

THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

VOL. I.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1842.

No. 27.

THE LOYALIST, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BY JAMES DOAK.

At his Office, in Mr. J. M. Robertson's Building, corner
of Market Square and Water street.

Terms—Twelve shillings and six-pence per annum,
payable half-yearly in advance; 2s. 6d. extra
when sent by mail.

JOB PRINTING executed at this office with
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[All Letters and Communications (post paid),
to be addressed to the Publisher.]

THE DUTCH LOVERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

(Concluded.)

One day, I received an unexpected visit from the good old man, purposely to know my opinion about his son's courtship. 'You have so frequently assisted me, Mr. Counsellor,' said he, 'that I trust you will not refuse hearing me now, about a matter of importance to me.—You certainly know, as the whole neighbourhood talks of it, that my son courts your neighbour Agnes. He is crazy after her, which is no wonder; we have been in the same situation—and I must say, that he is so careful, so orderly, that he pleases me and his mother so well, that we should be sorry to cross his inclinations, which would certainly render him miserable, and perhaps lead him to the grave. You probably are acquainted with your neighbours—and may be able to inform me what they are.'

I now thought the good man wished to know if the girl had any money, so that I answered him that 'I did not think they possessed much; that, as far as I could see, the young woman had plenty of clothes, but that I did not suppose that the mother could give her daughter any marriage portion.' 'I did not ask you that,' replied my honest client; 'the daughter herself told the very same to James at the first outset, and that is a matter of indifference to us; the sweetest money is what one earns one's self. My son understands his profession, and is industrious. I shall shortly let him exhibit his masterpiece, and undergo his examination; and between you and me, I have with care and economy accumulated much more than people think.—I only want you to tell me whether Agnes conducts herself with propriety, and especially if she is good tempered; for my James is a sheepish boy, and if he married a vixen it would break his heart.'

This, however, I cannot believe of the girl, pleasing as she is: our Kitty is almost as much in love with her as her brother is, and my dame is already as fond of her, as if she were her own daughter. I answered him 'that his and his family's friendship could not be better bestowed than on Agnes; that I durst venture to be answerable for her good temper, that she was well-educated, and that, although I could in my house hear almost every thing that was going forward next door, I had not, during six years, heard the least noisy word between mother and daughter; that she was as dutiful as possible to the old lady; and as to neatness and economy, my neighbour was well grounded in both, and that her daughter, sensible as she was, must have learnt the same from her. In a word, that I did not doubt but James had made an excellent choice, and would with Agnes be a happy man.'

'Well, I am heartily glad you give the girl such a good character,' said the worthy man; 'but do not you think it better the young folks should wait a year or two before they marry? At present I fear it would only be children's play.'

'No, my dear neighbour,' said I, 'that is not by any means my opinion. These matters must not be kept drawing, or we risk their non-completion through envy and slander. I would immediately bring every thing to a conclusion, and the sooner the better.'

'Well, then, Mr. Counsellor, it will be best to conclude the wedding directly. But I have one request to make of you, which I hope you will not refuse: I have invited Agnes and her mother to dine with us to-morrow. Our aunt will likewise be of the party; one of these days the children will inherit a pretty sum from her, but it is better to wait, than to fast for it, for she may, as you know, bequeath it from them. So much for this. My request is, therefore, that you partake of our meal, and then we may come to some resolution on the subject. You will not be sumptuously entertained, we know nothing of such things; we shall send some ribs of beef to the oven, and

my dame will prepare a dish of grey pease, and some other trifles; at any rate there will be enough.'

I was much pleased with this invitation, and promised that I would certainly attend at the hour appointed.

'We found to make a happy party, A cheerful face and welcome hearty.'

As I endeavour to avoid the repetition of unnecessary compliments, when I visit my friends, I never am the first comer of the guests; so that I suited myself to the precise dinner-hour of my worthy client, and made my appearance with the first dishes. 'I was the only person waited for, and I do not remember to have been received anywhere with more natural tokens of unfeigned regard. The company consisted of Agnes and her mother, and the family, which, with myself and the old aunt, (whose presence I thought a good sign,) made the number eight.—The old man took my hand, which, from mere frank-heartedness he squeezed roughly. His dame came and offered me her lips, which I kissed with a loud smack, as well as those of our aunt, who mumbled ten times that I was heartily welcome.

