

The U. E. Loyalists.

BY J. B. ASHLEY.

The circumstances preceding, attending and following the migration of the Loyalists to Canada were not calculated to improve their moral perceptions, or make them more charitable and forbearing. The course which they espoused with so much ardor, and for which they risked all they possessed, was lost. The confiscation of property by the republican authorities left them penniless, a majority witnessing a sudden transition from affluence to poverty. Persecution, often malignant and merciless, made them wretched, and aroused the worst passions of their natures.

In a sparsely settled community, and with an absence of the necessary moral and legal restraints, persons disposed to indulge the grosser passions easily became conspicuous. But the most degenerate never approached the limit that has been assigned them by our latter day moralists. An appeal for protection and assistance always met with a ready response from the rude men who boasted of their cruelty. These were exceptions, we have said, and we maintain the assertion. The Loyalists as a body were men and women of Puritanical morals and Spartan firmness. Several years elapsed, after settlement had been made, before regularly organized religious and educational services could be supported. In the meantime domestic instruction and family influences kept alive the smouldering embers of moral and intellectual ambition. By the lone fire side, during the long winter evenings, lessons of instruction were given which paved the way for future nobility of character, and which branded with disgrace all who shrank from an imperative duty. There was no "church-going bell" to call the pioneers to a regular worship of God, but a conscious duty erected an altar in nearly every household, around which reverential services were daily held. Deep-rooted were the convictions of divine power and protection, and a willing recognition of dependence upon this power was given. There was no class distinction, no lines of social demarcation. A common adversity and a common heritage were claimed by all. The sick were tenderly cared for, the dead buried with a consoling faith in the resurrection, and the wants of the needy supplied when such supply was possible. In this way from the primitive homes of the pioneer settlers an influence went out that proved a potent factor in shaping the destiny of succeeding generations. When, a few years later,

THE AMBASSADORS OF CHRIST

ventured into the Canadian wilderness they received a hearty welcome from the Loyalist settlers. All denominations were treated with equal respect and liberality. At regular distances places were selected for the holding of religious services, and when an appointment was made minister and hearers did not fail to keep it. The settlers seemed hungering for the "bread of life," and gladly availed themselves of the first opportunity to satisfy their spiritual wants. Buildings specially dedicated to the worship of God were erected as soon as circumstances permitted, but there was no lack of accommodation, such as it was. Private dwellings, barns and even taverns were thrown open to the missionary. One of the settlers in Adolphustown had erected a large log building which was used as a tavern, hall for public meetings, court house, etc. When application was made for a place to preach the gospel the generous Donifaco promptly offered his tavern to the preacher, and his offer was as promptly accepted. On one occasion the sermon was more convict-

ing than usual, and at the close the landlord expressed his resolve to discontinue the sale of alcoholic beverages, and as an earnest of his intentions took his axe and deliberately cut down the sign post. Henceforth his house answered as a dwelling, temple of justice, and a home for the preacher, but not as a tavern.

In like manner were

THE EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS of the settlers provided for. Those who had received sufficient instruction in their youth to assume the duties of instructors found very little time to devote to the work, so imperative and unremitting were the demands of labor in clearing the land, planting crops and erecting the necessary buildings. Classes were formed in every neighborhood, which met in the evening at a central dwelling, and were carefully drilled in the fundamental principles of the three "R's." It was not long, however, before applications were received from discharged soldiers and others who had been favored with a fair education, to teach "the young idea" methodically, and under a regular school discipline. The recollections of these primitive schools and schoolmasters were never effaced from the minds of the pupils. The qualifications of the pedagogues were impressed upon them by frequent and the most severe floggings. Corporal punishment was then an undisputed virtue, and it was resorted to in the fullest sense of the term for trivial offences. Domestic discipline was Puritanical, and the schoolmaster was subject to the same code in the management of his rustic temple of Delphi. Good use was made by many of the instruction thus imparted. They became eminent in law, theology, science and politics, and their names occupy places of honor and distinction in the records of our country.

A creditable and successful attempt was made last June to show the appreciation of the present generation for the characters of the U. E. Loyalists by holding a series of public meetings on the spot where the pioneers landed in

THE TOWNSHIP OF ADOLPHUSTOWN.

