Loyal Union Loyalist

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSD

LOYALIST,
AND PUBLISHED EVERY
DAY AFTERNOON,
JAMES DONAK,
Mr. J. M. Robertson's Building, cor-
Square and Water street.
shillings and six-pence per an-
yearly in advance; 2s. 6d. extra
ING executed at this office wi h
patch, on liberal terms.
and Communications (post paid,)
the Publisher.

RIFT ON THE RAFT.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

terrible storm which ravaged the Norway on the 12th October, was remembered in that country ter the hand of time and the in- man had obliterated the marks ry. As sudden as it was tremen- t arose after several weeks of set- eather, and having wrought more in a few hours than ordinary tem- ffect in days, it subsided with cor- ding rapidity, leaving upon the of the peasants who witnessed its a singular impression with regard rigin. For years the herdsman rugged land, and the sailors of that ns sea, believed that the dreadful which had swept away sheep and l amid the ruin of house and fold, ed the largest craft upon the t received the scattered fishing s caused by a sudden exertion demons of the Pole, who, for- mandate of Heaven to en- while it shall move in its ap- bit, are perpetually labouring its charged circle, that they no rest by land and wave.

day, and of the night which and the following legend relat- of the voyagers who suffered hears some evidence of the ich the Norwegians re- ble a visitation; a feeling ded some vague recol- when Norway itself unfortunate of the ayed by the great

idly subsiding as cessation of the t no comfort to the ll-fated ship Dron- ed from the port of ceding day, and had wrath of the storm in full career. been bound for France; but at we speak of, she was a helpless aked hull, drifting whither the ca- of the wind, which seemed to blow all points of the compass at once, to hurry her. She was now mak- her rapid but involuntary course ward; but to the few human beings yet clung to her decks the state of shattered sides, through which the er was forcing its way at twenty ds, left it a matter of hideous un- ern whether they might meet the ain fate which awaited them. It was ous that many minutes could not lapse before the vessel and all she con- should be sucked into the troubled on which she yet floated. Her er boats had long since been carried by a burst of the storm, which hurl- three or four monster waves across deck, had swept away every movea- hing from its surface, including more a third of the wretched crew. In next moment, one of terrified mad- the survivors crowded the long boat h had scarcely touched the foaming ws ere it was swamped, and went with every soul it bore. Not a do- n remained on the fated vessel, e sudden and horrible change in which announced the foundering p, took place. She ceased to way: the violent agitation which four hours rendered it nearly im- to stand upon her deck, was ex- ed for a sudden lurch, followed by cond and third; and then the hide- r of the waters rushing in on every d, told the frantic crew that all was Amid the loud and agonized pray- f a few, and the blasphemous rav- the rest, the waves of the North- closed over the Drontheim for

the vortex caused by the sinking vessel disappeared, one man alone ggling in the water in the ener- pair. His rich dress rather en- ed his movements, but he was in manhood, and a practised and was putting forth his full the hope of finding some re- p on which to float for the chance of life. But his hope wa fainter with his limbs, for the gathering dusk was rapidly reducing his chance of discovering any object around him, and the waves still ran too high and angrily to allow him a chance of endurance much longer. He still swam, but his despair was almost total when he discerned a dark body at a few yards' distance. He struck vigorously forward, and to his inexpressible relief, discovered that it was a small raft, on which a human body was lying. A succession of violent strokes, now animated by renewed hope, brought him to its side, and in a moment or two, the Count de Burigny was clinging to the buoyant mass.

When he had somewhat recovered breath, his next effort was to mount upon the raft itself; but as he made the attempt, the figure which already occupied it arose to a sitting posture, and gently repulsed him. Before he could speak, it addressed him in a pleasing voice, which, however, was piercing enough to make itself distinctly heard amid the dashing waters.

'Stay, my son, you are welcome to all the support my raft will afford you, but for both of us to mount would entail destruction on both.'

'Father,' gasped the Count, 'who- ever you may be, you will surely assist me in saving my life.'

'Truly so,' returned the other voice, 'surely for help at a most unseasonable time. But I am bound at least to succour you with my advice; and I therefore advise you to swim for some rocks, which are distant about a quarter of a league, in the direction in which I am pointing. They are always above water, discovered by some vessel.'

'Thanks, father,' replied the Count; 'but I would rather cling here with the certainty of being safe for the moment than again risk my life in a struggle with the waves, for a chance of reaching some rocks I may not be able to climb.'

'Such is the wisdom of man!' said the other, 'ever confident in the present, ever distrustful of the future. But I tell you, my son, that yon rocks are easily accessible, and that if you strike away now, you are safe.'

'Safe or not, father I remain here; and I therefore advise you, if you have the means, to steer us in search of the same rocky platform—we shall then have the satisfaction of being saved together.'

'I am on my own course, my son, and I advise you to keep my company,' said the other voice. The wor s induced the Count to examine his companion as closely as possible, but the fast failing twilight only enabled him to discern a figure in a priest's robe, the hood of which completely shrouded the features of the wearer.

'You speak strangely, father,' said the Count: 'but I hold my intention, fervently wishing I had something easier to hold, for my fingers are numbed, and this wood is slippery.'

'I have warned you, my son; but if you insist on remaining, I will do what I can to aid you.'

The figure seemed engaged with its dress for a moment. The next a small but instant red light appeared by its side, suddenly illuminating the raft, the two speakers, and the surrounding waters, with a lustre which seemed supernatural. As soon as the Count could recover from the effect upon his eyes, he eagerly scrutinzied the face of the other who had thrown back his hood, and was fixing a little lamp containing the light into the wood of the raft. The features were calm and regular, and the tonsure on the head added to their dignified character. The stranger was clearly a priest, but his dress offered no aid in the discovery of his rank or country, even to the experienced eye of the Count de Burigny.

'I repeat it, my son, I exhort you to save yourself by swimming, and you are still in time to do so. But, since you are obstinate, this cord will afford you the assistance you desire.'

'Thanks, father,' said the Count, as the Priest, gradually creeping towards him, drew the rope, which he had taken from his own waist, under the arms of the former, and attaching one end to a ring in the woodwork, passed the cord several times around the body of the Count, and at length secured him so effectually to the raft, that he floated without the least necessity for exertion. The Priest then regained his seat in the centre, and for some minutes they were silent. The Count was the first to speak.

'I did not see you, father, among us in

unfortunate Dronthiem,' he said. un[illegible] below, a prayer, my son, then tarrying became presumption; I departed d this raft on the billows, and

'Again you mission.

Might one know ak mysteriously father. which keeps a man o the mission may be dle of the ocean, as cal raft, in the mid- at vespers in his own church if he were

The Priest smiled. 'You forg my son, that virtue is always tranquil in the hour of trial; and you forget, too, a very important difference in our situations.'

'By no means,' said the Count; 'I am aware that I am chilling in the water, while you are apparently at ease, in a cloak against which I see the water strike in vain. I would suggest to you that the virtue you speak of, could give a nobler proof of its efficacy, were we to change places for an hour.'

'Nay, my son, that is selfish and unworthy. I impose a penance upon you for having entertained it, and enjoin you to walk for one hour, fasting, upon the ensuing morning.'

'I pray that I may do so,' said De Burigny; 'and entreat you to double the penance if you can thereby double the chance of my performance.'

'Not my son; but remember that you are still in a situation of great danger and a wave may dash your head against this raft, or may snap the cord which holds you to it, and in either case your own is desperate. It would rather become you to make confession, and receive absolution while you may.'

'I have no objection, father, the less that I have nothing else to do; but I give you fair warning that [illegible] have to land.'

'Hard hearted, careless scoffer! what if that should not be so certain?'

'Then so much the better for the confessor, father,' said the Count, whose natural audacity did not desert him even in that hour.

'And how much for the penitent, son?' asked the Priest sternly. 'Nay, proceed, and that your wretched soul may come the sooner to peace, I will spare you the narration of a life of crime, by apprizing you that I know you.'

'By your mode of describing my history, I think you do,' said the other, 'I need not tell you, then, that I am the Count Guillaume de Burigny, a faithful servant of his Most Christian Majesty—'

'A faithful husband to a broken-hearted wife—a traitorous friend to a trusting associate—and a treacherous envoy to a betrayed people. You need not. I know the libertinism which ended in a murder committed, if not by your hand, by your orders, and the object with which you have fled the scene of your guilt. I knew that the Count Berigny, having consummated a career of profligacy by a dastardly crime, which has banished him from France, has sought to purchase pardon for the ruin of a family, by intriguing for the ruin of a nation.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the Count, 'you are aware of my errand to Norway?'

