

The Loyalist.

FREDERICTON, (N. B.) THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1846.

PROROGATION OF THE ASSEMBLY.

On Tuesday last, at noon, the General Assembly of this Province was prorogued by His Excellency, after a Session of seventy-six days. The Speech from the Throne was short, characteristic, well delivered, and is as follows:—

"Mr. President and Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

"In bringing the present Session of the Legislature to a close, it is incumbent on me to express to you the satisfaction I have derived from the cordial unanimity with which you have applied yourselves to the public business, and the laudable attention you have given to various objects of interest to the Province which had been referred to your deliberations.

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

"I thank you for the Supplies which you have granted, and my acknowledgments in particular are due to you for the liberal Appropriations you have made for the Militia, and for the pledge you have given to increase them if it should become necessary to embody that force, under the existing Laws, for the defence of the Province, and for maintaining the honor of the Crown.

"Mr. President and Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

"Confiding in the loyalty of the People, and assuring them in return of the most effectual support from Her Majesty's Government in any emergency which may arise, I may nevertheless be permitted to indulge the hope that the public tranquility will not be interrupted, and that they may continue in the peaceful pursuit of that career of improvement which has opened to them, and which, by developing the great resources of these Provinces, may be expected to render them amongst the most prosperous and prominent dependencies of the Empire.

"In returning to your several Counties, I rely on you to foster and promote these loyal dispositions by which the People have hitherto testified their sense of the blessings secured to them as British Subjects, and of which, I devoutly hope, and Providence, they may long remain in the undisturbed possession."

This Session of our Provincial Parliament has been a long one, a quiet one, and with respect to the internal affairs of the Province, a most important one. It was looked forward to with dread by the fearful, with curiosity by the many, and with anxiety by the Country at large. Interests of no small magnitude seemed involved in it by all possessed of sufficient power to think, or ability to express a thought when formed. At its commencement the breach in the Councils of the Province, so far from being healed, was becoming more and more widened by the determined stand which the several parties in conflict still maintained. Who should first give way—who should first stoop from the frowning position each had assumed, and extend the olive branch, became the all-absorbing question. His Excellency's Council was under the reproach cast upon it by the almost unanimous vote of the popular branch in its previous session—the general business of the Country which during the recess of the Assembly devolved upon that branch of the Government had been left almost to the length and breadth of the Province, the cry for redress and assistance was heard, and conjecture confessed herself at fault when looking for the quarter whence a remedy could arise. Would His Excellency remodel his Council, to suit the wishes of the popular branch, or hold out in the strong hold of the Privilege of the Crown, in which he had entrenched himself?—Would the House deem their vote of censure of no more importance than "the marginal note of an old newspaper"—meet His Excellency's Council on the floor of the House to transact the ordinary, and necessary business of the Country? were questions asked by every one, and even big with our future welfare. This lowering cloud which long threatened to burst with fearful consequences upon us, was dissolved by the mutual conciliation of both parties, and we hesitate not to say, that much real good has been done, this Session of the Legislature which commenced its labors under such serious forebodings. These exigencies of the Country required unanimity in its Councils, and they have nobly responded to the call. During the whole Session there has been less of party strife, and more of generous devotedness to the maturing of these measures calculated for the general welfare of the Province, than we remember to have witnessed for a number of years past. This has been the prevailing tone of the House.

Yet we must not be understood to say that their whole conduct is faultless; on the contrary there are many subjects in the Legislative detail, concerning which we differ widely from the conclusions arrived at by them. These will form the subjects of future remark and perhaps animadversion when we shall have time to turn our attention to a survey of the Session now closed.

One subject of vital interest to the prosperity of this City, we cannot let pass at present without notice. We refer to the most unwelcome manner in which the Act to effect the exchange of lands in this City with the Ordnance Department, was brought in and hurried through the Lower House.

This was done in open violation of the expressed wishes of the Inhabitants, as expressed in their late popular meetings; and in direct contradiction to the pledge given by one of the York Members at the first meeting held lately to consider this question.

We will not dissent upon this subject at large, the excitement in the City being now too great against the Representatives of this County who supported the Bill, to admit of dispassionate discussion at present. We shall however revert to this subject again. The Bill has been reserved for Her Majesty's Consideration.

RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

On Tuesday last, after the Members had returned from the Council Chamber, and His Hon. the Speaker had gone through the customary forms, etc. etc., Mr. Wilnot rose and announced his intention of retiring from public life. We did not take any notice at the time, not being prepared with materials; but as near as we can recollect, the Hon. Gentlemen spoke as follows:—

Mr. Speaker.—The business of this session having been brought to a close, I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without addressing a few words to you sir, and to Hon. Members generally. I have for several years been engaged in the arduous duties of public life, and I feel it a

duty I owe to my health, as well as to my private affairs, to retire (at least for a season) to private life; and as this may probably be the last time I shall ever meet you sir, or any other of my hon. friends, in the Halls of Legislation, I cannot take leave of you, Mr. Speaker, without personally and publicly tendering you my acknowledgments, for the courtesy and kindness which as Speaker of this House you have ever extended towards me; and I must now beg to congratulate you sir, and the country at large, upon the ability and talent which as Speaker of this Assembly you have ever displayed. To my friends around the benches I would address a few words.—If I have ever in the heat of debate, said anything wrong, or made use of language calculated to wound the feelings of any hon. Member, most sincerely do I regret it, and I now humbly crave pardon for such. I am aware that I have too frequently been urged by the impetuosity of my feelings, and the impulse of the moment, to make use of language which might have wounded the feelings of my friends, and which I have afterwards deeply regretted; for this I crave their forgiveness. Gentlemen farewell!!!

This address, delivered in a most dignified and solemn manner, produced a most thrilling sensation throughout the House and Gallery, and we could see the briny tear glistening in the eye of more than one hon. member. The hon. Gentleman during the delivery of the address was evidently labouring under powerful excitement, as the tremulous lip, and faltering accent, more than once bore testimony.

The fears entertained for the safety of this city, on account of the unprecedented ice-freshet, have passed away unrealized and untold. We cannot feel too grateful to the great disposer of all good for thus being enabled to record the changing events. To no cause but that of a merciful interposition of Providence can we ascribe the fact of our now resting in peace unharassed by the dread invasion of the combined elements which so lately threatened us with portentous results. Shop and house keepers who to be prepared against the worst had removed themselves and their goods from the access of the inundating flood, have returned to their dwellings, with the assurance of security, and the general business of the place is resumed with its wonted confidence and business. Of all the varied scenes with which our country abounds, whether they belong to the struggles of MATTER, or the contact of FLUIDS, none perhaps affords a more fruitful subject for contemplation or admiration to the mind attuned to the voice of grandeur, than that which is disclosed to the eye, when the liquid element bursts the bonds of winter sunder, and first leaps forth displaying its bosom to the rays of the genial sun. One of our private correspondents, from Kingsclear, writes us, under date of the 7th inst thus:—

We have had a notable ice-clearing this time, which I suppose as it did not reach town, you had not an opportunity of witnessing. The ice which had formed large jams high up the River commenced moving here about 10 A. M. 25th March. The motion at first was very gradual and attended with a slight increase of water, but by 12, the interval was completely inundated—and by the same time next day the water had risen to a depth of about ten feet above the high water mark; this was when the final jam came by. This freshet in power of water is said to have altogether rivalled any thing of the kind ever known here. Several who witnessed the "great ice freshet" 51 years ago, assert that the water has this time been higher. In extent of damage it is quite unprecedented. The sight abstracted from the destruction, its inseparable consequence, was very fine and in fact partook largely of grandeur—but it was yet no ways comparable in magnificence, to that of 1843; in that year the ice ground on with a tremendous roar, and an immediate flux of water, in enormous bodies piling the shores and throwing its masses through the low mist that crept along over it, and at times nearly enveloped the hills as well as the low grounds. This, with sundry voices, horns, cracking of trees, etc. etc. was on the whole, much the most sublime spectacle I have had the fortune to witness; and altogether formed a very grand exhibition. On the present occasion there was too much resistance below, and the ice neither set off nor progressed with that abruptness so admirable in the magnificence of nature. The noise, probably owing to the state of the atmosphere, was very trifling, and not at all proportionate to the causes in action. No part of the interval appeared till the 2nd of April, but was during this time submerged to a depth of 5 or 6 feet, forming a fine bay mostly covered with large blocks of ice; and very much resembling the noble scenery of the Reach. The interval is yet thickly strewn with large dark masses from 6 to 10 feet or upwards high. The breaking up of the ice, is by far the most glorious sight our country affords. I suppose you have had detailed accounts of the damage sustained in the various parts of its course, which very fortunately did not reach Fredericton.

