

the hours were swiftly away to Frank. At times, indeed, sleep settled lightly on his eyelids, but his strange position, and the exciting events of the last two days, chased it so often away, that his disturbed slumbers brought with them slight refreshment.

The morning sun had risen in his summer brightness, when they approached the termination of their voyage. The waters of the river which they had been navigating, poured themselves, before mingling with the ocean, into a small bay, whose features greeted the eyes of Courtney like those of a familiar friend. Nor did he require a lengthened scrutiny, to identify the place with that where, two mornings since, he had left his boat and ventured upon his nearly fatal enterprise.

There stood the beetling crag, with the engraved hand pointing to the word which, as the maiden informed him, indicated a place at no great distance, whither the unfortunate colonists were on the point of removing, when they fell beneath the vengeance of her people. There was the sunny bay opening into the broad illimitable ocean, and oh! blessed sight to his eyes! there hovered the fair Sea-bird, her white wings drooping at her side, yet gently waving with every breath of heaven, as though waiting a favourable moment to spread them forth for flight.

Early as it still was, there seemed to be watchers on her deck, for no sooner did the canoes of the Indians enter the bay, than a boat shot away from her side, and rowed rapidly towards them. As it approached, the eager eyes of Courtney discerned the features of the old mariner, whose exhortations he had slighted to his cost, and of several others, his friends and companions, who hastened to express their joy at his safety, by welcoming him back as one risen from the dead.

Springing on the bank just as they landed, he was clasped alternately in their arms with a cordial heartiness that affected him almost to tears.

Warm greetings then passed between his shipmates and the friendly savages, for whom, aware that in so doing they would be fulfilling the wishes of Courtney, the voyagers had taken care to bring from their vessel presents of beads, gay ribbons and tinsel ornaments, which astonished the wondering natives, and filled their simple hearts with extravagant delight.

Seeing them thus engaged, Frank, after promising, at leisure, to recount his adventures to his companions left the group, and approached a shelving rock on which Yamora was sitting in that state of quiet abstraction, which seemed to be her usual mood when left alone.

His heart was full as he placed himself beside her; all that she had revealed to him—all that she had done for him was present to his mind, softening and subduing it almost to woman's tenderness. Without speaking he turned and looked upon the maiden's face—it was downcast and sad, and he said within himself:

"Can I leave this lovely forest flower to waste her sweetness in these solitudes—can I be so ungrateful to her who has been to me and mine a ministering angel of love and mercy?"

Then he recalled the words traced by the hand of his brother—words which fully evinced the tenderness of the sentiment with which she had inspired him, and he said:

"Yes! she would, indeed, equal in beauty and in goodness the daughters of my own dear land. Herbert was right—why then should a false pride forbid my receiving as a precious legacy this rare gem, which he would have set in the pure gold of his richest and best affections?"

As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, he took her hand gently in his, and as she felt the warm pressure, she looked up with a bright smile, and passing her arm lightly round his neck, said, in her soft and silvery tones:

"Thou art like him—almost thou seemest the same to Yamora; but thou art not he, and another may not dwell in her heart."

Her dark eyes swam in moisture as she spoke, and again she averted her face to conceal the unwonted emotion she could not wholly subdue.

"But I stand in his place, gentle maiden," said the young man tenderly, "and I will gladly be to thee all that he would have been: suffer me to bear thee in my winged ship away from these dark forests, to the bright land where stands his deserted home."

She raised her clear soft eyes to his, and said, in a low voice:

"He lies in the dark forest, and Yamora will not leave him alone; what eye would watch his grave if she returned to it no more, or who would enter the silent cave to fling over him the fair flowers he loved, at her hand no longer pulled them from the forest-paths to please the spirit of her brother: No—Yamora may not leave him; she will dwell always near him, and when she hears the voice of the Great Spirit calling her home, she will lie down and sleep with him beside the fountain which throws its white spray over his quiet bed."

