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No. 7.

For the Loyalist.

THE BANSHEE'S LAMENT OVER THE FATE OF THE "BIG BEGGAR."

Och! wipe your eyes, lament an' wail,
Bemoan the fate of Dan's Repale,
For the Big Beggar's sent to jail
For his transgressions;
The storm is hush'd, the mighty gale
Of Pat's oppressions.

The Harp may sound on Tara's hill,
With doleful music, drear and shrill,
Since Daniel's wit, his speech, his skill
Could not prevail,
'Gainst patriotic laws and will,
To gain repale.

The noise hath ceas'd, the sound hath fled,
Like one that's number'd with the dead—
The Banshee's screech hath loudly said,
"Lament your fate,
For you have lost that Hydra-head
That sought debate."

Och Dan! Och Dan! what will you do?
For now your in a sickly stew:
A long twelve months—your days but few—
Seven years of peace—
Will doubtless still the clam'rous crew
By Death's release.

Let every friend o'er hill an' valley,
From Clontarf's shades to Ballykelly,
Lament, and moan, and sob, and bellow,
In grief's affliction,
For they have lost that noble fellow
Now in correction.

Hark! the repealing sage translator—
The money-making speculator—
The wise, the cunning Agitator,
With modest voice:
Hear from his cage the great Dictator
Proclaim "No Noise!"

Men and women all stay at home,
Nor let your *gasoons* further roam,
Touch not shillelagh, stick, nor stone,
To cause a riot:
List! I proclaim from *Bridewell's Throne*
PEACE, ORDER, QUIET!!!

July 1, 1844.

BANSHEE.

* Banshees make a lamentable screeching in Ireland, before and after any dreadful occurrence, but believed only by the superstitious.

Written for the Loyalist.

THE PREDESTINED; A TALE OF BRENTOR.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

"If in that soul thou'st ever felt
Half what thy lips impassioned swore,
Here, on my knees that never knelt
To any but their God before,
I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea,
East—west—alas! I care not whither,
So thou art safe, and I with thee!
Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world's a world of love for us!
On some calm blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well."—MOORE.

A few nights after the trial recorded in the last chapter, the door of a tavern opened in one of the principal thoroughfares of the city of Exeter, and one of the waiters of the inn put out his head and exclaimed, "Bless me, what a night it is! my dear young ladies, you cannot go abroad to-night; why really you'll be washed away!" Well might he exclaim against the night, for worse weather could scarcely be imagined. The rain fell in torrents; the pavement was ankle deep with mud; gusts of wind occasionally blew through the narrow streets, while the darkness was so intense that not an object was to be seen, and whoever ventured out must inevitably grope their way. But those to whom the waiter addressed himself would not be deterred, and two young females stepped out und turned down the street, followed by a servant. The wind was too strong to admit of umbrellas being hoisted, and they trudged along, feeling their way by the walls of the houses, entirely exposed to the weather; but their nerves were wrought up to the proper pitch, and they complained not. I shall not keep you in suspense as to the identity of the midnight adventurers: it was Lucy, and Alice Bland;

Lucy, by her father's permission, had gone to reside a few days with her uncle at Moretonhampstead, where she was sought by Alice, whose grief for the missing Miriam, while Lucy mourned the fate of Tresilian, became the sympathetic tie which soon bound them together, and a few hours previous to that to which I have just referred they entered Exeter together, where they waited for darkness and the midnight hour when they might venture to visit the prisoner privately. Alice had been to the prison early in the evening, and, as she said, arranged the matter with one of the turnkeys.

"Miss Lucy," said Alice, as they threaded the streets arm in arm, "you must use your utmost endeavours to induce him to make his escape: it is the only hope that remains for him now—do not interrupt me—I know what you would urge—you would say that it would look like a confirmation of his guilt. Be it so: would you have him at liberty with this stigma on his character for a few months, when we know the whole mystery will be ultimately cleared up, or would you have him executed as a highwayman and murderer, although his memory might one day be rescued from obloquy? There is no other alternative—you must choose between the two."

