

Seat of the Muses.

TO ROSALIND.

Ah! would fair ROSALINDA deign
In humble state to dwell,
The world despise, and with her swains
Bid pageantry farewell.

'Tis not the beauties of her face,
Her form that I admire,
No—'tis a lovely nameless grace,
That fed my fond desire.

'Tis that which age can ne'er destroy,
'Tis ROSALINDA'S mind,
That sweet perfection ne'er can clog,
'Tis sense with sweetness join'd.

Then come, my lovely ROSALIND,
Superfluous wealth despise,
With EDWIN be content to live,
Who knows thy worth to prize.

[From Lord STRANGFORD'S Translation of the Poems of
CAMOENS.]

"ADAMA QUE JURAVA PELOS SEUS OLHOS."

THE LADY WHO SWORE BY HER EYES.

"Quando me quiz enganar
"A minha bella perjura." &c.

WHEN the girl of my heart is on perjury bent,
The sweetest of oaths hides the falsest intent,
And suspicion abash'd, from her company flies,
When she smiles like an angel—and swears by her eyes.

For in them such magic, she knows is display'd,
That a tear can convince, and a look can persuade;
And she thinks that I dare not, or cannot refuse
To believe on their credit whate'er she may chuse.

But I've learn'd from the painful experience of youth,
That vehement oaths never constitute truth;
And I've studied those treacherous eyes, and I find
They are mutable signs of a mutable mind.

Then, dear one I'd rather, thrice rather believe
Whate'er you assert, even though to deceive,
Than that you "by your eyes" should so wickedly swear,
And sin against heaven—for heaven is there.

Virtue Rewarded,

A PASTORAL TALE:

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GESNER.]

GLICERA was beautiful and poor. Scarce had she numbered sixteen springs, when she lost the mother who had brought her up. Reduced to servitude, she kept the flocks of Lamon, who cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene.

One day, her eyes flowing with tears, she went to visit her mother's solitary tomb. She poured upon her grave a cup of pure water, and suspended crowns of flowers to the branches of the bushes she had planted round it.—Seated beneath the mournful shade, and drying up her tears, she said, "O thou most tender of mothers, how dear to my heart is the remembrance of thy virtues! If ever I forget the instructions thou gavest me, with such a tranquil smile, in that fatal moment, when inclining thy head upon my bosom, I saw thee expire; if ever I forget them! may the propitious God forsake me, and may thy sacred shade forever fly me! It is thou that hast just preserved my innocence. I come to tell thy manes all. Wretch that I am! Is there any one on earth to whom I dare open my heart?"

"Nicias, the Lord of this country, came hither to enjoy the pleasures of the autumn. He saw me: he regarded me with a soft and gracious air. He praised my flock, and the care I took of them: he often told me that I was genteel, and made me presents. Gods! how was I deceived! but in the country who mistrusts? I said to myself, how kind our master is! may the Gods reward him! all my vows shall be for him; 'tis all that I can do; but I will forever do it. The rich are happy, and are favoured by the immortals. When bountiful, like Nicias, they deserve to be happy. This to myself I said, and let him take my hand, and press it in his.—The other day I blushed and dared not look up, when he put a gold ring upon my finger. See, he said, what is engraved on this stone? A winged child, who smiles like thee; and 'tis he that must make thee happy. As he spoke these words, he stroked my cheeks, that were redder than the fire. He loves me; he has the tenderness of a father for me; how have I deserved so much kindness from a Lord, and so rich and powerful? O, my mother, that was all thy poor child thought. Heavens! how was I deceived! this morning he found me in the orchard; he chuck'd me familiarly under the chin. Come, he said bring me some new-blown flowers to the myrtle tower, that I may enjoy their sweet perfumes. With haste I chose the finest flowers; and, full of joy, I ran to the bower. 'Thou art, he said, more nimble than the Zephyrs, and more beautiful than the Goddesses of flowers. Then, immortal Gods! I yet tremble at the thought; then he catch'd me in his arms, and pressed me to his bosom, and all that love can promise, all that is soft and seducing flow'd from his lips. I wept; I trembled. Unable to resist such arts, I had been forever lost. No, thou wouldst no longer have had a child, if thy remembrance

had not watch'd over my heart. Ah! if thy worthy mother had even seen thee suffer such disgraceful caresses! that thought alone gave me power to force myself from the arms of the seducer and fly.

