

Seat of the Muses.

THE moral reader will peruse the following lines, from MOORE, with pleasure and profit.

LINES.

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the West, The storms of the morning purs'd us no more; And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest, Still heav'd as rememberingills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour, Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead; And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power, As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days when to pleasure alone My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh; When the saddest emotion my bosom had known Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt, how the pure intellectual fire In luxury loses its heavenly ray; How soon in the ravishing cup of desire, The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit, who lighted the flame, That pleasure no more might its purity dim; And that full'er but little, or brightly the same, I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him!

The thought was extatic! I felt as if Heaven Had already the wreath of eternity shown; As if, passion all chashten'd and error forgiven, My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the West, and the beautiful sky Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more— "Oh thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly Eye Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"

FROM THE NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

St. HERBERT.—A TALE.

THE first part of his speech confounded me, but the latter brought me to myself, "no sir," said I proudly, "I will not believe that I can ever be miserable with such loveliness; I will love her, and I shall willingly bear with the consequences," so saying I quitted the house, resolved to see Miss Howard immediately. "But faulting were the steps that led me to her mansion, and perplexed were the thoughts that crowded on my mind, for from the natural severity of my fire's temper, I had not the least doubt, but that my reply had forever discarded me from his presence and protection—I had learned no trade—knew nothing of business, and excepting 200 dollars that my mother had paid me the day before as half of my anxiety, I owned nothing in the world; I was perplexed but not irresolute, for I was determined to obtain Louisa at all events, but how to render her happy was the subject of my study, however, after wandering up one street and down another I came to the determination of marrying directly and going to reside upon the frontiers.

"I hastid to the house of Louisa and the first person I perceived, was her charming self sitting on a sofa in an attitude of the most poignant distress, with her hands clasped and her face and bosom drenched in tears. "Oh!" exclaimed she as I entered. "how, how shall I escape the dreadful situation allotted me—my uncle knows you and hates your family, and in order to prevent a possibility of an intercourse between us, he has positively fixed upon this night for the celebration of my unhappy nuptials—" and can you consent to throw yourself upon my care," asked I; "will you consent to be mine, will you abscond with me?" "ah (replied she) take care how you run into danger, should my uncle ever discover our retreat, he will sacrifice us both to his fury.

"Fear nothing my love (said I pressing her to my breast) these arms shall screen you from harm; come quit this dwelling, in a moment your uncle may surprise us," she accompanied me without hesitation. "As we were going down the steps, an elderly man met us with a lantern (for it was quite dark,) and demanded of Louisa, where she was going, telling her at the same time, that her uncle had bade him put all things in order, for that the guests would arrive in ten minutes. She sunk down at the words, and a hackney coach that instant passing, I lifted her into it, then turning to the man (whose name was Buller) bade him enter the carriage without delay, threatening him with death if he made the least resistance. He entered, and I told him to have us set down at the house of the first Clergyman he knew, to which after musing a little he consented, and then whispered to the coachman thro' the front window, who after having driven us through a number of streets, at length stopped at an ill looking house in a narrow lane, while he told us an indigent Priest dwelt.

"Our perturbation prevented our taking much notice of what passed around us, however, I observed Buller endeavouring to steal away; so hearing, lest he should betray us, I locked the door and demanded the minister instantly—he entered in the course of a few seconds, and the ceremony was performed.

"As soon as I had presented the accustomed fee, I permitted Buller to depart, and catching up my printing girl in my arms, hurried with her to an inn just by, then flying to my father's stable, took from thence one of his swiftest steeds, upon which I soon placed my Louisa and myself, and left New-York, never to revisit it more.

"What will not love endure?—the delicate constitution of my wife, which upon any other occasion, would have been broken by the fatigue she bore, seemed now to fortify itself against every hardship—we travelled all day, suffering from hunger cold and rain, and several times in a clear night, have slept upon the bare ground, beneath some friendly tree; for she, apprehensive of being overtaken, obliged me to pursue the most unfrequented ways, constantly avoiding every village, and only stopping now and then at the most obscure cottage, to procure sustenance.

