

Seat of the Muses.

FOR THE TELEGRAPHE.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

UNBOUNDED goodness, thoughts by Virtue fram'd,
To guide her actions in a heavenly pace,
Distinguish'd her, whom every friend had nam'd,
The most angelic of her sexes race.

Serene through life, as in her death resign'd;
Her actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God, a friend to human kind,
Her friends rever'd and all her family blest.

Admir'd and valued in a distant land,
Her gentle manners all affection won;
The untaught Indian own'd her soft'ning hand,
And Virtue godlike, mark'd her for her own.

Regret and praise the gen'ral voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet, must be the grief of those,
Who while the good they honor'd, lov'd the friend.

Thy virtuous precepts, still in view I'll keep,
Which oft thou hast infill'd into my mind;
Thy patient sufferings, makes my soul to weep,
For in the midst of pain, still thou wert kind.

The God of heav'n did thy mind inspire,
Thy last words breathing blessings all around,
When in my arms, I saw thy breath expire,
Thy virtues with immortal bliss was crown'd.

Farewell! O thou most tender best of souls,
How dear is thy remembrance, to my heart;
If ever I forget thy angelic smiles,
May the propitious God forsake my part.

SONG.

WRITTEN BY W. R. STANLEY, ESQ. SON TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

WHEN the black letter'd list to the gods was presented,
The list of what fate for each mortal intends:
At the long string of ills, a kind angel relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings—wife, children, and friends.

In vain angry Lucifer swore he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends:
The scheme of man's fall, he maintain'd, was defeated,
For earth becomes heav'n, with—wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill secur'd, oft' in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends.

Though valour still glows in in his life's waning embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends;
Drops a tear of regret, as he, dying, remembers,
How blest was his home, with—wife, children, and friends.

The soldier whose deeds, live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends;
With transport would barter whole ages of glory,
For one happy day,—with wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
And round him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover,
The bower where he sat with—wife, children, and friends.

The day spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of—wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish,
The laurel which o'er her dead fav'rite bends;
O'er him wave the willow, which only can flourish,
When dew'd with the tears of—wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink! for my song growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn, insensibly tends;
Let us drink! pledge me high! love and beauty will savour,
The glass which I fill to—wife, children, and friends.

And if, in the hope this fair island to plunder,
The tyrant of France to invade us pretends,
How his legions will shrink, when our arm'd freemen thunder
The war song of—"Britons, wife, children and friends."

A RIDDLE.

FROM BOILEAU.

The direst foe to man's repose am I;
To share my lot, ten thousand lovers sigh.
I feast on blood; and draw my vital breath,
Lock'd in the arms of him, who seeks my death.

A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF ENGLISH FORTITUDE.

IN the year 1709 when our forces were in Spain, Alicante a place of great importance to our ally King Charles, was besieged by an army of 12,000 men. As this city and castle had been taken by the remarkable valour of British seamen; so the siege of it afterwards, when the English defended it, was one of the most remarkable actions in this age: The following is a succinct account of the whole affair, from the time the place was invested, to its surrender.

Alicante is a city and port, commanded by a strong castle, standing on a rock, at a small distance from the sea, and about 68 miles from the capital city of Valencia. There was in it a good garrison, under the command of Major General Richards; which made an obstinate defence against a very numerous army of the enemy, with a very large train of heavy artillery, and excellently supplied with ammunition. At last, the city being absolutely untenable, the garrison resolved to retire into the castle, which had hitherto been esteemed impregnable. They sunk three cisterns in the solid rock, and then with incredible labour, filled them with water. The troops that retired into it, were Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, and that of Colonel Sibourg, generally called the French regiment, because it was composed of refugees. After some progress made in this second siege, the French saw it was impossible to do any great matter in the usual way, and therefore, contrary to all expectation, resolved upon a work, excessively laborious, and in all outward appearance, impracticable; which was that of mining through the solid rock, in order to blow up the castle and its garrison into the air together. At first Major-General Richards, and all the officers in the place, looked upon the enemy's scheme as a thing impossible to be accomplished, and were secretly well pleased with their undertaking, in hopes it would give time for our fleet to come to their relief; yet, this did not hinder them from doing all that lay in their power, to incommode the workmen, and at last, to countermine them.

The besiegers, however, wrought so incessantly, and brought such numbers of peasants to assist them in their labours, that they having, in about twelve weeks time, finished the works for this service, and charged them with 1500 barrels of powder and other materials of destruction, summoned the castle to surrender, March 2d, most solemnly assuring a safe and honourable convey to Barcelona, with bag and baggage for every person in it, if they submitted within three days, and prevented the ruin of the castle; but threatened otherwise, no mercy should be shown, if any might accidentally escape the blow. To demonstrate the reality of their design, they desired the garrison might depute three or more engineers, with other gentlemen of competent skill, to view their works, and make a faithful report of what they saw. Accordingly, two field-officers went to the mine, and were allowed the liberty of making what scrutiny they pleased: Upon which, they told the governors, that if their judgment failed them not, the explosion would carry up the whole castle to the uttermost battery, unless it took vent in their own countermining, or vein; but at least, they conceived it would carry away the sea battery, the lodging rooms in the castle close, some of the chambers cut for soldiers barracks, and they very much feared, might affect the great cistern.

