

The Fredericton Telegraph.

[Number 19.]

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

[Saturday, Dec. 13.]

FROM THE NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

[Continued from our Paper of the 29th Nov.]

"At first we flattered ourselves that she was only in a swoon, but when it appeared that she was really dead, then I gave myself up to the most unmanly woe, and determined upon following her by refusing to take any sustenance whatever; for two days did I adhere to this cowardly intention, without taking notice of any thing save the dear corpse; the family spoke to me, intreated and even wept over me, but to no purpose, I sat by the dead with dry eyes, mute as herself.

"On the third day, the day of her interment, her uncle came into the room with my infant in his trembling arms. 'Come, dear babe,' said he holding it towards the bed, and bursting into tears, 'come, take a last look of thine unfortunate mother, for to-day she will be placed in the cold bosom of the earth, and would to heaven thou couldst go with her, for thy Uncle is too old to protect thy rising youth, thou hast no father to foster thee; no father who will shew his affection for the mother, by living for and taking care of her precious child.' Those words fell with more force upon my heart, in an instant I perceived the cruelty of my conduct and was overwhelmed with shame, 'yes,' exclaimed I, stretching out my hands to receive my little one, 'she has a father who will live for her, and will cherish her as long as memory shall impress upon his soul the idea of her incomparable mother, but ah! he must be indulged—he must be permitted to give vent to his feelings, when he reflects upon his irretrievable loss.' He answered me in the most soothing voice of affection gently remonstrating with me for my neglect of myself, and endeavouring to yield me all the consolation that reason could afford; 'it is not your Louisa (said he) who there lies insensible, it is only the prison that she once inhabited—the day of her enlargement has come, and long before this she has reached her appointed abode in Paradise; whether departed spirits are permitted to know what passes upon earth after they have quitted it, we may not presume to say; but upon the supposition, that they are, can it add to their bliss to see the tears and hear the big groans of those whom they most did love when here?—and if they see not, why should we waste in useless griefs those days which might be appropriated to the benefit of those who remain? be composed my son; I do not require of you to be gay—Oh no—you have indeed lost a treasure, and must feel it sensibly, but at the same time I would not have you forget that you have a new charge, which demands your kindest cares."

"His eloquence was not unsuccessful, at his request I quitted the apartment, and after having taken as much nourishment as my delicate situation would admit of, I endeavoured to repose for a little while upon a bed, when the sound of people walking slowly roused me. I immediately knew it to be the funeral procession, and summoning up all my fortitude I arose, and with a tottering step accompanied it, leaning on the arm of Louisa's Uncle. When we arrived at the Cemetery the coffin was uncovered that I might take a last embrace of my love—it was a most melancholy one indeed—all who were with me, were deeply affected—none spoke a syllable—but the silent tear of sympathy glided profusely down many a cheek, and some who had not power to suppress their sensations sobbed aloud. The signal, after a short pause, was given to deposit the body in the earth. I saw them shut the coffin, and begin to lower it—I thought myself composed—I thought I was resigned when I saw it descend to the bottom of the tomb—but with the first clod that sounded hollow on the lid, the delusion was broken, my brain seemed all on fire—my heart beat with violence, and I was springing into the grave, when some of the attendants caught me in their arms, and bore me home, totally devoid of sense.

"For several weeks I had no knowledge of what was transacted about me, then every thing appeared to me like those fancies which only exist in a morning dream; but recollection, by degrees, resuming her functions, I remembered something of great distress—of a burial, of an infant, but could not connect their idea; and as the eye of reason opened more clearly, these images passed more frequently through my mind, and perplexed me exceedingly.

"As I was permitted to walk out, as soon as I had sufficient strength, I frequently strolled to the woods through which in my happier days I had been accustomed to ramble—and chance led me one afternoon to the burial place—the heavy dews dropt from the bending branches of the dark hemlock, which uniting its foliage with the gloomy verdure of the thick woven cedar, cast a deep damp shade over the solemn spot, while a solitary Robin, that sat upon the withered bough of a neighbouring pine, threw a note of such plaintiveness to the lingering breeze, as bade my bosom feel—yes, I found a congenial dreariness, and clambered over the fence, to take a nearer view of the few scattered graves, that were there inclosed. Passing from one to another, a novel object arrested my attention; it was a grey marble monument, covered with a white slab. I approached it, and read the following inscription.