Kingsclear, April 7th, 1846.

The passage of the river is now clear from the head to the out port, St. John; the Steamer "New Brunswick" Captain Wylie, arrived here at about 6 o'clock p. m. on Thursday last, the earliest ever known in the history of the Province, and has, as well as the Fredericton, since continued their daily route. The steamers "Reindeer" and "Meteor" are undergoing repairs, and have not yet taken up their route.

No Lumber has yet made its appearance on our waters. The weather, which for the last few days has been cold, will, it is feared, prevent a sufficient rise of water to bring the various descriptions of timber out of the streams.

THE HEAD QUARTERS.

We notice in yesterday's number of this truly valuable Journal a lengthy Editorial article concerning a communication which appeared in the last number of this paper. This is nothing more than we expected; we felt satisfied that the article alluded to, would touch our contemporary in the raw, and that we should have down upon us the whole united wrath of "some one" his shade, and the "poor little thing" whose name figures as Editor. Well—the storm has burst upon us, but we have not heard of any one being much injured thereby. We wonder which of the three Editors concocted this article, or whether the public are indebted to the united efforts of the trio for so precious a morsel. Upon this point we are at no loss—we can trace the handy work of the man, and when time and opportunity permits, shall administer a dose of "wholesome medicine." We must really congratulate Mr. Phillips upon the reappearance of his paper from behind the fence where it has been driven for some time past; be careful brother Phillips—don't crawl too far, for although the enemy that has kept you from barking for some time past is prostrate, there exists another who is able and willing to drive you back to

your old den, ay, and keep you there too; the late scrapings from the provincial chest have no doubt infused fresh vigour into your system, and in the exuberance of your joy you doubtless feel all-powerful, but again we say be careful for fear you "run against a snag."

"To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first."

We were somewhat surprised upon coming out of our Office on Tuesday evening, at a late hour, at hearing a strain elicited proceeding from the street, and were curious enough to endeavour to find out the orator. Upon proceeding to the spot from whence the sound issued we found it to be the proprietor of the THREE QUARTERS leading home one of his Editors; who was as may be supposed quite happy, and was amusing himself in exercising his Oratorical powers. The frequent quotations inlaid had no doubt given him an idea of drawing—as the following specimen of his Oratory will show

"Oh Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon."

Thus spoke the orator. But to be serious. We the former course of the Loyalist have nothing to do, neither shall we attempt to justify the course which the former Editor saw fit to pursue. We shall therefore confine our remarks to that part of the article in question which refers to the late numbers of this paper.

We think the charge of "personalities" comes with a bad grace from our contemporary; had the article in question been placed when it should have been, under the head of communication we think it would have graced the pages of the "Head Quarters" equally as well, as did the one in this paper of last week, and as far as personalities go it will certainly bear comparison. The article referred to we found upon our table when we returned from the House of Assembly on Wednesday evening last; we gave it a place in our columns because we thought it contained much that was true; we have before remarked, and will now repeat that the attack made in the Assembly by Mr. Wilnot upon Mr. Hogg was uncalled for, and to say the least of it, indecate. That part of the article which does not refer to us we leave to other hands, where we presume it will receive its just reward. We have only to say in conclusion that we shall exercise our own discretion in admitting communications into our columns; we neither fear the threats of the Head Quarters, nor the man that scribbles such trash; we could a "tale unfold" about "tools" that might "tingle in the ears" of this would be somebody, but we forbear for the present.—He had much better mind his own business—his public lectures and his law than to mix himself up with newspaper quarrels.

We were shown a few days since, an elegantly bound Bible and Psalms, which was intended to be presented as a tribute of respect to the Rev. Mr. Brook, of Saint Paul's Church, by the young men of his congregation. It must have been peculiarly gratifying to the Rev. Gentleman to have received this youthful portion of his congregation, and we think we can safely say that the feeling which prompted these young men in this instance, would find a responsive echo in the breasts of all classes in this community.