"In this manner we journeyed until we gained this wilderness—yes—this wilderness, which for a few short months was the scene of all my bliss."

The tears of St. Herbert had strayed down his cheek from time to time during his recital; though he had endeavoured to check them—but his feeble nature could not sustain the part he wished—he clasped his withered hands, and wept aloud.

"Oh my Louisa, my dearest Louisa (at length sobbed he) didst thou know the anguish that dwells in the bosom of thy St. Herbert, it would disturb thy slumber, and infinite wisdom hath excluded you from the knowledge of what mortals suffer, and hath shut out sorrow from thine eyes forever."

After he had collected himself a little, and wiped away his tears, he proceeded thus:

"It was almost night when we arrived at a small farm house, whose cheerful and cleanly aspect made us know that it was the dwelling of hospitality and peace. We were tempted to alight; and upon entering the little court yard, were met by the owner of the cottage, who gave us a hearty welcome, and before we had time to thank him for his courtesy, he led us into a neat chamber, and introduced us to his wife and daughter, telling them that we were two weary travellers, who should do him the honour to stay with him till the next day. How much more grateful to our feelings are those kindnesses which spring from the natural goodness of the heart, than those ceremonious attentions which the polished part of mankind, (as they are called) make a display of. I felt a sensible difference, and to this day recall with agreeable sensations, the satisfactory hours I then spent with the good man.

"The fruits of the season, together with milk, honey, rye bread and butter, were soon placed upon a clean white pine table, and with the unrestrained cheerfulness and harmony of old acquaintances we sat down to our simple meal."

"After supper, my Louisa shewing evident signs of fatigue, our young hostess intreated her to retire, and as soon as they left the room, the old farmer in a mild tone of voice, requested to know what strange adventure had brought two such apparently genteel people to that uncultivated, unfrequented part of the continent? I had ever despised duplicity in others, and could not approve of it in myself; I therefore frankly confessed the whole. "And what do you purpose to do here," demanded he; "I will give a small hut in your neighbourhood," replied I, "and procure the necessaries of life by the labour of my hands." He shook his head; "you have mistaken the place," said he, "my friend, for besides this house, and one that you may see from the door, there is not another building within ten miles, unless it is an old stone castle that nobody will live in." "And why not?" asked I. "Because people say it is haunted," returned he, "yet if you have purposed to stay here, and have courage to reside in that house, I dare say you may remain there all your life without being discovered." I was delighted with the idea and determined to visit it early the next day.

[To be Continued.]

TRINIDAD.

PORT OF SPAIN—SEPT. 20, 1806.

OF THE CARACAS, &c.

We are at length enabled to lay before our readers some news of MIRANDA that can be depended on. His Majesty's ship Osprey, arrived on Monday last, from a cruise to leeward, during which she intercepted the Spanish Mail boat on her passage from La Guayra to Cumana and Margarita, with the mail up to the 16th of August, on board, from which we receive the following intelligence, extracted from various intercepted letters:

Extracts from intercepted letters.—Aug. 16.

"Miranda has made himself master of Coro, the garrison of which, consisting of 200 fusiliers, retreated without opposing him. If the English support him, he will give us more trouble than is generally supposed. It is not that there are any want of numbers well affected, to oppose him, but the country is entirely disarmed, and of what use is inclination without arms; to which we may add the total want of money; for we have not a real in the treasury."

[* Afterwards abandoned.]

From another letter.

"It is now said that when the news of Miranda's expedition got to Spain, and of his being at Jacquemel, orders were given to fit out 4 ships of the line at Cadix, to bring out troops for our defence, but I give no credit to this news—Spain in Europe is even worse than Spain in America, they have neither money, provisions, nor soldiers, all is a labyrinth of miseries. We never see a vessel arrive from home; no, nor even a little one."

[From another letter.]

"The Captain General with a numerous retinue of custom house officers, priests, surgeons, bankers, apothecaries and all the arming force of every description, marched on the 12th, to form a camp at Valencia, or Sans Carlos, whence reinforcements can be sent to any place attacked.

