

Seat of the Muses.

REFLECTIONS.

BLOW higher yet and let the Ocean roll  
In gathering billows o'er my vessel's side;  
Rise with the gale, be firm my suffering soul,  
And Nature's thren'nings let my heart decide.

Unmov'd, the gale I hear sigh through the shrouds,  
Calmly mine eye surveys the troubled sea;  
While forked lightnings flash from bursting clouds,  
No Heaven directed belt e'er falls on me.

When shall the storm that rages in my breast  
Be lull'd to rest, to rise again no more.  
Ne'er till the grave receives the poor distress'd,  
And life's frail bark speeds to a happier shore.

Child of misfortune from my earliest dawn,  
One gleam of bliss pierc'd thro' the hideous gloom;  
Soon from my sight was every joy withdrawn,  
And hope expir'd on ELLEN's silent tomb.

Youths airy visions whither are ye fled,  
Creative fancy where is now thy smile,  
Twine thy gay wreaths around some other head,  
Some heart more callous go thou and beguile.

No! pale fac'd Envy, points her secret dart,  
And Malice fills the cup with bitter gall;  
Reveiling Ignorance tries to wound a heart,  
That feels its power, and proudly scorns them all.

Array'd in endless light thou Power above,  
Whose ways no mortal tongue can ever tell,  
Whose hand the secret springs of mind can move,  
And rouse dark conscience from her slumbering cell.

By thee inspir'd, oppression long I've borne,  
Still aid me mankind's censures to despise,  
Till o'er my bosom breaks that radiant morn',  
Conferring bliss that never, never dies.

THE PUNISHMENT OF VICE,  
AND THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

(Continued from our last.)

THE time of her father's examination had been passed by Serina in such a manner, that she would be condemned to an ignominious death, or torn from her arms, and doomed to perpetual exile; sometimes, that the stern voice of oppression and power would silence every plea of innocence, and sentence him to linger out his days in a horrible prison. Suspense, whilst it left her but little to hope, gave her much to fear; and tormented by the keenest sufferings, she sat counting the melancholy moments of her father's absence.

Heavily pass the hours which are spent in sorrow, and Serina thought this morning the longest she had ever known. Her father however, returned not; but, alas! she too soon knew his fate. The perturbation of her spirits at first overpowered her feelings, but almost instantaneously recovering the strength of mind she had early acquired, she took her hat and cloak, and alike regardless of the intreaties of those about her, and the mercilefs pelting of the winter storm, she proceeded to join her father in prison. Forgetting every thing which concerned herself, she employed all her thoughts in devising the most likely means to alleviate his distress. "I will accompany him," said she, "not only to prison, but to the most wretched dungeon that malice can consign him to. I fear nothing, I dread no calamities, if I can soften his sorrows. Shall I return the tenderness I have experienced from him, by deserting him when he most needs consolation? Oh, no; I will no be so ungrateful. Duty, religion, every future hope, and every present satisfaction forbid such baseness. There is a Power to whom the innocent appeal not in vain; in him we will trust, and whilst we rely with confidence on his power, we will learn with fortitude to submit to his decrees."

There is something so soothing in religion, that there is no calamity which it cannot mitigate. Whilst these thoughts occupied her bosom, she insensibly became more calm, she considered both herself, and her father, as protected by a Being too just to be prejudiced, and too wise to be deceived.

She quickened her pace, and soon arrived at the prison; she involuntarily started back; its gloomy appearance struck her with horror. But again hastily advancing, "Shall I," said she, "one moment waver in my purpose for so inconsiderable a circumstance? Of what avail is the place in which I dwell, provided I discharge my duty? and where my father is, there I ought to be." She knocked at the gate, and whilst she stood listening for distant footsteps, the jailor looked through the iron grate, and asked her in a surly tone, what she wanted? She said, to see her father, and earnestly entreated him not to refuse her. The man replied he had no orders to admit her, and very likely he should do wrong if he let her go in without. "Oh, no," said she, clasping her hands, "that is impossible, is he not my parent? what then can you fear? Oh, if you have a child of your own, and her presence ever gave you pleasure, think of my father and conduct me to him! Perhaps he may be deprived of all else, oh, let him not have the insupportable misery of losing his child! Heaven will reward you for the indulgence shewn me, and in some hour of sorrow send you also comfort."

The man after many objections, and a long conference, at length, though reluctantly, suffered her to enter, and then con-

ducted her to her father. He sat with his arms crossed upon a table, his eyes lifted up to Heaven, and apparently in fervent prayer. One feeble taper burned in the room, for the light of day never entered. Gloom, misery, and despair, seemed fitted for this abode, for the very appearance struck an involuntary horror. Serina was in a moment in her father's arms, the jailor shut the door, and left them together. Mr. Mason, roused from the reverie in which at her entrance he seemed to have been absorbed, fervently exclaimed, "Heaven be praised! my Serina is all I thought her. Now let misfortune come, I am armed to meet the worst, for the tenderness, the virtues of my child, will support me under all; she will never forsake me!"

