

# The Fredericton Telegraph.

[Number 14.]

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

[Saturday, Nov. 8.]

## 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 fertile source 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 once 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 luxury make such rapid progress among us, we may not be found deficient in that, which might blend with our more sterling merits, the softer graces of polish'd life.

## CONDITIONS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

THIS Paper is published every Saturday.—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 Fredericton, is authorized to receipt for any payments that may be offered.

JOHN RYAN.

Printing-Office, St. John, (N. B.) 20th July, 1806.

BLANKS of various kinds may be had at this Office.

## FROM THE NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

THE sun was verging towards the empurpled horizon, and the evening winds had already unfolded their dewy wings, when the weary Alburdor entered the forest, within whose gloomy confines he hoped to find his solitary *Caroline*, who fleeing from the rigours of parental authority, had taken up her residence with an aged nun of Montreal, in this wilderness. He hesitated some time what course to take, for he had left the beaten road, and saw no trace of a footstep, save where the hungry buffalo had wandered to browse. Fear smote his heart, and he had half determined to return, when he descried at a little distance something that resembled a path; it had been one once, but it was so long since an human foot had marked its yellow dust, that the purple clover and the airy speargrass half concealed it. He pursued it however, and found it to terminate at a shattered gate that stood in a high stone wall of ancient structure, and over which clambered wild grapes and honey suckles in profusion; and having with much difficulty raised its rusty latch, he entered, and passed down a slope, through a long vista of tall cedars, to an extensive garden. On the one hand ran a clear brook over some marble figures that had once been *Jettes d'Eaux*, but now lay in ruins, while shrubs and flowers wildly mingling their luxuriance on either margin, painted the fanciful water with a thousand charming colours; on the other side a verdant lawn was decorated by a variety of trees, formed into little clumps, with seats of turf beneath them, and nearly in the midst of the square stood a lofty grove of fir; struck with its solitary air, he approached it, and found that it shaded a small summer house, that once was elegant, but the busy tooth of time, had fretted away its beauty, and left nought but the ruins of grandeur; the roof was supported by eight arches joined at the bottom by a low balustrade, round which some tangled evergreens clung, and the pavement was of white marble; an old blue damask sofa rested itself against one side of the building, and opposite to it stood a harpsichord, grey with dust, with a chair before it, while in one of the arches upon the railing were placed two large jars of porphyry filled with rose bushes.

The awakened curiosity of Alburdor, would not permit him to tarry, but with hasty steps he passed through the garden and upon opening a small gate, a large stone building with grated windows, and a magnificent portico that partly held up the roof, burst upon his view; it was surrounded by a deep wood, whose tall nodding spires seemed to mingle with the skies, and cast a mournful gloom upon the moist green that environed the mansion; the winds hummed through the broad chinks, and the doors slowly turning, moaned upon their hinges; while the clamorous quail perched upon the balcony, interrupted at intervals the unsocial silence. Alburdor paused at the gate, his heart chilled with irresolution; and he was just going to return, when a heavy groan struck his ear—he started, and turning his eyes around, beheld an old man come out of the wood, who, supporting himself upon a staff, tremblingly crossed the green, and seated himself upon a stone opposite the house, fixed his gaze on one of the upper windows, and said, "Again, Oh thou solitary prison, is thy visitor come to break with wailings, the sullen silence in which thou art embosomed; again do his fruitless tears moisten thy tufted sods; once indeed, I could fill thy forest with the mellifluous warblings of my flute, and I only pressed this verdure to be gay; but then my

Louisa was; her beauty made thee ever charming, and her innocence made me ever cheerful. On transient days of rapture!" He drew a long sigh, and covered his face with his hands. The heart of Alburdor was sensibly touched with such sorrow, and approaching the old man, "Unfortunate sage," (said he,) "are the woes of thy bosom too weighty to admit of alleviation, that thou thus abandonest thyself to despair?" "Alas, my son," replied the old man, "few lives have been more devoted to affliction than mine; but I only grieve, I do not despair, the indulgence of our griefs softens them, but despair hath no solace." He paused a while and then added, "come my son, conduct an infirm hermit to his cell, and he will there recite his whole sad history." So saying, he rose and leaning on Alburdor's arm, passed with him along a narrow path to his cottage.

After the family (which consisted only of an old mulatto and his daughter) had retired to rest, the old man seating himself upon a sofa, placed Alburdor by his side, and taking his hand said, "my son, curiosity is a fault which human nature cannot rectify. I know you are desirous of hearing my tale, and therefore instead of devoting this night to sleep, I will dedicate it to you.—My name is St. Herbert.—I was born at the grand City of New-York, of affluent parents, and was the youngest of eleven children, my education was such as might be expected from people in our station, for after having received all the literary assistance that our best seminaries could afford me, I was sent to *Europe* to perfect my studies.

"The scenes I there passed through were such as I suppose most travellers met with, I will not therefore enter into a detail of them. But proceed to that period of my life, which is far more interesting.

"I had been returned to my native city about a fortnight, when strolling gaily, near sun-set, through an obscure street in search of adventures, I thought (as I passed a neat brick building) that I felt some drops of water falling on me, I looked up and perceived that they came from the hand of a most beautiful girl, who was sprinkling some flowers which stood in the second story window—she blushed and asked my pardon, and in her confusion dropt a glove, which I cavalier like picked up and ran up the sloop with, intending to give it to one of the servants. But her pretty feet had born her to the door swift as flight, to meet me and repeat her apologies.—New were the throbs that hurried through my heart—I had never seen such loveliness before—I had traversed luxuriant provinces of France, and the fertile plains of Austria, I had passed through Italy, Spain, and Great Britain, and had mingled in circles of the most fashionable females, among whom were many that the world called *unparalleled*! I had admired, but I never loved till now.

"I stood looking at her longer than politeness approved of; her large black eyes, so sweet, so expressive, rivetted my gaze, and all the external charms that I had read of, and laughed at as ideal, I now found realized in her.—However when I perceived her great embarrassment, I bowed and departed.

"I had scarcely arrived at home, when my father desired to speak to me in his study—"my boy (said he as I seated myself) although you are the youngest of my children, you know that you are my chief pride. I have spared no pains to render you completely accomplished, and have a genteel annuity laid up for you, while your brothers will be under the necessity of providing partly for themselves, since then I have been such a kind parent