

For The Pearl.

## THE AMERICAN LOYALIST.

I.

Accurs'd treason, threescore years ago,  
In Britain's Provinces this side the sea,  
Caus'd hearts to tremble—streams of blood to flow,  
And kindled the wild fires of anarchy,  
Where loyalty and peace were wont to be:  
Oh! while rebellions banner was unfurl'd,  
It was an agonizing sight to see  
Laws and Religion in disorder hurl'd,  
As if Hell's seathing flames had burst upon the world!

II.

Then near the Hudson's\* shore DeArcy dwelt;  
And while war's devastation spread around,  
Deep in his faithful heart he strongly felt  
The holy ties of loyalty that bound  
Him to his sov'reign.—When the deadly sound  
Of battling hosts was echoed through the land,  
Beneath the Royal Standard he was found,  
Determin'd firmly, with his sword in hand,  
In the defence of England's righteous laws to stand.

III.

Ianthe, was DeArcy's only child—  
The maiden mistress of his home and hearth;  
And as the Spring is deck'd with May-flowers wild,  
When op'ning leaves and buds adorn the earth,  
And groves resound with bird-rejoicing mirth;  
So she—fair girl! was modestly array'd  
In beauty and in intellectual worth:  
But virtue's charms Ianthe lovelier made;  
For moral loveliness can never, never fade.

IV.

Fitz George was sacredly betroth'd to her—  
A youth who gallant deeds in war had done;  
And many an older British officer,  
Such laurels as were his had never won.  
Though short the race of glory he had run,  
Envy, insidiously assail'd his fame:  
For as eclipses sometimes shade the sun,  
So calumny obscur'd this soldier's name,  
And strove to overcloud his character with shame.

V.

By strict investigation to disprove  
Before a Martial Court these charges vile,  
He, speedily as ship o'er sea could move,  
By wind and wave impell'd sought Britain's Isle,  
Conscious of pure innocence:—meanwhile  
Ianthe felt stern disappointment's sting—  
And her angelic features wore no smile;  
For her Fitz George's woes were withering  
Anticipated bliss, that hope was wont to bring.

VI.

When bloody war's tumultuous din was o'er,  
Through which DeArcy like a hero fought,  
On Nova-Scotia's unapplauded shore,  
He British freedom and a refuge sought—  
A land of barrenness, as he thought.  
(O, libell'd country! shamefully disgrac'd  
By what geographers have falsely taught!)  
But he would never have complain'd though plac'd,  
If English Laws prevail'd, on cold Siberia's waste.

VII.

The ship in which he sail'd, one night in June,  
Enter'd "Annapolis Gut"—O, what a scene  
Of majesty was there! The bright full moon—  
Night's star-surrounded, silver-mantled queen,  
Smil'd then as if no cloud had ever been  
Across her azure features darkly spread:—  
And hills were near, array'd in summer's green,  
On which the moonlight was so richly shed,  
That one could scarcely deem the daylight's hues were fled.

VIII.

At anchor in that narrow straight 'till morn  
The ship securely lay.—With glad surprise  
DeArcy, who arose at day's first dawn,  
Gaz'd on the verdant shore and deep blue skies;  
And he heard joyously the melodies,  
Which minstrel birds from hills and woods around  
Most sweetly hymn'd. Where'er he turned his eyes,  
On towering steep—or slope—or level ground—  
All did with grandeur—music—loveliness abound.

IX.

The hills on each side stand sublimely high,  
Richly adorn'd with foliage-cover'd trees,  
Above whose tops, perchance, far up the sky  
The gazer, in the golden sunlight, sees  
An eagle buoyant on the fluttering breeze.  
There is a Miemac village on the beach,  
Where are enjoy'd home's sweet felicities,  
By men untaught in what the learned teach,  
Or in what moralists to letter'd nation's preach.

\* A majestic river in the State of New York.

X.