For this slightly disagreeable job, I was amply made amends by three kisses without guile, which each of the young girls exchanged for as many of mine, and which I enjoyed with less noise and more leisure than the former. Agnes, who doubtless knew I had used my best endeavours to forward the match, seeing me approach her, turned as red as scarlet, although her beautiful brown eyes appeared very friendly. But I cannot express the hearty kindness with which James received me, for the same reason: I could hardly loosen my hands from his. Had he not bethought himself, I really believe he would have kissed them, and his gratitude was plainly legible in every feature.

The father and mother in their Sunday clothes looked neat, though only as common trades-people. The aunt wore brownish tresses under her cap, which, like the rest of her dress, appeared to be at least half as old as herself. Agnes, sister Kitty and the younger sister were in new clothes, a degree smarter than they had ever before worn; and the mother was dressed like a respectable citizen's widow, without any ornaments, but perfectly nice.

As she appeared to have been brought up rather better than the people of the house, I dare say she had given them both her advice and assistance towards arranging the table. Every thing was in exact order. The table-cloth was fine and large, and the napkins curiously folded, with a roll of bread in each. On the side of every pewter plate lay a new-fashioned knife, with a silver fork and spoon, which looked as if just come from the shop. Whilst I was making these observations, the first course was brought in, which consisted merely of a very large basin of broth, containing a knuckle of veal, with a dish of forced-meat balls and sausages.

'Come, friends,' says the old man, 'don't let the victuals cool, but take your places, if you please.'

'Let me manage this,' says the mother, 'I shall soon settle the matter as it should be. Mr. Counsellor is a bachelor, he shall sit between the girls; James next to Agnes, then the widow, and aunt, and we shall find our places.' So said, so done; and in a minute this skein was unravelled and wound up. Agnes, her mother, and I, immediately took something on our plates, in which James, who, like the others, had begun to sip the broth from the basin, imitated us, instigated by Agnes, who softly said to him, 'fie James!'

After the soup was removed, a large sirloin of beef was set on the table, between two dishes of grey pease, a salad and stewed apples. 'There, my friends, you see the whole,' said the father; 'there is a venison-pasty in the middle, and the more you eat, the more pleasure you will give me.' After this hearty compliment, as I found nobody ventured to attack the beef, I, although an indifferent carver, undertook to help the company, which I did to their satisfaction. James, who saw his beloved, her mother, and me, eat with a fork, being upon his guard, after his mistake with the spoon, likewise tried to do so, and, considering it was his first essay, succeeded tolerably;—indeed, what cannot love teach! The father took notice of his son's dexterity. 'Well, my lad,' says he, 'where have

you learnt to eat with a fork? and you do it well, too! Well, keep to that new fashion. I would do so likewise, were I not too old to alter my habit; I have not been accustomed to it. Your mother and I, my boy, (never forget it, in whatever station you may hereafter be,) were brought up here in the orphan's hospital, and we have raised ourselves from the ground without ever having, thank God! wronged our consciences, or any person; and, as we have saved a pretty penny for our children, we are very willing they should fare better than we did: 'Tell me what I am and not what I was,' says the old Dutch proverb; what say you, mother? 'Honour be to your heart, father,' said the good woman, 'we will not give ourselves out for what we are not, as many do who come floating on a straw: nobody has any claims on us, not even for a farthing.'

In the mean time James hardly ate or drank anything; he satiated and intoxicated himself with gazing at his beloved. He eyed her incessantly, as if he beheld her for the first time in his life, or rather as if he should never see her again. One would have sworn he was deaf and dumb, except towards what related to Agnes. Although he certainly did not grudge her her dinner, he continually took hold of her hand, and looked at it as if he were going to eat it, but let go his hold ten times in a quarter of an hour, after one or other of the following reprimands:—'Are you not ashamed, James? be quiet, let me loose, what will people think? upon which James immediately begged pardon, and the next minute was at it again. When the dishes, which were all good of the kind, were removed, the whole family, except Agnes and James, retired into the next room for a few minutes; and, as I only remained with the lovers, James, who had, instead of one, drank five or six glasses of wine to Agnes's health, transported with love, and overpowered with wine, took hold of his angel's arm and attempted to ravish a few kisses. But the sweet girl was much displeased, and pushed him gently aside.