This is sacred ground. Almost simultaneously other settlements were made by the same people, but for several reasons that we need not recapitulate the Adolphustown event has been made the representative one in this recognition of nobility. The tents for the demonstration were pitched upon the very knoll where the noble band of Loyalists under the command of Capt. Vauclaine first trod the virgin soil on the 16th day of June, 1781. Flagged stakes were placed in the small creek running in a zig-zag course inland from the bay for about one hundred yards, showing the route the Loyalists took with their flotilla of batteaux. The grand stand for the speakers was erected upon the spot where the first tent was pitched, and near by, under the shade of oak and maple trees, were the graves of many of the pioneers. All these surroundings and reminiscences filled the mind with retrospective thoughts, and recalled the scenes and incidents of one hundred years ago. Upon the rough, weather-colored stones that mark the resting places of the men and women who braved such hardships and accomplished so much could be read the names of those we love to honor after the lapse of so long a period. Their history is written all over the surrounding country. Descendants of nearly every family composing the pioneer company were present to show their appreciation of the work so nobly accomplished by their ancestors. It was a fitting tribute of respect from a happy and prosperous people, we recognize how much of their happiness and prosperity they owe to the unflinching patriotism and exalted sense of duty that characterized the lives of the dead pioneers. Eulogiums upon the Loyalists and the principles they so tenaciously clung to and so unselfishly defended were pronounced by speakers who could trace the results of their work through all intervening years. It needed no limning of the imagination to make the picture thus presented attractive and popular. The real merit and beauty was stamped upon the canvass by the artists of a hundred years. What the old heroes and heroines had taught with such firmness of faith and decision of character permeated the social, moral, and intellectual elements at the present day. The appeals for veneration and encouragement were made to sympathetic audiences. There was not a dissenting voice to the repeated declaration that the Loyalists were pre-eminently noble in professions and practices. When their virtues

were extolled a spontaneous and demonstrative endorsement of the sentiment testified to the prevailing opinion entertained by their descendants. Thus do the nobility of character and heroism of purpose as exhibited by the Loyalists live in the hearts of the people of Canada to-day.

There are, and will be, a diversity of political views in a country possessing so much freedom of thought and action, and such an elastic constitution, but there will always be but little difference of opinion regarding the work undertaken and accomplished by the United Empire Loyalists in Canada.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE'S CHATS.

People Who Wish to Have a Finger in Everybody's Pie—Gossiping Gabbots, and Prying, Inquisitive Neighbors.

How very much happier we should all be if people attended to their own business and let their neighbors attend to theirs. Some people, nay, a very large number of them, seem to be never happy unless they are interfering with matters that don't concern them in the least, and really it does look as if the more fault they can find with what other people do the happier they are.

And then what a terrible amount of injury is done sometimes by folks who are really not ill-meaning but only thoughtless, especially when those folks concern themselves too much about their neighbors' affairs. A very simple little speech, and apparently a very harmless one at first, may become magnified and distorted by repetition until its final effect is very injurious. As an instance of this let me state an incident that came under my notice. Three families occupied three detached cottages, but all close together, and in front of the middle one of which was a well. Of course whenever the occupant of No. 2 went to draw water, the tenants of Nos. 1 and 3 could see them if they chanced to be looking out of their front windows. Well, some ladies of that gossiping order who gad about seemingly for no other purpose than to hear and repeat twaddle—and the more ill-natured the twaddle is the better they like it—called on the people at No. 1, to whom I will give the name of Brown. As the Browns and their visitors were sitting and talking, out comes Mr. Smith from No. 2, and goes to the well; draws a bucket of water and takes a drink from it.

"Dear me," exclaims Mrs. Brown, "that is the fourth time Mr. Smith has drawn water to-day and he took a drink each time; he must be thirsty."

Now, there wasn't, apparently, much to do harm in that speech, but see what follows. The visitors,—let me call them the Greens—have other calls to make in the neighborhood and in the course of one of them the name of Mr. Smith is mentioned.

"Oh!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "you mean Mr. Smith over yonder. I saw him to-day and he seemed uncommonly thirsty and Mrs. Brown assures me that he drinks a great deal. She has seen him take as many as four drinks in one morning."

