray restless eyes. He was distinguished in the army for his bravery—daring proofs of which he had given during the campaign in Persia and in Turkey. But whether as was generally thought, domestic unhappiness had been the means of soaring a temper naturally energetic, or that his heart had been hardened by the frequent application of the inexorable necessity of discipline degrading in its principle, and too often monstrous in its effects, General L-off was looked on as an object of fear by the soldiers; for not a day passed unmarked by one or more of those scenes of severity which must justly undergo the punishment of reprobity. It was known, however, that this man has an attachment for the daughter of one of his ancient colleagues killed in the late war of Poland. Having adopted her, no parent ever showed more solicitude for his offspring than he.

evinced for the young orphan and they were seldom separated. Although grateful for the kindness of the general, the young girl, to whom the soldiers had given the name of Solowoiwa, from the sweetness with which she sang the old and melancholy slave romances, could never overcome in his presence the unconquerable constraint which his brief address, imperious countenance, and cold distant manners, imposed on those who approached him.

On the day when the following events took place, Solowoiwa, who to please the general, regularly attended all the exercises and parades, was seated before one of the barracks windows on a level with the parade ground, looking quietly at the movements of the soldiers. A blush suffused her countenance as her eyes encountered those of a young military surgeon, named Ivan Polovoi, dressed on this occasion with marked elegance in the simple uniform of his rank.

Already General L-off had passed several times before the front of the battalion without speaking; but his bushy eyebrows contracted, and passion began to be visible in his countenance, when he found that a number of men were absent. His attention at that moment was arrested by a party of soldiers advancing towards him from the other end of the parade-ground, each carrying a long rod, used in the application of an abominable punishment which has not yet ceased in the Russian army. Turning towards one of his aides-de-camp, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, from whom the order had emanated, and who was to be punished.

A sergeant, remarkable for his livid and scarred appearance, rushed towards the general, snatched his sword from his hand, and struck him in the face with it, exclaiming "Youself!"

The action had an effect like an electric shock on the ranks of the battalion; and the unusual, immovable countenances of the soldiers seemed to brighten with an impulse of hatred. A spontaneous movement was made by the officers along the line to the assistance of their chief; but they were instantly seized, thrown to the ground, and the bayonet pointed against the breast of each. Ivan the surgeon had alone been left untouched; for, by his humanity and kindness, he had conciliated the good-will of the troops. A grenadier, however, was stationed before him to act as a guard, who whispered in his ear, in a mysterious voice, "Whether the Nightingale sings or not, remain quiet: not a gesture nor a cry, or you are a dead man!"

Recovering from the surprise, the general seized with both hands the bayonets presented to his breast; and, having by a violent effort struck them aside, shouted, as his eye flashed along the battalion—"Down on your knees, vile brutes! Down on your knees and ask pardon—your heads in the dust or you have not flesh enough on your backs to expiate your rebellion!"

His words were received with a shout of savage laughter, and the sergeant, with that peculiar tranquillity which distinguishes unshaken resolution retorted—"We each and all of us know that of our lives will be the penalty of what we now do. When the sentence passed on you shall be executed, we shall seek General Suroff, governor of Novgorod; we shall give up to him your sword, your decorations, and whatever may remain of your body, and say to him, General L-off was a tiger, and we have killed him; here are our arms; we look to you for punishment! The sergeant, while speaking, tore his epaulettes from the general's shoulders, and trampled them under his feet. These insignia did not become you; the khout is fitter for an executioner. Remember the soldier Botankoff, flogged with rods for having been too slow in carrying arms; remember the old sous-officier whom you reduced to the ranks for having a stain on his uniform, and whom you struck with your cane until the blood streamed from his forehead, his cheeks and his lips; and because the unhappy old man, pale with shame, repined the hand which inflicted the indignity, he was condemned to flogging; and sent mutilated and dying to Siberia." The sergeant continued with terrible coolness this degrading scene, dragging of the general's belt and coat and lastly his shirt.

In spite of his remarkable firmness, L-off shuddered while he listened to the accusing voice, so eloquent in its simplicity, so calm and so measured even in its passion. As for Solowoiwa, she sat for some time without being able to control the strange scene passing before her eyes; but when the truth at length flashed on her, that her adopted father was about to undergo the odious chastisement which he had so often inflicted on others, she was seized with horror, and gave utterance to the most heart-rending cries. Ivan the surgeon, who till then had stood neuter, could not remain insensible to the despair of the young girl, and forgetting the warning he had received, and the ferocious exhortation of the soldiers, he advanced towards her. He had not gone many paces when a shot was fired and the unfortunate young surgeon fell to the ground a corpse.

