

THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

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NEWS BOY'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE LOYALIST.

News! News! "ah! well my boy, what news?"
—What is it all about?
Are there some vessels lost, and crews,
Or some great Lord snuff'd out?
Eh! what an extra!—well how funny!
A new-year's piece!—here daughter, honey;
Bring Pa the keys, I want some money;
'Tis worth it I've no doubt.

"Here, take a drink and piece of cake,
Down with it in a trice;
And tell me then what charge you make?"
"Oh sir, I've no fixed price;
When to their fobs my patrons dive,
I take what'er I get, and thrive,
Some give one shilling, some give five;
I'm not so very nice."

"Ha, ha! I see;—a cunning elf;
Pray who composed this rhyme?
Indeed! what; made it all yourself!
Well, I declare that's prime:
Genius I do admire; all know it;
And you sir, must be quite a poet,
Though your appearance does not show it:
—Pray read it if you've time."

"All dark and gloomy Forty-two
Came ushered in by sighs
With only one bright speck in view
To cheer the low-lying skies—
The abbey's altar, font, and rails,
Where Britain's Queen majestic sails,
While "God protect the Prince of Wales,
And Prussia's monarch!" rise.

But quickly was that shout o'ercome,
By sighs, and groans, and tears,
For hideous strife, no longer dumb,
Her blasted visage rears;
With famine mated, hand in hand,
They stalk restless o'er the land,
One touch from their fell magic wand
Destroys the fruit of years.

But hark! a wail comes from the east,
"Where Indus' fountains spring;
Loud did it sound, nor quickly ceased,
While bells their death-notes ring;
And thus it sung its tale of woe—
"The British flag is fallen low,
And thousands slaughtered by the foe,
Around each other cling!"

McNaughten, brave Trevor, and Burnes,
Were slain by Akbar's hand,
While Elphinstone all counsel spurns—
Treats with the faithless band,
And marches for the mountain pass;
But there enclosed—mown down like grass,
The Forty-fourth, alas, alas!
Made their last gallant stand.

But ah! all vainly ye oppose
Britannia's Lion-hearts,
Though active and determined foes
Resolve to play their parts,
St. George's flag again shall range
Your mountains, and your vaulting change,
While thousands shout revenge! revenge!
And shower their flaming darts.

Lo! Pollock, Nott, and gallant Sale,
From different points advance;
Their seiges raise, their mountains scale,
And hurl the deadly lance,
Gluznee is levelled with the ground,
Our bugles o'er Cabul resound,
Our armies in their streets are found,
And in their strong-holds prance!

Leave we the Afghans here behind,
And into China peep,
That "he that soweth the wind,
Shall of the whirlwind reap,"
Was never more exemplified;

And their extensive sea-coast-side,
Stoops to the children of the tide,
And rulers of the deep.

"The mighty children of the Sun,
Wars with a distant Isle—
Their pride is crushed, their hautes done,
Exhausted every wile!
Her guns are seized, broken her spears,
Her forts are beat about her ears,
And Britain's blood-red flag uprears
O'er many a ruined pile.

And hear th' aerial angel call,
As Britain's trump rings peace,
"CHINA, CHINA THE GREAT SHALL FALL!
"IDOLATRY SHALL CEASE!"
Go forth ye Christian Shepherds bold,
And gather millions to the fold;
Where Britain's banner is unfurled,
Darkness shall soon decrease.

But see what millions are repaid,
And load our frigates down;
The British arms by gold are staid,
And vanished fortune's frown;
But if they'd send one million here,
We'd give our mother-land a cheer;
'Twould make a glorious bustling year,
And all our prospects crown.

And ye, kind, blithe, and gentle dame,
Good news I bring to thee;
Thou lovest not war's blight or flame,
As thou dost thy Bohem!
Boil thy tea-kettles till they spout,
And wipe thy dusty saucers out,
Once more we'll laugh and joke, and shout,
Over a cup of Tea!

