

THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

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THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

A bark had left a crowded strand,
Bound to a bright and distant land
And freshly the ocean breeze
Wafted her o'er the trackless main
From the shore that she might ne'er again
View—from its own bright seas!

Many a mournful heart was there,
And young brows deeply traced by care;
And many a tearful gaze
Fix'd on the fast receding land
For a last look at that lov'd band
Of the friends of early days!

Whose farewell blessing echoed o'er
The rolling ocean's gathering roar,
The wild blast's sibilant moan,
That a requiem seem'd for parted days—
Ethereal hope's declining rays,
And affection's hallowed home.

In murmurs sad the last farewell,
From lips by sorrow faded fell,
As sunset dyed the wave!
Did woman's deep, but fragile heart
Sink then, from kindred, home, to part,
And parent's honoured grave?

Supported in that trying hour
By all her deep affection's power,
She still felt richly blest;
Conscious, wherever she might roam,
One heart she yet might call her own,
Where her deep trust might rest!

And he, who lingered by her side,
His poignant grief concealed by pride,
In his expressive gaze,
Oh, you might read—of much bereft—
That he had still a treasure left
In the love of his bright days.

And childhood's smile gilding its fears,
Gleaming thro' clouds and rainbow tears,
Brighten'd the lonely bark;
Sweeping athwart the darkening main,
Where spray-drops fell in glittering rain,
Like the fire-fly's brilliant spark!

The glorious day's last crimson beam
Faded—as fancy's fleeting dream
At reason's high command;
Leaving the heavens, earth, and deep,
To phantoms of deluding sleep,
And terror's shadowy band.

And hopes shall o'er the dark heart rise,
Like bright beams o'er the dusky skies—
Oh, rise to set in gloom!
There is but One that may endure—
The hope from earthly passions pure
The hope beyond the tomb!

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, or, to be more particular, in the year 1616, a shipwreck took place on the coast of Suffolk, before the eyes of a number of the assembled inhabitants of the district where it happened. The evening on which the bark came in sight was a stormy one, and its crew struggled long to avoid the half seen breakers, or sunken rocks, which threatened them with evident destruction. Most gallantly indeed did the poor mariners struggle, and so long as the light was good they were successful. But the dusk of the evening came on, and then the hope of their escape was awfully lessened. By degrees, the bark and its inmates disappeared from the straining gaze of those on shore. The last glimpse the latter had of the ill-fated vessel, showed the deck crowded with the passengers and crew, whose outstretched hands pled strongly though silently for help. Help could not be given though the unfortunates received the warmest sympathy of those who saw them. Even after all was enveloped in gloom at sea, the people on land remained on the same spot, listening with horror to the howling of the storm, and expecting every moment to hear the sound mingled up with the cry of some strong swimmer in his agony.

'Can nothing be done?' said a voice in the crowd, the first which had spoken aloud for some time. Every body turned round to the spot whence it came, the people of the place knowing that the sounds came from a stranger's lips. 'Can nothing be done?' repeated the same person; 'I will give a reward—a large reward for every life that is saved.'

An old fisherman took it upon him to reply, 'Do you think,' said he, roughly, 'we would have stood idle this half hour, if we could have done any thing to save them? No; I think I know the coast as well as any man hereabouts, or any where else, and I know that no boat could have crossed the black rocks—unless bottom upwards.' A murmur of assent was heard from all around. 'You think then,' said the first speaker, after a pause, 'that on these rocks the vessel will perish?'

'Too likely, your honour,' returned the fisherman, whom the light yet permitted to see that his interrogator was a gentleman; 'if the ship was once within these rocks, something might be done. But without them it never will be. What, between the sand and the rocks, there is hardly sea-way for a herring-barrel to pass inside.' 'But, my good friend, there is a chance; a slight one perhaps, and you may at least have your boats on the alert.' 'Please God,' replied the man, quietly, 'I will be on the look-out.' 'We may save some lives. But it will be a full hour ere the moon rises, and till then nothing can be done by man.' 'Thanks, thanks,' cried the stranger, gratified and assured by the firm though quiet tones of the speaker; 'I will reward all—all,' he continued more quietly, 'who will oblige me by receiving it.'

