## Seat of the Muses.

ON MY EARLY GREY HAIRS.

IFE'S current now ebbs in the course of each vein, And my high pulse of youth is impair'd; The gout, through my nerves, in the warnings of pain, Tells, that pleasure's full bowl should be spar'd.

Though feason'd by labour, by hardships inur'd To sustain the rude blasts of each clime, My grey curling locks to the grave have insur'd The short voyage on the ocean of Time.

In vissions successive, gay fancy still slies, Still, her cloud-woven fabrick endears; But reason, awaken'd, more feelingly cries, "Thou hast reap'd the full harvest of years."

For the stars at my birth seem'd ill-stated and bleak, And led me through life's many bowers, Where, no monitions could forward or check, Or point out the thorns from the flowers.

And oft, when Misfortune has cross'd my lorn way,
Have I solac'd my cares in the bowl;
Yet Honour, while Passion held madly the sway,
Kept the watch in my tumult-toss'd soul.

Seduction ne'er loosen'd my heart's honest splice,
As the wild waves of Passion would roll;
My barque, often lurch'd on the sand-banks of vice,
Again righted, and wore off the shoal.

And now, when my day-spring, my blossoms are o'er,
And my hairs like a hoar-frost in June—
I feel no regret, for my barque nears the shore,
Where my head shall regain fresher bloom.

en wave, ye grey fignals, adown my young head;
'our warnings in mercy are given—
h. e'er the skies of blest summer have fled,
'sting breezes of heaven.

SPUNKEY, Efq.

mit, but my father heard a me of having concerted it, lowed if I faw Harland my hufwith it. How cruel such harshness. the caftle, he brought me to London; and I entered into it, I thought it would banish as. At the expiration of a year Heaven blest me very infant. My health was now so delicate, the physiordered me to Bristol. Mordaunt acompanied me thither not indeed out of tenderness, but oftentation; he wished the world to think him perfect and yet counterfeited a love for me, which in reality existed not, as his heart was too depraved to be long susceptible of a virtuous passion. My father accompanied us. We had a house one mile from Bristol. Each morning I went to the rooms, the remainder of the day was spent in weeping, and praying over my child, in lulling her to sleep, and hushing

I had just entered the room one morning, and was converfing with a young lady, when turning round, I was startled by the figure of Harland. Struck by his appearance, various emotions rushed upon me, I could scarcely stand, trembling I leaned upon my companion—the alteration of his looks too visibly manitested the disorder of his mind; despair tinged every feature, and the lustre of his eyes was totally extinguished. I hurried from the room—I forgot my resolution—we cannot always command our feelings—the power above makes allowances for human frailty. I would have discontinued going to the rooms, only I feared exciting the prying eyes of suspicion. I again went, beheld him, and returned more unhappy. In the afternoon, walking alone in the garden, I saw a bit of paper thrown over the ladge, I snatched it up, and perceiving Harland's writing, I started, I hesitated whether to open it—imagination pictured his sufferings—I broke the seal, and perused the following lines:

"Julia, the miferable Harland is on the point of eternally quitting his native kingdom, he flies to remote regions, far diftant from an object who has banished peace—will she yet be cruel, or will her nature, once gently kind, comply with the last request of one whose last sigh will be for her. Oh Julia! to leave this kingdom without bidding you adieu, is more than I can support—I sicken at the idea. Refuse me not, I conjure you, one parting interview, to sooth the solitary hours of my life, I have wandered on bewildered with misfortune, marked for affliction from the earliest dawn—nought but the long dark night can efface them. If you comply, as ah! surely you must, leave a note where you received this, and at any hour or place you shall appoint, I will meet you. Adieu, most loved and most lamented object of my soul."

I could not refuse his last request-I was not proof against fuch intreaties, I might be censured, but I could not conquer the tender feelings which compelled me to comply. After supper, I stole to a little shady bower, situated in a shrubbery, and seldom frequented by any but myself. Here Harland waited for meour meeting it is impossible to describe-he began with gentle upbraidings. Unable to bear the idea of his thinking me faithless, I declared the compulaive power which forced me to the precipice of despair. His feelings at this discovery overcame him-he raved at the cruelty of that parent, who, actuated by motives of avarice and ambition, had facrificed the happiness of his child for ever-he implored my forgiveness for ever thinking me inconstant-he almost wept at my sufferings-he besought the being above to inspire me with fortitude and refignation to fustain them. The time approached for our separation-it was absolutely necessary on my account. Harland attempted to bid me adieu, but his words were inarticulate, he took my hand and prest it to his palpitating heart, I had endeavoured to summon resolution, his distress conquered me, a last interview, an eternal farewell from the dearest object of my love-the dreadful idea overpowered me, and I funk fainting on his bosom, he claspt me to it, the emotions of our fouls could not be restrained, my pallid cheek was wet with tears of mifery, I forgot the world, I only remembered the cruelty of my fate. At that inflant Mr. Mourdant and my father rushed into the bower, their frantic rage, I shuddered at the recollection of. The former flew at Harland from whose arms I had furk, full of the most direful apprehenfions. He attempted to remonstrate, but in vain, the sword was at his breaft, the inftructive impulse of felf-preservation prompted his defence, it was too dreadful to behold. I fainted, and in a happy intentibility was conveyed to my chamber. Returning life made me too foon acquainted with the fatal confequence of the combat, they were both wounded-a shocking tale had spread to my dishonour, it was credited, appearances so much against me, infamy branded till then my unspotted character, my father's proud foul swelled at the ignominy of his daughter, he confidered me as an everlafting difgrace to his family, as having fullied that blood, of whose purity he so often boasted-he rushed to the apartment, where I fat stupished with the horrid events of the night, myself the fatal cause-there, there was the arrow which pierced me to the foul, his whole face was difforted with passion -rage flashed from his eyes, in a voice scarce intelligible, he exclaimed, "wretch, curfed be that day on which you were born, you have branded the illustrious names of your ancestors with infamy; from this hour I renounce and curse you in the bitterness of my foul, and swear in the fight of heaven never more to see you." For a moment I stood transfixed like a statue-a shriek wild and piercing then broke from me, and I fell fenfeless on the floor. When a little recovered, I called for my cruel father, I implored him to withdraw his curfes, but he was gone-reason could not retain the shocks she had received. A violent sever fucceeded-for a month my life was despaired of; the Almighty, however, thought fit to prolong existence. The first use I made of returning fense, was to inquire for my cruel connections. Sir George and Mr. Mordaunt had both left the house with solemn affeverances of never again beholding me. Harland, dear ill-fated Harland, had paid the last sad debt of nature. My husband had stood his trial, but possessed of interest and wealth, he was soon acquitted; my child he had taken with him, and left orders for me to quit the house on my recovery; also a paper wherein I was informed of the fettlement made on me, and the person on whom I was to draw for it. Miss Rivers, my faithful friend, neglected me not in the hour of severe calamity; she had me conveyed to a family in Wales, who had just retired there, and had no objection to receive me as a boarder. Heart-broken, I forfook a world where my dearest hopes were blassed, yet I left it with no impious repinings against my destiny. I confessed myself properly punished, humbled to the dust-I felt the impropriety of having ever placed myself in a suspicious situation; but I was thoroughly penitent for having (though I trusted in a slight degree) deviated from the path of rectitude-Heaven, I fancied, accepted my contrition, by placing me in a family of love, fuch as I shall now

