

Seat of the Muses.

ABRAHAM'S MUSICAL NOTES.

SUNG IN THE HARMONIC SOCIETY of WOLVERHAMPTON.

Ye fiddlers who Banti or Billington boast, / Among knights of the cat-gut who still rule the toast; / To praise their sweet notes you may all agree, / But the notes of the fam'd Abraham Newland for me.

If to my advice you run counter, my friend, / You may study your brains out without any end; / You may pour over Handel or Hadyn so sweet, / Till you have little to handle and nothing to eat.

Orpheus went into hell for his wife, silly elf, / And play'd till he mov'd e'en the devil himself; / Sticks and stones danc'd round to the tune of his clink, / Sticks and stones tho' ne'er gave the poor fiddler his drink.

To the sweet notes of Abraham's musical airs, / Stones will jump into houses and trees into chairs; / Without you may scrape till your fiddle-strings crack, / And some things are so mov'd that they'll move off your back.

Then ye lovers of cat-gut, horn, hautboy, or fife, / Let Abraham's sweet notes form your tenor of life; / With these you may lead all the world in a dance, / And buy all the fiddlers in England and France.

Ye scrapers, whose brains in full ecstasy swim, / If ye wish to be fam'd, scrape acquaintance with him; / The greatest of fiddlers they'll title you soon; / Play his notes, and you'll never be found out of tune.

YANKEE PHRASES.

As sound as a nut, o'er the plain, / I of late whistled, cheek full of glee; / A stranger to sorrow and pain, / As happy as happy could be.

As plump as a partridge I grew, / My heart being lighter than cork; / My slumbers were calmer than dew— / My body was fatter than pork.

Thus happy I hop'd I should pass, / Sleek as grease down the current of time; / But pleasures are brittle as glass, / Although as a fiddle they're fine.

Jemima, the pride of the vale, / Like a top nimbly danc'd o'er the plains; / With envy the lassies were pale— / With wonder stood gaping the swains.

She smil'd like a basket of chips— / As tall as a bay pole her size— / As sweet as molasses her lips— / As bright as a button her eyes.

Admiring, I gaz'd on each charm, / My peace that would trouble so soon, / And thought not of danger nor harm, / Any more than a man in the moon.

But now to my sorrow I find, / Her heart is as hard as a brick; / To my passion forever unkind, / Though of love I'm as full as a tick.

I fought her affection to win, / In hopes of obtaining relief, / Till I like a battler grew thin, / And she like a baddock grew deaf.

I late was as fat as a doe, / And playfome and spry as a cat, / But now I'm as dull as a boe, / And as lean and as weak as a rat.

Unless the un pitying fates, / With passion as ardent shall cram her, / As certain as death, or, as rates, / I soon shall lie dead as a hammar.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. MORDAUNT.

[WRITTEN BY HERSELF.]

(Continued from our last.)

IN a ramble one evening with her and her parents through a beautiful valley, our admiration was excited by a cottage extremely small, but exquisitely neat, which lay on the sloping bank of a meandering river, shaded by old luxuriant trees—a bridge composed of planks formed a passage from the vale to the cottage, we crost it in order to have a better opportunity of gratifying our curiosity. We now saw a venerable looking man who had before escaped our notice, sitting in a little sunny glade, we stoop for fear of intruding on his solitude, but perceiving us, he instantly approached, and with a pleasing politeness requested we would enter his humble abode. Harley with emotion exclaimed—"Good God! surely that voice is not unknown to me."

"I am certain," said the stranger, "I have seen you before, though where I cannot immediately recollect." "If I am not mistaken," cried Harley, "You are the worthy Hume who was chaplain to the Regiment in which I served." "The same, the same, indeed," replied he, returning his embrace—"the same unfortunate man, whose setting life has been attended with a train of the severest calamities." The big tear stood trembling on Harley's cheek—"Friend of my youth," said he—his voice faltered, but betrayed the sensibility of his feelings. We accompanied Mr. Hume into his cottage, Harley and he appeared delighted with this unexpected interview, both appeared anxious to learn the occurrences which had past, during the long interval of a separation. Harley's delicacy prevented his inquiring too minutely into those misfortunes Hume hinted at, which he, perceiving with a candour that seemed genuine to his nature, declared he would inform us of those events he had experienced, "a tale," said he, "adapted for youth—they will find the consequences of illicit passions, and how easily credulity can be imposed on."

