

THE LOYALIST.

UNION IS STRENGTH

VOL. 1.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1842.

N. 26.

THE LOYALIST,
Is Printed and Published Every
Thursday Afternoon,
BY JAMES DOOK,
At his Office, in Mr. J. M. Robertson's Building,
corner of Market Square and Water Street.
Terms—Twelve shillings and sixpence per an-
num, payable half-yearly in advance; 2s. 6d. extra
when sent by mail.
JOB PRINTING executed at this office with
neatness and dispatch, on liberal terms.
All Letters and Communications (post paid),
to be addressed to the Publisher.

THE DUTCH LOVERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Sitting one evening in a parlor next the street, at a window, in order to enjoy a beautiful moonlight night, I saw from behind the blind without being seen myself my next-door neighbour's daughter, a sweet, modest, and orderly young girl, eighteen or nineteen years of age, stand on the steps before her door, with a stove under her apron—a stove is a small wooden box, a hollow cube of ten inches, with holes in the top, containing an earthen pan with lighted turf, which the women of Holland place under their feet in winter, probably waiting for her mother, a worthy decent widow, who, assisted by this her only child, creditably gained a livelihood by needlework. While she was standing there, a carpenter's apprentice, a well made young lad, apparently not much older than the girl but somewhat clumsy, approached her with his hat in his hand, and with every symptom of bashfulness. She immediately retreated towards the door, a little surprised, when the young man accosted her thus:—"O, neighbour, I beg you will not be afraid of me; I would not hurt a child, much less you; I only request, my dear girl, that you will permit me to light my pipe at your stove." These words, spoken with a trembling voice, and which rather appeared to proceed from one who was himself afraid, than who wished to make others so, made Agnes easy. "O yes, friend," answered she, "it is much at your service, but what ails you, you appear to be disordered." (She then handed him the stove). "That I am, my dear child," replied he, "and if you will allow me a few minutes, I will tell you the reason. In the meantime he was busy in attempting to light his pipe as slowly as possible, and every puff ended with a sigh. At last being a little recovered, "Do you not know me then, neighbour?" said the poor lad. "Well, I own I have some slight knowledge of your person," says she, "as I have seen you pass this way more than once." "No wonder, surely," replied the young man, "I have passed by this door above a hundred times, but I never dared to speak to you; 'twas as if I had an ague-fit, it only attempted to move a foot towards you. But now I have taken courage. Listen, I must break the ice, without which I cannot rest night or day, for your sake; and I hope, my dear girl, you will take it in good part, and not be angry with me, because I love you, which cannot possibly do you any harm."

"Ah! do but hear this mad boy," interrupted Agnes, "how nicely he wheedles; one might think him in earnest.—Come, come, my lad, that pipe-lighting lasts too long; you have not met with the proper person, I assure you. Had I known you came here to make a fool of me, you should not have had the use of my fire; come quickly, friend, return the stove, and march off to other girls, who may believe such stories." "I make a fool of you! I make a fool of you! see, when I hear such words from you, 'tis as if a knife was piercing my heart. Oh! my angel, my dear soul, do not believe that of me, there is not a bit of falsehood in my whole heart from top to bottom: every one who knows me will bear witness to that, my dearest girl." Come, come, said she, "don't dally, give me my stove directly, I must go in doors, and moreover I am not called dearest, nor angel, and I do not permit you to call me by those names any more. Agnes I was christened, and so you must call me, if you have any thing to say to me." "Well now then, my dear Agnes," resumed the lad, apparently hurt by the spitefulness of the girl, "I did not know I thereby offended you: those words issued from my mouth of their own accord; I never sought for them, they were at my tongue's end. I am quite inexperienced in the world, and you are as true as I live, the first young woman I ever spoke to. I shall take better care in future, my dear Agnes; here is your stove, but I beg you will grant me leave to say a few more words. What would you gain by my becoming ill through sorrow? you need not wonder what I tell you of myself, but on-

ly hear me. My parents live just by, in the next street, and are esteemed as worthy honest people. I am their only son, and have one sister. They are in easy circumstances, and I am of a good profession, which I diligently follow: moreover, I have an old aunt, who lives warily on her income, she loves me as if I were her own child, and my sister and I are her heirs: so that in time I may be master-carpenter, and make you a happy wife, my dearest Agnes. Nobody ever sees me in taverns or alehouses, I go to church every Sunday, and at Easter I hope to make my confession. You will, on inquiry, find all this to be exactly as I have stated; and if I have told you the smallest fib, I am content never more to see your pretty face, that is all that I can say."