Now turn to Africa's burning coast,
Where slavery spreads her sail;
Expatriating host on host,
Beneath the lash to wail—
But Britain saw and felt their state,
And to relieve their wretched fate,
Punished their foes insatiate,
And made the pirates quail.

Then visit we the Cape of Hope,
And its famed Table Bay;
On th' first a horde of Dutch dared cope
Our martial band's array:
Their hopes were vain, nor long they stood;
But lo, beneath the Bay's wild flood,
Lie convicts wrecked, and seamen good
Are struggling with the spray.

No great events in Europe rise
A wonder or a stare—
Circassia's heroes still despise
The efforts of the bear.
No more of interest intervenes,
Save restless Spain's guerrilla scenes,
And France lamenting brave Orleans
In sorrow and despair.

But lo, the glorious Eastern news,
Bids Britain's hopes revive;
The Naval chiefs are all Pellevs!
Each General a Clive!
Her trade awakes, the prices start,
Dealers are crowding every mart,
Her operatives take fresh heart—
Old England's all alive!

Now skim the wide Atlantic o'er,
And peep into the States;
What makes each Jonathan to roar?
What say they to their mates?
Or why in Congress such a din,
Where bowie knives and pistols grin?
"Iswow we've taken John Bull in!"
Is adding all their pates.

Slave-holding land—unfeeling, foul;
Unpied he thy lot
Go ask the hunted Seminole
Where stands his ruined cot!
But retribution is at hand,
Thy credit gone, how canst thou stand?
And still thou'rt grasping after land!
—Avaunt, I love thee not.

Thou sympathist with the crew,
Who seized the Texan post—
Swore Mexico allegiance due,
Then turned a pirate host,
Canadian rebels thou didst aid;
But when with rebels thou'rt dismayed,
We'll sympathize, and draw our blade
In vengeance on thy coast.

In Canada the rebel's rod
Waves o'er each loyal brow,
Nebuchadnezzar made a God,
Commanding all to bow

Who near the idol sought to pass;
But rouse ye patriots oust the A—,
And send him home again to grass,
—Avoid the fatal slough.

Welcome to thee New Brunswick dear!
The exile's second home,
No worthy emigrant need fear,
Having again to roam;
Here he his trade may exercise—
Follow the plough or hammer rise—
Free as the bird that o'er him flies,
Pass onward to the tomb.

And thou St. John, though thou wert doom-
ed,
Thy exiles have laid thee low;
Thy trade once more shall be resumed,
And prosperous shall flow—
Election flags and sleigh-bells' ring,
Are fitting emblems of the spring,
When sailors in thy port shall sing
Their cheering "Yo heave ho."

And now we'll sing "God save the Queen,"
And *Albertus* her choice,
The prince and Princess too I ween;
And may we e'er rejoice,
That God withheld th' assassin's blow,
Who raised his hand to lay her low,
Regardless of a nation's woe!
—For this let's raise our voice.

Then shout for Peel and all the crew,
Who brought our bark ashore;
For struggling and with much ado,
She sailed the quick-sands o'er,
But may her stormy days be past;
And with her flag nailed to the mast,
May old Britannia's hulwarks last,
Till time shall be no more.

And now to bid you all adieu,
—Since all are loyal here,
The *Loyalist* here wishes you,
Good wholesome Christmas cheer—
Good ale, good cakes, good times, and joy,
With all good things until they cloy;
And to all those who pay the boy,
A pleasant, happy year.
St. John, January 2, 1843.

ATTACHMENT BETWEEN A DOG AND A PONY.

(From the *Caledonian Mercury*.)

Almost every one is aware of a strong affection between canine animals and the horse, but the following instance of the sagacity and intelligence of a dog in its attachment to a pony, ranks within the highest among our knowledge. We are in possession of the name of the owner of the animal, who is a person of the highest respectability and veracity, and we have no doubt the story is strictly true. The dog in question is a very large and singularly beautiful Newfoundland, under two years old, and brought up by its present owner from its puppyhood. In the early part of last summer this gentleman bought a very small chestnut pony, chiefly for the use of his children, and as his house stands in the centre of an enclosure of about half an acre, and there being no proper stable accommodation for Chessey he was allowed a tolerable free use of the premises, in one corner of which stands Bob's couch. Bob, however, during the day is chained up, and is only let loose at night, both for the sake of his health, and to enable him to better to discharge his more immediate functions as sentinel.

