Seat of the Muses.

FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.

I.

THE ſun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,
Bore over the plain the perfume of the flowers;
In ſoft undulation the ſtreamlet was flowing
And calm meditation led forward the hours:
I ſtruck the full chord, but the ready tear ſtarted,
I ſung of an exile forlorn, broken hearted,
Like him from my boſom all joy is departed,
And ſorrow has ſtol'n from the lyre all its pow'rs.

II.

I pauſed on the ſtrain, when fond mem'ry tenacious,
Preſented the form I muſt ever eſteem;
Retrac'd ſcenes of pleaſure, alas, how fallacious,
Evaneſcent all as the ſhades of a dream.
Yet ſtill as they ruſh'd thro' oppreſs'd recollection,
The ſilent tear fell, and the penſive reflection
Immers'd my ſad boſom in deeper dejection,
On which cheering hopes ſcarcely glances a beam.

III.

In vain into beauty all nature is ſpringing,
In vain ſmiling Spring does the bloſſoms unfold:
In vain round my cot the wing'd choriſters ſinging,
When each ſoft affection is dormant and cold.
E'en ſad as the merchant bereav'd of his treaſure,
So ſlow beats my heart, and ſo languid its meaſure,
So dreary, ſo lonely, a ſtranger to pleaſure,
Around it Affliction her mantle has roll'd.

IV.

But meek Reſignation ſupporting the ſpirit,
Unveils a bright ſcene to the uplifted eye;
A ſcene which the patient and pure ſhall inherit,
Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear ſhall be dry.
There ſouls which on earth in each other delighted,
By friendſhip, by honour, by virtue united,
Shall meet, and their pleaſures no more ſhall be blighted,
But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

THE LADY's MAN.

(Selected for the Telegraph.)

Not all the favors coquettes ſhow,
And ſmiles, the fop is heir to,
Could tempt me to become a beau,
And feel as beaux appear to."

.....

No malice, no envy inſpires
The bard, his advice to diſcloſe;
The favour, a fopling acquires,
Will never diſturb my repoſe.

Though ſad, he muſt always ſeem gay,
Though reſtleſs, appear at his eaſe;
Muſt talk, when he's nothing to ſay,
And laugh when there's nothing to pleaſe.—

Muſt never look ſhy, nor afraid;
Approve of nonſenſical clatter,
And ſmile at whatever is ſaid,
Good, bad or indiff'rent no matter.

If Nancy ſay "Cræſus was poor,"
'Tis his to ſay, *yes*, and agree;
Or Charlotte, "two threes are but four,"
Correct, Ma'am—juſt four they muſt be.

Should Suſan remark, "it is hot,"
His anſwer muſt be "*it is ſo*;"
If Mary obſerve, "it is not,"
To her he conſents, and ſays, *no*.

Would any diſpenſe with his mind
Bow, wheedle, ſigh, whimper and pray,
And, hoodwink'd, be led by the blind,
To ſuch, I have only to ſay,

Quit Paley, and ſtudy to pleaſe,
Read Cheſterfield's ſyſtem of laws,
And then you may baſk at your eaſe,
In the ſunſhine of female applauſe.

Many of BONAPARTE's admirers in Paris have carried their adulation ſo far as to affix his *imperial* viſage to their drinking veſſels, &c. The Pariſian wits conſequently augur that the ambitious Corſican is *going to pot*. [Lon. pap.]

A CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

ALPHONSO, king of Naples, had in his court, a fool, who uſed to write down in a book all the follies of the great men in his time that were at court. The king having a Moor in his houſehold ſent him to the Levant to buy horſes with ten thouſand ducats: this the fool marked in his book as a pure piece of folly. Some time after, the king called for the book, and found at laſt his own name, with the ſtory of the ten thouſand ducats. The king being ſomewhat moved, aſked the reaſon why his name was there? Becauſe, ſays the jeſter, you have committed a piece of folly, to give your money to one you are never likely to ſee again. But if he does come again, ſays the king, and brings me the horſes, what folly is that in me? Why, if ever he does come again, replies the fool, I'll blot out your name, and put in his.

FOR THE TELEGRAPH.

MR. EDITOR.

As RUTH and I together ſat,
Indulging in a little chat—
Dick brought your TELEGRAPH;
With an alternate ſmile and frown,
RUTH look'd the columns up and down,
And ſoon began to laugh.

Says I dear RUTH, pray tell me true,
What do you find that tickles you?
"A Riddle 'tis—my dear,
"And we muſt turn our wits about,
"And ſtrive to find the meaning out,
"To fail, we need not fear."