"Dear me," cries Mrs. Black, "I shouldn't have thought it."

And so the story is repeated with variations and additions each time till Mr. Smith, unfortunate man, having eaten some very salt bacon for breakfast on the day in question and having quenched his natural thirst with a few draughts of water, is spoken of as "a heavy drinker."

"Mrs. Black tells me that Mrs. Green says that Mrs. Brown has actual proof that he indulges to excess." "I have it on excellent authority that he drinks heavily during the day," and so on.

From such neighbors as the Browns and Greens may I be delivered. The strange part of the matter is that they almost always disclaim any wish to pry into their neighbors' business. Now listen to this, I met

a lady one day who would be very impatient if you ventured to hint that she was an old maid, but she is about forty, and was never married; let us charitably call her a spinster between thirty and forty.

"Oh! Mr. Cheeryble," she began, "I have just moved into a new house and I'm really afraid I shall have to leave again, for some of my neighbors are, I am afraid, no better than they should be."

"Dear me," I said, "how very unfortunate. I hope they don't annoy you."

"Well, no, but I am sure they are of good character. I fear they are pugilists or something of that kind."

"Pugilists!" I exclaimed, "what makes you think that, and where have you more to?"

"To No. 15, So-and-so Street. By the way, you used to live at that very number, now I come to think of it," answered my fair friend.

"Why, that is a very respectable part of the city, and I don't think pugilists would take up their quarters there," I said.

"Well, I will tell you," replied Miss Prymme. "You know there are large yards at the back of those houses, and I can see my next door neighbors and their friends actually dressed in scarcely anything on Saturday afternoons, and out in their yard swinging great clubs and throwing a big weight about, and sometimes hitting one another with great padded gloves, just as I am told prize-fighters do. But the worst thing is their costume; dear me, it's really scandalous."

"But, Miss Prymme," I said, "if I remember rightly, there is a board fence between each yard, fully eight feet in height; you cannot possibly see them from your premises."

"Mr. Cheeryble," was the reply of my over-modest young friend, "there is a fence, as you say, but there is a knot hole about six feet from the ground, and by standing on two bricks I can see everything that goes on through that."

Dear me, I thought, as I left Miss Prymme, how very much shocked you must be by what you see if you have to pile up bricks to peep through a knot-hole at what shocks you! But Miss Prymme is only one of a very numerous class. The beauty of this affair is that I discovered the "pugilist" to be Mr. Woolpack, a very estimable young barrister, but who has a passion for athletic games, and believes in boxing as a means of keeping his physical system in order. And yet here was Miss Prymme worrying herself to pieces because her inquisitiveness had compelled her to actually demean herself by peeping through a hole in a fence to see what her neighbors were doing.

It is a wise man who has wit enough for his own affairs. It is very common for people, in fact it is part of their creed, to mind Number One, but it is by no means so common for them to mind it. People can all see where Number Two and Number Three make mistakes but when it comes to Number One being in the wrong they are as blind as bats. They poke their noses into other peoples' concerns when they are as welcome as a cobra di capella in one's bed! They give advice and tell their neighbors just what they ought to do; but as for attending to their own affairs or allowing that their own ways of doing things can be wrong, they wouldn't dream of such a thing. There is an old saying "The cobbler's wife goes barefoot; the baker's child gets no buns, and the sweep's house is sooty chimneys," and it looks as if it was a very true one.

Some of my neighbors appear to make a study of being as unpleasant as they possibly can, whilst others seem to try to be as tremendously agreeable and friendly that I don't think I have an article of kitchen furniture that they haven't borrowed at some time or another. And in return for my kindness in lending my property to them I know that they will insist on lending me their chickens all day long in the coming early summer and I shall be gratified to see these hungry feathered bipeds luxuriating in my garden seeds. Oh! yes, neighbors can be pleasant if they like, but really I don't care for them to be so pleasant as all that comes to. It is all very well to be neighborly and friendly and so forth, but neighbors are only human, after all, and it is just as well to keep a padlock on one's walled door—and to keep it fastened, too. It is said that I should have to talk this way, but the older I grow the wiser I grow by experience.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE.