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

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FROM THE NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

[Concluded from our last.]

"WHEN the excess of my grief had abated, Cuthbert's young man (who had never left me for an hour since the death of my daughter) made some distant inquiries respecting Louisa. I frankly related her little story, and made various observations upon the mysterious conduct of Julius. 'His motives are known to me (said the youth,) and till lately he believed that you had been made acquainted with them long since—for he had written to you frequently during his journey to the South, and in every epistle he had depicted the emotions of his mind. His reason for wishing your daughter to be ignorant of his sentiments respecting her was that as he was not in any line of business at that time, his father, who was avarice itself, had determined to send him to Europe, and from thence to the East Indies in quest of a fortune. 'It is always a long voyage,' said he to me one day 'and should it be protracted beyond a common time, then, if I had told Louisa how I loved; had I obtained her approbation would she not accuse me of inconstancy? would she not upbraid me as ungenerous, and say, that I had engaged her in vows which I did not regard, and thus prevented her accepting some one more worthy? No I will not offer to her inexperienced youth those protestations, which her maturer years may reject; but I will wait with patience that period when I can tender her my hand and fortune together. Upon his arrival from this place, his father had changed his mind, and was now anxious for his going to the southward, as his agent—but a better reason was, that a rich Carolinian heiress who had become enamoured of Julius, had written to his father and sister, intreating them to make use of every art and argument to induce him to marry her, and in case of their succeeding, she offered to settle three thousand dollars per annum upon the daughter; it was for this that the mercenary girl intercepted and detained his letters; letters which contained all that your young unfortunate child wished to know; the fatal picture was inclosed in one of them.'

"No sooner had the young man left me, than I gave myself up to the most obstinate melancholy, and forgetting the injunctions of my departed treasure, resolved to cherish sorrow, till my spirit shrinking from the burden should seek another residence. I therefore shut myself in my apartment, and never quitted it, excepting when I went to the burial place, where indeed my visits were frequent.

"In my way thither, I had often met with an Indian, habited as a traveller; his brow was furrowed and his head bald, yet such a benign serenity overspread his countenance, that it seemed as though age had made his approaches upon the tufted path of unbroken quiet; he always eyed me with complacency, but never accosted me; doubtless the severity of my aspect forbade him.

"At length, however, as I was returning once rather late from my usual walk, he overtook me, and saluted me in the Cayuga language; 'Brother,' said he, 'can thy herd afford a draught of milk, or thy field an ear of maize to a hungry traveller?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and my habitation shall shelter thee from the damp winds, and the dews of the evening.' 'Thou art kind,' returned he, 'yet I would not intrude upon thy hospitality, where I not in want; but early this morning, as I was crossing the creek that runs at the foot of yonder green mountain, the angry stream, in its strength, tore from my belt the calabash that held my little portion of hommony,

and carried it away.' 'Thou goest often to that mountain,' said I, 'doubtless, thou goest thither to pay homage to the new moon.' 'Not so,' answered he, 'but I go thither to pay homage to the Great Spirit, who, when he blots one moon from the face of Heaven, illumines another to cheer the narrow path of him, who journeys solitary by night.'

"When we arrived at the house, supper was ready, and, according to the Indian custom, we ate our meal in silence. When we had finished, he commenced the conversation: 'In my journeys along this way,' said he, 'I have frequently seen thee near an inclosure; I have sometimes seen thee in it weeping upon the flat stones, and speaking to some one in the voice of distress. Tell me, I pray thee, with whom thou conversest, and why thou art so sad.' With a shower of tears I gave him a brief account of my sorrows. 'It is thy wife and child who lie there,' said he pausing a little, 'it is to them thou bewailest thyself; they hear thee; they are pleased with thy lamentations; they answer thee.'

"Ah, no!" sobbed I, 'they are shut up in the grave, are deaf and insensible.' 'Why then,' asked he, in a firm tone, 'dost thou waste thy days in complaints that avail thee not? Behold thou hast seen but few winters, and the locks of thy head are white as the snows that drift upon the top of the Alleghanies, and thy life is fleeing from anguish, as the pale leaves of the wild rose from the north-eastern storm.' 'Alas!' demanded I, 'how can I cease to weep; I have none to comfort me; I am quite alone.' 'So am I,' said he, 'yet thou see'st me comforted; but listen, and learn instruction from a red man of the wild. Like thee, I have known prosperous days, but the hand of *misfortune*, which none may arrest, hath borne hard upon me, and thou now beholdest me old and desolate. I had a good and wife wife, and strong and beautiful children. My fields of maize, and my plas of beans, reached farther than my sight could stretch. My woods abounded with the yellow plumb, the crimson raspberry, the blood-red strawberry, and the purple grape; while the fat bear, and the nimble deer rolled among the scented mandrakes; my brooks were full of fish, and on their banks wild fowl brooded in flocks—my neighbours envied my plenty, and in the pride of my heart I said, "my glory is great, I am exalted above my tribe," but I forgot to be grateful to the hand that had raised me, and my glory was of short duration: the fountains of the sky ceased to flow, and my fields were parched up; the grain dried upon the stalk, and the leaves became as dust: the angel of disease arose from a pool, whose sweet waters had been stolen by the fierce rays of the thirsty sun; he passed by my wigwam, and two of my children died.—Accompanied by my oldest boy Tolala, I put my canoe upon the lake to get some fish for my afflicted family, and with a bitter tongue I bemoaned myself: the spirit of the flood heard my murmurs—he called together his strongest winds: the boat was upset far from the shore, and Tolala perished—while the noisy waves threw me against a high barren rock; I climbed its steep side, and from the top heard the war whoop of a triumphant enemy, and saw my wigwam in a blaze.—Mad with grief and rage I plunged again into the water and swam to land: I rushed to the ruins of my dwelling, and there of all my boasted treasures, only beheld the scalped and tomahawked carcasses of my wife and two last little ones.

