

The Fredericton Telegraph.

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"WE STRIVE TO PAINT THE MANNERS AND THE MIND."

[Saturday, Jan. 24.]

FROM THE NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

"SHE wrote to me by every opportunity, as did Mrs. Raymond, who complained exceedingly that Louisa did not enjoy the pleasures of the city, as she ought—but rather seemed to encourage a thoughtfulness which appeared extremely injurious to her; and upon my arguing with her in the most gentle terms, on the impropriety of such conduct, she answered me thus:—

"***** The novelty of the city is past, though its hurry and bustle still remain—these excited surprise at first, but not pleasure—and since that surprise is entirely gone, what sensations must they produce in a mind so habituated to silence, regularity, and solitude as mine?—Join not with those, my dear papa, who stigmatize me as a stoic—say not that my heart is not formed for happiness—it surely is, but then it is happiness of a more refined nature than what is met with in the giddy circles of fashion.—Mrs. Raymond is constantly with me; she has introduced me into the most crowded companies, where the laws of consequential dress among the ladies, and the success of the last play among the gentlemen afford ample and only matter for conversation.—I have been at the Theatre, where vice was displayed for execration, and met with approbation—and I have spent several hours of fatigue at a ball room and then returned home, chagrined to the soul at the numberless impertinences, which I had been obliged to hear.—And these are the places—the objects from which I am to receive satisfaction!—No; I must confess that the pleasures I have known since I came here, are derived from another source—only the pious conversation of our hostess, who is a Roman Catholic, and practices all the virtues she teaches." A few days after the receipt of this letter, Mrs. Raymond restored my amiable girl to my bosom.

"After the first effusions of encountering affections had subsided, and the heart had relieved itself by overflowing, she gave me a detail of almost all that had past since she left me, and was particularly delighted in delineating the character of the good Papist.—As I had been educated with the strongest prejudices against that sect, I heard the description with an indifference which I thought would have silenced her on that head; but she was an enthusiast, and spoke of the beauty of piety in the most exalted strain. Apprehending the commencement of a religious melancholy—I begged her to suspend her narrative, until her wasted strength should be somewhat recovered, and endeavoured to point out the dangerous consequences of dwelling too ardently upon so serious a subject as her last. She acquiesced with so much meekness, that in a little time I persuaded myself she had entirely laid aside her superstitious opinions.

"One night, not being able to sleep, and perceiving through my window, that the moon shone bright—I arose with an intention to traverse the snow-paved paths of my garden, and amuse myself at the harpichord. 'I will play some solemn airs (said I) and at this dull season they will soften the slumbers of my Louisa.' As I passed along the gallery, I thought I heard some person speaking in a low voice;—making a pause, I found it to proceed from my daughter's apartment, and being curious to know with whom she could be conversing at that late hour, for it was past twelve, I approached the door with silent steps—it stood half open and disclosed to my view only herself.

"She was kneeling before a small table, covered with white velvet, and upon which stood an ivory crucifix about four inches high—on one side lay a book open, and from the other a slender wax taper streamed its dim light upon a face, pale as langour itself: yet the figure, the attitude was interesting: it was the semblance of humility; of holy resignation. Her hands were crossed upon her breast, and her eyes elevated. She was concluding a pious petition: 'Fountain of mercy (said she), shed thy benign influence in the bosom of my beloved parent, let the sun of righteousness arise upon him; let its genial rays illumine his path, till he enters the portals of eternity: and aid me, thy frail creature, to conquer a PASSION, which, though pure, is *bepelefs*, and detains my affections from thee.' Something more she added, but not sufficiently distinct for my hearing, and bowed low before the crucifix: then rising from her knees, stepped to her bed, while oppressed with a variety of conjectures I returned to my room.

"But the latter part of her petition most sensibly affected me; it was too evident that she did love, but why she had concealed the state of heart from me was a mystery, and I knew not to what cause I should attribute her silence. I felt grieved for her situation and want of confidence in me, and though I determined if possible to have the secret unravelled, yet the sun had risen upon the mountains before I could resolve upon the most proper method.

