

or maybe the life of a traveller, for he can't be expected to have any feelings for them, loike, seeing as how they be all Hinglishmen. But, you would'n't think—just before he was taken prisoner—being Cap'n of a man-of-war—he run the Lieutenant through. Now the French Government have found 'un out, and demanded 'un in exchange for some poor Hinglishman they've got over there surfeiting on frogs. Well, the Cap'n need'n't go unless he loikes, but, having lots o' lands, unless he goes he says they'll *confustrate* them, and he'll get no more money; so he wants to go loike, and doant want to go; he's afraid ov losing his lands if he stays, and his head if he goes, so he's playing a bold game, an' has bought over the Leftenant, Tresilian, to help him, and one night he intends to let out upon us all the French prisoners in the New Prison, and then they'll go down to Plymouth or somewhere else, and cut all the people's throats and so get off. Now we doant know what's got into Tresilian to have any thing to do with the scrape, and so Bill Jones and me be planning how to prevent it, for Bill says that if we don't get them out, more sodgers, an' all that, will be sent down here, and our smuggling will be stopt; an' that if we do get 'em out p'raps they'll turn round and rob or murder us by way of *gratitude*, or if they doant them ere Lunnun Police will be sent down an' make the Moors too hot for us to live in."

"And what do'ee intend to do?" enquired the wife.

"Now that be what we wanted to ax your opinion about, for you be good at planning you know—ha, ha, ha! how nicely you planned it to-night with Sir Thomas A——d's steward, an' they, the clumsy boobies, to miss him after all!"

"Hush fool! they mistook the poor farmer for the rich steward, who must have got there before him somehow or other; and so they went off—did'n't wait long enough, that's all, which would'n't have happened if I had'n't got a drunken brute of a husband. I know it all—I went over and looked at the horse, an' the steward finding an' end to his road turned back again towards Bovey as I found by the tracks of his horse. But about this other affair—you must do nothing—you must *say* nothing, until I seek advice from a wiser head than mine—I must enquire of Nancy Eyres about it."

The dialogue was here brought to a close by the girl re-entering and proceeding with her work. The landlord returned to his companions, and finding there was no more to be heard or seen from where I stood, I crept to the window of the other room. There was a curtain drawn, but so carelessly that I could see about half of the company. There were all sorts of men, from the French officer arrayed in his gay uniform, down to the rude peasant, or ore-stained miner; all enjoying themselves over tumbblers of smoking-hot punch, filled from the bowl which sat on the table in front of the Captain, who was just then employed in serving out a fresh mess with the ladle. A cheerful turf fire blazed up the chimney, throwing its red glare on the group, who might easily have been imagined spirits from the infernal regions, as their fierce countenances fell alternately beneath the light and shade. I had barely time to make these observations before I heard approaching footsteps; I threw myself flat on my face and thus escaped observation, for two men passed within a few feet of me and entered the house. There was considerable bustle in the room when they entered, and evidently a warm welcome was given them, and among the greetings I plainly disistinguished the word "Tresilian," although from the new comers taking their seats at the foot of the table I could not perceive them.

"Here then, Lucy, ends thy hopes; truly might thy father pronounce it an unfortunate attachment!" thus I soliloquised—"he is the Lieutenant of this ruffianly gang, and plotting against his King and country; a smuggler, poacher, outlaw, highway robber, and perhaps a murderer! Oh, what could tempt one apparently so noble, that he has so deeply—so irretrievably fallen! I am bound to denounce him—to deliver him up to justice—to that Government whose laws he has outraged. And yet it is really necessary I should do this? He has acted honourably by me, whatever may have been the conduct of his companion Miriam: he conducted me safely across the valley to-night, and set me on the road which would have led me to a place of safety—but then Lucy, where is she? Is she safe, and my daughter? My brain burns with conflicting opinions and strange surmises."

While my thoughts were thus distracted supper was served up, and the company were now busily engaged with their repast. The meal was hardly concluded, the table swept of the shattered fragments, and the Captain's health drank, when Bill Jones was called upon for a song; when, without framing any of the excuses so common in what is termed "fashionable life," he gave a few preliminary "hems," and sung as follows:

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

Here's a health unto the band that can dance, or fight, or sing,
And cares not a curse for the soldiers or the King.
Who lead sometimes a life of risk, sometimes a life of ease;
Who can roam where they like, and return whene'er they please,
And outsail the fleetest Cutter that e'er stem'd the British seas!

Chorus—Then let's drink nor mind the score,
When we've done we'll go for more;
And we'll spend our lives so jovial at the Cottage on the Moor.

In the pleasant nights of autumn, when gentle breezes blow—
What though we come by stealth, and each countryman our foe!
We leave the shores of France—cross the channel with good will,
And wait the signal "all is safe!" upon some well-known hill,
Then cheat the Coast Guards and their crews in spite of all their skill.

Then let's drink, &c.