'Aye,' said the Priest, 'the sword of Sweden, whose blow already hurtles in the air, is less terrible to the Norwegians than is the poison of France which you were sent to mix. This time, however, the cup shall be dashed from your hand. You laugh.'

'I do,' said the Count; though, Heaven knows, this is no place for mirth. You who have such unexceptionable information upon these matters, are doubtless aware that the cup you speak of is already mixed.'

'And in a woman's hand, that it may be presented. The Count de Burigny, thinks he can safely return to his master while his daughter remains to enforce, by blandishment and smile, the dark lesson, he has tried to teach. How, if she, too, have left Norway.'

A shudder ran through the Count's frame, and all the recklessness of tone had left his voice, as he replied—

'Eugenia—tell me, father, in pity—what know you of Eugenia? I left her in Bergen, in safe watching and charge, though her work was somewhat bold,—nay speak—whatever else I am, I am her father—you do not know—you cannot have heard aught of her?'

'Nay,' said the Priest, 'I merely asked what Count de Burigny's next intrigue would be, should he hear that a noble and maidenly disposition has revolted by the task he had given it, and that a daughter had silently left Bergen, and following the footsteps of her father, had with him secretly embarked—'

'Not in cursed D rather tha

The P to the wa change ha In lieu of lows, the mountain was h low dr brought but could with b its speed w consternat ent, but to gave no an sound gre struggled i composed. lightning it, save the lamp.

Sudden recrossed —for the s rendered s

'Father of Eugenia

Once to the wa lowed the ed by his fierceness smooth as g of a pale an in death. ered aroun they were baster skin posure to th

the raft, but the increasing velocity of the latter left the corpse behind in a moment; that moment had sufficed for a father to recognize his daughter. He uttered no word, but gazed steadily at the priest.

The terrible and indescribable sound now had increased to a roar, which would have rendered the voice inaudible at the shortest distance. The speed of the raft was now terrible; yet it neither swerved nor swayed and the priest sat unmoved, returning the stupified gaze of the Count. Suddenly one side of the raft became depressed, and in that position it continued its furious career. The roar did now become more hideous than any voice which can be conved, and yet it as of a nature that bad the ear. The priest rose slowly to heet, and preserving his balance, apparently unconscious of the frightful s of the hurrying raft, he leaned to d rigny, and in low tone, which in spi the horrible use around carried the meaning of s words to the Count's standing, s—

'We the Maels om

They w deed in th whirlpool the ost awful ass w disfigures he f creation. That i eous roar o st and unap ling, the sound of the ers which hirl rage in th unfa ble gulf. Lou and loud still xed, unti could be no add the nose, a faster an faster to the raft but ery insta it wer down the ve tex. Th wretched s to us, what we make it. If in sorrow, gled with the cord w Burigny stru ll is dark. If glad, all is bright. From raft, and ught to bre eld him to t an to Beersheba, there are many travel- The link hich he had n it in vai rs, they go seemingly the same road; but exertion uld have s nded whe some it is all verdant, to others all barren. means of ging him n, was th The sunshine and the gloom, are struction. For one inst rely to do not, to a great extent within us?— wards and to his horror ooked up rms have their birth in human bosoms. light of t lamp, reflected the re from out of the spirit of a man, comes wall of ging water, risin sloping voice that stills the tempest. The yards ab him, down on ndred is the prophet that reads and inter- which he as hurrying to ade o for blessings or for curses, for joy or which he ed give no glan on orrow, for harm or for instruction, the his eye tu d to the raft—the hen ellous hieroglyphics, the grand syn- one upon but in the maddeni language of this our outward uni- of that mom t De Burigny heard panied by ellish laugh, the wor priest's du for thy ahrift are paid next insta the cords gave way, t shot violen forwards, and De Bur was alone n the Maelstrom.

ANCDOTE OF WATERLOO.