A grand council of war was called upon this; the French message delivered, and the engineers made their report; the besieged acknowledged their want of water; but believing the fleet might be sensible of their distress, and consequently under some concern for their relief, their unanimous resolution was, to commit themselves to the providence of God, and whatever fate attended them, to stand the springing of the mine. The French general, and Spanish officers, expressed the utmost concern at this answer, and the second night of the three allowed, sent to divert them from what they called, and it is very likely thought, inexorable obstinacy, offering the same honourable articles as before, even upon that late compliance; but these still were rejected by the besieged. The fatal third night approaching, and no fleet seen, the French sent their last summons, and withal, an assurance, that their mine was primed, and should be sprung by six o'clock the next morning; and though, as they saw, all hope and prospect of relief was vain, yet there was room for safety still, and the terms already proposed, was in their power to accept. The besieged persisted in their adherence to the result of their first council, and the French met their usual answer again, therefore, as a prologue to their intended tragedy, they ordered all the inhabitants of that quarter, to withdraw from their houses before five o'clock the ensuing morning. The besieged, in the mean time, kept a general guard, devoting themselves to their meditations. The Major-General, Colonel Sibourg, and Lieutenant Colonel Thornicroft, of Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, sat together in the governor's usual lodging room; other officers cantoned themselves as their tempers inclined them, to pass the melancholy night.

At length day appearing, the Governor was informed that the inhabitants were flying in crowds to the westernmost part of the town, the Governor, attended by the above-mentioned gentlemen, and about five or six other officers, went to the west battery, to inform himself better. After he had remained there about a quarter of an hour, Lieutenant Colonel Thornicroft desired him to remove, as being unable to do any service there; he and Colonel Sibourg answered that no danger was to be apprehended there, more than in any other place; that there they would wait the event. The Lieutenant-Colonel remained, because his superiors did, and other officers imitated the same example; but the hour of five being now considerably past, the corporal's guard cried out, that the train was fired, observing some smoke from the lighted matches, and other combustible matter near it, from whence the same ascended to the sentinels above. The Governor and field officers were then urged to retreat, but refused.

The mine at last blew up; the rock opened and shut; the whole mountain felt the convulsion; the governor and field officers, with their company, ten guns, and two mortars, were buried in the abyss; the wall of the castle shook, part of the great cistern fell, another cistern almost closed, and the rock shut a man to his neck in its cliff, who lived many hours in that afflicting posture. About thirty-six centinels and women were swal-

lowed in different quarters, whose dying groans were heard, some of them after the fourth mournful day. Many houses of the town were overwhelmed in their ruins, and the castle suffered much; but that it wears any form at all, was owing to the vent which the explosion forced through the veins of the rocks, and the counter mine. After the loss of the chief officers, the government fell of course to Lieutenant Colonel D'Albion, of Sibourg's regiment, who drew out a detachment from the whole garrison, and with it made a desperate sally, to shew how little he was moved at their thunder. The bombs from the castle played on the town more violently, and the shot galled every corner of their streets; which marks of their resentment they continued till the arrival of our fleet which they had expected so long.

The Spanish and French historians speak of this action with all imaginable regard to the gallant defence made by the besieged. The Spanish army was then commanded by the Chevalier D'Asfeldt, who was in the French service, and looked upon as the very best officer they ever sent to King Philip. He was an excellent engineer, saw at once what to be done, and having formed his plan, pursued it steadily, and accomplished it generally. Under him commanded Don Pedro Ronquillo, a Spanish general of distinguished merit. D'Asfeldt was very strict and austere; the Spaniards, even of his own party, thought him cruel; yet, upon this occasion, he not only shewed himself generous, but humane. He used every argument possible to persuade Major-General Richards to spare himself and his brave garrison, and deplored their loss with tenderness and affection. The Spaniards magnified their heroic conduct, and called the ruined castle, the monument of English courage.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

When the Ladies, at this genial season, permit the west wind to kiss their bosoms, and kindly lay aside their muslin to searching eyes, as well as sunbeams, a wag hints to the Fair, "That it is not only perilous to one sex, but unjust towards the other, to overhear the gentlemen, in cooling themselves."

When John, duke of Anjou, advanced towards Naples, with a large army to invade that city, he placed upon his colours these words of the Evangelist, "A man was sent, whose name was John." Alfonso of Arragon, who defended the city, answered him by a similar device—He came, and they received him not."

When naked bosoms and protuberant waists were in fashion, an English clergyman archly observed, that he could not but consider the sex to be in the condition of other bodies, whose equilibrium of electrical fire being destroyed, are ready for explosion, as soon as they come into contact with a proper conductor. Thus their bosoms are charged with negative, and their waists with positive electricity; a state as dangerous as can well be imagined, to the tranquillity of their minds and safety of their persons.

A facetious writer observes, that if a man publishes a book in this ostentatious age, he must call in the painter as well as the printer. A book is nothing without a portrait of the author, with a globe by his side, two muses for secretaries, and a third flying off with proof-sheets to Parnassus. A splendid publication is hourly expected on the science of Boxing, with a likeness of Johnson, a silhouette of Mendoza, and a miniature of Bic BEN.

Once on the festival of St. Stephen, a monk was to deliver a panegyric on the saint, and it being late before he began, the priests, who feared that the preacher might detain them too long, begged him to abridge his discourse. The monk mounted the pulpit, and addressed his auditors, "Brothers, it is one year to day, since I delivered before you a panegyric on the saint, whose festival we celebrate. As I have not heard that he has performed any thing new since, I have nothing to add to the encomiums which I then passed upon him."

An impertinent blabber, seeing an author of celebrity often walk alone, said to him, one day, "Sir, how can you bear this solitude?"—I had only begun to be alone, said the author when you accosted me."

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