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AND THIRTY ONE NUMBERS.—WHOLE NO. 197.

For the Loyalist.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Where the wild winds are blowing,
Where the dark waves are flowing,
On the deep sea;
A mermaid by moonlight,
With tresses emerald bright,
Swept onward merrily.

From the old Ocean caves,
Where the Sea God lives
And rubies richly gleam,
O'er the waves she flew
In her light canoe,
With the swiftness of a dream.

From my home below,
Where white lilies blow,
With joy come I;
A season of mirth,
With the fairies of earth,
To spend till the night fit by.

She blew on her horn,
And the Sea Unicorn
Swift at her bidding sprung
From the star-lighted sky;
The sea-bird drew nigh,
As the mermaid sung.

The mermaid laugh'd and loudly sung,
Her coral tale with rapture strung,
Its tones were rich and rare,
And onward she pass'd in her light canoe,
Like the spirit of song o'er the waters blue,
With the dew-drops in her hair.

From her sylvan-like zone,
A clear Torquois shone
As a beacon bright,
That the seamen might know
Of the rocks sunk low,
By its azure light.

And she blew on the shell
Both loud and well,
And waivered her dewy hair,
And smiled and sung,
As the ocean waves flung
Her tiny canoe in the air.

I come from the caves,
"I have danced o'er the graves—
The bold mariner's lot;
And I've seen the wave
Drink down the brave,
Where glory's forgot.

I've a large domain—
The dashing Main—
Boundless and free;
And the waves of the deep
Lull me nightly to sleep;
I'm Queen of the Sea.

In ages to come,
The bright red sun
Shall find a grave;
But I shall reign
Forever the same,
Queen of the boundless wave.

All that have breath,
Shall yield to death;
None can them save;
But my kingdom shall last
When others have pass'd;
I'm Queen of the Wave.

I've rode on the flood,
Where proud Troy once stood,
The land of the slave;
I saw sink down
Her Prince and Crown;
Oh, I'm Queen of the Wave.

And pure and white
Is my couch at night,
And happy the sights I see;
I've no sorrow nor care,
But am free as the air,
And I'm Queen of the dancing Sea.

I shall always reign,
I'm Queen of the Main,
My Ocean Empire free;
And it's my delight,
When the stars shine bright,
To dance on the boundless sea.

I'm happy and gay,
Both by night and day;
And of jewels and trinkets we'll ease you.

No other bliss I crave,
Than to laugh and sing
With the Ocean King,
And I'm Queen of the silver Wave.

FREDERICTON, JANUARY 24TH, 1846. WILLIAM,

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE WEST. BY THE EDITOR.

THE FAIRY OF THE BURROW.

THE traveller who has ever penetrated to the central and western parts of Cornwall, must have noticed the numerous mounds, or barrows, which meet the eye. These are nothing more nor less than the burial places of the ancient Britons. The Druids were their priests, and however cruel and bigoted their creed, it must be regretted by all persons who give themselves the trouble to think, and who prefer purity, that a part at least of the ancient form of sepulture should ever have become obsolete. The Druids burnt the bodies of the dead, collected their ashes, which they placed in urns, and over these urns the people raised huge piles of stones. The writer would not wish to see the latter part of the ceremony renewed, but considers the former part of it much preferable to our mode of interment; for then the friend of the deceased might keep the remains of the departed in an urn, which could be moved at pleasure; whereas now a friend deceased is associated in our minds with stench, noxious worms, and corruption.

The main route from Bodmin to Redruth is a distance of about thirty miles—passes through Truro; however, a shorter road exists—an old road, now but little travelled except by drovers; it leaves the present main route about a mile after you pass the ancient Burrow of St. Michael, or Mitchell, (disfranchised by the Reform Bill,) and enters a formation a conjunction with the new road at a place called Four Hundreds, (four parishes, each one in a different Magisterial District, or "Hundred," uniting there,) about two miles from Redruth. This road, although kept in tolerable repair, is for the most part bleak and solitary. It runs along a succession of commons, and passes nothing like a cluster of houses through its entire length. If we except the village of Zelah, but it is most remarkable for the numerous burrows by which it runs; so much so that the very hills are termed "Three Burrows," "Four Burrows," &c. Perhaps but few of these ancient land-marks now remain, for it having been discovered, a few years since, that the stones of which they are composed are small, and already fitted for macadamized roads, they were immediately laid under contribution; and the author himself recollects seeing one of these venerable piles entirely demolished, and also saw the rude stone urn it contained, and the human ashes which were disturbed after a rest, probably, of fifteen or sixteen centuries! Doubtless the funeral obsequies of our ancestors was a very imposing ceremony, and the entombed remains held extremely sacred; doubtless also they were chiefs, or famous warriors, for whom these immense mounds were erected, and that not only as monuments, but for the better security of their ashes. But little did they dream that after so many centuries the improvements of a Scotchman in road making, should cause these mounds, raised with such a vast amount of labour, and which most require so much labour to demolish—little did they imagine that by this man's means the mounds, instead of being any longer places of security, would tempt the cupidity of their unwarlike and plodding descendants.