"Ah! gentle maiden, thou art too lovely to remain in this wilderness!" said the youth, yielding to the fascination of her artless beauty; "let me, I pray, bear thee from it,—they to whom thou must return, will sacrifice thee to their vengeance for having snatched the stranger from their tortures."

"Yamora hath no fear," she said, proudly; "the chiefs of her tribe will bow before her when she returns, for the Great Father had told her many things which they know not, and they look upon her as one wiser than her race."

"But I cannot leave thee here," said the young man passionately; "come with me across the broad water, and I will be to thee as a tender brother, till the voyage ended, we shall reach a fair land, where my hand shall clasp thine, and till our last sun goes down thou shalt be to me what thy mother was to him, who called the daughter."

She shook her head with gentle firmness as she replied: "Yamora hath said thou art like him, but thou art not he, and her heart cannot turn to another. It must still dwell with him in the forest caves; and there, when she sits musing beside the fountain, she will think of the young stranger, and join his name in her heart, with his who had gone to the spirit-land before her. Farewell! my people wait for me, and I must begone."

She rose as she finished speaking, but the youth still held her hand, and drawing a ring from his finger, placed it upon hers.

"Let this remind my sister of him whose life she hath saved," he said with emotion, "and whose thoughts will long dwell with her in the forest cave, where she keeps her lonely watch of love."

She smiled gracefully upon him, and stooping forward he once more felt her balmy kiss upon his forehead; her long hair swept lightly over his cheek—her hand for a moment rested passively in his, and then with one warm pressure it was withdrawn. She turned away, and before Courtney was aware of her designs she passed from him like some bright vision, and darting towards the water sprang into her canoe.

He rose, and standing on the highest point of the bank, looked after her. till the slender bark in its swift course was lost in the windings of the river, bearing back the gentle Indian girl to the deep solitudes of her forest, and to the dreary cave whose gloom, was brightened by the mouldering form of him, to whom, even in death, she clung with all the deep devotedness of Woman's love.

In a few minutes he was standing once again on the deck of his own vessel which immediately weighed anchor and sailed with a favoring breeze on her homeward voyage. During its progress, his adventures were the frequent theme of discourse—a theme which never wearied, because it enabled him to dwell with grateful emotion on the goodness of that watchful Being, who had rescued his life from peril, and caused him to sing of mercy and deliverance,—and likewise since it gave him opportunity to expatiate, which he did with unwearied pleasure, on the beauty and the virtues of the gentle Indian maid, to whom, under God, he was indebted for his life.

The Loyalist.

FREDERICTON, (N. B.) THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1846.

THE LIBERALS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

NO. II.

It was our intention to leave this subject until such time as a worthy antagonist could be found ready to enter the lists of argument with this journal; since the Reporter has stepped forward and accepted the challenge, we must do what we can to worst him, experienced though he be in all the cunning sophistries of New Brunswick Liberalism. He has given to the public a neat little epitome of English History (most likely compiled from Mr. Groeker's excellent work for children) and his three editorials on Loyalty are in the eyes of the discontented brotherhood who cry out for Reform *monumentum aere perennius*. They are in fact nothing more nor less than one continued eulogium on the Whigs of England, and in no one instance does their author make any attempt to disprove the obvious impracticability of introducing all the minute changes in the system of home Government into this Province of New Brunswick. They would have the British Constitution, not in its purity, but adulterated with all the lately mooted doctrines which, although perhaps necessary evils in the mother country, would be bombastical, if not dangerous additions to the government of a Colony. We are disgusted for our own part, at seeing the well clothed, and well fed farmers of this Province, taken in by loud words that mean nothing, to fancy themselves injured men.—It is all very well for Mr. Hogg to tell us that although New Brunswick has been a much abused province, that although its Governors have insisted upon appointing men to fill public offices who by birth and education deserve them most—the true Liberal nevertheless lays all his injuries at the door of Colonial and not British Conservatism. But are the mass possessed of such nicely critical judgment as to be capable of weighing all the shadowy advantages of Responsible Government? When Mr. Hogg and Mr. Grigor, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Wilmot differ so widely in their views of this appalling object, can we hope to find among the agricultural class, any who can agree in opinion upon politics? They believe that they have been shamefully oppressed by the family compact. Bah! what is this family compact which frightens so many baby men out of their wits to think of. We will tell our readers in a word what we consider the family compact to be after all. A bugbear! a scarecrow! a lying advertisement of "spring guns set here" by which the simpletons among us are so terrified that they scarcely dare explore the regions of truth and reason. In the young days of this Colony, the public offices were given as they are now, to the persons best fitted to fill them; and as the sons of these men were generally better educated than the other inhabitants of our capital. Such offices in some few cases descended from the parent to the offspring. In those enlightened days however there arise certain sages (censors after the manner of Cato) who are for excluding the son from competition with other men, for the office which his father happened to have held before him. Surely if this man be really best fitted for transacting the business of the office in question, he should be appointed to fill it. The reproach of undue pride has sometimes been levelled at the old office holders of this community; and upon the whole, we think, unjustly. The Masco-