The young woman had listened with too much attention to all this, to have heard it with indifference. "Neighbour," says she, in a more mild tone, all that you have now told me, may be true; I have not such a bad opinion of you, even to doubt it. But there is no occasion for me to inquire about the matter, I have nothing to do with it, it is none of my business. You have parents, and a rich aunt; so much the better for you. I wish you a good night, I must retire. I expect my mother every minute, and if she found me here so late in the evening talking with a man she would make a fine uproar, and in which she would certainly not be to blame."

Upon this the young man took Agnes by the hand with a friendly force, and entreated her, sobbing, (and I really believe the poor fellow shed tears,) not to send him away so comfortless. "I beg of you, dear Agnes, I love you, sweet Agnes, to remain here a little longer; how can you have the heart to part with me in this manner, good-natured as you are?" "Do but see, now," said Agnes, laughing, "this is too foolish to mind; how can you know whether I am good-natured or not, when this is the first time you ever spoke to me? or have you been inquiring about me, as you want me to do about you?"

"Inquire about you, my dear Agnes! about you! I had rather lose my life. I want no information; I am certain that you are good natured, that you are virtuous, and that you are as deserving a young woman as any living. Do not ask me how I know it, I see it in your dear face, and I feel it in my heart; that cannot deceive me, and I would stake my life for its truth. But hark, Agnes, I should be sorry your mother should scold you upon my account, and I also feel your little hands grow cold as ice; only let me ask you one question: is there another lover who may have spoken to you first? if so, I would drop the affair, notwithstanding the hardship it would be to me, because I am too honest to endeavour to be another man's hinderance."

"As to this," said Agnes, "I will give you a direct answer. No, I have never had any lover; neither do I want any, be he whom he will. I can easily wait eight or ten years for that, and my mother too much to leave her so soon.—therefore, neighbour, do not give yourself any fruitless trouble about me. In the situation you have represented yourself, you will soon find a handsome girl than I am, and perhaps a pretty penny into the bargain, which you will not get with me; for my mother and I have enough to do, with economy, to get through the world creditably."

"So much the better, my dear Agnes," said the young man, "so much the more pleasure I shall have, if I may be so happy as to enable you to live more comfortably. Oh! if I might obtain from you, my dear Agnes, leave to visit you now and then: if you would only grant me this favour, I would not wish to change with the richest burgomaster's son in the whole city." "At any rate," said Agnes, "you cannot ask that of me, but of my mother. But you need not trouble yourself about that, because she would not listen to it; and if she did, I should not allow it. Once as good as a thousand times, and I tell you I will have nothing to do with lovers." "But, my dear Agnes, may not I now and then pass by your door?"

"Well, silly boy," says she, laughing, "can I hinder that? Is not the street as free for you as for another?" "Yes, but you know cunning Agnes, what I want, which is to see you at the door." "That might possibly happen," said she; "but if it did, you are not to speak to me, or I should take it very ill."

"No, you won't my dearest Agnes! You shall find it so—only venture." This she said with a kind of peevishness which appeared to me affected; and with this, after the good-tempered youth had in vain begged for a kiss, which however he did not dare to press much for, from the respect peculiar to honest heartfelt tenderness, the courtship of the evening ended. But what I thought a good omen in favour of the young man, was, that Agnes, having shut the door after her opened it again as softly as possible in order to have a peep at him, and afterwards as softly she shut it.

"Ah! sweetest maid, my flame approve, And pardon an impatient love." Ovid.

After this first attack of our apprentice on the heart of the good Agnes, I thought he would not fail to take his chance of renewing it on the following Sunday.—In this I did not mistake; and in the afternoon, as soon as service was ended, I beheld him slowly approaching, neatly dressed and his hair powdered, which greatly mended his appearance. But the poor lad's trouble was fruitless. Agnes's door and windows still remained shut, which, when he strolled past the house for the third time, made him dejectedly cast his eyes up to heaven, as if in reproach for Agnes's cruelty and want of feeling. I am sure, if the lass had seen him in that condition, she would have pitied him. However, it was not his fault, as she was just gone out with her mother, a prayer-book under her arm, probably to attend evening service. My compassion was excited for the poor hopeless youngster, who, as all real and tender lovers always feel the worst, certainly fancied that Agnes disliked, and would never have a favourable opinion of him.