In an hour the moon began to give a glimmering light, sufficient to permit the people ashore to glance over the face of the deep to a short distance. Nothing was visible there. A blank expression passed over the faces of the assembled band. But the old fisherman roused them to exertion, and a fishing-boat was put to sea in the little cove formed inside of the rocks alluded to. The wind was not so high as formerly, yet high enough to make the short excursion proposed a matter of danger to the three or four hardy men whom the old fisherman chose to take with him. We shall not attempt to paint the anxiety which followed the starting of the boat, the whole course of which the light did not permit to be seen from land. It returned at length, and with an ominous proof of the doom which had befallen the ship. It brought the body of a man.

The exertions of the stranger already mentioned were instantly devoted to the resuscitation of this victim of the deep. He had the insensible body carried to the old fisherman's cottage, and there used all possible means to restore the vital spark. His attentions were rewarded with success. Ere the morning light dawned, the castaway, a youth of noble appearance, was seated by the fire of the fisherman's hut, able to converse with the stranger, and to thank him for his care. These thanks were expressed in good English, though with some peculiarities showing that English was not the native tongue of the speaker.

From the recovered youth it was learned that the vessel, which was an Italian merchant man, had struck soon after the night fell, and had gone to pieces in a quarter of an hour afterwards. He, himself had swam for the shore, but had exhausted his powers and lost all consciousness before being taken up. The proofs of his statement were made in part visible by the daylight. Several corpses were driven on shore, others were picked up by boats, and the remains of the little bark of Italy were cast on land by inches. The wreck had been an entire and terrible one.

Some time after this lamentable affair, the recovered youth was established as an inmate of the rectory of Hadleigh, the incumbent of which, Mr. Petre, had been his preserver on the night of the wreck. The young stranger gave himself the simple name of Theodore, and seemed averse to further inquiry into his name or affairs. But he was so gentle in manners, so intelligent, and so accomplished, that he became as a beloved son to the good pastor. 'I was a lonely man,' said the rector to him repeatedly, 'but heaven has given me a son in pity. You will not part from me, Theodore? I have enough for both.' The young stranger replied with warmth to Mr. Petre's kindness, but repeatedly mentioned, that he

required no pecuniary support—that he would receive means enough to render him independent of all such aid, on corresponding with his friends in Italy.

Mr. Petre introduced his new friend to all whom he himself knew, and among others to the family of Mr. Balls, one of the principal proprietors of the neighbourhood. This gentleman was of an ancient local house, and proud of his descent from a follower of the Saxon Harold at the battle of Hastings. He had a large family, the eldest of whom was his daughter Mary, a young lady possessed of great personal attractions, and a heart gentle and susceptible. The stranger, so noble in appearance and elegant in manners, made ere long a deep impression on her affections; which was fully reciprocated by the object of her regard. But he was modest and unassuming, and so well knew the difficulties which his position as an unknown cast-away involved him in, that but for an accidental peril which the young lady sustained in his presence, from the unmanageableness of her riding palfrey, the secret might have remained for ever locked up in the recess of his own heart. The danger of the mistress of his affections, however, called forth a passionate outburst of love. It was heard, and responded to, ere the parties concerned could think of aught else.

The lovers met, and met again. 'This must not be,' said Theodore at length, on one of these occasions, 'your father, my dearest Mary, must be told all. And yet I fear—' 'Fear!' replied the young lady, 'what have we to fear?—you must be our equal in birth,' and she glanced with a look of pride on her lover's manly and dignified form. 'Birth! equal in birth!' cried he, and for the first time Mary beheld something like pride, or even haughtiness on his countenance. But it soon passed away, and he said, 'I am the equal of your father in birth, but circumstances exist which compel me to be so far silent on that point. I have sworn an oath, that to none but the wife of my bosom will I reveal my name and origin. Mary became thoughtful at these words, and her lover saw a blush gather slowly on her downcast cheeks. He read its significance as clearly as if it had been told in words. 'No, Mary,' cried he, 'the honour of my mother was as untainted as thine own—as pure as the heaven that overlooks us! But mine has been a strange doom. The welfare of others called from me the oath I have spoken of, and it must be kept. I shall satisfy your father; for ere long I shall have the means, that I am of good and honourable birth, and of means perhaps equal to his own; but my name and family, I have said, must be made known to thee alone—if, indeed, I ever have the happiness to call thee mine.'