About a mile from the spot designated "Four Hundreds," on the top of a high bleak hill, close to the old road, formerly stood one of the mounds already described. From the road neither habitation, nor any sign of it, was visible, unless at a distance, except on clear moonlight nights, when a thin smoke was sometimes seen ascending in a spiral manner to the sky. Many sought for the place whence the smoke ascended, but none ever found it—if they may be credited—although some gave out grave hints that "there was more connected with the burrow than people thought for;" and even those who were silent on the subject, when questioned, gave an ominous shake of the head. All this became circulated about, and the superstitious added to it by many silly exaggerations, until it became quite current that the burrow was "haunted." When this report once got fairly under circulation, no person who had ever passed the spot alone by night, but had something to add in corroboration. One had lost his way near the Burrow, and walked round and round it until he belaboured himself of the "Good People," (Fairies,) then he sat down and turned his stockings and his pockets inside out, when his eyes were opened, and he found the road with ease. Another (a drunken scamp) had also been misled by them, and finding it impossible to make out the road, laid down and slept on the lee side of the burrow; he awoke soon after break of day—it was in summer—and was highly entertained by a musical, but tiny voice, singing the following

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

Frolicking over each flowery mead,
Where is a life like the Fairies' lead?
Dashing along at lightning speed,
Or stopping awhile for pleasure;
Day or night we need no sleep,
Fasts and vigils we never keep,
Our beds we'll make on woolly sheep,
And shepherds scare with a merry "ho-peep!"
To th' wood we'll lie when the sun shines strong,
And then we got more reproaches than bread! Why was this injustice done? Because mankind are so prone to be dupes that they mistake a show for the reality—they mistake but too frequently the most foul and base hypocrisy for true and genuine piety—a pharisee is worshipped as a God, while the penitent publican is consigned to everlasting perdition.

The existence of the Fairy of the Burrow became at length no longer problematical. She had been seen by various travellers flitting across the heath—by one, bareheaded, her flaxen tresses of the most delicate texture flowing in rich profusion over her shoulders, while she wore a pink frock, —by another clothed in a tattered white frock, and her hair fastened up by a plain white ribbon. Various were the powers ascribed to her by the credulous women of the neighbourhood. One said that her limbs, calves, and ankles were in every much improved since the Fairy became their neighbour, and another found her cream much easier

Skippering away with Chaucer's shriek,
"Mong th' standing corn to play 'hide and seek!'"
Hopping like hares o'er the mountain bleak,
Deceiving old hunters so wary!
Basking beneath old oaks so mild—
Bathing our limbs in rivulets wild—
Weeping until some foe's beguiled,
Then away with a laugh to steal his child!
Our actions fins as the billow's roll,
No cares of soul,
No death-bell's toll,
No harsh control
To mar the gay life of a Fairy!

As the fellow was no poet, his version of the story, and the song, made "assurance doubly sure." There still existed a few, however, who would not credit the reports. They had been "born and brought up" in the neighbourhood; and as the burrow had not been haunted in their fathers' or grandfathers' time, "grand likes it would be now!" One of these unbelievers frequently quarrelled with his better half upon the subject—she being one of the "faithful" and once upon a time words ran so high betwixt them that he—hardened sinner as he was—not only refused to be convinced that the burrow was haunted, or that there were fairies there, but undertook to convince his wife to the contrary by treating her to a good horse-whipping. But women, on these occasions, generally continue to have the best of it somehow or another, and this poor creature, in her extremity, knelt down and prayed that the Fairy of the Burrow would both punish and convince her husband, and revenge her (the petitioner's) wrongs. The husband laughed at, and mocked her, and turning on his heel set off to spend his evening at the tavern, but had scarcely left his door when he received a violent blow in the face, with the open palm of a hand, although he neither saw nor heard any one. Knocked down and half-stunned, he with some difficulty regained his feet, when he re-entered the house. Upon looking in a glass, he found that the skin was not broken, yet a bloody mark on his cheek showed an imprint of the fingers of a tiny hand! He acknowledged himself convinced of the existence of the Fairy, but nothing would ever obliterate the mark, and he carried the bloody five-fingers on his cheek until his death.