During the rest of the week I was either from home, or engaged, so that I learnt no more of the matter till the Sunday following; when, on returning from church, I saw the young man walk before me towards our street, but was surprised to find he accompanied a young woman, with whom he was earnestly discoursing. She appeared to be about the age of Agnes, and as pretty, but although not more fashionably, she was more expensively dressed, and wore various golden trinkets. I doubted not but his views were to outbrave Agnes, and to revenge himself of her crossness, by showing her that he needed not be so much concerned for her, and although she slighted him, he could be well received by other girls, her equals at least. I followed them gently, and to my great astonishment saw this young couple knock at Agnes's door; this astonishment however subsided, when I heard him call the young woman sister. I then immediately understood the matter, and perceived that James must have acquainted his sister with his distress; and that love had inspired him with sense enough to discover, that there could be no means more certain of obtaining access to his sweetheart, than by making the two girls, acquainted with each other. Whether this visit was under pretence of bespeaking some linen, or that the coast was already clear, I know not; but I perceived that the door was opened by the mother herself, and brother and sister entered, the latter a little startled, the former as pale as death, and doubtless, with a palpitating heart. After they had stayed about an hour, I could hear that they rose to depart, and I went immediately to my window.—When the door opened, I heard the mother say, "Well then, Agnes, 'tis charming weather I have no objection, child; but do not stay out long." "No mother," was the answer "as Kitty desires me, we shall only take a turn, and be back in half an hour." On this they marched off, and really returned within the time.

Agnes was going to knock, but was prevented by her gallant, who, in the most moving tone, begged to take leave with a single kiss. Notwithstanding he appeared to have greatly forwarded his suit, I doubt whether he would have succeeded, if sister Kitty had not interfered. "Well, my dear Agnes said the friendly girl, "that is no such great matter; any young lass will readily grant so slight a favour, even to a stranger who had seen her safe home. Besides a kiss is nothing; if you don't like it, wipe it off." Upon this Agnes submitted, and I counted distinctly by the smacking that it cost her three kisses.—The first I firmly believe, she had ever granted to a man, and which I do not think the enraptured James would have missed for three thousand florins. Since that day Kitty visits her new friend at least three times a week; her brother never fails coming to fetch

her home, and when the weather permits, takes a walk with his sweetheart,—pleading the cause of his honest love, even in presence of his sister. Not only my maid-servants, but also all the women in the neighbourhood have discovered the whole affair; and knowing James to be a sober young man, and in circumstances that the girls would be glad of him for themselves, as well as the mothers for their daughters, speak spitefully of the imprudence of my neighbour who suffers such an intercourse. One of my maids even told me that some of them, under pretence of friendship, had been trying to persuade Agnes's mother that James could not mean honourably, and that his father, who is proprietor of several houses, and master of a lucrative profession, would never permit his only son to marry a girl without any fortune; but our dame, who does not want sense, coolly thanked them for their advice, begging that they would not trouble themselves about her affairs, which she was very able to manage without their interference.

It is hardly to be imagined how much our young man is altered, since his suit goes on so swimmingly. He is as close as a rose-bud, and though he was formerly a mere milk-sop, with his head hanging, his arms and legs used for no other purpose than to work and change his place, he now marches as erect, and with as easy an air as most young men; his hair is neatly and fashionably cut, his hat cocked, and although he wears the same clothes, they appear to fit him very differently. His method of speaking is no longer the same, and his tongue is loosened and voluble.

It is exactly the same with Agnes; all her features, however beautiful, were dull and unmeaning, from her innocence and insensibility, at present they are animated and expressive, and her bright eyes begin to learn their proper language, and at times shoot forth glances, unexpected and heretofore unknown to them. Perhaps I may be asked, how I became acquainted with this total change in the manners of these young people, which I shall shortly answer. I soon learned that James's father was a man with whom I was well acquainted, having served him in my character of counsellor many times with success, which caused him frequently to solicit my advice and assistance in other affairs not relative to my profession. (To be concluded in our next.)

SEA FIGHT AND EXPLOSION OF A PIRATE.

