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For the Loyalist.

THE RECORD IN HEAVEN.

Rev. xx. ch. xv. v.

Within the bright and heavenly court above,
And, near Jehovah's awful throne,
There stands a table—angels are around it,
Nor all the tables on this earth combined
Can peer that one in magnitude!
It shines brighter than twice ten thousand suns,
Meet for the use of those bright shining ones—
Scribes of the Godhead—Registrars in Heaven!

The Books of size and kind befitting Heaven
Are there in order plac'd, some filling, full
Of crimes most heinous—yes, and uncancell'd!
Oh! how those Angel-Secretaries weep
Tears of woe as they imperishable note
The sins of men against their Lord and King,
While Mercy veils herself with pity's wing,
Yet owns with groans, " 'tis just, it should be done!"

But, 'mong the Books, there's one of smaller size—
The "Book of Life"—nor death nor guilt is there
At all within it: its holy pages
Ne'er can be by sin contaminated!
The "Book of Life" contains the names of those
Who (tho', alas! comparatively few,)
Are sav'd—their former sins are cancell'd too,
And Heaven resounds with songs of joy.

Yes, when a voice is heard from the White Throne,
"A sinner prays, repents, put now his name
(I've told it thee) in the fair Book of Life"—
Yes, then it is, the Angel-scribe with joy
Opens the Book, and with a holy smile
The ransom'd, pardon'd sinner's name writes down:
Heir of a glorious, an immortal crown,
Purchas'd by Jesus once on Calvary!

Yes, then it is that Angels loud rejoice
With joyful acclamations of loud praise;
Yes, then the "Cherubim and Seraphim"
Hymn loud their praise unto the Deity,
And sing—"Another soul is born again."
Reader, can you unite with those above
And sing—"My dear Redeemer thee I love?"
If so, the "Book of Life" contains thy name.

Newcastle, July, 1844.

J. G. L.

Written for the Loyalist.

THE PREDESTINED; A TALE OF BRENTOR.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

"Ah!—since that fatal night, though brief the time,
Had swept an age of terror, grief and crime.
As its far shadow frown'd above the mast
He veil'd his face, and sorrow'd as he past.
He thought of all,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride."—Byron.

After Tresilian and Joe Brown had taken a tender farewell of Lucy and Alice Bland, they set forward on their journey, Tresilian seated in the saddle and Joe behind him. They took the road to Moretonhampstead and Tavistock, and when they had got clear of the streets of Exeter set forward at a good round trot. They passed through Moreton about two o'clock, A.M., and pushed forward for Tavistock, twenty miles farther, but they had scarcely reached the distance of two miles from Moreton before a man sprung from the ditch and commanded them to stand, at the same time seizing the reins. Without deigning a reply Tresilian struck him down with a blow of his loaded whip. At that instant a shot was fired from behind the fence, and Tresilian reeled in the saddle, exclaiming, "I am wounded!" Exasperated at this Joe returned the fire as the fellow was in the act of leaping the fence, and had the satisfaction of seeing him tumble headlong into it. By this time the rain had nearly ceased, and the moon had risen, they were therefore enabled to discover that the man whom Tresilian had struck down was his rival, Dick Hoskins, and that the other was Bill Jones; but the approach of a third party across the field warned our travellers that they had better proceed, and lashing the beast into a canter they were soon out of sight. Tresilian's wound was in the fleshy part of his thigh, and having gained a safe distance they turned out of the road, alighted, and bandaged the part so as to stop the effusion of blood, when they again resumed their journey. They reached Tavistock about five o'clock, and hiring a fresh horse pushed on four miles further, to the little village of Gunna's Lake, on the Tamar, and on the confines of Cornwall; when without waiting to partake of any refreshment, they hired a boat to take them to Plymouth, and by six o'clock they were embarked on the Tamar, and were sailing down with a favourable breeze.