"Now I come; Oh what comfort is it that I still dare! I come to weep over thy grave. Alas! poor and unfortunate as I am, why did I loose thee when so young. I droop like a flower deprived of the support that sustained its feeble stalk. This cup of pure water I pour to the honour of thy manes. Accept, this garland! receive my tears! may they penetrate even to thy ashes! Hear, O my mother hear; 'tis to thy dear remains, that repose beneath those flowers, which my eyes have so often bedewed: 'tis to thy sacred shade I here renew the vows of my heart. Virtue, innocence, and the fears of the Gods, shall make the happiness of my days. Therefore poverty shall never disturb the serenity of my mind. May I do nothing that thou wouldst not have approv'd with a smile of tenderness, and I shall surely be, as thou wast, belov'd of God's and men: For I shall be gentle, modest, and industrious, O my mother, by living thus, I hope to do like thee, with smiles and tears of joy."

Glicera, on quitting the place felt all the powerful charms of virtue. The gentle warmth that was diffused over her mind, sparkled in her eyes, still wat with tears. She was beautiful as those days of spring, when the sun shines through a transient shower.

With a mind quite tranquil, she was hastening back to her labour, when Nicias ran to meet her. "O Glicera!" he said, and tears flowed down his cheeks, "I have heard thee at thy mother's tomb. Fear nothing, virtuous maid! I thank the immortal Gods! I thank that virtue, which hath preserved me from seducing thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste Glicera! forgive, nor dread in me a fresh offence. My virtue triumphs through thine. Be wise, be virtuous, and be ever happy. That meadow surrounded with trees, near to thy mother's tomb, and half the flock thou keepst are thine.

"May a man of equal virtue complete the happiness of thy days! weep not, virtuous maid! but accept the present I offer thee with a sincere heart, and suffer me from henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou refusest me, a remorse for offending thy virtue will be the torment of all my days. Forget, O vouchsafe to forget my crime, and I will reverse thee as a propitious power that hath defended me against myself."

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

During the popedom of Boniface, a pilgrim was introduced to him, being a remarkable resemblance both in face and figure. The Pope, looking at him, asked him "If his mother had not been at Rome; no, holy father, answered he, but my father has."

A servant, attending his sick master, took the opportunity in his affliction, of stealing his handkerchief; the master caught him in the fact—"I only took the handkerchief," (said he) "to dry up my tears!"

A merry writer in one of the latest periodical papers, who is disposed to sneer at the stuffing of those fashionable frocks, appropriately called puddings, thus advertises:—

"NECK OR NOTHING."

"The curious in Cravats are informed, that Nicholas Van Neck has prepared a new and unparalleled assortment of stuffing, capable of containing twelve shirts and two suits of clothes. They are admirably contrived, as in case of long sea voyages to Canton, the coast of Africa, or Botany-bay, to include a complete mattress, bolster, pillow, &c. Mr. Van Neck flatters himself that an object so big with so many conveniences, will necessarily meet with due encouragement."

A periodical essayist, who is almost a stranger to my readers, thus merrily concludes his initial paper:

"I shall conclude this paper with a friendly and disinterested piece of advice to such of my fellow-subjects as are desirous of information, instruction, or entertainment. Secure my paper in time, for the demand will soon be too great to be complied with; and those who take it in first shall, as in justice they ought, have the preference afterwards. My printer assures me it is impossible to print off above one hundred and ninety-three thousand of these papers in a week; a very small proportion to the number of those, who will be solicitous to read them. For reckoning the people of this kingdom at eight millions, and deducting half that number for young children, blind people, and men of quality, who either cannot, or do not chuse to read, there will remain four millions of reading souls, of whom three millions eight hundred and seven thousand cannot have the satisfaction of reading this paper at the first hand, but must wait, with patience, for future editions. I do not say this from any sordid views of interest, which I am infinitely above, for I most solemnly protest, that I desire nothing for myself; and that the immense profits of this paper shall be all distributed among my friends, the printer, the publisher, compositor, pressmen, and devils."

The power of Poetry, to mitigate the stings of Affliction, is very prettily expressed in the ensuing couplets:—

The tranquil red-breast, both at night and morn,
Sings on the brambles' bough, nor heeds the thorn:
So I, content amid the brakes of strife,
Lose, in the sweets of song, the thorns of life.

An eccentric Poet thus burlesques the hackneyed invocation of the Muses:—

"Aid me, ye Muses, in this trying hour,
Ye Muses nine, with all your ninefold power:
Were nine times nine your number, I could still
Find for each maid, a subject and a quill."