"Heaven forbid I should be so ungrateful!" cried she. "But let us not talk of sorrow! I am come, my dear Sir, to make you cheerful. Many are the lessons of fortitude and resignation you have taught me, and you shall now see I have not learned them in vain; and that no calamity can make those wretched, who are unacquainted with guilt. We will smile even here, and convince the world that if we cannot escape sorrow, we at least know how to blunt its sting. We will have our books; I will read to you, and the hours shall pass in so tranquil a manner, that we shall forget we are not at our cottage." Mr. Mason clasped his hands, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, uttered a prayer of thankfulness for the possession of such a daughter. Yet sorrow sat heavy on his brow; and Serina found her task very difficult to support his spirits. She however, relaxed not her vigilance, but by forcing smiles into her own countenance, endeavoured to communicate them to his. She had been a fortnight in this gloomy mansion (where she had a room adjoining her father's) when the officers drew very near. Mr. Mason prepared for his trial, and several lawyers offered to undertake his cause; but he declined their assistance, saying, he would himself assert his innocence, and trust alone to that and Heaven.

Serina, though in the presence of her father she endeavoured to appear cheerful, gave free vent to her sorrows when alone, and frequently passed the night in all the bitterness of anguish. The circumstances which convicted her father were such as even to stagger her belief; but yet, when she recollected the spotless tenor of his conduct, the upright integrity of his heart, she severely condemned herself in having for a moment suspected his virtue. "Oh," said she, "how little is there in this world to attach any one to life! were it not for the hope of brighter scenes hereafter, how soon should we sink in the wearisome road! but this, whilst it shews us the termination of our sorrows, presents also to the good a motive for resignation, and a reward for virtue."

(To be Continued.)

The famous ANTHONY Earl of SHAFFESBURY being taken ill in a tour through Italy, stopped at an Inn, and fancied he could eat some veal. It happened that it was Lent, and the landlady did not dare to dress meat, without a dispensation. She therefore applied to the Priest, telling him the quality and situation of her guest. The Priest granted the dispensation to her immediately, saying, "that his Lordship might eat meat and be d-d."

IRISH SPECTACLES.

The late Gen. B— going post to Ireland on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at an inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks which he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up to his table. The General's desire had been just complied with, when some country bucks came in, hungry as hawks, after a morning's sport. They eagerly inquired what could be had to eat; like a true Boniface the Landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologise for what he had? and, among other things, mentioned the ducks, which he had only a moment before served up for the Irish Gentleman's dinner. "Irish Gentleman!" gibingly exclaimed one of the chagrined groupe—"D—me! I'll lay fifty to five the fellow does not know B from a Bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the Gentleman and present my compliments to him and request him to tell me what o'clock it is."—The General heard the message, took the watch, and, with great temper returned his respects, with an assurance, that as soon as he had dined, he would endeavour to satisfy the inquiry. The bucks, chuckling at the embarrassment they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get? but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced toward the table where they were seated, and presenting the watch, "Gentlemen," said he, "I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little while ago, I presume he is short sighted, and have brought him this pair of spectacles (pointing to a case of large pistols he held under his arm), to remedy his defect?" Joke was gone—the

bucks were silent. The General deliberately put the watch into his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him for ever: "Gentlemen, I am sorry, for intruding, as I find the owner is not among you, whenever he claims it, he shall have it, but never by G—, without a trial of the spectacles."

Five Pounds Reward!

BROKE GAOL, in Frederickton, on Friday night the 12th inst. JOSEPH HART and CHRISTOPHER SMITH, confined for Felony. Hart, is a tall thin Man, Swarthy complexion, Pock-marked, and a Cast in one or both Eyes, downlook, lounging gait, inclining to stoop, upwards of 50 years of Age.

SMITH, is a short Man, fair complexion, by trade a Currier, about 35 or 40 years of Age. Whoever will apprehend them and lodge them in any of His Majesty's Gaols, or otherwise secure them so that they may be brought to Justice, shall receive a Reward of FIVE POUNDS, or TEN DOLLARS for either of them, to be paid by the Treasurer of the County of York.

Examining their Wrists, may assist a discovery as they have been Iron'd near Two Months,  
FREDERICTON, 15th Sept. 1806.

THE Rector, Wardens, and Vestry of CHRIST'S CHURCH in Frederickton, give PUBLIC NOTICE to those indebted to said Church, for Pew Rent, or otherwise, to the 24th of July last, of their determination to put every Account (that may be unpaid on the 24th of next October,) into the hands of an Attorney, to be put in suit indiscriminately.

FREDERICTON, 20th Sept. 1806.

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 Frederickton, belonging to Mrs. BRANNAH.—For terms and other particulars, apply to  
J. H. LAMB.  
20th August, 1806.

Michael Ryan,

HAS just received, and for Sale at his Store, late in the occupation of E. W. Miller, an assortment of Groceries,

Which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms for Cash or good Bills.

ALSO—A small assortment of Books, consisting of ancient and modern, miraculous, queer, odd, strange, supernatural, whimsical, out of the way and unaccountable productions, which, together with a small quantity of Stationery, he flatters himself, will be well worth the attention of the public.

Notice.

TO Save Costs—ALL those indebted to Mrs. SARAH BRANNAH, formerly of Frederickton, 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.

Notice.

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.

FREDERICTON, SEPT. 20th, 1806.

Wanted,

A QUANTITY of Merchantable BEEF, PORK, FLOUR and CORN, for which the highest prices will be given.  
EDWARD W. MILLER.

Wanted,

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

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.

FREDERICTON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
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.