phants are our aversion, and we heartily hate this continual "boing and boing and boing." If the demagogues who cry out for the rights of the people could once set their falcon fingers upon office, how soon would they doff the mantle of Responsible Government, and to use an Eastern Metaphor, seated at ease upon the mat of authority would chew the opium of self importance? Let them remember the story in the Arabian Nights, where the humble pedler of a few glass wares indulged in dreams of power and became in a moment a tyrant. Here we will make a pause for the present, and resigned to our fate, await as patiently as we can the direful onset of the Reporter.

THE HEAD QUARTERS.

The high bred racer will, now and then administer a corrective kick or two, when unimpaired curs presume to bark at his heels too pertinaciously; and the Loyalist which makes no pretensions to the character of a Job may at last find it necessary to show the petulant prigs of the Head Quarters that they are not unappreciated by the Editor of this Journal. That period has at length arrived; we take up the pen, with a determination to shake this pious, paltry Radical rattle to bits.—The Editor of the Head Quarters, as a private individual, we both like and esteem, nor will we, we do him the justice to think, look upon this avowal of our sentiments towards him personally, in any other light, than as the honest shake of the hand that passes between two staunch English boxers before they proceed to show fight. We can assure Mr. Grigor however that we will use every effort in our power to floor him politically, and we do really wish for his own sake that he had better backers. Such a crew of scandal mongering scribblers never since the days of Dr. Faustus bothered an Editor! Their name is Legion, and a sad set of evil spirits they most assuredly are. We could point out individuals, but we will spare the poor public the infliction of beholding in our columns, names which may hereafter figure in the *Newgate Calendar*. As it is we owe our readers some apology for forcing upon their attention at all, the doings of a contemptible clique which from week to week assail us with the Billingsgate ribaldry of their impotent malice, that like the Vulture of Prometheus is forever feeding upon their vitals.

We cannot but believe from the strangely inert way in which friend Grigor beholds his paper made the vehicle of gross personalities, that the Editorial chair is, (if we may hazard a guess upon so momentous a subject) a rocking chair. We almost fancy that we see the wild look of open eyed and open mouthed astonishment, with which he regards the last number of the Head Quarters, for the first time, upon Thursday morning—with what interest must he scan the contributed editorials, upon perusing which we are sure to call to mind the threadbare proverb of "too many cooks, &c."

