

Seat of the Muses.

A SONG—BY DIBDIN.

A BATCHELOR Leads an easy life,
Few folks that are wed live better;
A man may live well with a very good wife,
But the puzzle is how to get her;
For there's pretty good wives, and there's pretty bad wives,
And wives neither one thing or t'other;
And as for those wives who scold all their lives,
I'd sooner wed ADAM's grandmother.

Then ladies and gent's, if to marriage inclin'd,
May deceit nor ill humour ne'er trap ye!
May those who are single get wives to their mind,
And those who are married live happy.
Then some chuse their ladies for ease or grace,
Or a pretty turn'd foot as they're walking;
And some choose for figure and some for face,
But very few chuse 'em for talking.

Now as to the wife I could follow through life,
'Tis she who can speak sincerely;
Who not over nice, can give good advice,
And love a good husband dearly.
So, ladies and gent's when to wedlock inclin'd,
May deceit or ill humour ne'er trap ye!
May those who are single find wives to their mind,
And those who are married live happy.

SONG FOR THE LADIES.

THE CHARMING MAID WITH ELBOWS BARE.

LET tasteless lovers chant their lays,
To please the modest full dress'd fair;
The talk remains for me, to praise
The charming maid with elbows bare.

Her ruddy cheek, her sparkling eyes,
Her coral lips, her jetty hair,
All, all are charms I highly prize,
But not so much as elbows bare,

The unveild bosom—neck of snow—
May tempt the ill-bred clown to stare;
But first-rate beaux with defiance bow
Before the maid with elbows bare.

Some ladies shew the angle's shape—
A fashion too, not very rare;
Others expose a pretty nape;
But mine's the maid with elbows bare.

Let her, in that loose flowing robe,
Which flutters and flutters in the air,
Reflect, a heart she ne'er will probe,
Unless she leaves her elbows bare.

When winter storms are drear and cold,
And keenly blows the northern air;
When muff's and furs the limbs enfold,
Still trips my maid with elbows bare.

When summer's scorching heats prevail,
And veils shut out the sun's bright glare,
Still, still my maid will never fail
To go with graceful elbows bare.

In winter, summer, fall or spring—
In weather either foul or fair—
In day or night—the charms I sing
Of my sweet maid with elbows bare.

SIMPER.

THE PUNISHMENT OF VICE
AND THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

Hail virtue! source of every good below;
From thee all pleasures spring, to thee they flow;
'Tis thou instruct'st us ev'ry vice to bear,
And blunt the barbed dart of cankering care;
Thou bid'st the soul to better regions rise,
And soar to bliss in worlds beyond the skies.

AT a small, but convenient house in Surry, lived Mr. Mason. He had formerly been a merchant in London, but having met with several losses, he retired from business, and with his daughter passed his time in the country. After he had settled all his affairs, he found he had yet sufficient to live in independence with frugality. He had an excellent library, and this afforded both himself and Serina amusement inexhaustible.

Though he lived in retirement, he did not abandon himself to idleness. His garden and a few acres of ground at the back of his house were cultivated by his own hands. The exercise benefited his health, and was an agreeable employment, when Serina was busied in domestic affairs.

It was in the month of November that some particular business called him to the neighbouring town, which was about five miles distant from his own house. He told Serina he should be home early in the evening, and affectionately embracing her, mounted his horse. His business, which was not so speedily transacted as he hoped it would have been, detained him late, and it was eight in the evening when he left the town. As he was crossing a common which led to his house, a cloud, which

had long been gathering, burst over his head in a violent shower of hail and rain. He was obliged to quicken his pace, and knowing there was the remains of a barn at no great distance, he endeavoured to find it in order to shelter himself. In this he succeeded, and stayed till the storm began to abate. Just as he was leaving the shed, the moon burst from behind a cloud, and by its momentary light he discovered something glittering on the ground: it was the case of a watch; he took it up, and put it in his pocket. "It should seem," said he, "that this barn has already afforded shelter to some one; whoever it was, he will have reason to rejoice that I also entered here, since I shall be the means of restoring him his watch case."—He then mounted his horse, and soon after reached his own house. Serina flew to the door to meet him, and told him she had been some hours in expectation of his return; and had suffered more than she could express lest some accident should have befallen him. "But what, my dear Sir," said she, when he had entered the parlour; "for Heaven's sake what have you done to your coat? the back part is covered with blood."

"With blood!" repeated Mr. Mason; who as he recollected the circumstance of the watch-case, felt his soul thrill with horror: "Surely, Serina, you are mistaken!" He then pulled off his coat, and was fully convinced of the suspicious appearance. Serina began to wipe it off, and whilst she was thus engaged, the carrier entered, and delivered a letter to her father. The man, struck by her occupation, regarded her with the most fixed attention, till being paid for the letter he left the house. This circumstance was not noticed by either Mr. Mason or his daughter, their minds were otherwise engaged; and the first thing which drew Serina from the earnestness of her own reflections, was observing the evident perturbation with which her father read the letter. "Surely," thought she, "my father cannot have been engaged in any quarrel; every thing of the sort is so contrary to his disposition." She chid herself for the momentary suspicion, and then said, "We will now, Sir, if you please, sit down to tea; we are not often thus fashionable; it wants but twenty minutes of ten." Mr. Mason made no answer, but seemed overwhelmed with melancholy. He sighed—Serina looked at him, and fancied she read in his countenance some terrible disaster. Her hand trembled as she endeavoured to pour out the tea, a sudden faintness seized her, and she was near sinking lifeless on the floor, when the fear of augmenting her father's affliction renewed her strength, and gave her fresh vigour. During tea Mr. Mason spoke not a word, but seemed wholly absorbed by his own reflections. Serina sat some time in the most agonizing suspense, and then said, "My dear Sir, what is it that thus distresses you? Will you not tell your Serina? Will you not permit her to share your sorrows, and, if possible to alleviate them?"—Mr. Mason embracing her, said, "Oh, my beloved child! never can I suffer any calamity which will wholly overpower me, whilst blessed with such a daughter. You do, indeed, deserve my confidence; I will trust your fortitude in the present instance, which I hope will support you under the afflictions of which this letter is the messenger. Remember, my Serina, that the sorrows which are inflicted by Heaven, often prove to us the most salutary lessons; they humble our pride, and wean us from a world, which, even in its best state, has but little to bestow.—Your aunt and cousins."