Theodore did not address himself to Mr. Balls until he had communicated with his friends in Italy, and received such credentials as he trusted would remove any objections that the father of Mary might entertain. Lovers look through a magnifying glass at all the circumstances favourable to their wishes, but apply a diminishing one to all obstacles and difficulties in their way. So it was in the present case. When Mr. Balls was applied to by Theodore, he started at the proposal. 'My daughter, sir!' cried he; 'my daughter is of an ancient and honourable family. The Balls family possessed this house and property, where we now are, before the conquest of England by the Normans. You must certainly be conscious, sir, of possessing an honourable pedigree to think of such a proposal as this.'

Theodore's heart sank within him as Mr. Balls spoke. 'I am conscious,' he replied, 'of an honourable descent, and I do not come thus before you without the means of proving it, although I must avouch candidly, and at once, that there are some things connected with myself which I cannot disclose. I will satisfy you, by the testimonials of those whose word ought not to be doubted, that my name is an honourable one, but that name it is not in my power to reveal.' Mr. Balls gazed at the speaker with a look of surprise. 'I might have taken a fictitious name, and deceived you, but I prefer to admit that there are imperative reasons for withholding my name from all but one person.' 'And who may that person be?' said Mr. Balls with an ominous sneer. Theodore observed the look, and did not immediately reply. 'Surely the person to whom you allude,' continued Mr. Balls, 'must be the head of that

house with which you seek to connect yourself?' The young stranger answered, 'No, sir; I am bound by a solemn engagement to reveal my name only to her who becomes the sharer of it with me.' 'That is to say, that my daughter is to wed with one who dares not disclose his name to the world? Can the cause of this be a creditable one? Impossible!' Theodore's heart was too deeply interested in the matter to permit him to take offence at the words of Mr. Balls, especially as his reason told him they were founded on a natural feeling. He therefore pressed the father of Mary to look at the letters from Italy, to which he had referred. The other consented, as much from curiosity as from any other motive. The letters were from two Italian noblemen, and were written evidently according to a form dictated by Theodore. The writers stated, that they knew, the family of Theodore to be of high distinction, and his birth to be honourable, though there were important reasons for concealing his name and family from the world at large. They also referred to his possession of considerable property, and mentioned other circumstances of a favourable nature.

We do not wish to lengthen our story. Mr. Balls declared, that if the register of baptism of the young stranger were presented to him along with these documents, and he were permitted to show the whole to his family and friends, he would be satisfied. This decision he adhered to, and neither the entreaties of Theodore, nor the tears of his daughter, could move him to alter it. On the other hand, Theodore firmly though sadly declared, that such a proposal could never be acceded to by him.

The consequence was, that the young stranger's visits to the house of his mistress were peremptorily forbidden, altho' Mr. Petre, whose confidence in his guest's honour and integrity was unshaken, joined his entreaties to those of the lovers to bring matters to a favourable close. But all was in vain. Can we wonder at the issue? Theodore and the object of his love met in secret, and finally, they were privately married. The direct reason of this rash step was the confident hope entertained by Mary, that, if entrusted with the secret of Theodore, she might by the strength of her testimony, reconcile her father to their union. She did learn her husband's secret, and such was its nature, in her eyes at least, that it only augmented love, and increased her pride in him a thousand-fold. But this did not save her from the violent anger of her father, when her marriage was disclosed. 'Oh! believe me, dear father,' she exclaimed, with tears, 'he is one of whom you ought, in every respect, to feel proud.' 'Proud!' cried the irritated father, 'proud of a nameless wanderer!—my family proud of a union with such as he!' 'Yes,' returned the daughter, 'you will one day be proud of Theodore, and repent of your unkindness.' 'If you desire me to do so unfold at once this vile mystery! If not, begone from these walls, and follow the vagrant you have chosen!'