"As the wounded wolf, who cannot fly, snaps his teeth, and bites his own flesh—so did I.—I tore the hair from my scalp, and knawed the nails from my hands, and yelled till I had no voice left.—I looked toward the forest, and wished myself a thunder storm, that I might wrench its strong trees from the earth and blast its beauty.—The sky

blackened, the crooked lightning shone among the bursting clouds—and the winds howled over the lake.—I clambered to the top of the highest rocks, and called to the heavy remains to beat me off.—The tempest passed—and the last voice of the thunder groaned among the mountains.—I ran into the woods, 'I will let the wild beasts devour me,' said I; but I terrified them with my fierceness, and even the hungry Bear and the blood drinking Panther fled affrighted from my presence; I rushed like a whirlwind from place to place, and before one moon had faded away, I had drank of the waters of the Niagara, and been drenched in the mists that hover over the Cohoes.—I had eaten herbs upon the mountains of Tokanoe, and had slept upon the Alleghanian ridges;—yet no peace came to my heart:—When I waked I was full of wrath, and when I slept I was overwhelmed with terror.—At length one evening, weary with wandering, I reached the borders of lake Ontario—the moon rose broad and clear upon the water, and the winds that were going to their caves of rest, blew gently upon the little waves.—I looked around me—there was no sound among the trees, nor any cloud in the sky; a few bright stars were sprinkled on it, 'All is composed,' said I, 'all is tranquil that surrounds me, I alone am disquieted and distressed,' and for the first time since the beginning of my troubles, the fountain of my tears was opened, and I wept freely.—I sat down upon the soft green bank, a sweet sleep came upon me, and the Spirit of the Lake stood before me. 'Ludono,' said he, 'make an end of complaining—thou hast no cause to murmur at what hath befallen thee.—Thou wast froward, and thou hast been corrected; let reproof make thee wise.—When thou wishest for opulence, it floated around thee like the spray round the grey rocks of my lake, but thou wert ungrateful.—Thou didst give to none but thyself—and lo! adversity has become thy companion.—When thou returnedst from hunting, thou calledst to thy maid him whose fat salmon and tender venison corrupted for this want of being used, and thou didst forget the poor who had no fish, and the hungry stranger who had none to comfort him.—Thou gavest to him who had no need of thy gifts, and broughtest to him to whom thou shouldst have given.—Thou wert healthy and didst not remember the sick; but when, in thine activity thou didst chase the swift buffalo, thy heedless foot crushed the good he b that should have healed thy neighbour.

"It was for this that thou wast bereaved of the produce of thy land—it was to teach thee to feel for others—but thou hardenedst thyself, beneath the stroke:—none followed, and thy proud breast rose against them.—Hast thou then been humbled by the first, a second had not succeeded.—

"But arise even now and endeavour to answer the purpose for which thou wast born.—Go, build thee a wigwam, and again cultivate thy fields.—When thou seest the fainting traveller pass by, call him in, and let him partake of thy bounty; and when thou hearest the groans of the afflicted, haste to his dwelling, and anoint his wounds;—thus shall thy tribe bless thee, and Comfort take up her residence with thee."

"When the red morning arose, I remembered the vision; and hastening to my former possessions, obeyed the commands I had received.—Many seasons have passed since then, and I have learned from my own experience, that the man of gratitude, fortitude, and usefulness, is the only happy man."

"The good Indian closed his little tale, and the next day departed early, after promising to stay a night with me whenever he went to or returned from the mountain.—At every visit he related to me some new observations which he made on pity and the life of man.—When I was gloomy, he would divert me from the subject on which I mused; and when my spirits were ruffled, he would soothe them with calm reasoning.—A strict and tender friendship subsisted between us for many years, during which I felt all the comfort that a situation like mine would admit of.—One morning as he was departing, he said, taking me affectionately by the hands, 'Brother, I believe I shall return to thee no more.—My spirits waste, and my steps are slow and uncertain.—I may possibly return at the shining of the next moon; but if I do not, thou mayest believe that I am sitting in the dust.—He came not again, and in him I have lost all that I considered valuable upon earth.—I miss his counsels greatly, and having none to converse with, I again relapse into my former sorrows:—and did I know where his ashes rest, old and feeble as I am, I would seek the peaceful spot—not to disturb his quiet repose with moanings, but to heap a few stones upon his grave and do homage to his memory."

The regret which had swelled in the bosom of St. Herbert, as he finished his narrative, found a passage from his eyes, and he again wept audibly.—Albudo accompanied him with his tears, which the old man at length perceiving, "It is enough my son," said he, "I respect your sensibility, but I fear I have already oppressed it too much.—By the time-piece I perceive the night wears away fast, embrace then the few hours of rest that remain;" and with these words he conducted him to his chamber.

ANNA.

RIDICULE.

RIDICULE is the most powerful sting that folly can experience; its wounds are deeper than those of reproach, and they have the additional and peculiar quality of being incurable.