I have often remarked, says a facetious novelist, that giddy thoughtless people, though they are forever in the fire, are never burnt; while your prudent well meaning folks, are constantly getting into some cursed scrape or other.

In a private letter to David Garrick, Dr. Smollet expresses the following opinion, of which every man who looks an instant at the puppet-show of this world, will feel the truth:—

I am old enough to have seen and observed, that we are all play-things of fortune, and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a halfpenny, whether a man rises to affluence and honours, or continues to his dying day, struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life.

Such is the rage for new inventions and improvements, that a pair of snuffers is as complicated as a cotton mill, and a man must have a knowledge of mechanicks to put on his buckles. A wag observes, that the other day in visiting an acquaintance, he was obliged to ring the bell, to inquire how to knock at the door.

Dreams are considered by the Indians as prognostics meriting serious attention, and it is esteemed a compliment to wish them happy nocturnal visions. The following anecdote appears as having been related to Colonel Crawghan by Sir Wm. Johnson:—

One day (said Sir William) an old Mohawk came to me, and said, "My father, I dreamt last night that you had given me a fine gold laced scarlet coat, and a laced hat." "Do you speak truth to me," said I—"Yes, on the word of a Sachem," replied he—"Well then, you shall not have dreamt in vain; I will give you both."

The next day having invited him to breakfast, I said to him, in my turn, "Henry, I likewise dreamt last night." "What have you dreamt, my father," demanded he. "I dreamt, said I, that you had given me a little patch of land, called *Aerouni*, on the *Tienaderba*." "How many of thy acres is this little patch of land?" "Ten thousand, answered I. After some minutes consideration, he said, "Well, like me, you shall not have dreamt in vain, I give you this patch of land; but do not dream again my father." And why not, Henry? Are not dreams involuntary?" "Thou dreamest too hard for me," said he, "we should shortly have no land left."—[Travels in Upper Pennsylvania, and in the State of New-York, by St. Jean de Crevecoeur.]

Dean SWIFT and Dr. SMOLLETT, both lovers of humour, fancioned by their practice, the following opinion of a late writer, who appears to know the world:—

To see men act from the honest dictates of nature, is, I think, always desirable. In polished societies, we behold nothing of this; we see there nothing of nature, 'tis all form and deceit; there is no friendship, no ingenuousness, but the whole party seem met together to dupe one another. Imposition is the order of the day, in act, word, and deed. In low life alone, must we seek for genuine, unaffected character.

ANECDOTE.—A Clergyman was reading the burial service over an Irish corpse, and having forgot which sex it was, on coming to that part of the ceremony that reads thus, "our dear brother or sister," the Reverend Gentleman stopped, and seeing Pat stand by, stepped back, and whispering to him said, "Is it a brother or a sister? Pat says 'tis neither, 'tis only a relation."

A clergyman preaching in the neighbourhood of Wapping, (England,) observing that most part of his audience were in the sea-faring way very naturally embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Amongst other things, he advised them to be ever on the watch, so that upon whatever tack, the devil should bear down upon them, he might be crippled in the action. "Aye, matter," cried a jolly son of Neptune, "but let me tell you, that entirely depends upon your having the weather gage of him."

SNUFF TAKING.

Every professed, inveterate and incurable snuff taker, at a moderate calculation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to snuff taking a day, amount to two hours and twenty four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten, amounts to thirty six days and a half in a year. Hence we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff taker's life will be dedicated to tickling the nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, snuff boxes, snuff handkerchiefs, washing, &c. cannot be reasonably rated to encroach less on his purse than on his time, thus it will appear by a proper application of the time and money thus lost, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of many debts.

From a late London Paper.—A discovery of considerable importance has been announced, with regard to the preservation of corn. To preserve rye, and secure it from insects and rats, nothing is more necessary than not to winnow it after it is threshed, and to stow it in the granaries mixed with the chaff. In this state it has been kept for more than three years, without experiencing the smallest alteration, and even without the necessity of being turned, to preserve it from humidity and fermentation. Rats and mice may be prevented from entering the barn, by putting some wild vine or hedge plants upon the heaps; the smell of this wood is so offensive to these animals, that they will not approach it. The experiment has not yet been made with wheat and other kind of grain, but they may probably be preserved in the chaff with equal advantage.

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