About this time there was well-known in Redruth, Four Hundreds, and other places in the vicinity, two very remarkable old women; both receivers of alms, and as dissimilar in appearance as can well be imagined. One of them was rather richly clad, though in plain garments, quietly cut, which she seemed to be quite careless of, and it was apparent that she either had an inexhaustible stock, or else was ever and anon procuring a new suit, for she seldom appeared twice in the same dress. This woman, familiarly known as Mother Jennings, was considered a saint. She went her round once a week, calling upon the gentry, or wealthy people of the neighbourhood, approaching their dwellings boldly, entering without knocking at their front entrances, and walking into their best rooms with a "God save ye!" Some of the "Lords of creation" did indeed think her religion too palpable to be real, but being unable to convince their own consciences that so much lifting the eyebrows, and turning up the whites of the eyes, and so many fine scripture passages could be anything but the results of a pious life, and "a mind weaned from the things of this world," and whenever they spoke of her it was as "that pious and remarkably-gifted woman Mother Jennings, who would put so many of our Ministers to shame." So Mother Jennings was loaded wherever she went with compliments, and the luxuries of earth, and departed with a curtsy and a "God keep ye!" The other old woman was only known as "that old hag, Brown Molly;" the designation brown being derived from the colour of her dress, which, though always clean, and neatly worn, was covered with patches until the original could scarcely be distinguished. This poor old creature never came to us unless except during the very depth of winter; she sought the humblest entrance to a house, and approached timidly, and although her shrivelled face bore the impress of want marked in strong lines—and although she was never known to make use of an improper word, or even to return an angry look for all the ill-usage she got, yet did the boys mob and stone her, the young bucks set their dogs upon her, the elderly gentlemen threaten to horse-whip her if she should ever catch her again upon their premises, and the women very frequently told her to be gone "for an old witch, as they had nothing to give her! One thing remarkable in these women was that no person knew where they dwelt; it was also observed that Molly seemed to be aware of the existence of the other, and sedulously sought to shun her; whether this aversion arose from a knowledge that the other was well received, while she was scorned, did not appear, but she had even been seen to climb over a fence if she perceived Mother Jennings approaching, and had no other means of getting out of her road.

One of these women's features bore a sinister aspect, a sneer curling down the corners of her mouth, yet was she received as a saint; while the other, whose features were the picture of suffering and resignation was hooted at as a witch!—one of them had been guilty of heinous crimes, yet was she treated by her superiors with marked respect, while the other who toiled hard for a wretched pittance, and had ever lived a life of virtuous honesty, was not permitted to approach their dwellings!—one of them was revelling in luxuries, and had money plenty at her command, received alms willingly bestowed, weekly; while the other never made her appearance except starvation was staring her in the face, and then she got more reproaches than bread! Why was this injustice done? Because mankind are so prone to be dupes that they mistake a show for the reality—they mistake but too frequently the most foul and base hypocrisy for true and genuine piety—a pharisee is worshipped as a God, while the penitent publican is consigned to everlasting perdition.

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to churn since she had made a nightly offering, by placing a saucer about half-full of her best cream outside the dairy window on the sill, every evening before retiring to rest; nor did the good dame notice the smile which spread itself, as she said this, over the servant man's face. However, all agreed that the Fairy of the Burrow was a good Fairy, but she appeared to be extremely wild, as no one had been able to approach within an hundred rods of her.