"The events of my life are uncommonly calamitous, misfortune has pursued me with unremitting rigour, I have lost the sweetest ties of life, I have seen the form of loveliness mouldering away, the shroud of darkness encompassing a mind replete with gentleness and pity, I have beheld the inexorable ruffian rob innocence of its boast, and the blossom of beauty withering beneath the blast of affliction. Oh Harley, I have endured all this, and yet I live—live to draw the tear of sympathy by the recital of my fate."

HISTORY OF HUME.

"Hope, sweetest child of fancy born, / Tho' transient as the dew of morn;— / Thou who canst charm with sound and light, / The deafen'd ear, and dark'n'd sight; / And in dry deserts glad the swains, / With bubbling rills and cultur'd plains, / No more invent thy airy schemes, / Nor mock me with fantastic dreams— / No more thy idle stories tell, / Deceitful prattler—Hope farewell!"

"The evening was uncommonly serene when I wandered from my cottage to enjoy its balmy sweetness, the distant hum of the busy villagers retiring from their various occupations, just stole upon my ear, and made me reflect on the happiness of our English peasants, and that a life of industry was a life of peace, since it kept the mind employed, and prevented the thoughts from wandering beyond the boundaries of virtue."

"I raised my eyes to the bright firmament where joys eternal are treasured for the righteous—I considered that millions of celestial beings might at that moment be hovering over my head, and joining in responsive hallelujahs before the throne of the Almighty, Milton's beautiful lines occurred to me—

"Then crown'd again their golden harps they took, / Harps ever tun'd that glitt'ring by their side, / Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet, / Of charming symphony, they introduce / The sacred song, and waken raptures high, / No one exempt, no voice but well could join, / Melodious part, such concord in heaven."

"I was roused from my meditations by a piteous voice demanding the aid of charity, I looked at the object, he was a worn out veteran, the remnant of a shabby scarlet coat hung over his feeble limbs, he carried a wallet, no great load indeed, a mouldy crust of bread, too hard for decaying jaws of age. I felt for his misery, I pitied the misfortunes of that man, whose arm had assisted in defending my country from the rapacity of its enemies. He told me a tale of woe, and his cheek was moistened in relating it. Alas! poor old man, cried I, you have not been exempt from the common lot; but cheer up my Soldier, the manly heart, while it trusts in heaven, should never be deprest, but the anguish of poverty has weakened courage. Come, cried I, taking him by the arm, we have both been veterans, though in different ways, labour should now cease, age requires a relaxation from toil, we are both swiftly gliding down the vale of years, let us endeavour to make the passage easy, we will retire to my little cottage, its doors have never yet refused admittance to the stranger, seated by the humble fire-side, we will recount our tales of old, and cheer our hearts with a draught of ale, administered by the cherub hands of my Patty. We ascended the hill together which led to my lowly mansion, nature had sweetly decked it with the choicest verdure."

As I ascended the hill I wondered at not beholding my Patty; it was her custom, when prevented to attend my rambles, to watch my return, seated on the little green turf beside the door. As I entered I called her, but received no answer, my surprise increased—I feared my humble guest, and went in search of her, I tapt at her chamber door, still all was silent—melancholy prefaces rushed upon me, I attempted to open the door, weak and trembling my hand fell by my side, and my heart smote against my breast, I recollected myself and wondered what had excited such fears in me—they now died away like the shadow of the night, I entered the chamber, but my child was not there, a folded paper lay on her little dressing table, I hastily snatched it up and perused it, a deep groan was wrung from me by agonizing pangs, and I fell senseless on the floor, my fall reached the veteran's ears, he hurried to my assistance, gratitude inspired his poor unfortunate bosom, and he endeavoured to aid me, he recalled me to life, ah! mistaken kindness, the gloomy recesses of the grave were alone fit for me. I started from his arms, I raved aloud upon the name of Patty. Whither art thou gone my child! I cried. The paper lay before me, I imagined it all a dream, I strained my glimmering sight to read the words of horror it contained:—

"Oh my father, I fly from you, incapable of witnessing the shame and sorrow I have drawn upon you, I fly from you, a stranger to peace and bereft of innocence, the wiles of Mordaut have undone me, I leave you forever!"