A certain Italian poet made a practice of passing his sonnets through more than a dozen different desks for the convenience of careful correction previous to their publication. Something of the same kind is practised by the accomplished Editors of the Head Quarters; its editorials being shuffled from the hands of one Lawyer into those of another, and from his, by a short cut through the *Central Bank*, into Mr. Phillips's printing office. Strange, that with all the revision of those accomplished gentlemen, and in spite of their referring, at every line, either to Blackstone's Commentaries or Walker's dictionary their editorials should be suffered to meet the public eye, one blot of blunders after all. And still more strange is it that any *quid nunc* can be found to patronise a paper whose *politics* (?) can only be compared with the religion of the Israelites when they worshipped a golden (though in this case it is a brazen) calf. There is something in this political idolatry repugnant to the noble feeling of independence which should prompt every free holder in a British Colony to give his vote, not for men, but for measures. Can the Head Quarters accuse the Loyalist of ever having chosen for itself a pet champion, on whose head it might shower fulsome compliments and highflown eulogies, merely because we considered that the man had a conscience, and made all his actions both public as well as private, conform to its dictates. With any regard to truth, the deadliest foes of this Journal can never so accuse it. Our principles may be comprised in the two glorious words, CHURCH & STATE, for the safety of which, it is our honest boast that we have ever been arrayed. But certes we have wandered strangely from the subject!—What have the shifting opinions of the Head Quarters to do with Church and State? Positively nothing; so we will e'en retrace our steps again. We were

upbraiding that *consistent* journal with upholding men and not measures; but surely if it upholds some able politician must it not at the same time uphold the fixed principles of that politician? Not so good reader; the able politician whom they stifle for has no fixed principles. What then have our contemporaries done? Nothing. The whole affair is a mere see saw shuttlecock, this-tiedown.

In the absence of the pilot, some months since, Mr. Grigor took the helm, and in a moment the ship's head was put about and they made all sail upon a directly opposite tack. The trembling pilot, however, managed to get on board of the Head Quarters in time to bring her round again, but he has never ventured to leave her for one solitary instant under the command of the captain or any of his half dozen mates ever since, lest some similar error might again occur.

We will now offer our fellow editor one little bit of advice, by which, however, we almost despair to see him profit. Shake yourself free from these Philistines, pull down the temple of their New-Brunswick oracles, and avow yourself what you are and what we know you to be, a good *conservative*. You have now experienced the thousand little meannesses of which, such Radicals as you have to deal with, are so frequently guilty. Be then wise in time; engage other hands to man your columns than the useless, lazy landlubbers that you have at present for contributors; and taking fresh ballast on board, hoist the Conservative flag and proceed to trade upon your own bottom; the Loyalist's will be the first friendly voice to wish "success to the cruise."

HORRIBLE MURDER AT WINDSOR, N. S.—*The Murderer Caught*.—We learn from the Halifax Morning Post, of 2nd June, that a most brutal murder had been committed at Windsor. We condense the particulars. The name of the murderer is Joseph Bennett, who stabbed Charles Williams with a butcher's knife, causing immediate death. The Sheriff's of Hants and Annapolis were in pursuit.

By the New-Brunswick of to-day, we learn that the murderer, Bennett, has been arrested at St. John, and has confessed the crime stating that he could not help it. The unfortunate man has been sent to Windsor per steamer Herald, to await his trial.

The last "Head Quarters" contains an article headed "the Loyalist" purporting to be an editorial, but which no one but the accomplished "Suds" could have written, so classical is the style and so amiable are the sentiments of the writer.—He complains bitterly, "poor devil," of the contempt with which this journal has hitherto treated him. One more such complaint and we pledge ourselves to take more notice of you, sir, than perhaps your modesty will be able to digest. The best method to avoid contempt is *not to be contemptible*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Dissector is received. His humorous picture of the consternation into which the "Radical contributors" were thrown by the appearance of "McGregor the Dauntless" is very amusing; and if any further personalities should be launched either at us or our correspondents, we may feel disposed to lay the whole of the communication, bitterly severe as some portions of it are, before the public. For the present, however, we abstain, in the hope that our weak foes may have good sense enough to retire without waiting to be blown up by Dissector.