The fatigue of riding thirty-six miles on horseback, a part of

the distance amidst a rain storm, after a long and tedious confinement—the pain arising from his wound, remaining so many hours undressed—and the long fasting, operated so powerfully on Tresilian that before arriving in the Hamoaze he was in a state of exhaustion—in fact lying in the bottom of the boat quite sick. On the boatman enquiring where they wished him to land them, Joe was sadly puzzled for an answer. He knew of no place where he was sufficiently acquainted to look for an asylum, but at the Charity School where he spent some of his childish days, and there of course he could not apply now he was grown a man. At length he recollected an old pilot who had been kind to him while a school-boy, and who had once took him across the Sound to his home, where he was made welcome by the mistress of the house, and he ordered the boatman to steer for Cawsand Bay. When the boat touched the beach Joe Brown became apprehensive of being prest on board a man-of-war, as the press gangs were then busy all along the coast; but his uneasiness was quite uncalled for, for Cawsand was then the rendezvous of smugglers, and no officer dared send his men there for very obvious reasons: the temptations and opportunities to desert were too many, and if a man should be pressed there was no doubt but the hardy and lawless sons of the ocean there congregated would immediately gather to the rescue. Leaving Tresilian in the boat Joe walked up the beach towards the village, and enquired of the first strippling he met whether old Ben Storey lived in the same little old-fashioned cottage he formerly occupied, and on being answered in the affirmative, thither he bent his steps. On his approach he perceived the old veteran—a little more sea-beaten than when he last saw him, but very little altered in other respects—sitting in his door smoking his pipe, while his wife, seemingly the same cheerful garrulous little body she always was, was busy at her household duties. The old man's eye was still sharp, and his memory good, for when Joe had approached within a few paces he pulled the pipe from between his teeth, suffering the smoke to escape from his mouth slowly, and then exclaimed, "why b—t my eyes but here's little Josey Brown, the Charity boy, come back to see us once more! Why, laddie, where hast been all this time, eh? Shiver my old hulk, but thou'st been on a long cruise among the land-lubbers, and grown up into a tight-looking craft too! but as ignorant as a lobster I dare say! I suppose thou doesn't know larboard from starboard, nor how to take a single reef? Why, them old chaps wot has the management of the School deserve to be keel-hauled, to send a likely young fish as thou wert out of the smell o' salt water! when, had they but just told old Ben thy time of servitude had expired, and that thou wert in want of a ship, he would have taken thee and made a man of thee! Howsomever, "better late than never," as the sea-gull said who after sitting double her time hatched a nest of young eagles; first let me show ye to the old woman, and get ye a suit of decent blue instead of these "long logs," and then we'll see what can be done." But honest Ben had no need to introduce his partner; she had been listening to her "old man's" discourse, and now seized Joe around the neck, and kissed first one cheek and then the other. Joe then explained in as few words as possible the circumstances in which he was placed at present, and that Tresilian was lying in the boat unable to move. "A friend, and in distress!" repeated the simple-hearted tar; "we will go immediately and fetch him here, and humble as my cot is, let me see the lubber wot would dare to come here to take him out! By the ghost of Nelson! but he had as well attempt to take the Hoe by storm!" Joe then returned to the boat, and in a few minutes the old man came down with four or five stout fellows in company. As they approached Joe heard them enquiring, "Where away was it?" "Had they a hard fight?" "They beat the lubbers off of course?" and other such questions, from which he conjectured he had given them to understand they were smugglers, and that Tresilian was wounded in a encounter with the revenue officers. To their enquiries Ben replied by a significant nod, at the same time laying his finger on his lips, as much as to say, "I could tell ye a rare yarn about it if I chose, but I am not at liberty to do so yet." Ben's policy was well-timed, for the lawless characters, taking them as some of the brotherhood, lashed a piece of fishing net to a couple of oars, and lifting Tresilian upon it bore him gently to the cottage, at the same time swearing to protect him if any officers of justice should receive intelligence of his whereabouts, and come there to arrest him.

A surgeon was brought over from Stonehouse, who dressed the patient's wound, but he at the same time pronounced him to be labouring under a severe attack of fever, and that he would be confined to his bed for some weeks, even if he survived. This was grievous news for Joe Brown, but the attendance Tresilian received from the pilot's wife showed how judicious the faithful Joe had been in the choice of an asylum. As the crisis approached Joe never for a moment left his bedside, but though for a while the patient was reduced to the lowest extremity, and there seemed scarcely a possibility that he could recover, yet youth and a sound constitution finally triumphed, and he was pronounced convalescent. One day after Tresilian had recovered strength enough to walk about, Joe seated him on a bench in front of the Pilot's cottage, where the congenial rays of the sun were busily engaged opening the blossoms of the early rose and the delicate polyanthus, while the healthy spring breeze came stealing from