No sooner was Chessey inducted and introduced to him than he leaped upon his neck, hugged him with his great paws, and licked his face with the utmost appearance of affection; in short, a treaty of amity was immediately formed, and the two became henceforth almost inseparable. Their enjoyment was chiefly at night, after Bob had been released from his day's duty on the chain, which now seemed more irksome to him, than usual. Their nocturnal amusements consisted much of the usual freaks and gambols common to their respective tribes, and of coursing each other about the yard, which they did with so much energy and goodwill, as frequently to prevent the sleep of the family, and greatly to injure the trim gravel walks on the smooth tidiness of which the owner prided himself not a little.

Chessey's dwelling in the meantime, was a mere open shed, built against the gable of the dwelling-house, and fronted by the windows of a small manufactory within the premises, at about eight or ten yards distance. In order to put an end to the annoyance caused by their nightly gambols, the shed was inclosed by a pair

of folding-doors, opened by a wooden thumb latch. Into this shed, of which he had the free range, Chessey was nightly inclosed; but somehow it frequently happened that no sooner had the family gone to bed, than they were disturbed by the sound of Chessey's feet, galloping about the yard like a horse possessed; while the whole neighbourhood was made vocal by the deep mouthed welcome, bayed forth to him by Bob, as they flew about in their mad career, equally regardless of the gravelled walks and the sleep of the maister and bairns. Many were the conjectures as to the means Chessey used to escape from his prison. One person suggested, that he had unlocked the door but that was over-ruled when it was stated that the door had no lock; and a certain Miss Burd insisted that Chessey was uncanny, and escaped by an opening in the roof, originally intended for a chimney; but this notion was also abandoned on its being ascertained that the opening in question had been some time built up. The maister in his wrath blamed the servants and children, and the puzzle might still have been unsolved, but for an accidental circumstance.

It happened on a particular morning that the workmen had occasion to go to the manufactory at a very early hour, and observing Bob leaping up and scraping against the stable door, it immediately occurred to them that Bob, if not the sole liberator of his friend, was at least an accessory before the fact, or guilty actor in part; and watching him from the window of a workshop, Bob was detected in *flagrant delicto* in undoing the latch, and opening one of the halves of the door, and turning out Chessey, and then there proceeding to make sport to certain Philistines, who were observing him from a neighbouring window. This being discovered, excited no little wonder in the family; but it was nothing to what followed. Chessey had been provided with a new suit of harness, and was invited to make himself useful in the delivery of certain packages amongst his master's customers in town. It was reported that a person under whose care he was despatched on one of these missions had offended Chessey by a too frequent application of the whip; and some days thereafter, when the two four footed animals had been permitted to indulge in a few gambols in the yard, this person was directed to catch Chessey, and put him in harness. Taking the bridle in his hand he walked up to him and attempted to put it on his head as usual, when Chessey throwing back his ears, and looking as fierce as it was in his nature to look, saluted him freely with his heels, and refused to be caught. A chase ensued, in which Bob took a most active part with great impartiality, however, and evidently rather for the sake of enjoying the fun, than with a view of aiding either of the parties. Again and again was Chessey driven into a corner, his biped pursuer with the bridle in hand, still striving hard to get it on his head, when just as he was about to succeed, Chessey by a sudden bound, and a clever application of his heels, to the stomach of his pursuer, was in a moment out of his reach. This game was continued some time to the amusement of others of the family, as well as Bob till at last assistance was procured and Chessey secured. A few nights after this Chessey's mistress, who is an invalid, was disturbed by something which she took to be the rattling of chains on the pavement below, the noise was loud and peculiar, and being accompanied by the sound of the feet of both horse and dog in full career, she got out of bed and there to be sure was the dog, carrying the bridle in his teeth, and pursuing the pony round every corner of the premises, in full scamper, every instant leaping upon his back, and making fruitless efforts to put on the bridle.