"You are right, dear Alice; it would do us little good to allow him to be executed and *know* his innocence—little good even to *prove* it after his death. We must rescue him first and prove his innocence afterwards. But how shall we get him out of jail, since you will not listen to my proposal to change dresses with him and remain in his stead?"

"I know of a surer game," said the girl; then after a pause she continued, "do you recollect Joe Brown?"

"Joe Brown! yes; the lad Mrs. Tresilian took from the charity school at Plymouth? Oh yes, I know him, but it is supposed he has listed for a soldier, as he has not been heard of lately. Apropos, Alice, I believe he was a beau of yours?"

Could Alice's face have been seen it would have displayed a modest blush, as she replied, "he did not list for a soldier, however, but is now one of the turnkeys of Exeter gaol, having been appointed to that situation in place of one who was dismissed some months ago on the complaint of the sentinel, for suppressing any information of the attempts of Bill Jones to escape. But do not let his appearance startle you, for he is so disguised you would not have known him had you not been told."

By this time they had arrived at the jail, when a light tap at the gate was given by Alice, and instantly it began slowly and silently to move on its hinges. The two girls entered, when the gate slowly closed again, leaving the servant on the outside. "This way," exclaimed a familiar voice, and a hand was laid on Alice's arm, and in this manner they were led across a court; a key was applied to a door, which was closed carefully after them, and then the guide drew a dark lantern from under his coat and led the way to the condemned cell.

It was evident that Tresilian had received an intimation of the intended visit, for he had not retired to his rude couch, but was rapidly pacing the narrow limits of his vault in anxious expectation. The door opened, and in an instant the lovers were locked in each other's arms. After the first fond embrace was over, Tresilian accosted her thus: "And does my sweet Lucy still believe I am innocent?"

"Oh, yes!—Oh, Tresilian, never have I doubted for a moment! We have known each other from childhood, and never could one, so honourable as I have known thou, be guilty of the horrible crimes imputed to thee."

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "all is not lost yet!"

Lucy and Alice then endeavoured to persuade Tresilian to leave the prison that night—nay, that very hour, and seek safety in flight, in which they were powerfully assisted by the turnkey, whom you will have already guessed was in the prisoner's interest. But all their persuasions were for a long time thrown away. "How can I?" he would say, "How can I escape, and allow the world to talk of me as the absconding criminal—to look on my escape as a confirmation of my guilt—to advertise for me in the 'Hue and Cry,' giving a description of my person, and offering a reward for my apprehension as *Tresilian the murderer*! And where should I flee? I could not remain in England with safety, unless I actually became the villain they have now given me credit for. No; let me rather perish on the gallows. There at least I can proclaim my innocence, and should have the satisfaction of believing that some charitable persons would credit me—I should die with a prayer on my lips that the real murderer would be ultimately discovered, and my name rescued from infamy. I cannot—I cannot go, with the finger of scorn pointed at me by all mankind."

"And what will become of me," said Lucy, "if thou diest? Oh, Tresilian! think how wretched I must be without thee, and for my sake—for thy Lucy's sake leave this horrid place!" and unable to suppress her emotion the sorrowing girl threw herself upon his bosom and wept.

"Nay, Lucy, nay; grieve not thus my gentle one; but tell me how I am to effect my escape, and although the task is hard, yet for thy sake will I do much."

"That is already provided for, said the turnkey; in a stable near this stands two palfreys already saddled and equipped for the road. Each, too, has a pavilion for a fair companion, and if they will but trust themselves to our guidance we will proceed to

Plymouth, where I doubt not we will be able to secure a passage to one of the colonies—there are bright skies in other countries as well as in England; what need have we to despair!"

Tresilian bent an inquiring look upon Lucy, who replied, "I ought not leave my dear parents thus, but I can, and *will*, leave all the world for thy sake. I must communicate with them, however, before I leave my native land."