About this time the son of a gentleman whom we must here call Squire Hazlewood, residing at Hazlewood Hall, about three miles from the Burrow, had spent the day shooting, in company with young Cheverling his cousin. They had wandered several miles from home, and being very much fatigued Cheverling undertook to proceed to the tavern at Four Hundreds—about half a mile out of his way—and replenish with brandy a pocket flask; while young Hazlewood was to proceed to the Burrow and there wait his arrival; it happened accidentally that the dogs followed Cheverling. On reaching the burrow Hazlewood seated himself among the mountain grass beneath the mound where, leaning himself against it, he listened, as twilight was growing dim, to the singing of a couple of gulls, far down in the valley in front of him, who were returning from their harvest labours. The distance was so great that he could not distinguish the words, but he knew the air, which was wafted to his ears in soothing tones, and he fancied the words they were singing. In a few moments he slept. How long he had slept he knew not, when a soft hand was laid on his eyelids, while another seized his collar and shook him slightly; he opened his eyes and there stood the Fairy as he had heard her described. She wore a dress which had once been white, but very much patched and soiled, her legs and arms were naked, and a coarse shawl covered her head and shoulders. Her height did not exceed that of a child seven or eight years old, and she was extremely slender, but withal, despite an air of touching sadness, so exquisitely formed, her limbs partaking of that life and supple nature so difficult to describe, that she might indeed be termed fairy-like. Her face—upon which was seen evidence of recent weeping—was lit up with energy almost supernatural, her cheeks were slightly flushed, contrasting finely with the stray locks of very light and silken flaxen hair that escaped from under the shawl. Her eyes were blue and prominent, and bent upon Hazlewood with intense interest. All this was impressed upon the young man's senses in an instant, for he had scarcely opened his eyes when she exclaimed "Oh! why sleep ye here upon this fatal spot? Up, quickly, and be upon your guard, or your life is not worth an hour's lease!" Having said this, with a gesture for him to be silent she withdrew so fast that he could neither detain her, nor demand an explanation of her words. Starting up, however, and perceiving that she ran around the base of the mound, he snatched up his gun—in which was a charge of duck-shot—and ran in the other direction, hoping to meet her, but had not proceeded ten paces before he stood face to face with Mother Jennings! The sanctimonious look had been thrown off—her eyes glared, her hair flew wildly about, and she appeared in her true character of a fury. Her skinny arms were bared to the elbow, and firmly grasped in the right hand she held aloft a dagger, whose shining blade glittered in the twilight. Both halted and gazed on the other a moment in surprise. Hazlewood broke silence first, saying, "What means this, Mother Jennings?"

The dagger was lowered instantly, the dress adjusted, the eyes cast on the ground, and the corners of the mouth drawn down at an unconceivable rate, as she replied in a cava manner, "Dear me, Mr. Hazlewood! was it you shouting for help? Oh, how you have frightened me!"

"Me shouting! No indeed! nor did I hear any one!"

"No! then you must have been sleeping!" Hazlewood could not deny but he had been sleeping, but continued "but whether were you going, mother; and what means that dagger?"

"I was going home, my dear, when I heard some one shouting for help; I then drew this dagger, which I carry about me to protect myself against the many bad men wandering about these parts—not that I'd hurt the hair from the head of one of God's creatures—and rushed to the assistance of sufferer, forgetting in my hurry—poor weak worm as I am—that I could do nothing when I got there!" Hazlewood did not feel quite so certain of this, recollecting as he did, the appearance of the beladme when he met her; but he thought not of the warning he had received, nor had he time to question her further, for at this instant his attention was attracted by a small white object at some little distance from the burrow, endeavouring stealthily to increase its distance from that spot unperceived. But Hazlewood was not the only person who had discovered her—for in the object he instantly recognized the Fairy—but at this moment a rough voice exclaimed "Ha, Traitor!" and the next instant a flash was seen, accompanied by the sharp report of a gun. Hazlewood started at the sound of that voice, no less than at the words, and had turned towards it ere the shot was fired, and then for the first time saw the outline of a figure standing on the summit of the mound. What has here taken some time to describe took place in an instant, and almost simultaneous with the report of the gun was heard a piercing shriek of pain, which told that the missile had not missed its object. Enraged at witnessing this cold-blooded attempt to commit murder, the young man did not hesitate a moment, but raising his fowling-piece, poured its contents upon the stranger as he was in the act of leaping from the burrow; a maledictive curse informed him that his shot had also taken effect. Then raising his gun in a menacing manner he turned abruptly round towards the spot where a moment before stood Mother Jennings, being resolved to take her prisoner; but he was astonished to find that she had escaped. Scarcely had he time, however, to muse upon what had taken place, or to consider what was to be done next, ere a friendly bark met his ear, and one of his dogs leaped and flung upon him, and in the next minute Cheverling stood by his side. Without replying to the hurried questions poured forth by his cousin, he cried "follow me," and ran to the spot where he had seen the flutter of a white robe. There they discovered the sweet child who had given him the timely warning, stretched upon the heath, insensible, and drenched in her blood.

"Good God, Harry! what in the world induced you to shoot this sweet lamb? Surely you were not foolish enough to give credence to the vulgar reports which ascribe to her the character of a supernatural being, and therefore put it to the test by firing upon her!"