So I began and try'd—and try'd,
And worry'd, till I almoſt cry'd,—
And then, I gave it up.
Says RUTH—you are a ſtupid Elf,
And I'll be bound to do't myſelf—
Before I ſleep or ſup.

Ee'er long, ſhe ſtarted from her ſeat,
And with a countenance ſo ſweet—
Says ſhe—"Here ends the Fuſs:"
Then with a voice—languid and fine—
Putting her lips cloſe up to mine,
She ſaid——"It is A Buſs."

Dear Mr. Editor—Pray do (if you can) let us have a RIDDLE in every Telegraph, and you will forever oblige

Your humble ſervant,
SOLOMON.

Rooſhagauniche, 14th Auguſt, 1806.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. MOURDANT.

[WRITTEN BY HERSELF.]

(Continued from our laſt.)

AS I mean to baniſh proxility from my narrative, I ſhall not mention the emotions this tale excited when next we met. I could not help lamenting my utter inability to aid his diſtreſs. A glow of grateful feelings brightened his countenance. He caught my hand. Angelic ſweetneſs, he cried—your face, how true an index of your mind. In ſhort, both ſtrangers to diſſimulation, we ſoon perceived a paſſion, ardent, ſincere, and reciprocal. We loved with all the romantic enthuſiaſm of youth, forgetting the inſuperable barriers between us. We indulged our tenderneſs till it grew too great to be ſubdued. Sitting together one afternoon, planning future days of bliſs, my hand locked in his, my ſoul beaming from my eyes, we ſuddenly heard a ruſtling among ſome trees behind us, and my father inſtantly ruſhed out, rage flaſhing from every glance. Frantic, he tore me from Harland, and bid him begone, as he durſt not anſwer for what he might be tempted to do. Harland heſitated. I ſaw paſſion kindling in his eyes. Terrified at the conſequences which might enſue, I had juſt power to articulate, obey him, oh obey him. My father loaded me with every violent invective rage could ſuggeſt. To exculpate myſelf from the meanneſs he accuſed me of, I divulged Harland's hiſtory, but he believed it not. He ſaid it was a vile, artful tale, calculated to deceive my unſuſpecting youth, and lead me into a connection which he would eternally have curſed me for. Good heaven! how my ſoul ſhuddered at theſe words. For three days I gave myſelf up to immoderate grief; the fourth, walking in an avenue cut through the wood, I ſaw a little boy playing before me, I heeded him not, till I perceived him drop a piece of paper, give me a ſignificant ſign, and run off. I flew forward haſtily, ſnatched it up, and retired to my chamber, where I read the following lines from my unfortunate Harland:

"Oh, my Julia! what a cruel ſeparation! Thus torn from thee, it fills me with anguiſh—my only comfort thy ſociety, deprived of that too—mercileſs fortune! I am incoherent—I hardly know what I write. Julia, to quit this ſpot, without bidding you adieu, is more than I can ſupport. Meet me if poſſible I beſeech you at night, in the wood. One parting interview—to meet perhaps; I can't go on—Oh Julia! grant my laſt requeſt."

I determined to comply, but could not without my maid's aſſiſtance. I entruſted her, and ſhe promiſed to aſſiſt me. When the family were retired to reſt, ſhe conducted me down ſtairs, and opening a little door which led into the wood, ſaid ſhe would there watch my return.

Gently the moon diſpers'd her pleaſing light
And ſilver'd o'er the trembling lucid wave,
Fair was the view, that hail'd the wand'ring ſight,
And ſoft the pleaſure midnight ſilence gave.