These were in most Russian regiments a kind of ballet, who like a situation somewhere resembling that held in the ancient German armies, so that the soldiers applied the significant appellation of *Lufting*. One of these men attached to the battalion seeing the surgeon fall, approached the corpse, and, gesticulating, and raising it in his robust arms, carried it towards the colonnade still sitting and depositing it immediately before her, exclaimed—"Dare my little singing Nightingale."

bird this is yours." Pale with terror the girl recognized the body as it rolled at her feet, and uttering a faint cry, sunk by its side.

While this scene was being enacted, General L-off had been laid on a cot, drawn along the ranks, and had received the *baguettes*—a terrible torture; which, however, was only the commencement of his sufferings. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line when a voice exclaimed, "Take him to the ovens!"

The general whose spirit was already crushed, heard the words, and too well comprehending their meaning, threw around him a look of supplication and terror.

"To the ovens!" shouted a hundred voices. The countenance of the general became livid, and his body shook with terror; his pride had fled, and, groaning in agony, he asked for pardon, but the shouts of the battalion drowned his voice; and the sergeant, approaching his victim, said in a stern tone—"I also besought pity when my brother fell expiring under the baguettes."

We shall not go into the details of the horrible scene which followed, unfortunately but too true. Suffice it to say, that the general and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the ovens, under which a slow fire was carefully renewed by the soldiers, were literally roasted alive.

Certainly the execution of the sentence had a terrible originality; yet the punishment was fully proportionate to the vengeance.

A mounted jester carried to the emperor the account of the fearful drama which had been enacted in Novgorod, and eight days afterwards several batteries of artillery entered the decayed capital of ancient Russia, preceded by a major-general, who, during the late war in Poland, had been known to the army under the title of the "Butcher of Warsaw."

One of his aides-de-camp was sent to the quarters of the mutineers, with an order to assemble the next day, without arms, on a small parade-ground at the eastern extremity of the town, and called the Tartar Camp. The soldiers replied to this mysterious injunction by the customary shout (*kurakho*),—"The following day they dressed themselves, and arranged their mustaches, as if preparing for a simple parade; then pale, silent, their lips white with emotion, but still keeping their ranks, they traversed the town through a triple row of Cossacks, followed by the mournful looks of the populace. Arrived upon the ground, they silently formed into squares. At the same moment the drums beat, the bellies of the numerous Greek churches in Novgorod pealed, and the several Greek churches established at the entrances of the five long avenues leading into the field were suddenly unmasked, and the grape-shot began the work of extermination.

Horrid shouts followed each discharge, and a heavy groaning, mingled with the interrupted songs of some of the dying soldiers. For three hours the discharge continued; and when the executioner of this bloody duty entered the place of punishment, they found it literally a lake of blood, and covered with mangled limbs. Five soldiers alone, who had been miraculously preserved, were found alive, and they expired under the knout. Among the latter number was the sergeant, who to the last moment manifested an extraordinary degree of fortitude in the midst of his sufferings.

Solowoiwa, the adopted daughter of general L-off, was taken under the protection of the empress, and placed in the society of noble Russian ladies at St. Isaac's. It may be necessary to add that the preceding details are not exaggerated in any respect. We present them as described by a respectable correspondent of a French newspaper, who mentions that he was an eye-witness of the scene to which he alludes. From what is being daily disclosed of the savage character of Russian institutions, there seems no reason to doubt their accuracy.

A BRISK PLACE.—There is a good anecdote told in the *Piney* about the little town of Portland, Indiana.

While a certain steamboat was about "putting out" from there, not long since, for New Orleans, the mate, an old boatman, turned to some passengers, and remarked:

"This little town, gentlemen, looks dull, but I tell you, it is *perhaps* a mighty brisk place. About fifteen years ago, as I was going down with a flat boat to New Orleans, we stopped here to procure some provisions. I went up into the town, and seeing a coat hanging out of a shop door, just took it. The owner came after me—caught me—took me before a Magistrate—I was tried—convicted—took thirty-nine lashes—and was back to the boat in fifteen minutes. I'll swear! I tell you, gentlemen, a mighty brisk little place is that same Portland."