"Are dead!" cried Serina, starting involuntarily from her chair, with a look of perturbation and horror.

"They are!" replied her father.—She clasped her hands, but was silent. Cold drops trickled down her lovely face, she trembled, tottered back to her chair, and then burst into an agony of tears. These proved a most salutary relief; her father attempted not to suppress them by premature consolation, well knowing that after the first violent emotion of sorrow was past, her own good sense would be her best counsellor. She knew, however, at present, but half her affliction, as the melancholy circumstance attending the death of her relations infinitely aggravated the calamity. They had intended spending a few months with Mr. Mason, and for this purpose had embarked from Ireland, (where they usually resided) in one of the packet boats. They were overtaken by a violent storm, the ship was wrecked, and all on board perished. Serina was strongly attached to her cousins; she felt for them a sisterly affection, and much of her early life had been spent with them. Her aunt had been to her a second parent, and was endeared to her by the most valuable qualities. This dreadful and unexpected calamity drove the fear of every other from her bosom, and she could neither think or talk of any thing else. "I respect your feelings too much," said her father, after they had been talking some time on this melancholy affair, "to wish to repress them. But yet, my Serina, let us remember that those we weep for are past all sense of pain; they have no more to suffer; but are receiving in a better world the reward of their good conduct in this. The knowledge of their worth makes their present bliss undoubted, and must convince us, that whatever we desire for ourselves, we have nothing more to wish for them."—This subject occupied them till they separated for the night; Serina with a bosom bleeding with the keenest sufferings, and her father little less afflicted.

(To be Continued.)

PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Was lately tried, in the Court of Common Pleas, an action of damages for breach of promise of marriage, brought by Miss Hand of Harbro', against Mr. Kiston, of Hyde-street, Bloomsbury. The evidence consisted chiefly of the letter which the defendant had written from London to his Mistress at Harbro'. This occasioned infinite merriment.

In the first place they disclosed that Mr. Kiston was a journeyman tallow chandler; for in painting the ardour of his attachment, he borrowed many terms from his art. Although it appeared that he

was not always in a melting mood, he talks of his soul being dipped in wretchedness; of his heart being cast in a delicate mould; of the store of happiness which he conceived was awaiting him; of his love burning clear; of his liver being consumed like the wick of a candle; of his fears lest her passion died away like the flame in the socket of a candlestick, &c. &c. There was one passage which afforded peculiar amusement, as it reminded every one of the file of a noble Marquis, who, after painting the ardour of his passion, stops suddenly short to dissent upon the price of wheat in Reading market. "My love, (says Mr. Kiston) my angel, my Hand, when shall we be joined together, and mix like wax and spermaceti? By the bye I have had news for your brother. Tallow is as high as ever, and at present there is a prospect of its rising higher still. As such he cannot do better than buy any that comes in his way."—From an able cross examination it came out, that this disconsolate virgin is 37 years of age, and the fickle swain more than a dozen years younger. It was however proved that he had married a woman with five or six hundred pounds and had dipped into a very profitable melting trade. The jury, to dry up Miss Hand's tears, gave her a verdict for 100l.

E. W. Miller,

HAS just received—a fresh supply of BRITISH & WEST-INDIA GOODS, which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for Cash.

20th August, 1806.

For Sale,

THAT well known WIND-MILL, adjacent Fredericton, belonging to Mrs. BRANNAN.—For terms and other particulars, apply to J. H. LAMB.

20th August, 1806.

James D. Berton,

HAS just received, a general assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, which he is now opening at his new store, (directly opposite the Barracks,) and will be sold low for Cash, good Bills, or Country Produce.

The highest prices given for FURS.

FREDERICTON, AUG. 30, 1806.

Notice.

ALL Persons indebted to the late COPARTNERSHIP of GEORGE D. BERTON, & Co. are requested to settle their respective balances by the 24th Sept. next, to prevent trouble and expence; and all those having any demands against them, are desired to call for payment.

JAMES D. BERTON.

FREDERICTON, AUG. 30, 1806.

Wanted,

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

P. Fraser.

FREDERICTON, 13th Sept. 1806.

Wanted,

ONE or two Journeymen Taylors, that may be relied on for steadiness. The highest wages will be given, and sufficient employment till the 1st of May next, by applying to JOHN PAYNE.

Wanted,

A YOUNG Lad about 14 years of age, as an Apprentice to the Printing business. None need apply but such as are of a reputable connexion and can bring with them an unexceptionable character. Inquire at this Office.

Notice.

TO Save Costs—ALL those indebted to Mrs. SARAH BRANNAN, formerly of Fredericton, in the County of York, and Province of New-Brunswick—either by Bond, Note, or Book Account, are hereby requested to make payment of their respective sums within Three Months from the date hereof to the Subscriber,

J. H. LAMB.

20th August, 1806.

FREDERICTON:

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MICHAEL RYAN,

AT HIS OFFICE, (near the Church) IN FRONT-STREET,
Where Advertisements, &c. are thankfully received, and where PRINTING IN GENERAL, will be executed with NEATNESS and DISPATCH.