Bound for Annapolis Royal,—gently sail'd  
The ship before the western breeze along,  
While they on board with joy new prospects hail'd,  
Or listen'd to some sea-birds plaintive song,  
The notes of which would echoing hills prolong:  
All—all around the hill-encircled bay  
Look'd so delightful to the gazing throng,  
Who stood upon the deck, that half did they  
Forget their former homes in regions far away.

XI.

Ere noon they disembark'd, where long before  
A town was built by emigrants from France;  
And batt'ries stood contiguous to the shore,  
Resembling tow'rs, describ'd in old romance,  
When knights excell'd in wielding sword and lance:  
Above this spot, by ramparts fortified,  
Wav'd Britain's banner in the bright expanse  
Of azure sky: they saw that flag with pride,  
In the defence of which has many a Briton died.

XII.

On each side mountains rear their lofty heads—  
A calm, majestic river rolls between;  
While summer hues of loveliest verdure spreads,  
To beautify the variegated scene.  
When hill and dale are thus array'd in green,  
And flocks and herds in fertile pastures feed—  
All looks so Eden-like and so serene,  
That while we gaze on mountain, river, mead—  
We think no spot on earth Annap'lis can exceed.

XIII.

Such was the scene, when first DeArcy stood  
A refugee, on Nova-Scotia's shore;  
And while o'erjoy'd, the landscape round he view'd,  
His exil'd fate he hardly could deplore,  
Although his native home he never more  
Might gaze upon again. He felt resign'd;  
For all he look'd on tended to restore  
Repose to his long-agitated mind—  
Repose felt in that home which he had left behind.

XIV.

Soon went DeArcy up the river, which,  
In serpentine mead'ring, softly glides  
Through clover'd marshes, yearly made more rich  
By dashing streams, that, from the mountain's sides,  
More swiftly rush than ocean's strongest tides,  
And fertilize the vales through which they flow:  
But when spring's o'er, each streamlet half subsides—  
Increases no longer by the melting snow,  
It runs in gentle currents through the vales below.

XV.

And many a farmer's cottage stood midway  
Between the river and each mountain's base,  
While cultur'd fields expansive round them lay  
In rural loveliness. If nature's face  
Is ever beautiful, 'tis when we trace  
Some cultivated spot of fertile ground,  
Where agriculture's unambitious race  
Industriously in toil are daily found  
Improving evermore the landscape bright'ning round.

XVI.

Delightful gardens near each dwelling smil'd,  
In which both trees and shades were blossoming—  
The rose, admir'd as summer's sweetest child,  
Look'd lovely there as some celestial thing;  
And many a humming bird, on fairy wing,  
Play'd round the flowers that were so bright and fair:  
And while along the breeze was fluttering,  
Its fragrance did from blooming orchards bear,  
Which Frenchmen many years before had planted there.

XVII.

Amidst these scenes a home DeArcy sought—  
Nor sought in vain. His was a rural cot;  
And with Ianthe peacefully he thought  
To spend his days in that secluded spot,  
And never wish a more exalted lot.  
But what is there has magic power to heal  
A girl's woe-stricken heart? Or what  
Will soothe the pangs that ardent lovers feel,  
When flatt'ring hope has ceas'd its visions to reveal?

XVIII.

For rolling years, nor change of home—nor all  
A father's tenderness had power to yield  
Enjoyment to Ianthe; or recall  
The bliss that love and hope to her reveal'd  
When ev'ry lurking thorn was well conceal'd,  
That 'midst life grow. A wounded heart,  
Through all her future years to be unheal'd,  
She thought was hers,—and that misfortune's dart  
No deeper, deadlier anguish, ever could impart.

XIX.

Unchangeably her virgin love was plac'd  
On young Fitz George, though slander's tongue averr'd  
That he, across the sea, had been disgrac'd;  
But innocent she thought him: what she heard  
Of his lost reputation only stirr'd  
Within her heart more strongly than before  
Affection's sympathies—yes—ev'ry word  
Against him falsely brought from England's shore,  
But bound her faithful heart to her betroth'd the more.