'Is that well done, my dear Mr. Counsellor, now we have got so far? said James with a distressed look. 'Well, James,' answered I, 'the lass is not so much in the wrong; remember the old saying, 'Wise before people, and mad in a corner.'—'In a corner!' interrupted he, 'that is worse; but, sir, you are such a worthy man that I appeal to you, whether, as the bargain is now almost concluded, can there be any harm in her granting me a trifling favour now and then, by way of earnest? 'Hark, James,' was my answer; 'Agnes behaves extremely well, for in general in these kind of bargains, the more earnest is given, the less they are stood to.' I had no sooner said this, to the great surprise of James, who thought it impossible for his patron to give it against him in a thing which appeared to him so very reasonable, than the company returned, and I, after having privately exchanged a few words with the father and mother, took my leave, as I had some pressing business to transact, but on condition of supping with them.

When I returned, I found my friends in another apartment, playing a round game at cards, and was told that James had been continually making mistakes, as his thoughts were otherwise engaged. Soon after, we returned to the dining-room, where we found the table covered with the cold beef, a small ham, a salad, pickled herrings, smoked beef, butter and cheese, almonds and raisins, neatly placed. We seated ourselves as at dinner; our aunt, who seemed to relish the wine much, after declaring that the sight of the young people's courtship renewed her youth, began to sing: I took the opportunity, as much for my own sake as that of James, of asking the good old lady, if she did not remember any song of old times, where kissing was mentioned.

She was immediately ready, and chanted one in her best manner, where-in kisses were stuck as thick as hailstones. The girls, especially Agnes, were at first extremely shy; but I had no sooner assured them that such was the usual custom among the most virtuous girls, when the men did not behave too grossly, than James added, 'See now, my dear Agnes, the gentleman himself says so, and every thing went on as smoothly as rain slides from a slated pent-house. This game pleased me wonderfully well; but no tongue can tell how James fed in clover; his happiness was

so great that it might be said he was hardly able to bear it.

When this had continued a little while, the father knocked on the table with the handle of a knife; 'Hark, my friends,' said he, 'there is a time for all things.—Here the mother interrupted him.—'Come, husband, let me speak. You see, Mr. Counsellor, the young people are not averse to each other; my master and I do not object to their marriage; neither does Agnes's mother. Moreover, our aunt is very fond of Agnes, and loves James so much that she thinks, and so do we, matters should be concluded, the sooner the better: but mention is made of marriage-conditions; with these we are unacquainted, and beg, as you have always been our friend, you will lend us your assistance.'

'Hearken, mother,' said I, 'I shall give you my sentiments candidly: what need we trouble ourselves about marriage-settlements? the young people love each other, and where heart and body are in common, money ought likewise to be so.' 'You express yourself well,' said the father; 'an angel speaks out of your mouth,' echoed James; but requesting their attention a little longer, I thus continued. 'Although I do not certainly know, yet I have reason to suspect that Agnes's mother is not in such affluent circumstances as my client, and that probably the young woman besides her economy and knowledge of house-keeping possesses little or nothing, but—The aunt here burst out, 'How! little or nothing? no, no, that shall not go thus: I do not understand it so, and shall never permit it, if it was ever so: not at all.'

Not a little astonished at such an unexpected interruption, and thinking no otherwise than that she wanted to put a clog to the wheel; 'How,' said I, 'what do you mean by this? I always thought the match was to your liking; from whence then arises this sudden and unaccountable change?' 'Who says I have altered my mind?' says aunt; 'but I again repeat that I will not suffer the girl to bring nothing for her portion: if her mother cannot give her anything, I shall. I know James is to have a thousand rix-dollars, and she shall have the like, and this will be no hindrance to you, niece Kitty; for if you meet with a worthy young man, although he has not a dot in the world, you shall have the same.' Upon this the whole company recovered their spirits, especially James, who, on hearing his aunt's first words grew as pale as a criminal who had just heard his sentence of death pronounced.