"And what does my merry Alice say?" enquired the turnkey. The girl—who had been weeping but a moment before in her sympathy for Lucy and Tresilian—dashed the tears from her eyes—gave the interrogator a side-long glance which spoke of happiness, and placed her soft hand confidently in his.

No sooner had this movement taken place than the turnkey threw off a large overcoat—tore an enormous pair of false whiskers from his face, which he cast upon the floor saying "lie there turnkey, I have done with thee!"—seized a towel and dipping it in a water basin wiped a tinge of yellowish paint from his face, and appeared immediately transformed from the sallow-complexioned, grave, and somewhat burley turnkey, to Joe Brown, the young peasant, little above the middle size, slender though sinewy and firmly built, smooth-faced as a girl, with a rich profusion of jet-black locks, and cheeks glowing with health. Lucy started back, for the metamorphosis was made so suddenly that no time was given her thoughts to settle down upon the young peasant, and she for the first time became conscious that Joe Brown and Miriam were one and the same person. Tresilian watched her change of countenance, and when she turned her eyes upon him with an expression which seemed to say something which had once perplexed her was now cleared up, he caught her tenderly to his breast, saying "you see my little pet you had no cause for jealousy."

They now left the jail, Joe Brown (as we must now call him) carefully locking all the doors after him. On their reaching the stable, however, great was their disappointment to find one of the horses missing. Search was made for him, but to no purpose, and nothing could be thought upon in this perplexity but for the men to avail themselves of the horse they had left, and for the girls—accompanied by the servant, who still waited for them—to return to the inn. A tender leave was then taken, it being agreed upon that as soon as Tresilian and Brown were settled in the Colony to which they were about to emigrate they should apprise the girls of the circumstance, who solemnly pledged themselves to follow them. The two young men then mounted and rode off, and the girls returned sorrowing—but not as those without hope—to their lodgings.

The horses which Joe Brown had provided for himself and his master Tresilian, were purchased by him out of his own hard earnings, and he had reckoned on their price, when they should be sold again, as a means of defraying the expences of their passage across the Atlantic—provided they should not be able to open a communication with Tresilian's friends. The loss of the horse therefore was severely felt for more reasons than one.

Now it happened that on the evening on which this event took place a horseman entered Exeter, from the Chudleigh road, well mounted, with gay trappings, etc. besides which he was handsomely dressed, with a gold-repeater in his fob, and a full purse. What his object might have been did not then appear, but he put up at the same hotel from which Lucy and Alice emerged as before related, and after having supped, strolled carelessly into one of the sitting-rooms. Here a party of what are usually termed "gentlemen farmers,"—i. e. farmers who own the land which they cultivate—were engaged at the old-fashioned game of all-fours, being detained by the severity of the weather. Accosting them civilly he offered to become one of their party, upon which they cast inquisitive glances upon him, and not liking the military air he assumed, returned a dogged answer, indicative of their reluctance to receive a stranger into their company. The new-comer received this repulse with evident chagrin, when one who had hitherto been a silent spectator arose and offered to play him single-handed. The challenge was accepted, and in a few minutes they were deeply engaged in play. The stranger's antagonist was completely master of the game, and it was soon evident that he played with the other as an angler would have done with a trout. The dandy was thus by turns flattered, tempted and disappointed, until he became highly excited, and swearing in French he cursed himself for allowing the other to beat him, not being willing to acknowledge that he was not as familiar with the game as he was with the fashionable one of ecarte. After being teased by winning and losing alternately he offered to double—treble the stakes, and before they had been sitting an hour, they were playing for heavy sums, and the table was covered with gold. At length the dandy staked all the money he possessed upon a single game—he played and lost. Burning with rage and a desire to win back that which he has lost, he staked his gold watch—then his horse—and lost all—he arose from the table penniless.

Giving utterance to a hearty "sacre" the defeated gambler left the house, and not minding the rain which then poured down in torrents, he threaded his way through several streets, like one who was intimately acquainted with the place, until he reached a low pot-house in a narrow lane. Here there were no lights, and the house was apparently shut up and all hands retired to rest, save that occasionally a murmur of voices were heard, or