XX.

Years pass'd—and still a cloud of discontent  
Was like a shadow on Ianthe's brow,  
Until, at length, th' illustrious Duke of Kent,—  
(The Royal Sire of HER whose sceptre now  
Is own'd by millions that with freedom bow  
To England's throne—) was commandant supremo  
Of Britain's soldiers in the land. Oh! how  
Ianthe felt to hear Fitz George's name,  
Who with the Prince had come, with proud, unsullied fame!

XXI.

In love—unalter'd love, they met again,  
False rumours told to each by secret foes,  
Had kept them long apart; but all their pain—  
Their agonizing life-embittering woes  
Were destin'd now in happiness to close:  
For they were wedded; and the highest bliss,  
That from connubial rapture sweetly flows,  
Was theirs:—the half-cœles'ial joyfulness  
They felt, we may conceive, but cannot well express.

XXII.

"Perpetual as the stars that shine on high,  
Or rivers that to ocean's bosom run,  
Be in our hearts the ties of loyalty  
To Britain's monarch—yes, till time be done  
Be England's King and ours forever one;"  
Thus said DeArcy, fill'd with joy and pride  
To see beneath his roof his Sov'reign's son,  
The day Ianthe stood a blushing bride,  
At Hymen's sacred altar, her Fitz George beside.  
Annapolis, Dec. 1838.

In accordance with the principles of the Pearl, we would fain be excused from publishing the political stanza which commences this poem. To omit it, however, would be to mutilate the article, and poets have a licence, in expressing opinions, as well as in forms of expression, not generally accorded to other writers.—[PEARL.]

## LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

In the spring of the year, 1827, in a house in one of the *faubourgs* of Vienna, some amateurs of music were occupied in decyphering the last *quatour* of Beethoven, just published. Surprise mingled with their vexation, as they followed the capacious turns of this whimsical production of a genius then exhausted. They found not in it the mild and gracious harmony, the style so original, so elevated, the conception so grand and beautiful, which had marked former pieces, and had rendered the author the first of composers. The taste once so perfect, was now only the pedantry of an ordinary counterpointist; the fire which burned of old in his rapid *allegri*, swelling to the close, and overflowing like lava billows in magnificent harmonies, was but unintelligible dissonance; his pretty minuets, once so full of gaiety and originality, were changed into irregular gambols, and impracticable cadences.

"Is this the work of Beethoven?" asked the musicians, disappointed, and laying down their instruments. "Is this the work of our renowned composer, whose name, till now, we pronounced only with pride and veneration? Is it not rather a parody upon the master-pieces of the immortal rival of Haydn and Mozart?"

Some attributed this falling off, to the deafness with which Beethoven had been afflicted for some years; others, to a derangement of his mental faculties; but, resuming their instruments, out of respect to the ancient fame of the symphonist, they imposed upon themselves the task of going through the work.

Suddenly, the door opened, and a man entered, wearing a black great-coat, without cravat, and his hair in disorder. His eyes sparkled, but no longer with the fire of genius; his forehead, alone, by its remarkable development, revealed the seat of intellect. He entered softly, his hands behind him; all gave place respectfully. He approached the musicians, bending his head on one side and the other, to hear better; but in vain, not a sound reached him. Tears started from his eyes; he buried his face in his hands, retired to a distance from the performers, and seated himself at the lower end at the apartment. All at once the first violincello sounded a note, which was caught up by all the other instruments. The poor man leaped to his feet, crying, "I hear! I hear!" then abandoned himself to tumultuous joy, applauding with all his strength.

"Louis," said a young girl who that moment entered; "Louis, you must come back—you must retire; we are too many here."

He cast a look upon her—understood, and followed her in silence with the docility of a child accustomed to obedience.