"They tarry with them above 2000 mules laden with provisions, ammunition, and stores of every description, requisite for an army in the field. Afflictions, solitude, want of money, and every sort of misery reigns in this city. The army have left behind them all their dearest connexions. Not a face is to be seen that is not the picture of extreme grief—fields without labourers, shops without workmen, families without money, and

fathers without sons, form a melancholy scene, which is only interrupted by the women, bewailing the fate of their friends and relations, whom they never expect to return."

[From another letter.]

"That damned fellow Miranda, of whose peregrinations and detestable designs you gave me a detail, will set us all mad, and leave us, by the expense he puts us to, without a sixpence to bless us. He has positively arrived at the Vela of Coro, and taken post, the garrison having retired on his approach without making any opposition.

"We have a numerous population, it is true, but the country has been long disarmed for political reasons. Indeed the truth is, we can only confide in the queen's regiment, now reduced to 185 men, which with the invalid militia, remains for the protection of the Cotabre and Capital, under the command of Pagan Martinon. Such is the situation Miranda has placed us in. God grant us a happy riddance of him."

[From another letter.]

"Miranda has hoisted English colors on the fort and town of Coro, whence we suppose he is supported by that nation."

[From another letter.]

"According to our general's accounts he will have an army of near 10,000. But this multitude, being militia, who have never seen a shot fired, will but occasion confusion and dismay. Even the reg. of Caracas has not an officer of tried valour, they are a corps of Muscadins, who think of nothing but well-tut clothes, and fine feathers. This is not the Infantry of the time of Charles I. and Philip the second."

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 9.

Further accounts from MIRANDA.

A letter from Trinidad, dated Sept. 22, states, "that a report had just been received; that Miranda had effected another landing on the Spanish Main, and defeated the Captain General of the Caracas, near Valencia. Our Admiral has lately sent down to him a line of battle ship and a frigate. Two regiments, daily expected from England, are thought to be intended for Miranda."

THE TELEGRAPH.

FREDERICTON, NOV. 15, 1806.

Terrible Story over again.

The Editor in consequence of a disappointment in receiving his usual supply of printing paper is obliged to present to his friends and patrons but half a sheet. The difficulty in procuring paper in this quarter, at the present season of the year, and the many disadvantages a young man labours under in his first undertaking, will, he hopes, be deem'd a sufficient apology to his readers.

INTERESTING IF TRUE.

A Boston paper received at St. John, gives an account of a brilliant victory gained by about 5000 of the British troops under command of General STEWART, over the French army in Calabria: 700 French were left dead on the field; and about 4000 wounded and prisoners.

In one part of the battle, a British regt. (the 8th.) under the command of Col. KEMPER, was opposed to a French regt. of the first legion—they deliberately exchanged several volleys at the distance of 100 yards, then, as if by mutual consent, they approached each other in perfect order and awful silence until their bayonets cropt, when the French were compelled to give way and the retreat became general.—The right of the French army attempted to rally and retrieve their lost honor, but it would not do, the undaunted courage of British soldiers bore down every thing before them.

The same paper mentions, that the Emperor of Russia had refused to sanction any of M. D'OUBAÏT's proceedings at Paris. Great Britain has sent her Ultimatum to Lord LAUBERDALE, with positive directions to depart immediately if it is not attended to.

JEROME BONAPARTE narrowly escaped in the Veteran. The Gibraltar Squadron chased him off Rochefort, but unluckily carried away her fore-top-mast, which enabled the gallant hero to escape. This appears to be the same ship that had taken and destroyed a greater part of the homeward bound Quebec Fleet, mentioned in our last.

Further Notice to Delinquents.

IN order to collect the same due in the several Counties for the ROYAL GAZETTE—The subscriber is authorized to inform them, that Country Produce, such as Beef, Pork, Butter, &c. will be received on account at the market prices; but such as do not attend to this business, their accounts will be put into the hands of an Attorney to summon in form.

MICHAEL RYAN.

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. FREDERICTON, Oct. 4, 1806. 20th August, 1806.