In the moonlight nights of winter, when each slave of toil's at rest:
What care we for the cold while good brandy warms each breast?
We'll visit each plantation from the Ex unto the Beer,
And pop the pheasant's from their roosts to grace our table's cheer,
While our dogs shall single out for us the noblest fallow deer.

Then let's drink, &c.

In the spring should the stormy winds prevent another run,
And the nestling of the game spoil the sport of dog and gun,
Is there a man among us who would murmur for a day?
Is there a coward here who would shrink from mortal fray!
No! a dark night and pistols shall ensure us nobler prey!
Then let's drink, &c.

Though a wild life we lead, and our home is wilder still,—
What though no notes we hear but the plover's wild and shrill!
'Tis more fitting for our ears than the notes from tree or bush,
For the songs of the goldfinch, the linnet and the thrush [hush.
Are but the notes of cowards which the hawk's approach will
Then let's drink, &c.

Then a health to our Captain and Subalterns so brave,
And each jovial outlaw who scorns to be a slave!
Though the base sons of toil speak contemptuous of our glee,
And say 'tis because from remorse we fain would flee:
They lie! 'Tis for joy!—'Tis the revels of the FREE!
Then let's drink nor mind the score,
When we've done we'll go for more;
And we'll spend our nights so jovial at our Cottage on the Moor.

This song was received with rounds of applause, but in the midst of the greetings a shrill whistle was heard at a distance which instantly hushed every voice. I gathered from their conversation that the signal was given by one of their band who had been on some excursion and was now returning, and that, moreover, he wanted assistance. Profiting by my former experience, I again threw myself on my face, and one of them (whom the Captain had ordered out,) passed me; I then arose and followed, dogging his steps at a distance, being anxious to see what was going to turn up next. Our walk was even longer than I anticipated, nor did the robber stop until he reached a conical shaped hill, like a mound, at least a quarter of a mile from the turf tavern. Here he stooped down and gave a low whistle, when I perceived a bunch of heath bushes begin to move, and a man arose from among them. I could not hear the first part of the dialogue which followed, but making a circle of the hill I approached sufficiently near to hear the following conversation:

"But be'st sure it's her?"

"Dost think I wouldn't know her in the darkest night that ever was? Why, Bill Jones, I thought as how thou knowest me better than to s'pose I'd ever forget her, or *forgive* her, after the night in which she rescued that little bright-eyed pottery girl from my clutches!"

"Well, well; but what dost think she's doing there at this time o' night?"

"Waiting for Tresilian to be sure! what else! But come, let's lose no time—she's gone down towards the pond, and master Tresilian, if he wishes to see her any more, may drag the pond to-morrow—where perhaps he'd find more than her! But no matter—come along."

I became deeply interested in this plot. It was evident that let this Miriam be what she would—whatever her sex—or whether or not she belonged to the outlaws—there were those among them who were at deadly enmity with her, and sought her life.—It is almost needless to add that I followed the conspirators with breathless anxiety. They led me to a precipitous cliff overhanging a large pond, apparently nearly overgrown with rank weeds, and proceeding along its bank came to a piece of ground broken and rocky. There I saw a figure of a woman sitting on a fragment of a rock, but I was at too great a distance to distinguish any thing more. One of the conspirators—the fellow who had proposed the murder—approached her, but the other concealed himself behind a projecting angle of a rock, and so intent was he on what was playing before him that he heard me not, although I came up almost within reach of him. Miriam arose on the approach of the first conspirator, accosting him with "Who comes there?"

"A friend to be sure; what man seeks the company of a young woman but from motives of *friendship*!"

"Ha! it is thou is it? stand back villain, or I'll serve thee worse than I did when I rescued another from thy clutches."

"Dost thou taunt me? Thou mayest soon feel that I am capable of *revenge* as well as love.—"The time is come!"

These words appear to have been a preconcerted signal, for at that moment the villain threw himself upon Miriam, grasping her with all his strength, and at the same instant the other made a movement as if intending to do the same. When I dogged the footsteps of the robber I had drawn a loaded pistol from my pocket, but feeling a reluctance to shed blood except when absolutely necessary for self-preservation, exactly as Bill Jones was about to spring to the assistance of his comrade, I struck him on the side of the head with the muzzle of the piece, and felled him senseless to the ground. Scarcely had I accomplished this feat when I heard Miriam mutter "thou wilt have it then;" and suiting the action to the word a dagger gleamed in the air, and the next moment was buried to the hilt in the bosom of the robber. He fell backward with an imprecation, rolled over the bank—a plunge in the deep stagnant waters of the pond was heard, and all was over.

"It is to *you* then I owe my life!" said she gazing in my face with astonishment. "What induced you to return?"