A general silence still continuing, she resumed, 'Well, what do you stare at me for? I hope you do not think I am become so suddenly generous, because I have drank a glass too much: what I say, I mean; send for a notary to write it down. What I am now doing I always intended, for I am old and not accustomed to live expensively, so that I cannot spend all my money, and 'tis all the same to me whether you have it now, or after my death.' No sooner had she said this, than James, overjoyed with such unexpected good fortune, flung himself, crying, about his aunt's neck. I made a sign to Agnes to do the same, and notwithstanding she was disordered, she acquitted herself of that duty with tokens of unaffected and tender gratitude, in which we all followed her. I could not help shedding tears as the others did.—Aunt cried too, through joy that she had accomplished such a good deed. She persisted in her desire of having a notary sent for, and although I thought it might appear dishonourable, as if mistrusting her word, we were obliged to comply, especially as she added that having no other near friends than those present, the wedding might as well be concluded that same evening. Every thing that wished was done in a very short time, which raised James's rapture to the highest pitch. He caught Agnes in his arms crying, 'Now, however, you are mine.' She fell into his, so agitated as hardly to know what she did, and she appeared to be just on the point of fainting, had not her lover restored her spirits with a thousand loving kisses. It may be easily imagined, that the rest of the evening passed with redoubled pleasure.

It's a FINE THING TO BE A GENTLEMAN.—Och! it's a fine thing to be a gentleman,' said Andy. 'Cock you up!' said his mother. 'Maybe is a gentleman you want to be;—what puts that in your

head you *omadhau*? 'Why, because a gentleman has no hard-hips compared with one of us. Sure, if a gentleman was married his wife wouldn't be tuk off from him the way mine was.' 'Not so soon, maybe,' said the mother drily.—'And if a gentleman breaks a horse's heart he's only a 'bowlid rider,' while a poor servant is a 'careless blackguard' for only taking a sweat out of him. If a gentleman drinks till he can't see a hole in a ladder, he's only 'fresh,' but 'drunk' is the word for a poor man.—And if a gentleman kicks up a row he's a 'fine spirited fellow,' while a poor man is a 'disorderly vagabone' for the same; and the Justice axes the one to dinner and sends the other to gaol. Oh! faix the law is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance.'—*Lover's Handy Andy.*

STATE OF PARTIES IN CANADA.

It requires no spirit of prophecy to foresee that a moral revolution is at hand in Canada—and ere long the land will rejoice in its vast extent, at the noble prospect of the whole British-hearted population from the St. Lawrence to the Superior, uniting in an irresistible phalanx to dash to the ground at once and for ever, the political nightmare, the Republican and Jacobin faction, which Providence has permitted temporarily to govern our afflicted country.

Sir Charles Bagot has earned our gratitude in one particular, namely, in having framed an administration of such an unexampled and hitherto unrivalled political hideousness, as to have opened the eyes of all good men and true, from one end of Canada to the other, to a full sense of the unparalleled peril in which the loyal population are placed by the utter abandonment of them and their dearest interests into the hands of that sinful and rotten-hearted faction which so recently stood in open rebellion against the authority of that Sovereign, whose Representativity is now so fawningly caressing them.

A large proportion of the Canadian conservatives (ourselves amongst the number) disliked shewing any opposition to the Government of Lord Sydenham, believing him to merit the eulogium passed on him by the leading Tory Journal of the world, the London Times:—'Lord Sydenham, to do him justice, seems as little disposed to knock under to domestic treason as to foreign aggression.'

They also believed him to be fully aware (as was the Earl of Durham) of the utter hopelessness of attempting to bribe or flatter into loyalty a certain portion of the Disaffection of Lower Canada.

But Sir Charles Bagot by the ignominious expulsion from his Cabinet of every man suspected of conservative principles, and completely throwing himself into the hands of Messrs. Baldwin, Hincks, and Morrison, has placed between him and every honest hearted lover of British supremacy, a vast and yawning gulf, beyond which (we fear) there will be no passing.

So far Sir Charles Bagot has earned our gratitude—he will be sure to receive it.