We were much gratified to-day at witnessing the presentation of a "good conduct medal" to Jonathan Hopkinson a discharged soldier of the 33rd Regiment now in this Garrison. Hopkinson has been upwards of twenty-one years in the service, the greater portion of which has been passed in the West Indies,—a climate very fatal to European soldiers. The regiment was formed in close column, and Colonel Whannel after having addressed in a very feeling and appropriate manner, the discharged soldier, and men of the Regiment, requested the Adj.,—Lieut. Mills, to attach the honorable badge of Her Most Gracious Majesty's bounty to the breast of Hopkinson. He also receives the gratuity, which we believe is £5.

It has ever been—and we trust ever will be, the pride of the British soldier to merit the approbation of his Queen and Country, and this affords but another proof to the soldier, that *good conduct* will ever be rewarded. May he long live to wear the honour so nobly conferred upon him.

We observe by the last St. John Courier, that the relatives of the late lamented Lieutenant Winterbottom have offered a reward of twenty pounds for the recovery of the body.

Mr. Young the Speaker of the Legislature, and Lady, took passage yesterday, (the Britannia) for England. His visit is said to be partly to vindicate his character, partly from the aspirations towards the Governor of that Province.

More Steam.—The new steam letter, built for Mr. William Green, left yesterday. This being the first trial of the machinery, but a small amount of steam was used. Every thing worked so well that no doubt a fast boat.

We regret to learn by a late death of Miss McBride, the wife of Mr. McBride, the late Governor of this Province.

The documents handed up, in relation to the late case of the affairs at Miramichi, will appear in our next issue.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE LOYALIST.
WHO THE D—L IS JONATHAN HOPKINSON.
A NEW SONG DEDICATED TO THE FUNDUS.

The question is asked throughout the Province—
Who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?
Is it the second Cincinnatus?
Who from all public cares of late
Retired to plant his own potato?
Oh no! it can't be he—
Then who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?

The question is asked throughout the Province—
Who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?
Could it be skeleton "Suds" the
Who for parading songs far and
None in private more waspish
Oh no! it can't be he—
Then who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?

The question is asked throughout the Province—
Who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?
Is it the man of the many
Who jots down per diem his
Who, still like a pudic com
Oh no! it can't be he—
Then who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?

The question is asked throughout the Province—
Who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?
Is it the big brow'd benevol
Who serves as the tramp of
And does little enough, yet
Oh no! it can't be he—
Then who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?

The question is asked throughout the Province—
Who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?
Is it the genius whose name
Who so nicely all public
And so nicely all public
Oh no! it can't be he—
Then who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?

The question is asked throughout the Province—
Who the d—l is Jonathan Hopkinson?
But hark! what a buzz from
We are Jonathan Hopkinson
Pray tell us good public
So the question is answered
These five worthy scribbles

FOR THE LOYALIST.
Mr. Editor,—Four upon
in the line and cry is also
faded by Sir John Palan
with my grey goose quill,
Fitz James
"Come one, come
From its firm base
And first for the patriotic
intention, expressed in
everything that may hereafter
its some little notice. I would
of studying more closely
the British classics. For
to deprecate the merits of
favorite authors, but I cannot
to divide his attention
between the "classical" Dictio
nary, such a course of reading
of his style. That
well somewhere, a maimed
"despatch" is a pleasing
for literature. He has, ho
strange mistake for a farmer
before the house. The line
Lydian measures softly sw
of the earlier epistles of t
only mention it now that
future, avoid showing his
tribally pointing out that of
believes one flatter himself
Sampson, but, however, I
Colbert in some particular
in his strong, quaint style
Mr. Brown hints that R
of my power to return the
opinion that the Head Qu
grew at fire, and the ques
dent of the late Democr
most while theories to des
Grigor nor Mr. Brown is
safely say, both have the m
by the public a more lang
one, who shall be nameless
of all-rude Lion.

And here we would rem
ditions to see these polit
the Head Quarters office,
hawlucks; when every
them, the same identical