From "Percival Keene," a New Novel, by Captain Marryat.

The negroes now came into the cabin, for the after Magazine was under the fore part of it. The hatch was taken up, the screens let down, and all was dark. I had nothing to do but to catch now and then the commands of the negro captain, and draw my inference as to what was taking place.

Although for the first half hour I gained little information, after that time had elapsed I knew what was going on. I heard a voice hailing us from another vessel, and the reply of the Stella was a broadside. There could be no mistake in that. The Stella was then put about, and the other broadside given without a return from her opponent. At last it came, and as the shot whizzed over or tore up the planking of the gunwales, I certainly did feel very strangely. I had never been in action before, and the sensation was I confess, that of alarm, but it was so mingled with curiosity as to what was going on that it was impossible to say what my feelings were. I longed to be on deck, and certainly would have been, if I had thought that I was safe with the pirate crew, that alone prevented me; I remained, therefore, in a most unpleasant state of ignorance and suspense.

The broadsides were now exchanged rapidly, and the wounded, brought down between decks every minute, told that the action was severe. The orders of the negro captain were occasionally heard; they were cool and determined. Every minute some fresh manoeuvre was executed, and the guns still worked as if there was nothing else to attend to. At last the daylight came down the hatchway, and I left the cabin and came forward between decks: I found the deck strewn with wounded and dying men, calling for water. I was glad to be able to do something which I could consistently do, and I brought water from the cask and gave it to them, one after another, as fast as I could: I think there were at least thirty men lying about the lower

deck, some in pools of their own blood, and sinking fast, for there was no surgeon on board the Stella.

Some more wounded men were brought down; and a conversation took place between one of the mates of the schooner, who was hurt and the men who brought down the wounded; and on listening to them, I found that at daylight they had discovered that an English frigate was under all sail beating up to them, and about five miles to leeward,—that in consequence, the Stella was now carrying on a running fight with the schooner, (who was to windward of her) and trying to escape. This accounted for the signals which I perceived that the English schooner was making the evening before. My anxiety at this intelligence was naturally much increased. The Stella was trying to escape and her sailing powers were so remarkable that I was afraid she would succeed.

The action between the two schooners was still continued,—but now the shot no longer hit the Stella, nor were there any more wounded men brought down: it was evident that the two vessels were now firing at each other's masts and rigging, the one to prevent and the other to effect her escape, by dismantling her antagonist. I felt as if I could have given my left hand to have gone on deck. I waited half an hour more, and then, curiosity conquering my fear, I crept gradually up the fore ladder. The men were working the guns to windward, the leeward side of the deck was clear, and I stepped forward and got into the head, where I could see both to windward and leeward. To leeward I perceived the frigate about four miles distant, with every stretch of canvas that she could command. I knew her immediately to be the Caliope, my own ship, and my heart beat quick at the chance of being once more on board of her.

To windward, as the smoke occasionally cleared, I saw the Arrow schooner close hauled on the same tack as the Stella, and distant about a mile, every ten seconds the smoke from her guns booming along the water's surface, and the shot whizzing through our rigging; she had not suffered much from our fire,—her sails were full of shot holes, it is true, but her spars were not injured. I then turned my eyes upon the masts and rigging of the Stella,—apparently, the damage done was about equal to that received by the Arrow, our sails were torn, but our spars were unscathed.

The water was smooth although the breeze was fresh, and both schooners were running at the rate of six or seven miles an hour,—but the Stella had evidently the advantage of sailing, and fore-reached upon her opponent. I perceived that every thing depended upon a lucky hit; and having satisfied myself with what I had seen, I hastened down below.

For more than half an hour the firing continued, without advantage on either side,—when a yell was given by the negro crew and I heard them cry on deck that the Arrow's fore topmast was gone. I heard the voice of Vincent cheering his men, and telling them to be steady in their aim. My heart sunk at the intelligence, and I sat down on a chest.

The firing now slackened, for the Stella had shot ahead of the English schooner, and the negroes on deck were laughing and in high good humour. For a few minutes the firing ceased altogether, and I took it for granted that the Stella had left her pursuers behind, when of a sudden a whole broad-side of guns were poured into us, and there was terrible crashing and confusion upon the deck.