Captain Harley, after a life of activity in the service of his country, retired to a sweet retreat in South Wales, to enjoy the closing evening of a busy day; his family consisted of a wife, the faithful companion of all his sorrows, and one daughter, who being the only survivor of a numerous offspring, was doubly endeared to them. She was the staff of their age, the doating of their hopes, and they bore her continually on their hearts, to that heaven which they knew would alone protect her from those calamitous strokes they had so often experienced in the course of their lives.

The retreat they had chosen, was by its seclusion, calculated for the narrowness of their income, and by its beauty for the promotion of their pleasure.

He rented but as much land as would fupply his household wants, this he delighted in cultivating himself, assisted by an old trusty servant who had been a soldier in his regiment. Courade was the veteran son of calamity, and his missfortunes strengthened the claim his fervices had given him upon the affections of his master. During a late contest, a brave and only son had sallen by his side in the field of battle; scarcely could he survive the blow, but consolation effected what fortitude had not power to do. Captain Harley was not only a good soldier but a good christian, and by pointing out the path to heaven, gave poor Conrade sulfurance, by faithfulling discharging the humble duties of his station, he should obtain a passport to rejoin his brave and beloved son.

Louisa at the period of their retirement was fifteen; her mind and form were opening to perfection, and both promised to contain the fairest loveliness of ingenuous innocence and graceful

The lilly and the rose gave their most beautiful tints to her complection; her sine black eyes beamed with the sensibility of her soul, never did she hear the tale of sorrow without emotion.

Harley had little to give, of that little he gave abundantlynot the largeness of the gift but real inclination of the donor, he
knew was regarded by the power above. Like the benevolent
pastor of Auburn village, to him repaired the needy and the wanderer, and found a ready welcome—often too, the weather beaten
soldier in journeying to his native home, to lay his bones among
those of his forefathers, turned in hither, and cheered by hospitable fare,

se Shoulder'd his crutch and flew'd how fields were won."

Harley knew what it was to have the unsheltered head expofed to the chill-blast and sharp bitings of the wintry frost.

Such was this little family of love who retired amidst Welch mountains, enjoyed that content and happiness which the votaries of fashion, misled by dissipation can never experience.

Louisa was my constant companion—like a ministering seraph she hushed the turbulence of anguish, and whispered peace to my perturbed soul.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO THE LADIES.—1T has often been remarked that the generality of females have many admirers, and, at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it: but the reason is obvious if they thought, but thinking is become quite unfashionable. "Ah!" said a venerable virgin lamenting the degeneracy of the age, "courting is nothing to what it was when I was young! The slirts now a days make the fellows so saucy, that there is hardly to be found a respectable lover."

The observation was just. The women of the last age were most respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, they are treated with indifference which is nearly allied to contempt; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they can never be respectable.

To fpeak philosophically, a woman must repel before the can attract. All this advice may found oddly to a female ear; but she who laughs at it, pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern Daphnes are quite other fort of people. Inflead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollos, and
are afterwards surprised that they grow cool to their charms.
Lovers are like foortsmen, to whom the possession of the game is
nothing to the pleasure of the chase. If women would study less
to please they would give more pleasure. This is an orthodox,
which those for whom I throw out these restections cannot comprehend, and, till they can, they will never make their fortunes
by their faces. The roses of youth are not long in bloom, and
when time has torn them away, there's an end to love at first
sight; and on that, they seem, by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

The modern fine ladies carry their heads well, I must own, and have fine sweeping tails; but when a man of sense would chose a wife, he expects to meet other good qualities than those

which might well recommend a horse!

To be stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them. Without prejudice and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught by the shell, but a man worth having will make the gem the object of his attention!

An Attorney in the city of Naples lately brought an action against a gentleman who called him an boness man, and recovered damages, because the Limb of the Law proved that he lost his professional character by the imputation.

MAXIM.—A peevish temper quarrels with the blessings it discovers, with its friend, with itself—and defeats the labours of Providence for its satisfaction.

FREDERICTON:

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