MUTUAL CONSOLATION.—An aged clergyman, who had an old tailor as his bandle or officer for many years, returning from a neighboring settlement, where Thomas was in the constant habit of attending him, after a thoughtful and silent pause, thus addressed his fellow traveller, "The minister's man?" "Thomas, I can't well tell how it is, but our clerk should be getting aye thinner and thinner; for I'm sure I preach as well as ever I did, and should have far more experience than when I loved among you." "Deed," replied Thomas, "and ministers; now-a-days, are just like wild tailors; for I can see I saw as well as ever I did, and the cloth's the same; but it's the cut, sir, it's the *accoutrements*!"

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—The want of this essential virtue has proved the ruin of many a young man. While they have been associated in the family circle, and enjoying the protection of a kind father, and under the droppings of a mother's unceasing love, they know not the need of this noble virtue. But when duty impels them to leave the parental roof, and those cords of affection are broken, unless they should have great decision of character, they are in a precarious situation. When temptations assail them, they are unprepared to meet them, and when invited to sign the sparkling wine, or spend an evening at the gambling-house, they possess not moral courage enough to resist the temptation. How lamentable! Have courage young man to overcome all the obstacles which are thrown in your path to lead you from virtue, remember your parents—the brother's kindness the sister's affection, and let all these follow you through the different lanes of life, remember that the eye of the omnipotent God is constantly upon you, beholding both the evil and the good. Follow in the path of virtue, for it is the only path of safety, and you will be a blessing to society, and an honor to yourself, but pursue the opposite and you will go down the broad road to ruin.

HUMBLE LIFE.—There is happiness in humble life—who can doubt it? The man who owns but a few acres of land, and raises an abundance to supply the necessary wants of his family—can ask no more. If he is satisfied with his condition, and there are thousands so situated who are, no man is more happy. No political movement disturbs his repose, no speculationmania chases the calm serenity from his mind; no schisms in the church throw shadows beneath his golden sky. His family is the world to him; his little lot is all his care. Who sighs not for such a calmness and serenity? Amid the cares and anxieties of business, who would not exchange his prospects and his honors for the repose of him who is contented and happy on his spot of ground, far from the noise and bustle of city life? If there is a station congenial to the true spirit of man, and the growth of virtue, it is amid the rejoicings of nature—in the calm retirement of rural life.

FARMING IN GREAT BRITAIN.—A London paper states that at the present moment, "with an area of 61,522,920 arable acres in the United Kingdom, there is only one proprietor for every 305 acres. The 'stout yeoman' class is rapidly disappearing; the number of persons farming their own land, every day diminishes; a dozen properties are run together into the hands of one holder; three or four small farms are combined into one large one; the small farmer is now a person almost as rare as the small landlord; and the children of these who constituted the former tenantry of the country, have become the labourers of the very land their ancestors cultivated as holders. Farming, like all other trades, is becoming a wholesale business, and while a few are becoming extensive and wealthy agriculturists, the masses are sinking into hopeless poverty."

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—Lay that will bear an egg will kill all the vermin and the mass that gathers on young apple trees. Apply it in May or June, when the vermin are to be kept seen. It will do more service than in cold weather. One pound of potash, dissolved in one gallon of water, will form a ley that will be strong enough for the vermin, and not injurious to the bark.—*Massachusetts Fliegenschnitz.*

FRENCH PHRASES.—Against one thing let me venture to warn all young ladies, the introduction of foreign phrases into English conversation. French is martyred by this custom, which was the adoption of some few years back, soon after the peace, when it was an actual luxury to hear to consecutive words of our own language. Either speak English or French. It may once have been the height of fashion to pollute and insult both languages in this way; it never was good taste, and it is about the worst kind of pedantry of which one can be guilty.—*Hints to young ladies on their entrance into society.*

ORANGE SYRUP.—This syrup is so easily made and can be used so constantly to advantage, that no house-keeper should be without it. Select ripe and thin skinned fruit, squeeze the juice through a sieve, to every pint add one and a-half pounds of powdered sugar, boil it slowly, and skim as long as any skim rises; you may then take it off, let it grow cold, and bottle it off. Be sure to secure the corks well—two table spoonsful of this syrup, mixed in melted butter, make an admirable sauce for plum or batter puddings; it imparts a fine flavor and a transpoud introduced into a glass of punch adds much to its deliciousness.

LAWYERS' DRESS IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.—The lawyers devoted much of their attention to the regulation of their own dress and personal appearance. To check the grievance of "long beards," an order was issued by the *Inner Temple*, "that no fellow of that house should wear his beard above three weeks' growth on pain of forfeiting 20s."—*(Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.)*

MILLER'S LAST.—When is a whale-merchant like a sleep? When he's lying in port.