In the little village of Llandulph in Cornwall, the pair who form the main personages of our story lived for many years after their union, beloved by all around them. They were happy in their mutual affection, though the continued anger of the lady's father threw a frequent damp over the enjoyments of the wife, after many fruitless appeals for a reconciliation. At length Mary wrote that her husband was ill, and to increase the evil, had been made so chiefly by the cessation of his wonted communications from Italy. She, and her family were now in want. Mr. Balls turned a deaf ear to this new appeal from his daughter. To a second of the same nature he proved equally cold. A third communication, after a considerable interval of time, informed him that his daughter was a broken-hearted widow, her husband having sunk under the pressure of want and its attendant distresses. A portion of the same letter led Mr. Balls to go to Cornwall.

The following inscription, engraven on a brass tablet affixed to a mural monument in the chancel of Llandulph church and still to be seen there by visitors, will show what Mr. Balls learned on his arrival there.

Here lieth the body of Theodore Paleologus, of Pesania in Italy, descended from the Imperial line of the last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the son of Camillo, the son of Prosper, the son of Theodore, the son of John, the son of

Thomas, the second brother of Constantine Paleologus the eighth of that name, and last of the line that reigned in Constantinople, until subdued by the Turks, who married with Mary the daughter of William Balls of Hadleigh in Suffolk, gent.; * * * and departed this life at Clifton, the 21st of January 1636.

Persecuted by Pope Paul V. and his successor Gregory XV., who hated the Greek line, Theodore Paleologus would have perished in Italy, had not the interference of a powerful friend procured permission for him to retire to England upon condition of his taking an oath never to divulge his name, that those attached to the imperial house might remain ignorant of the existence of its representative.

'Father,' said the widow of the last Paleologus, 'I said you would one day repent.'

The English squire, whose ancestor had been at the battle of Hastings, did indeed think with sorrowful regret of his conduct to the last of the Cæsars of the East!

TOTAL DEMONSTRATION.—On the 2d instant, upwards of 300 of the *Mathewites* were observed marching towards Dunganon, attended by the Monaghan *Teetotal* Band, playing, "as they moved along," their favourite tunes, to the great annoyance of the peaceable inhabitants of the place. Informations being lodged with Lord Northland, to the effect that if the procession was allowed to enter the town, in the spirit it then displayed, the most serious consequences would be the result. His Lordship, with praiseworthy alacrity, rode out to meet it, accompanied by a few of the police force, and succeeded in putting a stop to the musical performance, to the great dissatisfaction of some of the ringleaders, who had the audacity to make use of the most insulting language towards his Lordship, and one of them even went so far as to strike Lord Northland's horse with a stick, accompanying the blow with the remark, that he would not stop much to treat his Lordship to a similar taste of the fruits of temperance. This fellow, whose name is M'Iroy, with another of his associates, was immediately taken into custody, but the remainder of the processionists were permitted to enter the town. The greatest anxiety was felt by the inhabitants for the peace of the town, but through the exertions of Lord Northland who strengthened the police force by sending to Charlemont for a party of foot artillery, happily no disturbances of a serious nature occurred. It is evident, from the language used by M'Iroy, their leader, (formerly a schoolmaster at Moy,) that the movement was a political one. This person is in the habit of haranguing the *Teetotalers*, in such language as the following:—"The people think that Father Mathew's scheme is a rope of sand, but while Father Mathew, with the Priests and the Pope are at one end, and God Almighty at the other, all the powers of hell will not be able to break it." Will the Protestants open their eyes in time to the real character of this movement?—*Londoner's Sentinel*.

