

THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

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THE LOYALIST.

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THE ELECTION.

BY MISS MITFORD.

A few years back, a gentleman of the name of Danby came to reside in a small decayed borough town—whether in Wiltshire or Cornwall matters not to our story, although in one of those counties the aforesaid town was probably situated, being what is called a close borough, the joint property of two noble families. Mr. Danby was evidently a man of large fortune, and that fortune was evidently acquired in trade, indeed he made no more secret of the latter circumstance than the former. He built himself a large, square, red house equally ugly and commodious, just without the town; walled in a couple of acres of ground for a kitchen garden; kept a heavy one-horse chaise, a stout pony, and a brace of greyhounds; and having furnished his house solidly and handsomely, and arranged his domestic affairs to his heart's content, began to look about amongst his neighbours; scraped acquaintance with the lawyer, the apothecary, and the principal tradesmen; subscribed to the reading room and the billiard room; became a member of the bowling green, and the cricket club, and took as lively an interest in the affairs of his new residence, as if he had been born and bred in the borough.

Now this interest, however agreeable to himself, was by no means equally conducive to the quiet and comfort of the place. Mr. Danby was a little, square, dark man, with a cocked-up nose, a good humoured, but very knowing smile, a pair of keen black eyes, a loud voluble speech, and a prodigious activity both of mind and body. His very look betokened his character, and that character was one not uncommon amongst the middle ranks of Englishmen. In short, besides being, as he often boasted, a downright John Bull, the gentleman was a reformer, zealous and uncompromising as ever attended a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, or made a harangue in Palace yard. He read Cobbett; had his own scheme for the redemption of tithes; and a plan, which, not understanding, I am sorry I cannot undertake to explain, for clearing off the national debt without loss or injury to any body.

Besides these great matters, which may rather be termed the theoretic than the practice of reform, and which are at least perfectly inoffensive, Mr. Danby, condescended to smaller and more worrying observances, and was indeed so strict and jealous a guardian of the purity of the Corporation, and the incorruptibility of the vestry, that an alderman could not wag a finger, or a church-warden stir a foot, without being called to account by this vigilant defender of the rights, liberties, and purses of the people. He was, beyond a doubt, the most troublesome man in the parish; and that is a wide word. In the matter of reports and inquiries Mr. Hume was but a type of him.

He would mingle economy with a parish dinner, and talk of retrenchment at the mayor's feast: brought an action under the turnpike act, against the clerk and treasurer of the commissioners of the road; commenced a suit in Chancery with the trustees of the charity school; and finally, threatened to open the borough; that is to say, to support any candidate who should offer to oppose the nominees of the two great families, the one whig, and the other Tory, who now possessed the two seats in parliament as quietly as their own hereditary estates; an experiment which recent instances of successful opposition in other places rendered not a little formidable to the noble owners.

What added considerably to the troublesome nature of Mr. Danby's inquisitions was, the general cleverness, ability, and information of the individual. He was not a man of classical education, and knew little of books; but with things he was especially conversant. Although very certain that Mr. Danby had been in business, nobody could guess what that business had been. None came amiss to

him. He handled the rule and the yard with equal dexterity; astonished the butcher by his insight into the mysteries of fattening and dealing; and the grocer by his familiarity with the sugar and coffee markets; disentangled the perplexities of the confused mass of figures in the parish books with the dexterity of a sworn accountant; and was so great upon points of law, so ready and accurate in quoting reports, cases, and precedents, that he would certainly have passed for a retired attorney, but for the zeal and alertness, with which, at his own expense, he was apt to rush into lawsuits.

With so remarkable genius for turmoil, it is not to be doubted that Mr. Danby, in spite of many excellent and sterling qualities, succeeded in drawing upon himself no small degree of odium. The whole corporation were officially his enemies; but his principal opponent, or rather the person whom he considered as his principal opponent, was Mr. Cardonnel, the rector of the parish, who, besides several disputes pending between them, (one especially respecting the proper situation of the church organ, the placing of which harmonious instrument kept the whole town in discord for a twelvemonth) was married to the lady Elizabeth, sister of the Earl of B., one of the patrons of the borough; and being, as well as his wife, a very popular and amiable character, was justly regarded by Mr. Danby as one of the chief obstacles to his projected reform. Whilst, however, our reformer was, from the most patriotic motives, doing his best or his worst to dislike Mr. Cardonnel, events of a very different nature were gradually operating to bring them together.

Mr. Danby's family consisted of a wife, a quiet, lady-like woman, with very ill health, who did little else than walk from her bed to her sofa, eat water gruel, and drink soda water; and of an only daughter, who, was, in a word, the very apple of her father's eye.

Rose Danby was indeed a daughter of whom any father might have been proud. Of middle height and exquisite symmetry, with a rich, dark, glowing complexion, a profusion of glossy, curling, raven hair, large affectionate black eyes, and a countenance at once so sweet and so spirited, that its constant expression was like that which a smile gives to other faces. Her temper and understanding were in exact keeping with such a countenance; playful, gentle, clever, and kind; and her accomplishments and acquirements of the very highest order. When her father entered on his new residence she had just completed her fifteenth year; and he was able to dispense with the pleasure of her society, took her from the excellent school near London, at which she had hitherto been placed, and determined that her education should be finished by masters at home.

It so happened, that this little town contained one celebrated artist, a professor of dancing, who kept a weekly academy for young ladies, which was attended by half the families of gentility in the county. M. Le Grand (for the dancing master was a little lively Frenchman) was delighted with Rose. He declared that she was his best pupil, his very best, the best that ever he had in his life. Mais voyez done, Monsieur! said he one day to her father, who would have scorned to know the French for 'how d'ye do'—'Voyez, comme elle met de l'pomb, de la force, de la nettete, dans ses entrechats! Qu'elle est leste, et legre, et petrie de graces, la petite!' And Mr. Danby comprehending only that the artist was praising his darling, swore that Monsieur was a good fellow, and returned the compliment after the English fashion, by sending him a haunch of venison the following day.

But M. Le Grand was not the only admirer whom Rose met at the dancing school. It chanced that Mr. Cardonnel also had an only daughter, a young person about the same age, bringing up under the eye of her mother, and a constant attendant at the professor's academy. The two girls, nearly of a height, and both good dancers, were placed together as partners; and being almost equally prepossessing in person and manner, (for Mary Cardonnel was a sweet, delicate, fair creature, whose mild blue eyes seemed appealing to the kindness of every one they looked upon,) took an immediate and lasting fancy to each other; shook hands at meeting and parting, smiled whenever their glances chanced to encounter; and soon began to exchange a few kind and hurried words in the pauses

of the dance, and to hold a more continuous chat at the conclusion. And Lady Elizabeth almost as much charmed with Rose as her daughter, seeing in the lovely little girl every thing to like, and nothing to disapprove, encouraged and joined in the acquaintance; attended with a motherly care to her cloaking and hawking, took her home in her own carriage when it rained; and finally waylaid Mr. Danby who always came himself to fetch his daughter, and with her bland and gracious smile requested the pleasure of Miss Danby's company to a party of young people, which she was about to give on the occasion of her daughter's birthday. I am afraid that our sturdy reformer was going to say, no! But Rose's 'oh papa!' was irresistible, and to the party she went.

After this the young lady became every day more intimate. Lady Elizabeth waited on Mrs. Danby, and Mrs. Danby returned the call; but her state of health precluded visiting, and her husband, who piqued himself on firmness and consistency, contrived, though with some violence to his natural kindness of temper, to evade the friendly advances and invitations of the Rector.

The two girls, however, saw one another almost every day. It was a friendship like that of Rosalind and Cecilia, whom, by the way, they severally resembled in temper and character—Rose having much of the brilliant gaiety of the one fair cousin, and Mary the softer and gentler charm of the other. They rode, walked, and sung together; were never happy asunder; played the same music; read the same books; dressed alike; worked for each other; and interchanged their own little property of trinkets and flowers, with a generosity that seemed only emulous of which should give most.

At first, Mr. Danby was a little jealous of Rose's partiality to the rector; but she was so fond of him, so attentive to his pleasures, that he could not find in his heart to check her; and when, after a long and dangerous illness, with which the always delicate Mary was affected, Mr. Cardonnel went to him, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, told him, he believed that under Providence, he owed his daughter's life to Rose's unwearied care, the father's heart was fairly vanquished; he wrung the good rector's hand and never grumbled at her long visits again. Lady Elizabeth, also, had her share in producing this change of feeling by presenting him, in return for innumerable baskets of peaches melons and hot house grapes (in the culture of which he was curious), with a portrait of Rose, drawn by herself—a strong and beautiful likeness, with his own favourite greyhound at her feet; a picture which he would not have exchanged for 'the transfiguration.'

Perhaps too, consistent as he thought himself, he was not without an unconscious respect for the birth and station which he exhibited by keeping aloof from them in his own person. Certain it is, that his spirit of reformation insensibly relaxed, particularly towards the rector; and that he not only ceded the contested point of the organ, but presented a splendid set of pulpit hangings to the church itself.

Time wore on; Rose had refused half the offers of gentility in the town and neighbourhood; her heart appeared to be invulnerable. Her less affluent and less brilliant friend was generally understood (and as Rose, on hearing the report, did not contradict it, the rumour passed for certainty) to be engaged to a nephew of her mother's, Sir William Frampton, a young gentleman of splendid fortune, who had lately passed much time at his fair place in the neighbourhood.

Time wore on; and Rose was now nineteen, when an event occurred, which threatened a grievous interruption to her happiness. The Earl of B's member died and his nephew, Sir William Frampton, supported by his uncle's powerful interest, offered himself for the borough; an independent candidate started at the same time; and Mr. Danby felt himself compelled, by his vaunted consistency, to insist on his daughter's renouncing her visits to the rector, at least until after the termination of the election. Rose wept and pleaded, pleaded and wept in vain. Her father was obdurate; and she, after writing a most affectionate note to Mary Cardonnel, retired to her own bed-room in very bad spirits, and, perhaps, for the first time in her life, in very bad humour.

About half an hour afterwards, Sir W. Frampton and Mr. Cardonnel called at the red house. 'We are come, Mr. Dan-

by,' said the rector, to solicit your interest. 'Nay, my good friend,' returned the reformer. 'You know that my interest is promised, and that I cannot with any consistency.' To solicit your interest with Rose—resumed his reverence. 'With Rose?' interrupted Mr. Danby. 'Ay—for the gift of her heart and hand,—that being, I believe, the suffrage which my good nephew here is most anxious to secure,' rejoined Mr. Cardonnel. 'With Rose,' again ejaculated Mr. Danby: 'why, I thought that your daughter—' The gipsy has not told you then? replied the rector. 'Why, William and she have been playing the parts of Romeo and Juliet for these six months past.' 'My Rose,' again exclaimed Mr. Danby. 'Why, Rose? Rose! I say!' and the astonished father rushed out of the room, and returned the next minute, holding the blushing girl by the arm. 'Rose do you love this young man?' 'O, papa!' said Rose. 'Will you marry him?' 'O, papa!' 'Do you wish me to tell him that you will not marry him?' To that question Rose returned no answer; she only blushed the deeper and looked downward with a half smile. 'Take her, then,' resumed Mr. Danby: 'I see the girl loves you, I can't vote for you, though, for I've promised, and, you know, my good Sir, that an honest man's word—' 'I don't want your vote, my dear Sir,' interrupted Sir William Frampton. 'I don't ask for your vote, although the loss of it may cost me my seat, and my uncle his borough. This is the election that I care about, the only election worth caring about. Is it not my own sweet Rose?—the election of which the object lasts of life, and the result is happiness. That the election worth caring about—' 'Is it not, my dear Rose?' And Rose blushed an affirmative; and Mr. Danby shook his intended son-in-law's hand, until he almost wrung it off, repeating at every moment—'I can't vote for you, for a man must be consistent; but you're the best fellow in the world, and you shall have my Rose. And Rose will be a great lady,' continued the delighted father; 'my little Rose will be a great lady after all!'

FROM PAPERS BY

The November Mail.

Canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.—It has been decreed by the Congress of New Grenada, that all the privileges which have heretofore been given to the French and English, in opening a canal through Panama, be forfeited and withdrawn, and the project of connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific be thrown open to the competition of the whole world.

Safe Arrival of the British Queen.—By an express from Cowes.—Cowes, Nov. 3.—The British Queen arrived here at three o'clock this morning. Owing to the state of the weather, the Captain put into Fayal, and remained there five days. She brought five bags of letters and five passengers. The West India steamer Midway arrived at Fayal as the British Queen left that place, and is expected at Southampton this evening. The mails and English passengers will reach Southampton at ten o'clock this morning, and London at two in the afternoon. One of the British Queen's passengers refused to come home in her from Fayal, through fear, and took his passage in the West India steamer.

Among the great things which O'Connell has done for Ireland, the greatest by far, and, withal, the most marvellous, consists in this, that he has made his fellow-countrymen, upon one day in the year, partial in their payments! Mr. O'Connell's love of punctuality in money transactions may be gathered from many little incidents in his history: perhaps one of the most popular illustrations of this punctiliousness is to be found in his pecuniary dealings with Mr. Raphael—that illustrious example of blighted ambition and swindled roguery; and another scarcely less conspicuous instance exists in the very accurate manner in which he and his financial committee periodically account, to the perfect satisfaction of a wondering world, for the total disappearance of the repeal rent. Having himself experienced the advantages of punctuality, he naturally wishes to disseminate the habit which his own splendid example has long inculcated. But how teach it? Example he had tried, and tried in vain. Well, then, as a late resource, see what effect may be produced by a few practical

lessons. Accordingly, practical lessons are tried—a day is fixed upon which annually the hitherto careless and slothful peasantry are invited to be peculiarly punctual; and, to add to the impressiveness of the discipline, he requires the reality of the procedure, and to prevent its degenerating into an unconstructive form, he conscientiously undertakes to keep whatever they pay; and hence the noble national institution of the O'Connell Tribute. For the sake of patriotism he condescends to be called a beggar, and generously sacrifices his independence and his character to the mercantile education of the people.

The usual placards and advertisements encounter one upon the front of every dead wall and Liberal newspaper in the country. 'The Lord Mayor wants his alms—the metropolitan chief magistrate is crying out for the halpence of the charitable—the civic cocked hat is held out to catch the copper contributions of ragged pity—the hour has returned when the lion must be fed; and his growls and howlings proclaim his hunger; therefore, ye rich, contribute your fragments; and ye poor, bestow your all—let pigs and children starve, but feed O'Connell—Ireland's abysmal maw. Once more the season has arrived when your love of country is to be measured by your indifference to money—the hands of patriotism are again inserted to the elbows in your breeches pockets, and the old alchemy is one more to commute your gratitude into groats, and his services into so many shillings as he can scatter in a year. The following is the form of this year's moving appeal; and, in reprinting it we make the Lord Mayor heartily welcome to the benefit of our circulation:—

'The O'Connell compensation fund for the present year, 1842, will be collected in every parish of Ireland on Sunday, the 30th of this month (October). The people are prepared for the call, and feel that to neglect it now would be, practically, to coalesce with the enemies of their country. It then only remains to enjoin that the collection be set on foot universally on the 30th instant, and completed, in every possible case, within the ensuing month. This is most essential. John Power, Bart., Cornelius M'Loughlin, trustees. P. Vincent Fitzpatrick, secretary. Office, 41, Dame-street, Dublin.'

No doubt the people are prepared for it, as Mr. Vincent Fitzpatrick oracularly declares—if its regular annual recurrence for the last twelve years could prepare them for 'the call'—but we very much question whether they are prepared to answer it. We cannot help thinking that the taxed people will claim some indulgence this year upon the score of the thousands which Mr. O'Connell has received from the mayorality. Meanwhile we cannot but lament that he does not sometimes try a quiet 'charitable advertisement,' without putting himself forward so conspicuously. We should (of course in strict confidence) suggest the following, to be inserted about once a fortnight in the leading newspapers on both sides. It might work wonders; and really if his public manifesto succeed, we cannot see on what ground the anonymous advertisement which we recommend should fail:—

TO THE CHARITABLY DISPOSED.—MOST HEART-RENDING CASE.