the bay, and taking a boat he pulled on board a vessel which lay in the Sound outward bound, with a signal up for Barbadoes; finding she was to sail in about three day's time, he engaged in her a passage for Tresilian, while he agreed to work his own passage. It having been some time since Joe had been abroad, he rowed from the ship to the bason and landed. After having spent an hour or two on shore, without meeting with any incident worth recording, he returned to Cawsand, and rescued Tresilian in the following manner:—Towards evening Mrs. Storey had gone out to pay a neighbour a visit, and Tresilian finding himself drowsy had stretched himself upon the bench and slept. He found himself awakened by a rude grasp on his collar, and looking up saw a familiar face—it was the grave-digger of Brentor. The villain held a cocked pistol in his other hand, the contents of which he threatened Tresilian with if he made the least resistance. He then enquired where Joe Brown was, and on being informed that he had gone away somewhere in a boat, probably across the Sound, he gnashed his teeth with rage, saying, "I was commanded not to spare his life if I found him, but as for thou, convicted criminal as thou art, it would be a pity to deprive the gallows of its due." He then commanded Tresilian to arise and walk before him, on pain of instant death. Just recovered from a bed of sickness, his mind, his nerves, his body weakened, it is not to be wondered at that the convalescent felt deficient in that physical courage he possessed when in good health; and perhaps, too, caring but little what became of him, he mechanically obeyed. His conductor pointed to a distant and unfrequented part of the beach, where stood a projecting rock which hid any thing further in that direction from view. On their arrival at the rock a boat appeared moored beyond it, into which they entered and pushed off. About half a mile further out lay a cape which it was necessary to double, and for that the grave-digger, after having hoisted a light sail, steered. Scarcely had they doubled the cape and made arrangements to hug the Cornish shore, coasting along Mount Edgcombe Park, when they became aware that a boat was in their immediate vicinity, rowed by one man, who was pulling with all his might directly towards them. The grave-digger immediately ordered Tresilian to take the helm, while he seized the oars, endeavouring to pass under the stern of the other boat before it would cut them off. In this he succeeded, but by this time the other was not more than six yards distant on the larboard side. Both the grave-digger and Tresilian had recognised the person of the other boatman—it was Joe Brown, and the presence of a friend once more gave Tresilian hope; so at this critical juncture he pretended to be exhausted and let go the helm. Brown's superior strength at the oar now gave him the advantage, which his foe no sooner perceived than he snatched up a pistol and fired, but not having taken good aim it went off harmless; he then seized another, but it missed fire, and finding Joe about to board him he sprung overboard and swam for the shore. It was now Joe's turn, so pulling a pistol from his pocket he fired. A piercing yell replied to the shot, and the grave-digger disappeared, while the water immediately showed the crimson dye; but the wounded man soon rose again, and after a few more struggles reached the shore, clambered over the rude shingles, and disappeared among Mount Edgcombe plantations.

This affair made a deep impression on the mind of Tresilian. "Joe," said he that evening, after they had retired to their room, "the villains by this persecution have roused once more the spirit of resistance; after all which I have suffered shall I go abroad and leave my work unfinished? No; I will hazard everything to counteract their horrid plot. But then I am watched—I am convinced from all which has taken place that while I was acting the spy on their proceedings, I was subjected to a system of espionage myself! And you perceive they have traced us even here!—Joe, I will appear as though I intend to comply with the arrangement you have made to-day for a passage to the Indies, and we will make an agreement with Ben Storey to take us on board, but will delay until she has got under weigh and is standing out of the Sound. We will then follow, and instead of going on board we will get Ben to land us on the Rame Head; we shall thus throw them upon a false scent, or bull them into security under the belief that we are gone abroad." Joe approved of the plan, and next day they acquainted Ben with it, while at the same time they deceived all of their neighbours by making preparations to go on board.

They day on which the vessel sailed our two adventurers took a tender farewell of Mrs. Storey, thanking her for all her kindness; they also bade adieu to their neighbours, many of whom they had now become acquainted with. The vessel had reached the spot where the breakwater now stands before the boat left Cawsand beach; but as the wind was blowing a stiff breeze down the channel, and the ship was obliged to tack before she could double Rame Head, there was no fear of their being to late. There were two or three other ships working to get out at the same time, and as the boat was passing near one of them, at the distance of about a mile and a half from Cawsand beach, she put about suddenly and ran directly towards it. Old Ben shouted out lustily "put up your helm," but all to no purpose—he was answered by a laugh, and in spite of all his efforts to get out of the way in an instant her bows were on him and the boat