"Sacred to the memory of
LOUISA ST. HERBERT,
A victim
To the misguided affection of an Uncle,

Who has raised this marble
Over her dust,

As a testimony of his sincere and lasting contrition."

"At that moment, each woeful scene through which I had passed, recurred to me—memory seemed to resume her throne at once; I clasped the cold tomb, and washed it with my tears; then having vowed to the spirit that watched it, to visit it daily, I turned my steps, and slowly proceeded homeward in search of my child.

"The joy visible in the countenance of all the family, at my sudden and unexpected recollection, made a sensible impression upon me; they were all assiduous in attending on me, and none approached me, but with a cheerful aspect; even my little girl, who was now between three and four months old, smiled in my face, and by her artless playfulness seemed to lure me from my griefs. In fine, in the course of a few days, I was quite a rational being, and finding that the whole study of Mr. Mauriffon, was to render me contented in my situation; I was resolved to make him not less so, if possible; accordingly I evaded every conversation that would tend to a renewal of our regret; however, as my health increased, I perceived with infinite concern, that his was fast declining, and that though he appeared pleasant in my presence, yet a heavy melancholy had stamped itself upon every feature; he courted solitude, and often when I was busy in the garden, would leave me under pretence of taking rest; observing that his malady took deeper root daily, I began to suspect, that the woe he would not speak, preyed upon his heart, and that he cherished it in some other place. I therefore followed him at a distance, the next time he left me, and saw his aged feet enter the place where my love slept in silence. He bent over the marble, like a fond mother, over the couch of an expiring only child; with united hands, and looks of unalterable anguish, 'dear inmate (at length sobbed he) how didst thou fade before thy prime; how early was thy little cup of joy dashed with bitterness, but thou tastest it no more; no, it is I who am left to drain the dregs, and bewail my own imprudence."

"I stifled my tears, and knelt down by his side, grasping his hand, 'and is it thus (said I) that you endeavour to shorten the period that Providence has allotted you? Is it thus, you endeavour to deprive me, and my little Louisa, of our best, our only friend? You have sympathized with me, and comforted me; alas, you want that comfort yourself. Let me I pray undertake the gentle office, of attempting to bestow it.' So saying, I placed his arm under mine, and led him to our habitation.

"My George,' said he as he seated himself, 'I feel that my end is fast approaching; yet you will have no occasion to lament; I have brought you sorrow my son, and can make you no compensation. True, I leave you my estate—a vast one—but what are riches to a man who is deprived of the woman of his affections; the idol of his heart!—As he said this an unusual tenderness softened his voice; he fixed his eyes fondly on my face, and the tear that stood upon his cheek assumed new brilliancy, from the glow suffused itself beneath it—he continued: 'As but the barrier of perhaps a few fleeting days divides me from the invisible regions, I will unfold to you a secret, which none but myself knows, and which I had determined should be concealed with me in the grave; but fate decrees otherwise.—Barbarous and hard hearted, though you have found me, yet I was not always so; no, I was once gentle and kind as yourself; but ill-requited love, and abused friendship, changed my nature, and instead of being the humane mortal my Creator had made me, I became ferocious as a beast of the wilderness—yes, in my youth I loved your mother even to idolatry, and your father was my confidant, for I thought him my friend—but he deceived me cruelly, for in the hour that I expected to call her mine, to be blest with her forever, the mask was dropt—and I saw with horror, that the superior fortune of your father, had gained the consent of her avaricious parents to render him happy, and make me spend my days in misery."

[To be Continued.]

ALL Persons having any demands against the late Co-partnership of LUDLOW FRASER & ROBINSON, are requested to call on the Subscriber, and receive payment.

P. FRASER.

Notice.

WHEREAS, We the subscribers have been appointed by the Hon. EDWARD WINSLOW, Esq. Surrogate General of New-Brunswick, to be Administrators on the estate of JOHN DAY, late of the parish of King's Clear, in the County of York, yeoman, deceased, (with the will annexed.)

ALL PERSONS who have demands on the said Estate, are hereby required to exhibit the same to us—and those who are indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make payment to us forthwith. Dated at King's Clear, the 20th day of November, A. D. 1806.

TINA DAY,
JOHN DAY.

Wanted,

BY the Subscriber, Fifty FAT OXEN, not under Six Years Old, for which the Cash will be paid on delivery.