Harland was impatiently waiting for me; at my approach he ſprung forward, oh my Julia, he cried, what goodneſs, what condeſcenſion, but you are all complying ſweetneſs. He regretted his ſeparation; lamented his want of fortune; now bid me forever forget him; then aſſured me, without the cheering idea of my love, life would be inſupportable. I wept, aſſured him it was unalterable, that only with exiſtence it would ceaſe. The moment arrived to ſeparate. He ſunk upon his knees, beſought eternal bleſſings on my head, tenderly embraced me, while his voice was ſtifled with the emotions of his ſoul, and tore himſelf away. I tottered home, and leaning on my maid, retired to my chamber, where I paſt the remainder of the night in tears, and all the pangs of hopeleſs love. Shortly after this, a gentleman arrived at the caſtle who was ſon to a deceaſed friend of my father's, his birth and fortune noble, but his manners tainted with arrogance and ill-nature. He conceived a partiality for me. Juſt powers, what has it not cauſed me! Sir George ſtill dreading the unfortunate Harland, encouraged it. He was alſo really deſirous of having me advantageouſly married. He compelled me to liſten to Mordaunt; and in ſhort, not to dwell longer on this painful ſubject, notwithſtanding my prayers, my tears, my declaration of paſſion for another, I was forced to the altar. The horror of that moment I can't expreſs; the image of Harland was continually before me; my broken vows; his ſufferings; his love; they almoſt bereft me of reaſon. Three days after the fatal ceremony, ſitting alone in my dreſſing room, as the gentlemen were out, I heard a carriage drive haſtily to the door. I imagined it was ſome obtruſive viſitors who came to pay their unwelcome compliments, when in an inſtant the door was thrown open, and Harland entered, the ſmile of anticipating pleaſure on his face. He attempted to claſp me in his arms, but ſhrinking from them, I endeavoured to fly from the room; he caught my hand and forcibly withheld me; he looked amazed at my agitation. Speak to me, my adored Julia, he cried, Oh why this diſtreſs?—heaven has at length removed my ſufferings—Mr. T. has at laſt done juſtice to me. I am come to claim your hand. Sir George cannot deny me now. What bliſs! what happineſs in ſtore for us. I could hear no more; I broke from him, and in an agony of ſoul rending miſery, wrung my hands together. We are ruined, exclaimed I, for ever wretched. Oh Harland! forgive me. I am miſerable, compulſive power has undone me. I am, oh deteſt me not, already married. I might have gone on for ever—his ſenſes ſeemed annihilated, a deadly paleneſs overſpread his face; I was terrified; I flew to him; I attempted to take his hand; my touch revived him. He ſtarted from me; baſe, faithleſs woman; his lips quivered, and in a phrenzy of diſappointed paſſion he ruſhed out of the houſe. He left me on the verge of diſtraction, but when a little compoſed, I revolved my conduct: I conſidered it improper; I was now married; thoſe tender ſenſations for another man were criminal; my virtue was ſtrong, I determined to exert it; the leſſons of my beloved mother recurred to me. She often ſaid, affliction was the purifier of our paſſions, it refined the ſoul, and lifted it to the infinite Almighty power in whoſe hands the balm was held for healing the wounds received on this ſpot.

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

SPARKS was a well known BON VIVANT, and devoted his evenings to the purple deity. It was remarked, that when he got his quantum of the juice of the grape, he entirely loſt his power of ſpeech, though he retained the uſe of his limbs. A Mr. Foote was his conſtant companion in his nocturnal revels, who was as diminutive in ſtature as the other was tall and robuſt. One night, from having been remarkably feſtive, our Chief Joker could not ſpeak; and Foot not able to ſtand, Sparks took him up and placed him a-ſtraddle on his neck and ſhoulders. In this manner they quitted the tavern. During their walk home they were accoſted by the watchman, demanding who they were. Sparks pointed up to Foot, as much as to hint that he would inform him; who on being aſked replied, "that he was only ſeeing the gentleman home."

A new married pair, in high life, when they take an airing, for the firſt three weeks order the *Sociable*, but at the end of that period the *Sulky*.

PERICO d'AYALY, the buffoon of the Marquis de Villena, came to ſee Don Francis, the buffoon of Charles the Fifth, when he lay on his death bed. Perico ſeeing him in ſo bad a way, ſaid "Brother Don Francis, I requeſt you by the great friendſhip which has always ſubſiſted between us, that when you go to Heaven (which I believe muſt be very ſoon, ſince you have always lived ſuch a pious life) you will beſeech God to have mercy on my ſoul." Francis anſwered—"Tie a thread on this finger, that I may not forget it."—Theſe were his laſt words and he inſtantly expired.

A very fond wife, who had the good of her family greatly at heart, gave information againſt her huſband for a highway robbery, in order to obtain the reward. As he was going to be hanged, ſhe came up and ſaid to him, "My dear Bob, I hope you will forgive me, I did it all for the beſt, as I knew you muſt be ſcragged one time or other, I thought your wife and children might as well benefit by your misfortunes as a ſtranger—Never ſeem to mind it, Bob—'tis well it's no worſe.

A few nights ago the converſation at the Ducheſs of Gordon's happening to turn upon the conſequences of a ſucceſsful invaſion by the French, ſeveral of the company mentioned the occupation they would adopt when all property ſhould be ſeized by the Gallic free-booters. After various employments of a whimſical kind had been ſtarted by the Company, the Marquis of Huntley obſerved, that he would turn "garter-maker for the ladies." "If that ſhould be the caſe," ſaid the Ducheſs, "I fancy you would be above your buſineſs."

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