

Seat of the Muses.

ON MY EARLY GREY HAIRS.

LIFE'S current now ebbs in the course of each vein, And my high pulse of youth is impair'd;

Though season'd by labour, by hardships inur'd To sustain the rude blasts of each clime,

In visions successive, gay fancy still flies, Still, her cloud-woven fabric endears;

For the stars at my birth seem'd ill-fated and bleak, And led me through life's many bowers,

And oft, when Misfortune has cross'd my lorn way, Have I solac'd my cares in the bowl;

Seduction ne'er loosen'd my heart's honest splice, As the wild waves of Passion would roll;

And now, when my day-spring, my blossoms are o'er, And my hairs like a hoar-frost in June—

en wave, ye grey signals, adown my young head; Your warnings in mercy are given—

SPUNKEY, Esq.

LAIN.

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.

“ Julia, the miserable Harland is on the point of eternally quitting his native kingdom, he flies to remote regions, far distant 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.

I could not refuse his last request—I was not proof against such 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.

“ Ah! said a venerable virgin lamenting the degeneracy of the age, “courting is nothing to what it was when I was young! The flirts now a days make the fellows so saucy, that there is hardly to be found a respectable lover.”

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.

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 supply his household wants, this he delighted in cultivating himself, assisted by an old trusty servant who had been a soldier in his regiment.

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 symmetry.

The lilly and the rose gave their most beautiful tints to her complexion; her fine 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 abundantly—not the largeness of the gift but real inclination of the donor, he knew was regarded by the power above.

“ Shoulder'd his crutch and shew'd bow fields were won.” Harley knew what it was to have the unsheltered head exposed 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.—It 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.

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 speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this advice may sound 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 sort of people. Instead 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 sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase.

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.

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 a honest 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.

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