We have copied to-day, from the "Anglo American," an article descriptive of the Punjab, its territory, inhabitants and army &c. to which we invite the attention of our readers; it will no doubt be read with interest by every person at all desirous of gaining information.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.—British barque Earl of Eglinton, Nevia, from Liverpool for Boston, with salt and coal, went ashore on the South Shoal at Nantucket, on Monday, before dawn and came to anchor, but finding she was leaking badly, her chains were shipped, and she was run on shore on the S. E. part of the Island of Nantucket.—She soon broke in two, and six of the crew were drowned. The remainder, twenty in number, were saved. The men drowned were seamen, and lost their lives in attempting to land in boats two of which pitch-poled.—New York paper, March 18.

"CUTTING" STICK.—It is stated that one of the 'boys' working in the Cincinnati Times Office, received a letter on Saturday last week, enclosing a remittance, and informing him that by the decease of a relative, he was now the heir of property and cash of over \$10,000 value. When he got the news, he dropped his "stick" like a hot horse shoe, and gave a specimen of tall walking to parts unknown.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—The following is given as the estimate of Mr. Astor's immense wealth, in a book of the "Rich Men of New York." It says that those knowing his affairs best, place it at \$30,000,000, and some as high as \$50,000,000. His income at a moderate estimate, must be \$2,000,000 per year; or \$166,000 a month—about \$41,500 a week—\$7,760 a day—\$290 a hour—and \$4 a minute. Those who estimate respectability by the length of a man's purse cannot look upon John Jacob Astor with any other feeling than that of profound veneration.

Commodore Crane of the United States Navy in a state of aberration of mind cut his throat at Washington a few days since.

We understand that 7000 stand of arms, are on the way from England to supply the Militia at Nova Scotia.

The British frigate Endymion, which lately arrived at Bermuda, lost overboard seven men from the fore top sail yard, the parcel having given way while reefing topsails.

Twenty five steamboats have been lost in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, since the first of September last.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LOYALIST.

Observing a communication in the Gleaner, of the 14th ult., bearing the signature of "Jack Free," dated Bathurst, reflecting, in no measured terms, on the supposed author of an article bearing the signature of "A Novascotian," of the 7th ultimo, in the same Journal, and dated Bathurst; where, for several days after the article bearing the latter signature made its appearance, a portion of the lame and blind were in constant requisition, to ferret out if possible the writer; when ultimately this poverty-stricken trio, this bare-bone assembly, thought proper to conclude that it was written by some person connected with the business of Shoe Making. "Mr. Free" their *Jagrus of Apollon*, in his

own estimation, then descended in language unworthy of the gentleman and the scholar, and worthy only of a frequenter of Billingsgate, or the inmate of a brothel, and began to deal out abuse with an unsparing hand, on the men of the lapstone. But, Mr. Editor, I can assure Mr. Free, the discarded tax-gatherer's son, that there were, and are now, hundreds of men connected with the lapstone, before whom he and his colleagues would stand ashamed and ashamed. Let Mr. Free remember that Sinnaeus the founder of the science in botany, was at one time a Shoemaker, in Sweden. Let him also remember that David Parens, the elder, who was afterwards a celebrated Professor of Theology, at Heidelberg, Germany, was a Shoemaker; Hans Sachs, one of the most famous of early poets, and Renedick Baddoni, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, were Shoemakers. To these may be added those ornaments of literature, Holcroft, the author of the Critic, and other learned works, Gifford, the founder and for many years the Editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, one of the most profound scholars and elegant writers of the age, and Bloomfield the author of the *Farmer's Boy* and other works, all of whom were Shoemakers and the pride and admiration of the literary world. John Brand, Secretary of the London Antiquarian Society, and author of several learned works, Drew, the accomplished scholar, Fox, the founder of the sects called Quakers, and Roger Sherman, the American Statesman, all of whom were men of the lapstone, and men, the latchet of whose shoes Mr. Free and his confederates would be unworthy to unlace.—But, Mr. Editor, has this bombastic Ishmaelite removed the burden, or attempted to deny the charges brought by Mr. Novascotian? No sir! but quietly acquiesced, and thus riveted them; for what is not denied in such matters, is taken as an admission. Mr. Free also appears thoroughly acquainted when the under-pinnings of a building are giving way, as it is about twelve months since his dwelling shared that fate and fell, when he had to take shelter from the stormy blast, within a prison, beneath the same roof with the robber and the murderer, and thus become a companion for convicted felons. This latitudinarian has, Mr. Editor, for the last ten years actively engaged his self-styled "powerful hand" in arraying against the Clergy, in Bathurst, of all denominations; priest and minister are all alike to him, all have shared the abuse of this man.