P. Fraser.

London, September 24.

We are at length enabled to lay before our readers the whole of the new ministerial arrangements. They are as follows:—
Lord SIDMOUTH, President of the Council,
Lord HOLLAND, Privy Seal.
Lord HOWICK, Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

Mr. T. GRENVILLE, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Mr. BRAGGE, Master of the Mint.
Mr. TIERNY, President of the Board of Control.
Earl FITZWILLIAM retires from Office, but we understand retains a seat in the Cabinet.

OCTOBER 4.

Capture of Five French Frigates.

It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction we announce another important naval triumph to Britain. Lieut. Henderson, of the *Centaur*, arrived at the Admiralty yesterday, with an account of his having fallen in with five French Frigates, four of which have been captured by the squadron under his command, viz. *La Gloire*, of 46 guns, broad pendant; *La Minerve*, *L'Armide*, and *Indefatigable*, 44 guns each. The above ships were full of troops. Our loss is nine killed and thirty-two wounded. I am sorry to add, that Sir S. Hood has lost his right arm. Accounts are likewise received from Sir THOMAS LOUIS's squadron, of his having taken a French frigate *Le President*, of 44 guns.

(COPY.)

Admiralty-Office, Oct. 3, 1806, 1 P. M.

"I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, that an officer is just arrived from Sir SAMUEL HOOD, with an account of his having fallen in with five French Frigates, four of which have been captured by the squadron under his command, viz. *La Gloire*, of 46 guns, broad pendant; *La Minerve*, *L'Armide*, and *Indefatigable*, 44 guns each. The above ships were full of troops. Our loss is nine killed and thirty-two wounded. I am sorry to add, that Sir S. Hood has lost his right arm. Accounts are likewise received from Sir THOMAS LOUIS's squadron, of his having taken a French frigate *Le President*, of 44 guns.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"THOMAS GRENVILLE."

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor."

We feel very great satisfaction in stating that Sir S. Hood was as well as could possibly be expected after suffering so severe a calamity. The dispatches which he sent home were signed with his left hand. After the amputation, he had a little fever the first day, but was much better on the following day, and in excellent spirits.

The *President*, whose capture is also announced in the Bulletin, was the consort of the *Regulus* of 80 guns, the chief scene of whose depredation has been on the coast of Africa. She separated from that ship, and another frigate, in a gale of wind, on the 20th of August. She was steering for L'Orient when she fell in with Admiral LOUIS's squadron.

In addition to this account, we have learnt the following particulars:—

The French squadron, consisting of five frigates and two corvettes, sailed from Rochefort on the 24th ult. and were brought to action the next day, by Sir SAMUEL HOOD, it was extremely obstinate. The enemy were probably induced to fight with more determination, from the circumstance of there being so heavy a swell that it was not safe for the British squadron to open their lower ports.

The *Monarch* and *Centaur* were the ships most engaged on our part, and by which the principal loss was sustained; the former came up first. The whole of the enemy's squadron was crowded with troops for the West-Indies.

The Hamburg Mails due on Sunday and Wednesday last have both arrived, as have also Dutch papers to the date of September 29:—the intelligence received through these different channels is of considerable importance.

The King of Prussia has set out from his capital, to place himself at the head of his army; the French Minister at Berlin is stated to have demanded his passports; and such is the near approximation of the opposing forces, that the French troops have, in some directions, deemed it prudent to fall back.

Little at present seems to be expected from explanations or concessions, and immense armies are every where in motion. According to the letters from Berlin, France has required of his Prussian Majesty to cede not only the whole of Westphalia, but the Country of Marck, and there can be little doubt that if this requisition was complied with, it would soon be followed by others equally degrading and injurious. It is still, however, probable, these demands are put for the sole purpose of being graciously given up by Napoleon, as he will say, through the earnest desire of preserving the peace of the Continent.—Meanwhile it is actually reported at Hamburg, as we stated in our last, that hostilities have commenced between the Prussians and the French, but no confirmation of the fact had arrived at the time of the departure of the last mail.

It is also stated, in private letters, that, just before the Mail left Hamburg, couriers arrived with an account of WAR HAVING BEEN DECLARED BY FRANCE AGAINST PRUSSIA. It is added, that the report had an effect upon sales at Hamburg.—We still however, consider it as premature, for the reasons we have above given.