



A NEW BRUNSWICK SKETCH.

A TALE OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

"Were the British really so cruel to the American colonists, Auntie?" said little Hattie with a sigh, as she closed a bound volume of St. Nicholas. Dearly this wee girl loves British glory, and very fond is she of her charming St. Nicholas, and so she felt grieved because she had vainly tried to harmonize the stories of the latter with her ideas of the former.

The question was addressed to a fine looking, elderly lady, and Hattie gazed bewildered at the anger it excited in her usually placid friend. To excuse herself, she slipped her little hand into that of her companion, and was surprised to find herself clasped in a warm embrace; emerging from this, she pressed her rosy lips on Auntie's wet eyelids and snuggled down to hear what had brought the tears there.

"It is a down-right shame!" exclaimed the old lady, "Canadian children are allowed to fill their heads with stories about the hardships Britain imposed on the American colonists and the bravery and skill with which the latter won their independence, while not a word is told them regarding the sufferings and fortitude of the U. E. Loyalists."

"A Loyalist is one who loves king and country," here interrupted Hattie, "but what does U. E. mean?"

"I'll tell you what it meant to my grandfather!" was the answer, while the fine head was poised yet more proudly and the brown eyes flashed fire. "Grandfather B——, my mother's father, owned a large estate in Georgia. When the war of American Independence broke out he took sides with the British, and even joined their forces. When Burgoyne surrendered he contrived to make his way

home, to assure my grandmother of his safety. He was a kind-hearted, pleasant-tempered man, who would cheerfully share his last crust with a needy fellow-soldier without asking whether he fought for King George or Washington. It was hard to induce him to believe that his life was sought by men to whom, in more prosperous days, he had shown neighborly kindness. He yielded solely to his desire to relieve her painful anxiety when, with but a hurried embrace of wife and children and a few prayerful words of hope, he fled in secrecy from his home. That was none too soon though, for scarcely had he gone when a guard entered, seeking the life of the man who had dared be true to the flag of his and their fathers. Short shrift these patriots gave a man guilty of *that crime*—a halter and the nearest tree served his turn—they had been more merciful to a horse thief.

Those around the lonely wite gleefully recounted the tale of such as met this fate, even her own kin reproached her for still loving him, until, convinced that her hero was slain, the faithful heart broke, and the weary, desolate woman found rest in the grave.

The property should have been more than sufficient to have educated their three little orphan girls, but the desire for plunder and hatred of the principles held by their father were sufficient to cause these innocent children to be persecuted. Their mother's brother was wealthy and lived near them, but he seemed quite indifferent to their fate. They were simply sold by him as drudges to one and another neighbour, until Katie and Mary, the two elder girls, ran away to the nearest town, where they sought and found places as servants, and there, where their story was

not known, they were more kindly treated; but alas for baby Nell! their mother's little dark-eyed darling. Vainly did Katie implore her uncle to take care of Nellie; vainly did she try to even keep trace of where he had placed her. The little innocent was hated for her resemblance to the brave father she had lost before she could lisp his name.

The war closed, peace was declared, and loyal British subjects were at liberty to leave the country over which the Red Cross of Britain no longer floated; but times did not alter for the three little ones until one day, on an errand for her mistress, Katie saw a face she had never forgotten, although taught to believe the grave had long closed over it. One glance into the dark eyes, and she had sprung forward with the glad cry of "Father! father!" and then sobbed out on his breast: "Oh, father, Mary is safe! We can see each other sometimes, but Nellie! Nellie is—I couldn't, I couldn't ever find where uncle had put her!

Eager questioning elicited a brief outline of the mother's sad fate, and her dying hope that malice would have spent itself on her, and pity be shown after her death to the helpless children she left behind her. Mary was quickly sought, and both children released from servitude, but it took time and money to trace little Nellie to where she was at last found, toiling in the fields in company with some negro children, for her uncle had sold her as a *slave*.

She was so tanned by hard usage and exposure, they were forced to strip bare her little body to prove she was a white child. With no good-will to the new republic, you may be sure, grandfather sought a home in Canada, where the government did what it could to make amends to him and those who, like him, had sacrificed their homes and risked all they held dear for love of British rule. These people were called the United Empire Loyalists because they had endured so much to prevent dismemberment of the empire; this was afterwards, for convenience, shortened into U. E. Loyalists.

MUNCHIE.