—In the portion of the memorable day of a young officer of the Guards, wound, which brought him to His companions rushed on tion of some point their des- was called on to carry, and unable to rise, for the foot. He lay some der of that terrible m, and many a rush oons passed close beside eye cause of the day, he and almrunswick Dra- ghted, ew rein, as his mortally wdsman, pale ound. He was not n to rise needs not tell a tale love it expressed—th souls to which ceased. der meaning, are n the heir union is re d ten- sue bubbles are not nec perfa language of the all are should ey retain here any here when they to whom they we ticuate ha gone hence. Th use as long they could be. the most perfect confidence in his vera- no wanted no Let them be c ity, we scruple not to give it as such to the crucible, or ked at as curiosi r readers.—In a sea-port town on the imens of the fash s of other days, coast of England, some years ago, thrown among the s rubbish. Th was notice given of a sermon to be have no share in the ents, they did but t ortality of senti- on Sunday evening, in a dis- Those sentiments still in shadow forth- senting chapel there. The preacher was ns sorrows; and therefore here there is great celebrity in his calling; ance, which we should regret to lost things bumstances, together with the which were memento lost, are A full the dis course—to enforce grins turned into the deathless arthly hymnic of observance of the Sab- lower land. of a the text overflowing audience. That old breast pin, suggested a his serm refatory prayer and thought: matter has no meaning and leant his silent a preacher gave out alue until mind acts upon it and gives d to proceed with worth. The beauty of the landscape—t he had suddenly paused, the glory of the heavens—the grandeur recovered it, and remain- e sea—what are these to the eye of ingregation. Gov was imagined the idiot whose testimony the soul can- rate his discourse ed; but he not receive. He the picture of our dearest exach a short addressing friend—to the stranger it is but canvass was h n years re enter- and paint. The loveliness of the rose, is and the ccup this to nar- it not in us, rather than in the flower. probably rem was, now The eye sees what the eye brings the that which has Amongst those means of seeing." The outward world, evening, were three who came not only w sulting and mocking ior, but even with stone to throw at him as he pit. Accordingly, they long to the discourse, said impatiently, 'Wh any longer to the block but the second stopped hi us first see what he makes of th The curiosity of the latter was no satisfied, than he, too, said, 'Ay, found him, it is only as I expected—thro now!' But here the third interpos and said it would be better altogether give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. 'Now, mark, my brethren,' continued the preacher, with much emotion, 'what was afterwards the several fates of these young men? The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence or death for murder in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren'—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—'the third my brethren, *is he who is now about to address you—listen to him!*'

AN OLD BREAST PIN.

Looking over the other day, a box jewels, w ook up a breast pin, filled w hair and ring two initials upon the r verse of e gold setting. Whose b was that or whose name did those ters stand; and we believe the are even gue; the living to tell. Alas! w none amo w soon is fulfilled the prophe thought, the places which n know us no more. The jewel us, will b ed expressly as a memorial was inte

MARKABLE ANCDOTE.

particulars of the following very strik e incident were lately old us by a friend, a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge; and having the most perfect confidence in his vera- city, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers.—In a sea-port town on the coast of England, some years ago, was notice given of a sermon to be on Sunday evening, in a dis- senting chapel there. The preacher was great celebrity in his calling; bumstances, together with the A full the dis course—to enforce hymnic of observance of the Sab- the text overflowing audience. his serm refatory prayer and leant his preacher gave out silent a and to proceed with he had suddenly paused, recovered it, and remain- ingregation. Gov was imagined rate his discourse ed; but he exach a short addressing was h n years re enter- and the ccup this to nar- probably rem was, now that which has Amongst those means of evening, were three who came not only w sulting and mocking ior, but even with stone to throw at him as he pit. Accordingly, they long to the discourse, said impatiently, 'Wh any longer to the block but the second stopped hi us first see what he makes of th The curiosity of the latter was no satisfied, than he, too, said, 'Ay, found him, it is only as I expected—thro now!' But here the third interpos and said it would be better altogether give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. 'Now, mark, my brethren,' continued the preacher, with much emotion, 'what was afterwards the several fates of these young men? The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence or death for murder in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren'—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—'the third my brethren, *is he who is now about to address you—listen to him!*'

One is oftener hated without reason by the many, than without it loved by them.