When Latitudinarians and Deists combine,
The Lord on the clergy have mercy and shine.

And now Mr. Editor what must you and the public think of Mr. Free, cooped up within the confines of a gloomy prison? he has been led to form a low estimate of human nature, and to expect little good from the cultivation of its inherent capabilities; these opinions have been entwined with a mischievous feeling for the Arctic luminary and he bespeakers all those with his filth, who dare to think favourably of him. And now Mr. Free let not these remarks again give space to scurrility, on a body of useful men, the nearest of whom in the Northern Section of the Province would stand side by side, with point of character and bare away the palm, but sir, remember the old adage, "The turkeys should stand at the door." I may again Mr. Editor trespass on your columns, should circumstances permit, but at present I must apologize for the space I have occupied, and now Sir, in conclusion allow me to counsel Mr. Free a little; it may hereafter benefit so "vain a mind," viz. "Men living in glass-houses should not be the first to throw stones." I trust Mr. Editor I shall not again hear from this man, but in his retired moments he will give this matter, a calm, and dispassionate consideration, when I doubt not but he will come to the conclusion, that "discretion is the better part of valour," for rest assured Sir, if the sound of the trumpet be again heard, his past conduct shall be secured with great skill only be laid aside when he shall cease to use the *Buck Saw*.

Yours, &c.
JUSTITIA.

Tettagouche April, 2nd 1846.

(FOR THE LOYALIST.)

POLK'S VISION.—Time Midnight.
The curtain rises and discovers the PRESIDENT in his bed-chamber, seated in his rocking-chair, with his Wellingtons resting on the mantelpiece, in his teeth a prime Havana, on his scalp a monstrous beaver, which seems from its very steady appearance to have seen several months' service in the double capacity of a hat and a night-cap; he is deeply engaged in perusing his last official letter, and consequently fills into a profound, but unrefreshing slumber, during which, he is visited by the following awful vision:—

THE GHOST OF FREEDOM RISES AND THUS ADDRESSES THE SLEEPER.
Tune.—Yankee Doodle.

I am the Ghost of Liberty!
So late by your kindred dead sir—
You've got my portrait on the cents
With a mob-cap on my head sir.*

You've murder'd and insulted me
All to your own destruction,
Among the blacks away down south,
Oh, 'wont I raise a ruction.†

Old Polk you'll be the laughing stock,
Of this enlightened nation,
Now hear the Ghost of Freedom's curse,
She duns you to damnation!‡
(Shakes her fist and vanishes.)

To the melodious music of subterranean shovels and tongs, his sable Majesty rises, and thus speaks:—
I have seen with joy and delight Mr. Polk,
How well you can speak, ay, and write Mr. Polk,
And in this I'd not be impolite Mr. Polk,
You must come home with me this night Mr. Polk.

I am, as well you must know, Mr. Polk,
The President down there below Mr. Polk,
I want a slave-driver so Mr. Polk,
In the same boat I mean you to row Mr. Polk.
For these United States I'll assuredly annex as
I have a better right to them than you had to Texas.

At this horrible announcement the President's feet find their way to the floor with astonishing celerity.—He starts from the rocking-chair, falls on his knees and exclaims in dreadful agitation:—
"Waiter, another glass o' real gin-alig,
Not spirits no, I've had enough of o' them,
My hairs 's an end—I've swaller'd the Havannah,
Oh I'm catamountously chaw'd up,
And no mistake I guess—it was a dream
And 'aint I most tarnation glad of it?"
(Scene closes.)

* the phantom doth lay her death to his, (the President's) door, and doth also accuse him of caricaturing her on the American copper.

† To punish Mr. Polk's wickedness, she threatneth to excite rebellion among the slaves.

‡ The phantom prophesyeth that he will be laughed to scorn by his own countrymen, and finisheth by cursing him (Mr. Polk,) in a highly energetic and solemn manner.