TOM STEEL IN DUNGANON.—A Dunganon correspondent has addressed to us (*Newry Telegraph*) a communication of which the following is an extract:—"On Friday last, Tom Steele honoured the town of Dunganon with a visit. In his address to the Repealers, he said that he did not appear amongst them as a Repeal leader but as O'Connell's head pacificator. His object, he alleged, was to ascertain the cause of the capture of one of his disciples (M'Elroy,) on All Saints' Day, and to inquire into the conduct of the acting Magistrates upon the occasion of that person's arrest. He further stated that Mr. Robert Falls, local solicitor for the Repealers, had been directed to take the necessary steps to carry out their object. In the course of a speech delivered by him at Fullan's auction rooms, Mr. Steele is reported to have stated 'that it was by and with fire and blood they (the Repeal party) had got what they had; and that by and with fire and blood they would get what they wanted.' Is not he a pacificator with a vengeance? In the course of Friday, Steele, accompanied by his headman, O'Farrell, visited Mr. John Falls, the unsuccessful candidate for the Borough at the late election. By the town's people Mr. Steele, as on the former occasion, was very badly received; and his escort in the streets was his old friend the tailor, and an old clothesman, special

care being taken by him and them as far as possible to escape observation. The 'demonstration' which had been promised to take place on the occasion of his revisiting the town was, from prudential motives, not attempted, and the day passed off as quietly as if Tom had been at the Corn Exchange. So much for the success of the missionary of Repeal in this 'one of the three most important localities in Ireland.' It may not be amiss to mention that informations have been forwarded to Dublin Castle, containing a report of the exact words, used in Fullan's rooms by Steele. The correctness of the report is sworn to!

BRITISH INDIA.—British India is nearly equal in territory to the United States, and is bounded north by the Himalaya mountains, east by China, and south by the Bay of Bengal, west by the river Indus and the India ocean. It includes Hindostan, Chinese India and the Island of Ceylon, and numbers over 150,000,000 of inhabitants. It will be understood, that the East India company have exclusive control of this vast empire, which is one and a half million square miles.—Ever since the incorporation of the company, their jurisdiction has been gradually increasing. Their privileges or rather their monopoly, is the production of a series of renewals and extensions from parliament for the last 200 years. The powers of the company have been enlarging and consolidating to so great a degree as to become a part of the English government itself.

The wealth of India is familiar to the readers of eastern romance. The Arabian Nights Entertainments' paints its riches with a pencil of gold. And the splendor of Asiatic pomp and magnificence are not ideal. The silks and furs and cloths of curious workmanship, the shawls, robes and carpets, the gums and spices and fruit—and above all, the precious minerals—the product of the toil, ingenuity and peril of the East Indian have for centuries teemed into the cities and palaces of Europe. The far-famed 'mines of Golconda,' with their costly diamonds, are familiar words to all.

The soil is one of unbounded luxuriance. The valley of the Ganges, which is 1,000 miles long, and 250 broad, is an alluvial soil, surpassing the banks of the Nile in fertility. This tract of country alone, it is said, can produce sugar enough to supply the whole world. The cost of the production of this article in India is but a penny per pound,—and the amount produced there has trebled within the last nine years. Cotton, rice, tobacco and indigo may also be raised without any difficulty in the greatest abundance. The climate being mild, the wants of the people are consequently lessened. Sixpence per day is the ordinary price of labor. The fertility of the soil is owing to the periodical rains and the intense heat of the sun in that latitude, which acting together, form a mould of soil six feet deep over most of the peninsula of Hindostan. Besides the noble Ganges—whose waters the natives believe will purify them from every moral transgression—the country is traversed by the Indus. The wind blowing alternately north and south for six months, each over a part of the territory, and over another part along the coast for four months every year in periods of twelve hours, each from the sea and from the land, gives a salubrity to the climate.—Though in some seasons unhealthy for foreigners, it is not so to old residents or natives—if we except the ravages made by those terrible scourges of mankind, the plague and cholera, the latter of which is said to have found its birth in this part of Asia. And well has poor India paid for the cradling of this pestilence. Fifty million of persons are said to have fallen victims to it there!

The inhabitants are divided into different grades or castes—the lines of separation between them are impassable. In person they are handsome, especially the females, who are delicate and graceful. The upper and middling castes have all the industry, intelligence and honesty necessary to form them into an educated and enlightened people. But they are groaning under a load of oppression. In 1833 the starvation was so great in some provinces, that two granaries of the East India Company were plundered, and a general conspiracy to murder their masters was discovered. In Madras the famine was beyond description. Thousands have annually perished, while the store-houses