"Perfidious villain, to blast my only comfort! with some de-

gree of resignation I could have consign'd my child to death, this idea she was gone spotless to the bosom of her Creator, would have calmed the sorrows of my soul, but to have her seduced by a monster, her fair form, her virtue for ever blasted, oh! 'twas agony insupportable, she was consign'd to me by the wife on whom I doted; my Emily was an Angel before she left this world, prepared for the mandate which called her hence, adorned with every charm of beauty and goodness, with her last sigh, she grieved forth the united names of child and husband, the cypress which shaded her grave was oftener watered by my tears, than by the dews of Heaven; Patty was the darling of my eye, the blooming resemblance of her departed mother, she was sincere, artless, and unsuspecting as credulity itself, she became acquainted with her seducer, in our neighbourhood—he was affluent, young and elegant, beneath the mask of friendship and generosity he concealed a mind deceitful and vicious, he admired the beauty of my child, he gained her affections, and rendered her forgetful of my early precepts, she fled, afraid to see the person whose hopes she had blasted, fled from the arms which would have sheltered her against the contumely of the world."

"I turned to the soldier, I beheld his tears of sympathy; he had seen troops destroyed, individuals fall beneath the ruthless sword of an enemy, but he had never beheld a lovely daughter, tempted from the arms of an idolizing parent. I will go in search of my child, I exclaimed, he offered his withered arm to support me, we descended the hill together. At the bottom I stoop, my emotions were to be compared to those which our first parents felt when driven from the garden of Eden. The cottage on the hill was once the scene of all my bliss with Emily, it was sacred because she resided in it; I have felt an enthusiasm of pleasure in walking through those paths in which she had trod, I wept, oh earth! I cried, where are thy joys, thy comfort? Alas! how fallible, how fleeting all thy blessings! I hurried on, the soldier followed me. We wandered to various cottages, still the answer was repeated they had not seen such passengers as we described, travelling shortly exhausted our little stock of money, in a few days shelter was refused us, we crept under a hedge, and the rain wet our grey locks. The soldier murmured his regret, it was hard, he said, he had served his country faithfully, yet his ungrateful inhabitants barred their doors against him. Be comforted, my companion, I cried, consider what the Saviour of mankind has said, "the sparrows have their nests and the beasts their dens, but the son of man has not wherewithal to lay his head;" And shall we after so glorious an example, repine at not receiving shelter from a few miserable wretches."

(To be Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Legal Refinement.—The Coroner's Jury having set a few weeks ago, on the body of a young lady, who had hung herself in a fit of love phrenzy, brought in their verdict—Died by the visitation of Cupid.

Duel.—A duel took place a few days ago between Mr. A., a Brewer, and Mr. L., a Distiller, in consequence of a quarrel at Epsom. The first, who was driving a high Phaeton and four horses of different colours, desired the other, who was in a humble Buggy, to go out of the way; but the humble Buggy had spirit enough to resent the contemptuous language of the proud Phaeton, who was quite ready to brew a row. Words passed; cards were exchanged; and a meeting took place, at which Mr. L. vowed to distil the haughtiness from Mr. A. who on his part was in such a state of fermentation, that he had not a grain of patience left.—Gin then took his ground against Porter, and demanded an apology, but Porter, with the manliness of John Bull, swore he would be fired at for a week before he would apologize. The British Spirits at last gave way, and the matter was settled without bloodshed. [Lon. pap.]

Dr. T.—was called the other day to visit a mercenary nervous old Lady, who said, "Doctor, I can't tell what's the matter with me; my head is so bad, I seem to see double." "Then count your money, Madam," said the Doctor, "it will comfort you." ibid.

An honest Tar, speaking the other day, was heard to describe the dress of his wife thus:—"On my return from the Cape she was so bamboozled in all her rigging, that I hardly knew her stem from her stern, and as to her midships, that was lumbered up in disguise with a vengeance! Even her studding-sails were all a-peak; her clue-garnets foul of her reef tacking, and her fore-sheet so lubberly belaid to her cathead, that on putting her about, I soon found she missed stays, and away she went bump ashore on the rocks of Scilly!"

The Female Eye.—A modern Writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye: "the glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

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