

The Frederickton Telegraph.

[Number 1.]

"WE STRIVE TO PAINT THE MANNERS AND THE MIND."

[Wednesday, August 6.]

TO THE PUBLIC.

"On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go,
And leave the gazing multitude below."

THE EDITOR tenders his grateful acknowledgments to the Patrons of the TELEGRAPH, for the encouragement already received, and assures them, that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render this *Work* useful and interesting to its readers; in order therefore, that he may not fail in his laudable intentions, he humbly solicits assistance from those amateurs of taste, who might devote some of their leisure hours to the decoration of its columns, and the instruction of its readers, that by enriching its pages it may not only prove a *useful leisure* for amusement, but in the end it may not be ashamed of its origin, nor yet be denied a place on the list of Papers which *shine in British America*.—Aware, however, of the advantages which may result to society, from a well conducted periodical paper, he has determined to devote his whole talents to the promotion of its utility and the task of rendering it, in time, not unworthy the public approbation.

The talents of poets, orators, and historians have been employed, to celebrate and record the actions of those who have moved in a distinguished sphere, while, perhaps, the biography of such characters as have shone in the humbler career of private life, might be attended with more important advantage to the generality of readers.—Hence, the lives of persons who have shed lustre on the human character, by the practice of every social virtue, would form a useful and not uninteresting part of the TELEGRAPH—and every communication of this tendency will be cordially received and impartially inserted.

Many persons are disposed to improve their minds, but not having a judicious instructor, to point out those works which might be perused with advantage, they read promiscuously whatever comes in their way, and thus, rather collect a quantity of indigestible matter, than enlarge their minds with useful knowledge.—The Editor however, will be careful in selecting those things which are best adapted to promote general improvement, and prove effectual in aiding the growing taste of this community.

As the editorial part of this paper is deputed to one, who is actuated by the most ardent desire of advancing general improvement, he ever more solicits those, whose talents would enable them to give this work distinction, and who are so patriotic as to desire the amelioration of manners, the cultivation of taste, and the diffusion of information amongst their fellow subjects, to lend their united assistance to the TELEGRAPH; that whilst dress and language are such objects amongst us, we may not be found deficient in that, which might blend with our more sterling merits, the softer graces of polished life.

CONDITIONS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

THIS Paper is published every Wednesday.—The price will be *Eleven Shillings and three pence* a year, payable at the end of every Six Months.—Printers who wish to exchange, are requested to forward their papers without delay.

To accommodate Subscribers, living at a distance, as well as for the convenience of the Editor, it is suggested to them, that they form into associations, appointing some general agent, who will be answerable for the whole subscription.

Prompt Payments only are now necessary to make this establishment permanent; and as the Editor is young in life as well as in business, and therefore not possessed of the funds and advantages which other papers possess, he confidently hopes his friends will comply with this request.

It is expected that all postage on Letters will be paid by the writer.

Advertisements of common size, will be inserted at the rate of *One Dollar* for the first, and *Eighteen pence* for each succeeding insertion.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

THOSE Gentlemen in several Counties, with whom Bills of arrears due for the ROYAL GAZETTE have been deposited, are respectfully requested to forward the sums collected by the first of September next.

TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

Those Persons who have received the ROYAL GAZETTE for several years, without paying a farthing, we hope, will not be surprised, if they are called upon "in the name of George the Third, by the Grace of God," &c. at the end of one month.

The Editor of the Telegraph at Frederickton, is authorized to receipt for any payments that may be offered.

JOHN RYAN.

Printing-Office, St. John, (N. B.) 26th July, 1806.

BLANKS of various kinds may be had at this Printing Office.

From the NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. MOURDANT.

[By herself.]

The various ills ordain'd to man by fate,
Where'er he turns, 'tis tedious to relate.

I SHALL not regret tracing the sorrows which marked the morning of my life. If I can inspire suffering virtue with confidence in heaven, and a gentle hope that when chastened in the school of adversity, the hand of happiness will amply recompense those who have patiently sustained its rough discipline.

At the tender age of sixteen I was deprived of a mother, whose loss I had every reason to deplore, as her precepts instilled into my inexperienced heart wisdom, and her example taught me to persevere in the path of virtue; though crossed with sorrows and perplexed with difficulties, she was prepared for that hour which so unexpectedly arrived, and launched her spotless into eternity. My father, Sir George Blanford, ah! how different from her in every respect, nobly descended, and possessed of an affluent fortune, he thought himself superior to the world; his soul was filled with pride, and he looked down with haughtiness on the rest of mankind. He had a son five years older than me; gentle generous and like his departed mother, susceptible of every soft impression; he was abroad at her death, which happened in London, and from which place Sir George determined immediately to bring me to his seat in the country. With melancholy hearts, we commenced our journey, the second day crossing a little stream, we found ourselves in imminent danger, owing to a violent fall of rain, which had rendered the current so rapid, the horses vainly struggling against it—in a few moments we should inevitably have perished, but for the interposition of a young man, who standing on the opposite bank, perceived our situation, and with wonderful presence of mind rushed into the water and assisted the men in bringing the carriage to the shore. I had fainted from terror, a small cottage stood at a little distance to which they conveyed me, after a few remedies I revived. My apprehensions being over, I had an opportunity of contemplating the figure of my generous deliverer, whose resolution excited my warmest gratitude. He was just at that period of life when youth loses itself in manhood; his person strikingly elegant, his face expressive of the greatest sensibility, and his fine eyes beaming with a soft melancholy which seemed to announce him the son of sorrow. My father thanked him with as much warmth as he could assume, but a nobler gratitude rose in my soul, for from that hour I loved. With pain I heard the carriage announced, and entered it, I durst not talk of him, the rigidity of Sir George's disposition prevented me.