I ran up the ladder to see what had happened. It appeared that as the Stella was crossing the bows of the Arrow, the latter had, as a last chance, thrown up in the wind, and discharged her whole broadside into us; two shots had struck our mainmast, which had fallen by the board. I perceived at once that the Stella's chance was over—nothing could save her, she might resist the schooner, but could not escape the frigate.

I ran down below, and went into the cabin.—I was afraid that the negroes perceived the joy in my countenance. I heard the angry voice of the negro captain, I heard him stamping with rage and thanked God that I was not by him. The wreck of the mast was soon cleared away. I heard him address his negroes, pointing out to them that it was better to die like men at the guns than to swing at the yard like dogs. Some of them came down and took a quarter cask of spirits, which was plentifully supplied to all.

The English schooner had borne down

upon us, and the action now commenced at pistol shot. Never shall I forget what took place for nearly three quarters of an hour; the negroes, most of them intoxicated; fought with rage and fury indescribable, their shouts, their screams, their cursing and blasphemy, mingled with the loud report of the guns, the crashing of the spars and bulwarks, the occasional cry of the wounded, and the powerful voice of Vincent. It was terrible between decks; the smoke was so thick that those who came down for the powder could not see, but felt their way to the screen, every two seconds I heard the men come aft, toss off the can of liquor, and throw it on the deck, when they went to resume their labour at the gun.

At the end of the time I have mentioned, the shot flew from leeward as well as from windward. The frigate had got within range, and was pouring in her broadside. Still the firing and the shouting on the deck of the Stella continued, but the voices were fewer, and as the firing of the frigate became more severe they became fainter and fainter; and at last, but an occasional gun was fired from the decks.

I became so uneasy, that I could not remain where I was any longer. I went forward on the lower deck again, and rumbling over the wounded and the dead I crept up the fore ladder. I looked over the combings of the hatchway: the deck was clear of smoke, for not a gun was being fired. Merciful heaven what a scene of slaughter. Many of the guns were dismantled, and the deck was strewn by the splinters and plankings of the gunwale, broken spars or negroes lying dead or drunk in all directions. I turned to pieces, others whole but mixed up with the fragments of other bodies—such a scene of blood I have never witnessed. Out of the whole crew, I do not think there were twenty men left unhurt; and these were leaning or lying down, exhausted with fatigue or overcome with liquor on various parts of the deck.

The fighting was over—there was not one man at his gun, and of those who remained still alive, one or two fell while I was looking up, from the shot which continued every moment to pierce her bulwarks. Where was Vincent? I dare not venture to meet his eye, I dived down below again; and returned aft to the cabin. There was no more demand for powder; not a soul was to be seen aloft. Suddenly the after hatchway grating was thrown off; I heard some one descend—I knew it was the hurried tread of the negro captain. It was so dark and the cabin was full of smoke, that coming from the light he did not perceive me, although I could distinguish him. He was evidently badly wounded, and tottered in his walk,—he came into the cabin, put his hand to his girdle, and felt for his pistol, and then commenced pulling down the screen which was between him and the magazine. His intentions were evident, which were to blow up the vessel.

I felt that I had not a moment to lose. I dashed past him, ran up the ladder, sprung aft to the tailrail, and dashed over the stern into the sea. I was still beneath the surface, having not yet risen from my plunge, when I heard and felt the explosion—felt indeed so powerfully, that it almost took away my senses,—so great was the shock, even when I was under the water, that I was almost insensible. I have a faint recollection of being drawn down by the vortex of the sinking vessel, and scrambling my way to the surface of the water amidst fragments of timbers and whirling bodies. When I recovered myself, I found that I was clinging to a portion of the wreck, in a sort of patch, as it were, upon the blue water, dark as ink, and strewn with splintered fragments.

CULTIVATION OF WHEAT.—A farmer of Sirling, in a communication to the Mark Lane Express, says he has in a great measure succeeded in obviating the evil of having wheat freeze out, or as we term it, winter killed, by ploughing in his seed. He first prepares his fields by summer fallowing, liming, &c., and then puts in his wheat in the following manner:—"I sow my wheat by a plough drawn by two horses, five or six inches deep, and cover it with the next furrow at ten or eleven inches in breadth. I never harrow it after sowing and there is no treading upon the land." The wheat thus covered grows in drills, and also comes up better than when sown broadcast, while the roots are longer, and consequently the plant escapes freezing out in the spring.