The scene altogether was so extraordinary that she called her husband out of bed, and both stood at the window, for nearly half an hour, witnessing this most extraordinary attempt. The dog had undone the stable latch, pulled open the door, turned out the pony, taken down the bridle from a pin in the wall where it hung, and then endeavoured to bridle him. Whether Bob intended merely to indulge himself in his recreation of a ride or a drive, or whether, under the influence of a strong temptation, he had indulged the perpe ration of a felony by stealing his master's horse, has not yet been ascertained; and as was remarked by Miss Burd at the time, 'he kens best himself.'

SIR MURRAY MAXWELL.—From the 'Memoirs of Sir Murray Maxwell,' we quote the following anecdotes. During this long interval there occurred but little either to the subject of this memoir, or to those most intimately connected with him, of which it is necessary to make mention.

Once indeed, Captain Maxwell had nearly lost his life in a way which would have mortified the most casual of his acquaintance, not to speak of the agony which the accident would have caused to those more deeply interested in him. It happened that in the course of a ramble near the Devil's Point, at the entrance of Hamoaze, he took on a certain occasion, a flying leap over a loose stone wall, that ran in front of him. The leap was a serious one as may be guessed, when we state that the height of the wall was such as to hide from the view of the leaper, all that lay beyond till he was actually in the air; and that which died beyond was a quarry or pit, measuring not less than sixty feet in depth. Captain Maxwell saw his danger after the spring was taken, and with rare presence of mind averted it. He dropped one foot while topping the wall, so as to catch the upper part of the coping, and the stones happening to be weighty, and to hold well together, he succeeded in throwing himself back again upon his own ground. In speaking of this narrow escape he used not unrequently to advert to another instance in which agility in leaping had come unexpectedly into play. When fitting out the *Ulysses*, near Long Reach in the Thames, and strolling into the country came suddenly on a party of country lads who were practising at a bar. The two officers stopped to watch the proceedings, upon which the countrymen entered with them into a sort of skirmish of wit in the course of which they challenged the blue jackets to jump. Capt. Maxwell immediately took up the gauntlet, and raising the bar about a foot and a half above the highest point they had yet attempted, he without any apparent exertion cleared it. The countrymen were quite amazed, while Captain then Lieut. Nourse, exclaimed in his glee, 'there you land lubbers, can you do anything like that?'—*Frazers Magazine*.

A 'Patent' Husband.—It is related that Lady Arden, having the toothache, and all the usual remedies having been applied in vain, she at length decided on sending to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty miles, for a dentist to extract the recalcitrant tooth. When the extractor arrived however, she declared that her nerves were unequal to submitting to the operation, unless she first saw it performed on her "liege lord." He, good soul, after a few involuntary wry faces, submitted, and a fine sound tooth was extracted from his jaw, after which, Lady Arden declared that she had seen enough to satisfy her that she could not undergo a similar operation!

Husbands—ye who are petulant and impatient—learn a lesson of forbearance and endurance from the above little tale!

NEGRO JUSTICE.—A worthy black fellow just ashore from a pretty long voyage, with his money divided into four parcels and ginging in four different pockets—went to Mr. H.'s livery stable and seeing Mr. H. at the door accosted him thus: How you do to-day Misser H.?—What you ax for hoss and shay to go to Harlem? Three dollars, said Mr. H., Berry well—I take 'em; have 'em ready at tree o'clock precisely. At three o'clock precisely he called. How you do to-day, Misser H.?—didnt I have a hoss and shay o' you for three dollar to go to Harlem? Yes, Berry well—thrusting both hands first into the money-trousers pockets and rattling the money there; then into both jacket pockets and rattling the money there; and then into both waistcoat pockets and pretending to rattle the money there—Berry well! Dont want your shay, Missar H.—only want you hoss, Mr. H.—then drawing out three new silver dollars—Deres you money for you hoss and shay Mr. H.; and then drawing out another bran new dollar from another pocket, he added, an deres another dollar, Misser. H. for a disabontment in no takin' you shay, Mr. H. Mr. H. pocketed the four dollars, and the generous fellow walked off, saying, How you do to-day Mr. H.? and leading the horse by the bridle. And it is said to-day though we do not vouch for the truth of