The estate to which we were going I had never been at, but its estate was held in wonderful estimation by my father. He considered it as an honourable memorial of the antiquity of his ancestors. At our arrival I was struck with horror; the ravages of all-conquering time were in several places displayed; a dark wood surrounded it, impenetrable to the cheering ray of the resplendent luminary; through vistas cut amidst the thick boughs of old oaks, a cataract was espied foaming with impetuous fury down the side of a stupendous mountain, from which a muddy stream took its course in hoarse murmurings through the wood. What an habitation for a mind already depressed, it filled mine with gloomy sadness, which I durst not manifest, for to dislike my father's favourite mansion, would have incurred his severest displeasure. A fortnight after my arrival, I obtained with difficulty, permission to spend some time with a young lady whom I had known from my infancy, and loved with the tenderest affection. We spent our days delightfully; happy in each others society; they glided insensibly away. Riding early one morning with her, my horse, being alarmed by the shouting of some thoughtless boys going to school, notwithstanding all my efforts flew off at a rate that terrified me with the idea of every moment being dashed off.

From those fears I was relieved by a man springing from behind a hedge, who catching the bridle, reined my rapid career—but what were my emotions on perceiving he was the generous deliverer who had before saved me? More overcome by my sensation than fright, I sunk half fainting in his arms. He appeared equally affected. "Great Heaven!" cried he "what transport! twice to have saved this precious life!" My friend here arrived—he congratulated me on my escape—our horses were given to the servants; he asked the charming stranger to accompany us to her house, I would have prest him to accept her invitation, but shame withheld my faltering accents. My conversation now wholly ran on this adventure. Miss Rivers, (the name of my friend) frequently rallied me upon it; I would blush, perhaps be silent, but quickly again begin the pleasing topic. A mandate now arrived from Sir George for me to return home. I obeyed, though with pain. As usual he received me with haughty coldness.—At night, my maid whom I had left at home, began to relate the occurrences which happened during my absence, and at length ended her narrative by saying the old gardener was discharged, and a new one hired in his place, the sweetest prettiest fellow she ever beheld. Indeed he was a little melancholy, but certainly it was owing to his situation which he appeared not designed for. I laughed and said I fancied he had made a conquest of her, she foolishly tittered as if the idea was very pleasant. The next morning, as was my usual custom, I awoke early and entered the gar-

den. I directed my steps to a little walk shaded by poplar. At a distance I discerned a man busily employed, whom I conjectured to be the new accomplished gardener. As I approached nearer I perceived him start, and with precipitation hurry from the spot, in his eagerness to avoid me, his foot stumbled and he fell. I was just beginning an involuntary exclamation of are you hurt? when raising his head, I perceived my preserver. Amazement seized me, I had not power to move, the deepest crimson tinged his cheek, he could not raise his eyes, he attempted to speak, but his tremulous voice was unintelligible. I could not see till the appearance of my father roused me; I started and hurried from the spot.

(To be Continued.)

The following melancholy article is copied from the Pennsylvania Correspondent, printed at Doylestown, in Bucks County Pennsylvania.

News of murders and robberies, generally excites a greater degree of interest, than information of any other kind. Intelligence is circulating in this neighbourhood, of which the following is the substance.—Its authenticity is not sworn to; but should it prove to have been a melancholy reality, the public shall hear more about it.

A man living on or near the Dry Lands, who had to pay the sum of 800l. about the first of April, called on his neighbour who kept a public house, informed him of the payment he had to make, and observed, he had the whole amount, at his house, except 15l. which he wished to loan for a few weeks; the landlord very cheerfully agreed to lend the sum required, stating that he had it not in possession, but expected to go abroad the next day to collect the money, and would return in the evening when his neighbour might call and receive the sum wanted. With the joy which an honest man derives from the expectation of being able to fulfil his contracts, did the neighbour call at the time appointed; the landlord had not returned; he therefore waited contentedly, every moment expecting him to come in;—at the request of the landlady he concluded to retire to bed, and if asleep at the return of her husband he was to be called up; it being late he soon fell asleep—but had not slept long before his slumbers were disturbed by terrific dreams, he awoke his bed-fellow, (a pedlar who had taken his lodgings there for that night only) and informed him he had dreamed his house was on fire, and his wife and children enveloped in the flames. The pedlar intreated him to lie down and quiet his apprehensions; but expostulations are unavailing to a man whose imagination is disordered from the idea that his family are in imminent danger. He would go home, and the pedlar feeling interested in the interpretation of the dream, agreed to accompany him; taking along a pair of excellent pistols with him, well loaded. The night was dark, and as they approached the house a bright light excited new and strong suspicions. Each taking a pistol they approached the lighted window, where with astonishment they beheld three men with blacked faces, counting money at a table; each of the spectators singled out his man, and two of the midnight plunderers fell lifeless on the floor; the third was met at the door, but conscious guilt had unnerved his arm—he was soon dispatched.—Reader—if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now.—The agitated husband went into his bed-chamber, where the wife of his bosom, and three young children were weltering in blood, and closing their eyes in death, having been inhumanly butchered in the unsuspecting moments of sleep, by the three persons above mentioned. My informant could not give the names of the parties, but states that on washing the blackened faces of the deceased robbers, they proved to be near neighbours of the owner of the house, and were intimate family connections.