'An able-bodied barrister who, under circumstances too painful for publication, has retired from the practice of his profession with a view to amuse himself in a manner more congenial to his tastes—and having, by the calamitous visitation of Providence contracted a habit of spending more than he receives—is desirous, with the assistance of the charitable disposed to secure to himself a yearly income of somewhere between twelve and twenty thousand pounds. The subject of this appeal would further urge upon the merciful consideration of the charitable the touching fact that he himself is in robust health, and in perfect possession of his faculties and appetite—and further, that he confidently looks forward to a prolonged life of at least twenty years additional duration. The shrinking sensitiveness of the gentleman, as well as the characteristic modesty of genius, withhold the unhappy subject of this appeal from publicly offering himself to the charitable consideration of the religious and irreligious world. He can, however, give the most satisfactory references, and

the exuberant prosperity of all who have employed him since he devoted himself to his present pursuits, attests his usefulness to his country, and to society at large.

'As to character he can give the most convincing testimonials—with respect to his uniform decency of demeanour and of language he would refer to the persons most distinguished in either country for high station and public virtue—of whom, however opposed to himself, he has ever spoken in terms of respectful moderation, and even of Christian love; for his generosity in private friendship he would refer to Mr. Deeble, of Cork; for his liberality in money matters to Mr. Raphael, for his nice sense of honour in all confidential transactions to Lord Hatterton, formerly Mr. Lyttelton, and Chief Secretary of Ireland; and for moral propriety of conduct to half the female population of the county of Kerry.

'The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin has kindly undertaken to act as treasurer and trustee of the fund, and will receive contributions in any of his numerous bags or wallets.

'The subject of this appeal, being a great lover of his country, will be just as well satisfied that contributions intended for him should be handed over to the repeal fund, or, in short, to any other, the nationality of whose object and the strictness of whose application is guaranteed by Mr. O'Connell's management and superintendence.

'All letters, with enclosure, addressed to the Mansion-house, shall be attended to.

'N. B.—For obvious reasons the name of the advertiser will not be given to any but contributors to his relief—for the gratification of the curious it is enough to say, that he drinks water and spouts profusely.'—Dublin Warder.

REPEAL.

The Repealers are still at the good work. Striving, and striving in vain, with flattering speeches and fair promises to tickle the country into convulsions. Since we last addressed our readers two important events in 'the movement' have occurred. Mr. John O'Connell made an overpowering demonstration in Castlebar—which he effected by eating a dinner in company with thirty priests, and others of the aristocracy, in a room in the hotel—where, we are assured (and we are not prepared to deny the truth of the allegation) that the elegant gentleman was served with such wines and viands as metropolitan establishments seldom supply. Town Councillor Reilly went down from Dublin, we are told, expressly to grace the meeting with his presence. At the meeting (or rather meal) he certainly was, and addressed the company in 'a strain of the most impassioned and fervid eloquence.' Mr. Reilly is, like 'Tim Moore' in the farce, a poetical tailor, and like him, we believe, inherited his profession by the laws of primogeniture.

Mr. Reilly is to the full as enthusiastic and tremendous as a tailor can well be—and it is to be feared that the prostration of England and the deliverance of Ireland are to be achieved by a tailor, we make no doubt Mr. Reilly is precisely the tailor fitted for the exploit. One fact, however, with a view to the illumination of the historian who may hereafter describe the struggles of a reviving country, and the heroism of the indefatigable tailor of Ireland, it is right that we should mention—and that is, that Mr. Reilly did not leave Dublin to attend the meeting, but simply to attend the fair of Ballymore, for the purpose of collecting orders for waistcoats and inexpressibles.—P. B.

DONATIONS BY HER MAJESTY.—It is with sincere satisfaction we give publicity to the following donations by Queen Victoria for benevolent purposes. Such acts of princely beneficence are additions to the many other claims which her Majesty possesses to the gratitude and esteem of her subjects.—To the sufferers by the accident occasioned by the falling of the scaffold on the Mound, £100. To the Royal Infirmary, £100. To the Destitute Sick Society, £50. To the Benevolent and Strangers' Friend Society, £50. To the House of Refuge, £50. To the Asylum for the Industrious Blind, £50. To the Royal Public Dispensary, £50. To the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, £50. To the Magdalen Asylum, £50. To the Edinburgh General Lying-in Hospital, £50. For the widow and family of D. McLauchlan, the field, who lost his