I briefly recounted to her what the reader is already acquainted with, and begged of her in return to clear up the mystery about herself and Tresilian—without, however, telling her that I knew he was Lieutenant of the band, and at that moment engaged in their revels. But she replied, "I cannot, until he gives me leave." She then continued, "These two were the greatest enemies I had, but though the blackest villain of the two is only stunned, one life is enough to take of a night: I must disarm him and leave him to recover." She did so; then at her suggestion I allowed her once more to conduct me to the road I had left out of motives of curiosity, where we parted, she declaring she must return to Bovey, and I pursuing my route to Moretonhampstead, where in due time I arrived without further adventure.

[END OF CHAPTER IV.]

Written for the Loyalist.

REVIEW OF THE LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS OF NEW BRUNSWICK, 1844.

(Continued.)

No. 33.—VALUE OF BRITISH COINS.

This is one of the foolish acts which illustrates the value of the proverb "leave well alone." Hitherto the mercantile community had regulated the value of British Coins according to circumstances. If they found silver coins so scarce as to suffer inconvenience in consequence they agreed to receive them at a fraction above their real value, and that caused an influx of a circulating medium highly beneficial to trade, and which, so long as every person was willing to take them at that amount, could not possibly injure any one. It is true that the banks did not concur with the arrangement, (although the banks of Nova Scotia did,) but if any person had a sum of money to pay into the banks, or wished to make a legal tender of money, it was not difficult to obtain other coin—or paper. But by this act of the Legislature the British sovereign is fixed at 24s. currency, the crown at 6s., and all aliquot parts regulated by the same standard. This uncalled-for measure causes, in the first place, much inconvenience, and in the second place will effectually drain the Province of its gold, as the sovereign is fixed at a higher standard both in Nova Scotia and the United States.

No. 34.—THE DRAWBACK UPON EXPORTED FLOUR.

This is another of the blind left-handed principles of legislation for which our House of Assembly have so distinguished themselves. We have already given this subject a passing notice in our remarks upon the Revenue Bill. The miller who imports wheat into this Province for the purpose of manufacturing the same into flour for the British markets, is obliged to pay an ad valorem duty of five per cent, and on the exportation of the flour he receives the amount back again! All this troublesome routine—this work for extra clerks—is gone through—for what? Why to prevent that very miller from manufacturing flour for the people of New Brunswick! We shall endeavour to make this plain.—It is useless to say that New Brunswick *can* raise wheat enough for her own consumption; we know she can—we know she *ought*—but we are sorry to add that we know she *does not*. Now while this is the case it should have been the study of our Legislators to encourage our own manufacturers, which they would have done effectually by admitting wheat duty free, while a duty was still levied upon flour. Our millers would then have driven the Americans from our markets, while the price of bread-stuffs would have been lower than they are at present, as no provincial duty would be paid, wheat being imported instead of flour. But instead of this, by the folly of those to whose hands the public have trusted their affairs, we are supporting American manufacturers—mills and machinery are erecting in the United States at our expense—we are buying their wood while our own is useless—we employ their coopers while our own are idle—in fact while our millers are opening what promises to be a prosperous branch of trade in Great Britain, we yield up our own market without a struggle to Americans; for wheat and flour being each subjected to nearly an equal duty, the manufactured article being more portable than the raw, and our machinery being in its infancy, and not brought to the same perfection as that of our neighbours, our millers in competing with them must labour under serious disadvantages, although such as the fostering hand of Government might in a few years have removed.

No. 39.—THE AMENDED BANKRUPT ACT.

We have in this act a very fair specimen of the miserable time-serving, truckling, vacillating, Jump-Jin-Crow legislation of New Brunswick. "The British Constitution has been found to be good for an independant nation," say the New-Brunswick Radicals, "therefore it must be good—even to its fullest extent, as claimed by the Reformers at home—for an insignificant (we mean as regards population,) and *dependant* colony!" "British merchants have claimed and obtained from their government a Bankrupt Act," say our Legislators, "ergo it will be but just that we have the same in our country." "Very proper," exclaimed our lumberers, "but as we carry on business to quite as large an amount as the merchants of New Brunswick, and are quite as liable to fail in our *calculations*, we cannot conceive why we should be excluded from its benefits!" Accordingly in 1842 a Bankrupt Act was passed, but it provided only for those who were indebted to the amount of £500 and upwards, and left their taking the benefit of the act optional on the part of their creditors.

"Well," said the supporters of the bill, when they met with their constituents, "how do you like the act?"

"Ah, Squire! I fear it will never do," said Simon Sly.—"Here are my creditors foolish enough to imagine that I have laid by a private purse, and they refuse to allow me to take advantage of the act. It must be voluntary, sir, *voluntary*, it will never do else."

"Perfectly ridiculous!" exclaimed Peter Puddle, as he gulped down his seventh glass of biters in the bar room of a fifth-rate tavern, "Perfectly absurd! Here am I who have just closed up my business and find I'm owing about £300; now you see I can't take the benefit of the act unless I owe £500, and I can't owe five hundred unless I begin again and run in debt £200 more, and that I can't do without a capital to commence on,—in fact this d——d Bankrupt law has fixed