"A female neighbour coming very early to pass the day with us, prevented me from saying any thing particular to Louisa during her stay; but in the evening, as I was sitting pensive before the fire, musing upon my past sorrows, a deep sigh escaped me, which being instantly observed by my attentive girl, she asked whence it arose, and whether she might not be intrusted with its cause, 'and does Louisa never draw a sigh (said I) whose occasion she wishes to conceal from her father?' She answered firmly, 'No,' 'How is it then (demanded I) that you have become

the victim of misplaced affection, and have hidden from me the passion and its object?' 'It was too delicate a subject (replied she) for me to enter upon—but had my papa ever deemed it a necessary topic of conversation, I should have been happy in discovering my feelings, nor have laboured so long under a disagreeable and unusual a secrecy.' She paused a minute for an answer, when finding I had none to make, she proceeded thus: 'doubtless you wish to know the object of my attachment—it is Julius Cuthbert—at our first interview I was strongly biased in his favour, and during his residence with us, his uncommon attractions completed a conquest to which he had no right, 'and why not,' said I, 'because (answered she) it can yield him no happiness, and it is a source of deep distress and infinite regret—yet in nothing do I blame him—he made use of no artifice—no persuasion; it was as natural for him to charm as for me to admire.' 'But why my child (said I) do you call your passion hopeless, did Julius never say he loved you?' 'never (replied she) never, directly or indirectly, and yet from his gentle, his fond attentions, my folly drew the conclusion that he regarded me with affection, and that some important cause, which he would one day disclose, alone prevented his telling me so—but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—I have cherished the dear expectation of hearing that avowal, until it has too firmly entwined itself around my heart, and I fear that the grasp of death only, will loose its hold.'—'Say not so, my Louisa (exclaimed I), you have given way to dejection too soon—his attentions to you were not the mere offspring of politeness or gratitude—surely—surely they arose from another source—I have been strictly observant—I am certain that you are beloved by Julius more ardently than he is by you.' 'Ah! (sighed she) it is but too certain that he loves another.—The idea of seeing him at New-York, was the only inducement for me to go thither, and when there I listened attentively to every conversation, hoping that I might hear of him, but I was disappointed for a long time—I neither saw nor heard of him—however, being one night at an assembly, a gentleman who sat near me said to his partner, 'Julius Cuthbert is gone to the southward,' 'probably for his health,' replied the lady, 'no (answered he) I rather suppose he is gone to marry the rich heiress, for whom he had his picture drawn last week.'—More I did not hear, a new distress passed my limbs, my eyes grew dim, and I sunk senseless upon the bosom of Julia Raymond: they conveyed me home immediately, and for three days I did not leave the house—upon the fourth, the afternoon being fine, I went with Mrs. Raymond to purchase some little necessaries; and as we were going into a store, a young lady very richly dressed, brushed by us in great haste with several small parcels in her hand, and stepping into a chariot that was waiting for her, drove off instantly; upon my turning round, I perceived she had dropped a packet—I picked it up, and finding the carriage was out of sight, put it in my pocket till I returned home, where, upon opening it, I found it to contain the likeness of Cuthbert! Convulsions was the consequence, but happily my companions did not suspect the cause, they supposed it to be occasioned by the city air, and Mrs. Raymond proposed leaving town the next day. My heart has now discharged itself, it feels relieved, and though I am certain of a speedy return to the dust, yet RELIGION brightens the way, and will smooth even the bed of agony.

"A sad presentiment filled my heart, and I burst into tears. 'Ah! my child, (said I), did you but know the feelings of a parent, you would not thus crush them by anticipating such an event as your death.—Providence forbid that it should take place prior to mine?' 'And wherefore (demanded she calmly) would you wish me to survive you—would not the uncertainty of my future mode of life embitter your last moments? would you not be apt to say, as the torments of death stole upon your limbs, 'what will become of thee my child—thine inexperienced and unsuspecting youth, but illy calculate thee for the new scenes through which thou art to pass—and alas! thou hast no parent—no guide.'—No, my papa when you perform me the last sad office that weeping affection can offer, shed not a single tear of regret upon my clay—but rather console yourself with the reflection, that you have seen your child descend blameless to the tomb.'

"An hour previous to the departure of Julius, he led me to the garden, and there, with the most profound seriousness and diffidence, declared to me that Louisa possessed his warmest affection, and entreated me to favour his passion, and if possible keep my girl disengaged. 'I must quit you immediately (said he), and it is probable many months may elapse before I return to this delightful forest—yet every hour of absence shall be crowned with the dear idea of my enchanting Louisa, and the sweet hope of again seeing her shall alone cherish life—yet, conceal these my sentiments from her—if you value my happiness or her's you will do it; tell her I am her friend, but say not that I love—time will divulge my motive for this singular secrecy.' These were the expressions of Cuthbert; and with these expressions would I have soothed the sinking spirits of my daughter, regardless of his injunctions, had not her narrative of the miniature prevented me; but that confounded me, and at once closed every avenue to consolation—

"The steps of time, brightening the Sun of May, again brought on the hours of glee, that called the expectant rustic from his humble hamlet to renew his unambitious cares—to lead his fleecy dependants to fields gay with young verdure, and to streams that burst rejoicing from the cold fetters of winter; that bade the sod team with blooming fragrance, and the winged tenants of the

wilderness cheer solitude with their melody. But I only amid the exulting offspring of nature, heard not the call—I was enrapt in my griefs, for the fairest work of creation, my precious bud was fading, ere it had attained half its excellence.

"Early one morning, as I was preparing to visit Louisa, who was confined to her bed, the young man who had attended Julius, hastily entered my chamber; 'I bring you a letter, (said he) from Mr. Cuthbert, he will be here in a couple of days.' The letter was directed to Louisa, and fearing that it might contain something that would distress her, I opened it and to my great joy found it replete with the most ardent expressions of love. 'I shall not see him (said she, after perusing it) my lamp will not hold out till then—could I have but one last look—yet let me be content—I am beloved by Julius, and let that be sufficient—tell him so Papa (and drawing his picture from her bosom) give him this, and say that it has been the loved companion of all my solitary hours ever since I first possessed it;—yes tell Julius how I love him!' A visible change instantly took place, she was sensible of it, and after bidding the family a tender adieu, called for her crucifix, and spent some little time in devout petitions, then reclining her face on my bosom, she expired with a gentle sigh.

"In the midst of mine own distress, I forgot not Julius; I remembered what my feelings were when my love left me, and what a relief it was to my gloomy spirit to embrace her dear remains, 'and it shall solace Julius too,' said I. We therefore, in expectation of his arrival, deferred the interment till the fourth day, when, perceiving that he delayed coming, the sorrowful procession, toward sun set, moved slowly to the cemetery—we had scarce entered that dreary abode of death, when a person on horseback came in sight—he rode up—it was Cuthbert.—Our silent woe seemed to oppress him—he drew nearer, and with a faltering voice accosted me—but I could not reply—I only waved my hand; the white haired grave-digger gave a sign, and the supporters of the bier set it down, and uncovered the corse; the eyes of Julius glanced upon it: he started; again his sight to the coffin, and giving a loud shriek he dropt upon the earth. He was instantly raised, and every one making use of the remedies in his power, we soon saw him revive, and attempted to lead him away; but he burst from those that held him, and throwing himself down by the corse; powers of pity (exclaimed he,) it is, it is my Louisa—but after so long an absence, we will not soon be separated; no my love, even in spite of the everlasting stupor that hath locked up thy senses, we will be united—I will meet thee in the territory of death—we will be enclosed in the same tomb.' Then placing his lips to her livid cheek, he encircled her with his left arm.—Our own grief was renewed, and we attempted not to interrupt his, but stood weeping around him as partners in affliction, when the report of a pistol awoke us to terror; we rushed toward him together, but the blood that streamed from his bosom, and his convulsive grasps, convinced us that his desperate spirit had forever quit its beautiful abode; yes, the amiable, the youthful Julius, unable to sustain so keen a disappointment, had, in that moment of anguish deprived himself of life, and as an union with her dust seemed to be his latest wish, we placed him the next day in her grave.

(To be Continued.)

Michael Ryan,
HAS Just received, and for Sale at his Store,
late in the occupation of Mr. E. W. Miller,

4th proof BRANDY,

Jamaica SPIRITS and Antigua RUM,
MOLASSES—Holland GIN—Claret WINE,
Loaf and Brown SUGARS,
Coarse and fine SALT,
Best Florence OIL,
Castile and Turpentine SOAP,
A few qtls. of excellent DRY FISH,
TEA, ALLSPICE, PEPPER, MUSTARD,
INDIGO, SNUFF, STARCH, and BEESWAX.

—ALSO ON HAND—

A small assortment of BOOKS—and STATIONARY,
consisting of Quills; Vellum, Wove, and common Letter Paper; Playing Cards, &c. &c.—All of which will be disposed of, on the most reasonable terms for CASH or Country produce, such as BEEF, PORK, BUTTER, &c.

Notice.

WHEREAS, We the subscribers have been appointed by the Hon. EDWARD WINSLOW, Esq. Surrogate General of New-Brunswick, to be Administrators on the estate of JOHN DAY, late of the parish of King's Clear, in the County of York, yeoman, deceased, (with the will annexed.)

ALL PERSONS who have demands on the said Estate, are hereby required to exhibit the same to us—and those who are indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make payment to us forthwith. Dated at King's Clear, the 20th day of November, A. D. 1836.

TINA DAY,
JOHN DAY,