this part of the story, that the negro was no negro after all; but a New Hampshire jockey. But this much, we know to be true; the horse has never been heard of since!—*Portland Tribune*.

First Love.—At the verdant age of seventeen, I was deeply and devotedly in love with Miss Julia Wiggins; a young lady four years my senior. She seemed an angel. She was very tall, and her shoulders had a stoop, I thought very graceful. It is seldom that shoulders match exactly, but the difference in the height of hers was very slight indeed. Her hair was a beautiful auburn, barely a shade too light, and her eyes of gray or hazel, I never could tell which. Had a cast so slight, that it would have been a libel to say she squinted. Her complexion was most fair—I may say too fair, for it made her freckle terribly, her nose had a slight tuft, neither down nor up, but a little to one side, and the down upon her lips would remind one of a peach, had it always been trimmed sufficiently short.

I loved her fondly, devotedly, but hopelessly. We sat one evening in the bowers, at our feet were the cucumber vines, above us grew a gourd, around grew magnificent sunflowers. Floating across the garden, came the soft grunting pigs. I fell upon my knees and squashed a mushmelon, all over my new trousers. 'Lovely being!' I cried, 'say but that thou wilt be mine.'

I saw the rising blush, her eyes fell upon the ground, and she gave a sudden start.—'Look there, you tarnation fool,' she cried, 'see how you have spattered my new silk apron.'

AN UNCERTAIN SWAIN.—The *Fairfield Gazette* relates a funny affair which took place at Lithopolis, Ohio. A love sick youth, rejoicing in the cognomen of Jere Bacchus, had been "paying attention" to Miss Delia Smith, for nearly five years, and was on the eve of making that young lady a happy wife, when cruel fate ordained it thus:—Bacchus accompanied Miss S. to a wedding party about five miles distant, and during the evening some of his friends were joking with him upon the probable date of the event which would make him also a happy man for life. One person went so far as to surmise that it would probably be some months after the millennium had set in, as Bacchus had already postponed it indefinitely. Miss Smith remarked that in such a case she should undoubtedly be in danger of becoming an old maid. Bacchus was very much fretted at this remark, and left the room, and soon after was missing from the house together with a young lady of the party, Miss Jane Fletcher. In a couple of hours the two fugitives returned, *man and wife*. They had been to Squire Everson's, in the hollow got joined, and the bridegroom exhibited his certificate to the company. But the best part of the scene was yet to come. Miss Smith appeared to be far from chagrined at this conduct of her revengeful lover—for she very quietly remarked, after being convinced that he was really married, and no mistake, that he could not have done nothing to gratify her so much as she herself would long ago have discarded him, but that she considered she was bound in honour to fulfil her solemn promise. Poor Bacchus! how he must have felt at this simple speech. We understood, however, that a breach of promise case will grow out of the affair.

ANECDOTE. Now when the temperance anecdotes are in fashion, it may not be improper for us to relate one that has more truth than is usually found in the like, and illustrates well the proper relationship of seller and buyer of spirituous liquors. A modern reformer, who had grown rich on the profits of a counting store, and was now in the down hill

of life, tried his hand at lecturing a besotted neighbor, erstwhile a man of respectability and one of his best customers. 'Tom,' said the retired trader, 'you are a fool for rum and tobacco; you might have rolled along in your coach and four.' 'True, Mr. —,' replied the toper, as he gathered up his muscles, 'and if it had not been for the same, you might have been my coachman.'