He has torn the mask forever from the coarse features of the monsters of Conciliation and Coalition. He has drawn the broad line between loyalty and disaffection. He has sounded the alarm to every Conservative and loyal Reformer whom doubt and weakness had tempted to saggle or linger among the tents of the Administration to hurry back for the last grand rallying round that old and yet untarnished standards of Loyalty and British CONNEXION.

Sir Charles Bagot has done wonders—has far outstripped all his predecessors in uniting together in the strong bonds of a sense of common interest and common danger, the British population of United Canada.

They felt somewhat bewildered how to act under Lord Sydenham. They feel no hesitation under Sir Charles Bagot. For this he has earned our gratitude—he will be sure to receive it.

The loyalty and moral strength of Canada may now truly be said to be under a cloud—but as all great truths have within themselves the inherent virtue of battling with and ultimately trampling on all attempts at their destruction, we may have perfect reliance on the certainty of the ultimate victory of the good cause.

British blood was not shed like water on the heights of Abraham—hundreds of thousands of English, Irish and Scotch emigrants left for the 'free fair homes' of their fatherlands, merely to people a country destined to be ruled by a Republican or Jacobin faction.

Treachery, cowardice, and corruption, may temporarily grant to such, a short-lived ascendancy, but the day of triumph to the loyal and British-hearted men of the old race of the Anglo-Saxons cannot long be deferred.—*Toronto Patriot.*

We extract the following from the Kingston (Canada) Statesman; it is the conclusion of an article on the present state, and future prospects, of parties in Canada; headed 'hints to the Loyal'.

On a full consideration then, of the present position and prospects of the conservative party, we are inclined to view them with favour, and if proper means are now used to form conservative associations, (after the plan of Sir Robert Peel, in England,) our triumph will be placed beyond doubt or question.

We know it has been urged, and urged too by individuals, for whose opinions we entertain much respect, that conservative associations are unnecessary and unequalled. We cannot understand the process of reasoning, by which such a conclusion is arrived at, or we would heartily say, Amen! What is the principle of all warfare? That if we have acknowledged enemies to contend against, we must be constantly on the watch, and prepared when they shall muster their forces to oppose them. Who is the enslaver most to be dreaded in our present combat? It is the foul spirit of a low and levelling democracy, which cordially detesting the existence of British power on this continent, now allies itself with French Canadian influence, not to serve that influence, or exalt that party; but to use it as present means, to gain a great and future end. When such a course is manifestly in progress, can any Briton hesitate as to the course he should pursue? Can the descendant of any noble hearted Loyalist doubt the path if which he should walk? We have heard military men talk of masked batteries, and we have read military works upon the subject of concealment, till you can open the fire with more terrific, because unexpected fury on the enemy; but in our judgement, it is far more prudent by prevention to cure, rather than wait till the attack comes, and then find ourselves able to muster but small forces, and with untrained and divided followers, offer but a feeble resistance. Far better is it to call forth the loyal spirit than to allow it to linger and decline, till the critical moments (which we know not how near,) may arrive.

The Assembly, or as it is called in good old English phraseology, the Commons, is the object to which all attention must be now turned. We must no longer suffer Assemblies to be packed like the present; to have but a mockery of the public wish in what ought to be the Commons. Until this object is effected, we can neither have cordiality of feeling between the people and their representatives, desired scrutiny for British supremacy, nor real prosperity for the country. A spirit must be roused that will never be quieted save by success. 'A soul must be created under the ribs of the loyal people of Canada—they are a noble race, they have performed many noble acts, and the spirit of noble and true men is within them: that spirit must be opened; its vision steadily directed to a fixed object; its wonder will increase as fresh objects present themselves; they must have their minds carried back to the 'olden times' of fidelity and fortitude, when every rising sun threatened to usher in the last morning of British power on the continent of America; to the many privations and sufferings then endured, and to the unyielding fortitude of their Forefathers. They must be embodied in conservative associations; a community of feeling must be established; information diffused; the energy and resources of the loyal concentrated; they must be taught to 'Fear God, honour the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change,' to hoist the old British standard, and subscribe upon their banners, Nelson's memorable signal at Trafalgar. 'England expects that every man will do his duty.'